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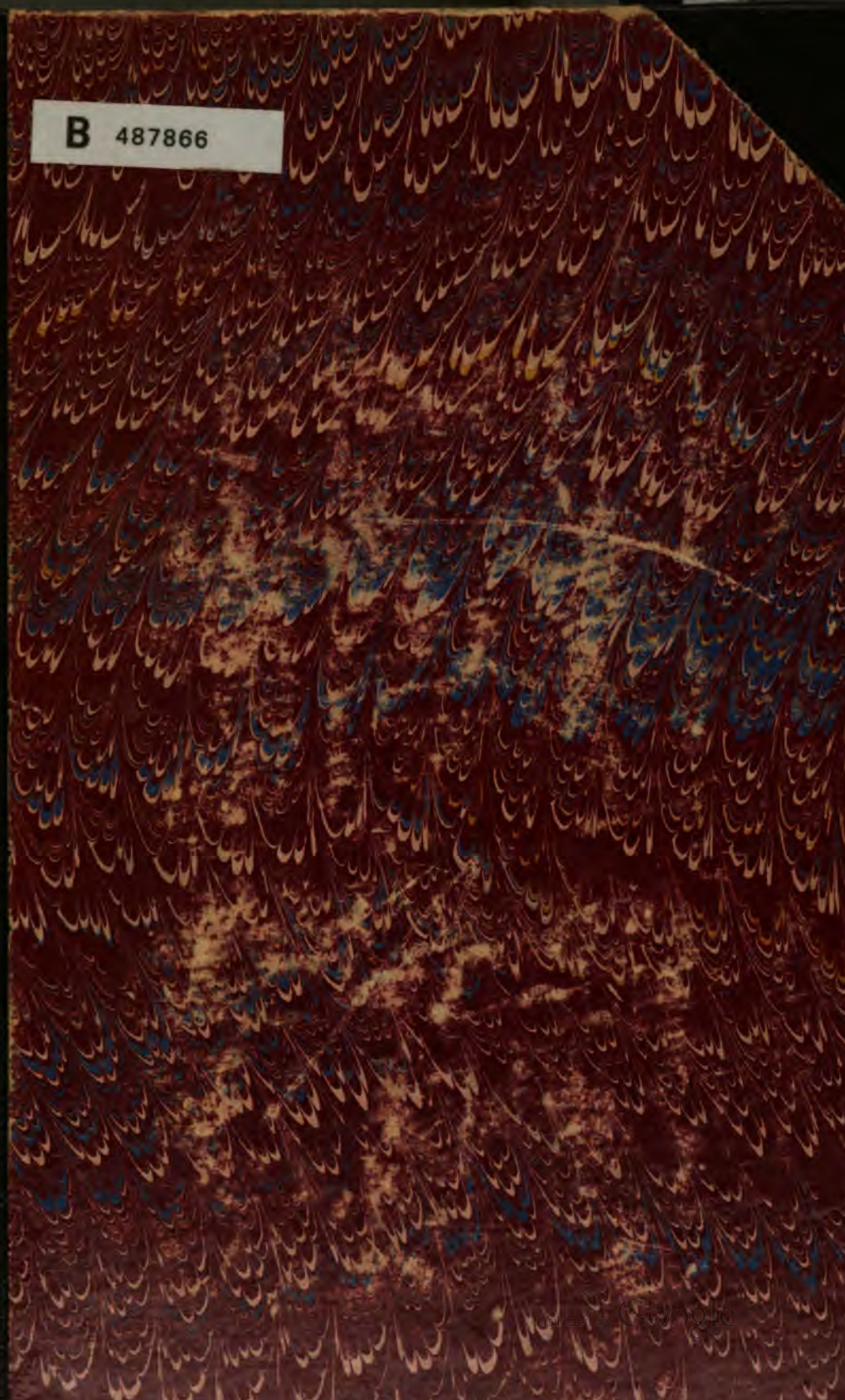
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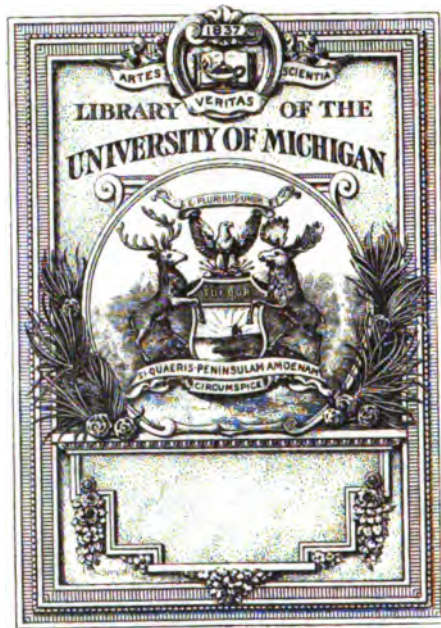
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# INDEX

VOL. VI. JULY-DECEMBER, 1905

## ARTICLES

- Absence, Helen A. Saxon, 222.  
 After-Play, The, Mabel Herbert Uner, 495.  
 Algiers in Transition, Dr. Maurice Baumfeld. Illustrated, 751.  
 Anglers of the Angler, The, Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated, 411.  
 Architecture (*see* Recent College Architecture).  
 Art of Acting, The, David Belasco, 538.  
 "As an Army with Banners," Robert Shackleton. Illustrated, 775.  
 At War with the Clouds, William G. Fitz Gerald. Illustrated, 629.  
 Autumn, Beth Slater Whitson, 448.
- Barnes, James, The Personal Appearance of John Paul Jones, 106; The Derelict, 637.  
 Baumfeld, Dr. Maurice, Algiers in Transition, 751.  
 Beach, Rex E., The Law of the Tribe, 19; The Great Sioux Festival, 305.  
 Belasco, David, The Art of Acting, 538.  
 Beveridge, George Horace Lorimer. Illustrated, 709.  
 Biological Enlightenment, A, Melville Chater. Illustrated, 144.  
 Bloch Museum at Lucerne, The, Robert Long. Illustrated, 27.  
 Bolce, Harold, The Opportunity of the Orient, 98; The Fiction of Our Foreign Trade, 244; Our Great Canal Shibboleth, 370; The Promises and Problems of Reciprocity, 512; Japan: Our New Rival in the East, 646, 784.  
 Books of the Month, The, 660, 797.  
 Bowen, Robert Adger, A Case of Conjur, 468.  
 Brennan, Elizabeth, Fairy Bridges, 399.  
 Brinton, Christian, Recent College Architecture, 547.
- Canal (*see* Great Canal Shibboleth, Our).  
 Carman, Bliss, Lament for Gorgo, 355; The Princess of the Tower, 667.  
 Carnegie Library (*see* What the Carnegie Library Does for Tuskegee Students).
- Case of Conjur, A, Robert Adger Bowen. Illustrated, 468.  
 Chambers, Robert W., The Reckoning, 57, 160, 317, 429, 599.  
 Chapman, Charles S., W'en Batiste He Plays, 683.  
 Chater, Melville, A Biological Enlightenment, 144.  
 Cloisonné Vase, The, Mabel Herbert Uner. Illustrated, 717.  
 Commodores of the Navy of the United Colonies, The, Martin I. J. Griffin. Illustrated, 574.  
 Cooper, Jeannette, The Hold-Up, 271.  
 Cortissoz, Royal, Willard S. Metcalf, 509; The Work of Robert Reid, 738.  
 Current Reflections, Edward S. Martin, 255, 386, 521, 654, 792.
- Dead Man's Chest, The, Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. Illustrated, 357.  
 Death of Eloise, The, Theodosia Garrison. Illustrated, 537.  
 Derelict, The, James Barnes. Illustrated, 637.  
 Division of Sin, A, Hugh Pendexter. Illustrated, 285.
- Elliston, Marion, English Ancestral Homes of American Women, 41.  
 England, George Allen, The Leather Belt of Liatsami, 329.  
 English Ancestral Homes of American Women, Marion Elliston. Illustrated, 41.  
 Evans, Thomas W., Napoleon III. after Sedan, 119.
- Fairy Bridges, Elizabeth Brennan. Illustrated, 399.  
 Farms that Feed the Nation, The, David Rankin. Illustrated, 458.  
 Ferris, Jessie Storrs, Winter Dreams, 774.  
 Fiction of Our Foreign Trade, The, Harold Bolce, 244.  
 First American Architect, The, Benjamin Henry Latrobe. Illustrated, 345.



- Fitz Gerald, William G., *At War with the Clouds*, 629.  
*Flight of the River Belle*, The, Elmore Elliott Peake. Illustrated, 293.  
*Flying Chance*, A, G. W. Ogden. Illustrated, 449.  
 Ford, Alexander Hume, Vladivostok: "Ruler of the Far East," 477.
- Garrison, Theodosia, *The Death of Eloise*, 537.  
 Givens, Helen M., *An Interrupted Probation*, 585.  
 Glasgow, Ellen, *Spirit Loneliness*, 97.  
 Gray, David, *The Mill of the Tin Gods*, 131.  
*Great Canal Shibboleth*, Our, Harold Bolce, 370.  
*Great Sioux Festival*, The, Rex E. Beach, Illustrated, 305.  
 Griffin, Martin I. J., *The Commodores of the Navy of the United Colonies*, 574.
- Harriman, Karl Edwin, *A Pair of Mules*, 589.  
 Hennessy, Leroy, *The Law*, 521.  
 Hill, Barton, *An Old Playbill*, 235.  
*Hold-Up*, The, Jeannette Cooper, 271.  
*How Kansas Was "Rolled,"* G. W. Ogden. Illustrated, 337.  
*How We Lost Sakhalin Island*, Adachi Kinnosuke, 489.  
 Howard, Clifford, *The Tax We Pay to Insects*, 639.
- In *Cure of Her Soul*, Frederic Jessup Stimson, Illustrated, 559, 721.  
*Insects (see Tax We Pay to Insects)*.  
*Interrupted Probation*, An, Helen M. Givens, 585.
- James, Abigail, *The Vireo*, 149; *Luxury*, 520.  
 James, Henry, *The Question of Our Speech*, 199.  
*Japan: Our New Rival in the East*, Harold Bolce, 646, 784.  
*Japanese Fan*, The, Isabel S. Robinson, 380.  
 Jones, John Paul (*see Personal Appearance of John Paul Jones*).  
 Jordan, Kate, *Two Americans*, 758.
- Kaempffert, Waldemar B., *Phases of Current Science*, 84; *What we Know About the Sun*, 188.  
*Kansas (see How Kansas was "Rolled")*.  
 Kinnosuke, Adachi, *How we Lost Sakhalin Island*, 489.  
 Knipe, Alden Arthur, *In Spikadee Land*, 391.  
 Kuehn, Caroline Bates, *Taormina the Beautiful*, 767.
- Lament for Gorgo, Bliss Carman, 355.  
 La Shelle, Kirke, *A Motor Trip Through Normandy*, 211.  
 Latrobe, Benjamin Henry, *Through Virginia to Mt. Vernon*, 3; *Some Visits and Adventures, 1797-1819*, 177; *The First American Architect*, 345.  
*Law of the Tribe*, The, Rex E. Beach. Illustrated, 19.  
*Law*, The, Leroy Hennessy, 521.  
*Leather Belt of Liatsami*, The, George Allan England. Illustrated, 329.  
*Lining of the Cloud*, The, Harrison Rhodes. Illustrated, 527.  
 Long, Robert, *The Bloch Museum at Lucerne*, 27.  
 Lorimer, George Horace, *Beveridge*, 709.  
 Loyalty, R. T. S., 89.  
*Luxury*, Abigail James, 520.  
 Lynnette and the Hawthorn Hedge, Florence Wilkinson. Illustrated, 421.
- Martin, Edward S., *Current Reflections*, 255, 386, 521, 654, 792.  
 Metcalf, Willard L., *Royal Cortissoz*, 509.  
*Mill of the Tin Gods*, The, David Gray. Illustrated, 131.  
 Miller, Alice Duer, *Summer Lightning*, 90.  
 Montmartre, Alvan F. Sanborn. Illustrated, 670.  
 Morris, Edwin Bateman, *An Overlooked Understudy*, 622.  
*Motor Trip Through Normandy*, A, Kirke La Shelle. Illustrated, 211.  
 Mr. Brooke, Booth Tarkington. Illustrated, 687.
- Napoleon III. after Sedan, Thomas W. Evans. Illustrated, 119.  
*Nature's Solace*, Arthur Stringer, 698.
- Ogden, G. W., *How Kansas was "Rolled,"* 337; *A Flying Chance*, 449.  
*Old Dibs's Gold*, Lloyd Osbourne. Illustrated, 72, 223.  
*Old Playbill*, An, Barton Hill. Illustrated, 235.  
 Oliver, Owen, *An Unsolicited Contribution*, 125.  
*Opportunity of the Orient*, The, Harold Bolce, 98.  
*Orient (see Opportunity of the Orient)*.  
 Osbourne, Lloyd, *Old Dibs's Gold*, 72, 223.  
*Overlooked Understudy*, An, Edwin Bateman Morris. Illustrated, 622.
- Paine, Albert Bigelow, *The Anglers of the Angler*, 411.  
*Pair of Mules*, A, Karl Edwin Harriman. Illustrated, 589.

- Passing Guest, The, Duncan Smith, 142.  
 Passing of Joe Beef, The, F. Berkeley Smith, Illustrated, 192.  
 Personal Appearance of John Paul Jones, The, James Barnes. Illustrated, 106.  
 Peake, Elmore Elliott, The Flight of the River Belle, 293.  
 Peixotto, Mary H., Two Argonauts of Mola, 261.  
 Pendexter, Hugh, A Division of Sin, 285.  
 Peterson, Frederick, The Stream of Life, 39.  
 Phases of Current Science, Waldemar B. Kaempffert. Illustrated, 84.  
 Poland in Russia's Hour of Trial, Louis E. Van Norman. Illustrated, 277.  
 Princess of the Tower, The, Bliss Carman. Illustrated, 667.  
 Promise and Problems of Reciprocity, The, Harold Bolce, 512.  
  
 Question of Our Speech, The, Henry James, 199.  
  
 Rankin, David, The Farms that Feed the Nation, 458.  
 Recent College Architecture, Christian Brinton. Illustrated, 547.  
 Reciprocity (*see* Promise and Problems of Reciprocity).  
 Reckoning, The, Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated, 57, 160, 317, 429, 599.  
 Reid, Robert (*see* Work of Robert Reid).  
 Respite, Beth Slater Whitson, 659.  
 Rhodes, Harrison, The Lining of the Cloud, 527.  
 Robinson, Isabel S., The Japanese Fan, 380.  
  
 Sabin, Edwin L., On the Western Sheep Range, 541.  
 Sage Hen's Samson, The, Harry Leon Wilson. Illustrated, 699.  
 Sakhalin Island (*see* How We Lost Sakhalin).  
 Sanborn, Alvan F., Montmartre, 670.  
 Saxon, Helen A., Absence, 222.  
 Science (*see* Phases of Current Science).  
 Shackleton, Robert, "An Army with Banners," 775.  
 Sherman, Frank Dempster, To a Whip-poor-will, 498.  
 Sioux (*see* Great Sioux Festival).  
 Smith, Duncan, The Passing Guest, 142.  
 Smith, F. Berkeley, The Passing of Joe Beef, 192.  
 Spikadee Land, In, Alden Arthur Knipe. Illustrated, 391.  
 Spirit Loneliness, Ellen Glasgow, 97.  
 S., R. T., Loyalty, 89.  
 Stimson, Frederic Jessup, In Cure of Her Soul, 559, 721.  
  
 Stream of Life, The, Frederick Peterson, 39.  
 Stringer, Arthur, Nature's Solace, 698.  
 Summer Lightning, Alice Duer Miller, 90.  
 Sun (*see* What We Know About the Sun).  
  
 Taormina the Beautiful, Caroline Baker Kuehn. Illustrated, 767.  
 Tarkington, Booth, Mr. Brooke, 687.  
 Tax We Pay to Insects, The, Clifford Howard. Illustrated, 639.  
 Through Virginia to Mt. Vernon, B. H. Latrobe. Illustrated, 3.  
 To a Whip-poor-will, Frank Dempster Sherman, 498.  
 Tuskegee (*see* What the Carnegie Library does for Tuskegee Students).  
 Turtle Doves, The, H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated, 150.  
 Two Americans, Kate Jordan. Illustrated, 758.  
 Two Argonauts of Mola, Mary H. Peixotto. Illustrated, 261.  
  
 Unsolicited Contribution, An, Owen Oliver, 125.  
 Urner, Mabel Herbert, The After-Play, 495; The Cloisonné Vase, 717.  
  
 Van Norman, Louis E., Poland in Russia's Hour of Trial, 277.  
 Vielé, Herman Knickerbocker, The Dead Man's Chest, 357.  
 Vireo, The, Abigail James, 149.  
 Visits and Adventures, Some, 1797-1819, Benjamin Henry Latrobe. Illustrated, 177.  
 Vladivostok: "Ruler of the Far East," Alexander Hume Ford. Illustrated, 477.  
  
 Washington, Booker T., What the Carnegie Library Does for Tuskegee Students, 253.  
 Watson, H. B. Marriott, The Turtle Doves, 150.  
 W'en Batiste He Plays, Charles S. Chapman. Illustrated, 683.  
 Western Sheep Range, On the, Edwin L. Sabine, Illustrated, 541.  
 What the Carnegie Library Does for Tuskegee Students, Booker T. Washington, 253.  
 What We Know About the Sun, Waldemar B. Kaempffert. Illustrated, 188.  
 Wilkinson, Florence, Lynnette and the Hawthorn Hedge, 421.  
 Wilson, Harry Leon, The Sage Hen's Samson, 699.  
 Whitson, Beth Slater, Autumn, 448; Respite, 659.  
 Winter Dreams, Jessie Storrs Ferris, 774.  
 With the Publishers, 662.

Work of Robert Reid, The, Royal Cortissoz.  
Illustrated, 738.  
World for a Month, The, 657, 795.

### PORTTRAITS.

Barry, John, 581.  
Beveridge, Senator Albert J., 711.  
Bishop, Mr., B. H. Latrobe, 6.  
Bloch, G. J., portrait bust, 38.

Chambers, Robert W., 665.  
Cooke, T. P., 238.  
Craven, Countess of, 43.  
Curzon, Baron and Baroness, 54.

Dupré, Medal of John Paul Jones, 107.

Essex, Earl and Countess of, 52.  
Eugénie, Empress, 120.  
Evans, Dr. Thomas, 120.

Fairbrother, Mr., 240.  
Farren, William, 241.  
Faucit, Helen, 237.

Harrison, Mrs. Burton, 666.  
Henry, Patrick, B. H. Latrobe, 10.  
Hill, Ann Russell, 236.  
Hoch, Governor E. W., of Kansas, 341.  
Hopkins, Esek, 575.  
Hopkinson, Charles, The Master of the Norfolk Hunt of Medfield, Massachusetts, 143.  
Houdon, bust of John Paul Jones, 106, 109.  
Jones, John Paul, bust, Houdon, 106, 109; medal, Dupré, 107; prints, etc., 108, 110-113, 116.

Latrobe, B. H., Sketches, 6, 10, 11, 16.

Manchester, Duke and Duchess of, 50.  
Marlborough, Duke and Duchess of, 45.  
Master of the Norfolk Hunt of Medfield, Massachusetts, Charles Hopkinson, 143.  
Murray, Capt. William, B. H. Latrobe, 6.

Napoleon III., 119.  
Nisbett, Mrs., 239.

Older, Mrs. Fremont, 527.

Phelps, Samuel, 242.

Randolph, Edmund, B. H. Latrobe, 16.  
Roxburghe, Duke and Duchess of, 41.

Tankerville, Earl and Countess of, 47.

Vestris, Madam, 240.

Washington, George, B. H. Latrobe, 11.

### GENERAL ILLUSTRATIONS

Adamson, Sydney, 423, 425.  
Algiers, 751-757.

Bailey, Vernon Howe, 549-558.  
Beecher, Arthur, 150-156, 357-369, 449-457, 758.

Chapman, Carlton T., 637, 638.  
Chapman, Charles S., 683-686.  
Child, Edwin B., 410-420.

de Thulstrup, 776-782.  
Diamonds, Artificial, 88.  
Ditzler, Charlotte Weber, 399-409, 664, 665.

English Ancestral Homes of American Women, 40-54.

Falls, C. B., 537.  
Farming in the West, 461-468.  
Fisher, Harrison, 719.

Grant, Gordon H., 529-534.

Hail-clouds, Shooting, 629-635.  
Hale, Walter, 211-221.  
Hutchison, D. C., 18, 24.  
Hutt, Henry, 56, 130, 260, 428, 598.

Insects, 640-645.

Jones, John Paul, 114, 115, 117.

Kansas, 337.  
Kirby, R. G., 329-336.  
Knipe, E. Benson, 390-398.

Latrobe, B. H., 2-14, 178-186, 345-352.  
Lucerne, 26-38.

Mazzanovich, Lawrence, 688-691.  
Metcalf, Willard L., 501-507.  
Milk, 86, 87.  
Mt. Vernon, 8, 9, 12-14.

Navy of the United Colonies, 576, 579, 582, 583.  
New Orleans, 184-186.

O'Malley, Power, 194.  
O'Neill, 699-707.

Panama Canal, 370.  
Peixotto, E. C., 262-268.

Raleigh, Henry, 592-597.  
Ransom, Fletcher C., 287, 290, 470-476.  
Reid, Robert, 743-749.  
Russia, 277-283, 477-484, 489.

Sarka, Charles, 71, 74, 77, 223, 225, 229.  
Sheep Farming, 543-546.  
Sioux Festival, 305-316.

Sun, The, 189, 190.  
Svoboda, V. A., 133, 140.

Taormina, 768-772.  
Townsend, Harry E., 623-627.  
Trowbridge, V., 669-681.

Uhl, Jerome, 146, 272, 275.

Varian, George, 301, 303.  
Virginia, 2, 4, 5, 7, 178.

Washington, City of, 345-352.  
Wenzell, A. B., 526, 733.





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*Mother's  
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Baby's  
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Cereal*



# Cream of Wheat

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most delicious  
food that can be  
served for  
breakfast,  
luncheon  
or dessert.*









*From a sketch by B. H. Latrobe*

VIEW OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND FROM THE BANKS OF THE JAMES RIVER IN 1796

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

JULY, 1905

NO. 1

## THROUGH VIRGINIA TO MT. VERNON

EXTRACTS FROM

THE JOURNAL OF BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE

FRIEND OF WASHINGTON AND ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL

*For a long time there has been in the possession of the Latrobes, of Baltimore, a most interesting collection of journals, letters, sketches and memorabilia of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the founder of the American branch of the family, who came to this country from England in the year 1796. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact that it was under his direction, and from his plans (or the plans of others with his modifications) that the Capitol at Washington was erected. Extracts from these journals and papers will appear from time to time in this magazine, and from them we may get an insight into the character of a most versatile and remarkable man. Not only was Latrobe an architect—and the first one who could fairly lay claim to that title in America—but he was soldier, civil engineer, philosopher, artist, humorist, poet, and naturalist. He had a wide range of thought, and many standpoints from which he viewed life and judged and recorded developments about him. Observations upon politics, accounts of travels through an unwritten country, interviews with great men, small men, and their wives and families, story and anecdote, criticism and comment, dealing with the years from 1796 to 1820, make these papers not only of historical value, but lively and refreshing reading. An idea of the versatility of the author can be obtained from the following extracts taken verbatim from his diary, and accompanied by hitherto unpublished sketches which show his value as an artist, illustrator, and caricaturist. The first extract is the copy of a letter he made in the pages of his diary.*

PETERSBURG, VA., April 23, 1796.

I have neither books, pencils, brushes nor colors, nor any other drawing materials at this place, and my refuge from ennui, drinking, and gambling is reduced to a sheet of bad paper and my pen. Having once lived in a Polish ale-house for four days during a fair, which

had collected all the Jews and Gentiles from fifty miles around under one miserable roof, I cannot say that my residence at Mrs. Armstead's tavern in Blandford affords any scenes that are entirely new to me. The multitude of colonels and majors with which I am surrounded brings back the nobles of the Polish Re-

public to my recollection, whose power and respectability is much on the same level. The only difference is that instead of Count Borolabraski and Lschinski and Zetroblastmygutski, and Skratsh-mypolovrambolovorki, etc., we have here Colonel Tom, and Colonel Dick; and Major Billy, and Colonel Ben; Captain Titmouse, General Rattlesnake, and Brigadier General O'Possum—the rabble in leather breeches, which fills up the vacancies of swearing and noise, is scarcely distinguishable in the two places; only, indeed, by this difference—that we are here at a loss for even a

the lively clamor of the gay society here. Perhaps it may afford them a trifling comfort to know some of the particulars of the ecstatic scenes that keep me in a state of enchantment. In my last letter (the dulness of which will be sufficient proof that I was not yet wound up to a proper pitch of enjoyment) I think I gave you some idea of the glorious 20th of April, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-six years after the birth of somebody whose name I have forgotten since I came hither—nor can I find anybody here who can recollect it, though they “allow” they might know by inquir-



SKETCH MADE IN THE FEDERAL COURT, RICHMOND

Jewish Rabbi to help out the appearance of religion, and a box of lemons and sealing-wax to represent commerce.

I much fear that the peace and happiness of the amiable family that surround you has been disturbed by the desire of being in a scene of so much pleasure and gaiety as that in which they know their friend is now revelling. Indeed, when I reflect on the deprivation they are under, I feel a sensation so akin to pity that it makes me quite melancholy. I feel as if I could be happier in a dull buzz of the conversation at Belvidere than I am in

ing of their mothers or grannys—on that glorious day the invincible Lamplighter was stripped of his laurels by the Carolina horse, who also beat the whole field of unbeaten coursers. The melancholy events of the evening I also submitted to your sympathy. The next morning, spent in the quiet of Mr. Shore's family, deserves no notice. The dull combinations of water, wood and ground lose their charms when compared to the rapturous view of a race-horse darting through the dust like a meteor through the reddening clouds. At twelve, anxiety



*from a sketch by B. H. Latrobe*

VIEW OF THE TOWN OF NORFOLK FROM TOWN POINT IN 1796





*Drawn from life by B. H. Latrobe*

CAPTAIN WILLIAM MURRAY, OF AMELIA  
COUNTY

again possessed every breast while three—horses I believe they were, but to account for the enthusiasm they then created I will call them *coursers*, or *steeds*—darted round their *orbit*—orbit I think helps out the dignity of the period very well!—but to explain:

I was invited, with several other gentlemen, to dine with Doctor Shore. About an hour before dinner I was at his door. I found there Jack Willis, Harris and many other gentlemen—all *honorable men*, no doubt—very busy indeed. They were doing no harm, only playing at loo. A sumptuous dinner soon made me acquainted with Mrs. Shore, a very pleasant lady, who with great ease and goodness of temper presided over the company of twenty-eight men. After dinner and some bumpers to the President's health, the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. Loo, the most trifling of the ingenious contrivances invented to keep people from the vile habit of biting their nails, made a very large party happy; whist affording a more sulky delight to a few more. The rattling of dollars is a very

pleasant sound when it is at last smothered by the folds of your own pocket. To me, whose pockets and mind remained equally void, it was a great relief to go and chatter to Mrs. Shore and the two ladies who called upon her in the afternoon. Just before a magnificent supper was completely arranged, I walked off with Jack Willis and resolved to go to bed. I had got a bed in a neighboring house—where only six gentlemen slept in the same room—but alas! after knocking and bawling for half an hour at the door of the room in which a light was visible through the cracks, a tremendous yawn, which preceded the slow drawing of the bolt, ushered me in to disappointment.

A huge mulatto, more than half naked, had been left to guard the room. Overcome with sleep and toddy, he had stretched himself upon my bed, indulging the former and devastating the latter. The room seemed poisonous and



*Drawn from life by B. H. Latrobe*

MR. BISHOP, OF BALTIMORE



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

#### BILLIARDS AT A COUNTRY TAVERN

I set me on foot to return to the inn. Here in the interval had Falstaff—with Harris, Haydon and Sam Overton, his Nym, Pistol and Bardolph—established the throne of Pharo and assembled his host about him. However, I went upstairs and got into bed in the eight-bedded barrack, and Thornton—who was here “Colonel” Thornton—followed me. Another fairly sober man or two also lay down; but the explosions of joy below banished sleep until past twelve. At six o’clock I got up, and upon going down-stairs found myself surrounded by half-a-dozen Colonels and as many Majors in different stages of intoxication and noise. The subalterns were still rattling the dollars. By eight o’clock most of them had staggered out of the house or into their beds. And now, my dear Sir, pray inform me how you came to be called Colonel? What folly did you commit in your youth to deserve a term of reproach of any kind? You would also oblige me by your advice: whether I had better overdo the matter by calling every man

I meet Colonel, or underdo it by giving only one here and there the title; or whether tossing up for it would not be the safest and fairest mode I could adopt?

Further on in the diary, Mr. Latrobe, under the same date, has some observations upon the gambling, hard



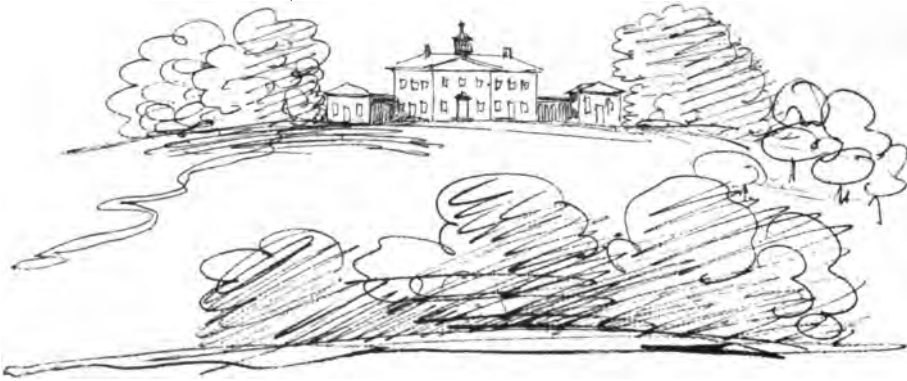
*Drawn from life by B. H. Latrobe*

#### ALIC, A FAITHFUL OLD SERVANT

drinking and horse-racing spirit which evidently, from all accounts, filled up the time of the gentlemen of Virginia.

Mr. Bate is the proprietor of the race-ground and of the buildings belonging to it. He is also one of the stewards of the course. I rode with him to the field. It was the same thing over again! Upon the whole I think running matches are useful as well as very amusing entertainments. Racing encourages a taste for, and an inclination to breed, handsome horses. The mischief is, I believe, not peculiar to horse-racing, but attendant upon all concourses of men for the purposes of amusement. Betting at a horse-

ness of the blue and green factions at the chariot races of Rome and Constantinople. I have entirely forgotten the merits of the betting question; but they cut throats upon these occasions, an addition to, if not an improvement upon, the degree of interest we take in the running of our horses. The Greeks, I think, were entirely ignorant of the pleasures of betting. I have been delving into the metaphysics of this strange passion, and have at last found out that a bet is a mental *Dram*. It exhilarates and stimulates the mind till it has worked off, that is, till it (the hazard) is determined. Its effect is then gone, and is, on the losing side, followed by sickness and qualms;



MT. VERNON

Sketched from Memory by B. H. Latrobe

race, I believe, is an English passion. Upon the continent of Europe, high play is carried on to its utmost extent; but I do not think from my recollection of manners, that horse-racing would be considered, on the Continent, as a subject into which gambling could deeply enter. There is a work, written in his own fascinating style, by Mercier, author of the "Tableaux de Paris," entitled "La Quinzaine Anglaise a Paris," which I believe has been translated into English. It contains, if I recollect aright, a very excellent chapter on horse-racing, and the idea of betting upon running horses is therein assumed to be entirely English. Gibbon has entered deeply into the busi-

ness of the winning by lassitude and debility, and a longing for another *Dram*. Intoxication is in both the consequence. The amusements of the theater would be useful to interrupt the gambling and drunkenness of the evening, but there are no players here at present.

But to leave these humorously described scenes, and these wise and accurate comments; let us go with Mr. Latrobe further on his journey through Virginia. We come to an entry some months later.

On Sunday, the 16th of July, I set off on horseback for Mt. Vernon, having a



*From a sketch by B. H. Latrobe*

MT. VERNON, LOOKING TO THE NORTH, JULY 17, 1796

letter to the President from his nephew, my particular friend, Bushrod Washington. I traveled through a bold, broken country, to Colchester. Colchester lies on the north side of the River Occoquan, over which there is a ferry. The river is filled chiefly by the back waters of the Potomac. At the ferry it is 105 yards wide, it extends nearly the same width up the country, where it dwindles into a rivulet. The town is small and scattered, the river is shallow, and the convenience for trade not considerable. I breakfasted with Mr. Thomas Mason. From Colchester to Mt. Vernon the road lies through extensive woods, and the distance is about ten miles. About two and a half miles from the President's house is a mill belonging to him on a canal brought from the River Dogue. Its neatness is an indication of the attention of the owner to his private concerns. The farm of the President extends from the mill to his house. Good fences, clear grounds, and extensive cultivation strike the eye as something uncommon in this part of the world, but the road is

bad enough. The house becomes visible between two groves of trees at about a mile's distance. It has no very striking appearance, though superior to every other house I have seen here. The approach is not very well managed, but leads you into the area between the stables. The general plan of the building, which is at Mr. Man. Page's at Mansfield, near Fredericksburg, is of the old school. It is a wooden building painted to represent chamfered rustic and sanded. The center is an old house to which a good dining-room has been added at the north end, and a study, etc., at the south. The house is connected with the kitchen and offices by arcades. The whole of this part of the building is in very indifferent taste. Along the other front is a portico supported by eight square pillars of good proportion and effect. There is a handsome statuary marble chimneypiece in the dining-room, of the taste of Sir William Chambers, with columns on each side. This is the only piece of expensive decoration I have seen about the house, and is indeed remarkable in that respect. Everything else is extremely good and neat, but by no means above what would be expected in a plain, English country gentleman's house of from £500 or £600 a year. It is, however, a little above what I have hitherto seen in Virginia. The ground on the west front of the house is laid out in a level lawn, bounded on the sides with a wide, but extremely formal, serpentine walk, shaded by weeping willows—a tree which in this country grows very well upon high, dry land. On one side of this lawn is a plain kitchen-garden; on the other a neat flower-garden laid out in squares and boxed with great precision. Along the north wall of this garden is a small greenhouse. The plants were arranged in front and contained nothing very rare, nor were they numerous. For the first time since I left Germany I saw here a *parterre*, clipped and trimmed with infinite care in the form of a richly



Drawn by R. H. Latrobe

"AN ATTEMPT AT THE FEATURES OF  
PATRICK HENRY"

flourished *Fleur-de-lis*. The expiring groans, I hope, of our grandfather's pedantry.

Toward the east, Nature has lavished magnificence; nor has art interfered but to exhibit her to advantage. Before the portico a lawn extends on each hand from the front of the house, and the grove of locust-trees on each side extends to the edge of the bank. Down the steep slope trees and shrubs are thickly planted. They are kept so low as not to interrupt the view, but merely to furnish an agreeable border to the extensive prospect beyond. . . . After running about four miles to the right the river suddenly turns to the eastward, but is seen over a range of lowlands for a considerable distance. A woody peninsula, running to a point, backs the silver line of the water, and the blue hills of Maryland just appear above the edge of the trees beyond the next bend.

What are descriptions of the face of Nature good for? They convey just as much an idea of the scene as the description of the features of a lady do of her face. The pen and the dictionary of Mrs. Ratcliff have done little more than to tire her reader by attempting to paint imaginary scenes of landscapes that interrupt the story. Descriptions of buildings are more successful, in general, and I think she is particularly so in them, though I once endeavored to plan the Castle of Udolpho from her account of it—and found it impossible.

Having alighted at Mt. Vernon, I sent in my letter of introduction and walked into the portico next to the river. In about ten minutes the President came to me. He was dressed in a plain blue coat, his hair dressed and powdered; there was a reserve but no hauteur in his manner. He shook me by the hand, said he was glad to see a friend of his nephew's, drew a chair, and desired me to sit down. Having inquired after the family I had left, the conversation turned upon Bath (now Virginia Hot Springs), to which they were going.



*Sketch of General Washington,  
taken at Mount Vernon while  
he was looking to discover  
a distant vessel on the Po-  
tomac, in which he expect-  
ed some of his friends from  
Alexandria?*

He said he had known the place when there was scarce a house upon it fit to sleep in, that the accommodations were, he believed, very good at present. He thought the best thing a family, regularly visiting Bath, could do, would be to build a house for their separate accommodation, the expense of which might be £200. He has, himself, a house there, which he supposes must be going to ruin. Independent of his public situation, the increased dissipation and frequency of visitors would be

an objection to his visiting it again, unless the health of himself or his family should render it necessary. At first *that* was the motive, he said, that induced people to encounter the badness of the roads and the inconvenience of the lodgings, but at present few, he believed, in comparison of the whole number, had health in view. Even those whose object it was, were interrupted in their quiet by the dissipation of the rest. This, he observed, must naturally be the case "in every large collection of men whose minds were not

the rapidly increasing immorality of the citizens particularly impressed him at the time he made them. They seemed well-expressed remarks of a man who has seen and knows the world.

The conversation then turned on the rivers of Virginia. He gave me a very minute account of all their directions, their natural advantages, and what he conceived might be done for their improvement by art. He then inquired whether I had seen the Dismal Swamp, and seemed particularly desirous of being informed upon the subject of the



*Sketch made at Mt. Vernon in July 1796, by B. H. Latrobe*

THE TUTOR

MRS. WASHINGTON

MISS CUSTIS

YOUNG LAFAYETTE

MRS. WASHINGTON, MISS CUSTIS, YOUNG LAFAYETTE, AND HIS TUTOR

occupied by any pressing business or personal interest."

In these, and many more observations of the same kind, there was no moroseness, nor anything that appeared as if

canal going forward there. He gave me a detailed account of the old Dismal Swamp Company and of their operations, of the injury they had received by the effects of the war, and the still



greater harm which their inattention to their own concerns had done them. After many attempts on his part to procure a meeting of directors (the number of which the law provided there should be six in order to do business), all of

hour, and as he had at first told me that he was endeavoring to finish some letters, to go by the Post, upon a variety of business, "which, notwithstanding his distance from the seat of government, still preyed upon him in his retirement"



MISS CUSTIS    MRS. WASHINGTON    MASTER LEAR

SKETCH OF A GROUP AT MT. VERNON, BY B. H. LATROBE

which proved fruitless, he gave up further hopes of anything effectual being done for their interests, and sold out his shares in the Proprietary at a price very inadequate to their real value. Since then his attention had been drawn so much to public affairs as scarcely to have made any inquiry into the proceedings either of the Swamp or the Canal Company.

I was much flattered at the attention to my observations, and his taking the pains either to object to my deductions where he thought them ill founded or to confirm them by strong remarks of his own, influenced by observations made while he was in the habit of visiting the swamp.

This conversation lasted above an

I got up to take my leave. But he desired me, in a manner very like Dr. Johnson's, to "keep my chair," and then continued to talk to me about the great works going forward in England, and my own objects in this country. I found him well acquainted with my mother's family in Pennsylvania. After much conversation upon the coal mines on the James River, I told him of the silver mine at Rocketts. He laughed most heartily upon the very mention of the thing. I explained to him the nature of the expectations formed of its productiveness, and satisfied him of the probability that ore might exist there. He made several minute inquiries concerning it, and then said that "*it would give him real uneasiness should any sil-*





*From a sketch by B. H. Latrobe*

VIEW OF MT. VERNON, LOOKING TOWARD THE SOUTHWEST, IN 1796

*ver or gold mine be discovered that would tempt considerable capital into the prosecution of that object; and that he heartily wished for his country that it might contain no mine but such as the plough could reach, save only coal and iron."*

After conversing with me more than two hours, he got up and said that "we should meet again at dinner." I then strolled about the lawn and took the views in my sketch-book. Upon my return to the house I found Mrs. Washington and her granddaughter, Miss Custis, in the hall. I introduced myself to Mrs. Washington as a friend of her nephew, and she immediately entered into conversation upon the prospect from the lawn, and presently gave me an account of her family in a good-humored and free manner that was extremely pleasant and flattering. She retains strong remains of considerable beauty, seems to enjoy very good health and to have as good a humor. She has no affectation of superiority in the slightest degree, but acts completely in the character of the mistress of the house of a respectable and opulent country gentleman. Her granddaughter, Miss Eleanor Custis (the only one of four who is unmarried) has more perfection of form, of expression, of color, of softness and of firmness of mind than I have ever seen before or conceived consistent with mortality. She is everything that the chisel of Phidias aimed at but could not reach; the soul beaming through her countenance and glowing in her smiles is as superior to her face as mind is to matter.

Young Lafayette, with his tutor, came down some time before dinner. He is a young man about seventeen, of a mild, pleasant countenance, favorably impressing at first sight. His figure is rather awkward. His manners are easy and he has very little of the usual French air about him. He talked much, especially with Miss Custis, and seemed to possess wit and fluency. He spoke English tolerably well; much better, indeed, than

his tutor, who has had the same opportunities of improvement.

Dinner was not served up till after half past three, it having been postponed fully half an hour in hopes of Mr. Lear arriving from Alexandria. The President came into the portico about half an hour before three, and talked freely upon common topics with the family. At dinner he placed me at the left hand of Mrs. Washington; Miss Custis sat at her right, and himself next to her near the middle of the table. There was very little conversation between us—a few jokes passed between the President and young Lafayette, whom he treats more as a child than a guest. I felt a little embarrassed at first at the silent, reserved air that prevailed. As I drink no wine, and the President drank only three glasses after dinner, the party soon returned to the portico. Mr. Lear, Mr. Dandridge, Mrs. Lear and three boys arrived soon after and helped out the conversation. The President retired in about three-quarters of an hour.

As much as I wished to stay, I thought it a point of delicacy to take up as little of the time of the President as possible, and therefore requested Mrs. Washington's permission to order my horses. She expressed a slight wish that I would stay, but I did not think it sufficiently strong in etiquette to detain me, so ordered my horses to the door.

I waited a few minutes till the President returned; he asked me whether I had any very pressing business to prevent my lengthening my visit. I told him I had not, but that as I considered my lingering an intrusion upon his more important engagements, I thought I could reach Colchester that evening by daylight.

"Sir," said he, "you see I take my own way. If you can take yours at my house I shall be glad to see you longer."

Coffee was brought about six o'clock. When it was removed, the President, addressing himself to me, inquired about

the state of the crops about Richmond. I told him all I had heard; a long conversation upon farming ensued, during which it grew dark, and he then proposed going into the hall. He made me sit down by him, then continued the conversation for above an hour. During that time he gave me a very minute account of the Hessian fly and its progress from Long Island, where it first appeared, through New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, part of Pennsylvania and Maryland. It has not yet appeared in Virginia but is daily dreaded. The cultivation of Indian corn next came up. He dwelt upon all the advantages attending this most useful crop, and then said that the manner in which the land was exhausted by it, the constant attendance it required during the whole year, and the superior value of the produce of land in other crops, would induce him to leave off entirely the

cultivation of it, provided he could depend upon any market for a supply of it elsewhere. As food for the negroes it was his opinion that it was infinitely preferable to wheat bread in point of nourishment. He had made the experiment upon his own lands, and had found that, though the negroes, while the novelty lasted, seemed to prefer wheat bread as being the food of their masters, they soon grew tired of it. He conceived that should the negroes be fed upon wheat or rye bread, they would, in order to be fit for the same labor, be obliged to have a considerable addition to their allowance of meat. But, notwithstanding all this, he thought the balance of advantage to be against Indian corn.

He then entered into the different merits of the variety of plows which he had tried, and gave the preference to the heavy, Rotheram plow from a full experience of its merits. The Berkshire iron plow he held next in estimation. He had found it impossible to get the iron-work of his Rotheram plow replaced in a proper manner; otherwise he should never have discontinued its use. I promised to send him one of Mr. Richardson's plows of Tuckahoe. He accepted it with pleasure.

Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis had retired early, and the President left the company at eight o'clock. We soon after retired to bed (there was no hint of supper).

I rose with the sun and walked in the grounds near the house. I also took the view in a page of my sketch book. The President came to the company in the sitting-room, where all the latest news-

papers were laid out, at half past seven. He talked with Mr. Lear about the progress of the works at the great Falls and in the city of Washington. Breakfast was served up with the usual Virginia style—tea, coffee and cold and broiled meats. It was very soon over, and for an hour afterward he stood upon the steps of the west door talking to the company who were collected about him. The object was the establishment of the University at the Federal City. He mentioned the offer he had made of giving to it all the interests he had in the city on condition that it should go on in a given time, and he complained that, though magnificent offers had been made by speculators for the same purpose,



SKETCH OF EDMUND RANDOLPH  
Former Secretary of State

Made in the Court of Appeals, Richmond, Va., April 12, 1796

there seemed to be no inclination to carry them into reality. He spoke as if he felt a little hurt on the subject.

About ten o'clock the President made a motion to retire, and I requested a servant to bring my horses to the door. The President then returned, and as soon as my servant came up he went to him and asked him if he had breakfasted. He then shook me by the hand most cordially, desired me to call if I came again into the neighborhood, and wished me good morning.

When my youngest brother was about six years old, he went with the family to see the King of England go through St. James' Park in state to the House of Lords. Upon being told that he rode in just such a carriage, he could scarcely believe that the person he saw could be the King, and being assured that it really was so, he cried out: "Good Lord, papa, how like a man he is!" The sentiment *expressed* by the boy is, I believe, *felt* by every man who sees for the first time a man raised by merit or by reputation above the common level of his fellow creatures. It was impressed upon me on seeing one of the greatest men that Nature ever produced, but in a less degree than when I saw that least-like-a-man-looking-king, Frederic II. of Prussia.

Washington has something uncommonly majestic and commanding in his walk, his address, his figure and his countenance. His face is characterized, however, more by intense and powerful thought than by quick and fiery con-

ception. There is a mildness about his expression, an air of reserve in his manner lowers its tone still more. He is sixty-four but appears some years younger and has sufficient apparent vigor to last many years yet. He was frequently entirely silent for many minutes, during which time an awkwardness seemed to prevail in every one present. His answers were often short and sometimes approached to moroseness. He did not at any time speak with any remarkable fluency—perhaps the extreme correctness of his language, which almost seems studied, prevented that effect. He appeared to enjoy a humorous observation and made several himself. He laughed heartily several times and in a very good-humored manner. On the morning of my departure he treated me as if I had lived for years in his home—with ease and attention; but in general I thought there was a slight air of moroseness about him, as if something had vexed him.

For Washington, had Horace lived at the present day, he would have written his celebrated ode. It is impossible to have ever read it and not to recollect in the presence of this great man the *virum justum*, etc.

Mr. Latrobe carries on his narrative, describing in his journal a great deal of his coming and going, his adventures and the people whom he meets; but this extract gives us a side-light on Washington that the reading public cannot afford to miss.





*Drawn by P. C. Hutchinson*

*"The crew charged them with every weapon handy."—Page 19*

# THE LAW OF THE TRIBE

BY REX E. BEACH

This is the tale of a Kanaka whaler, a whisky cask, and a missionary; having to do with a blood-letting away out on the edge of things; involving white men's passions and the smoldering hate of the Eskimo, as it was told to me by a revenue man while we were steeped in laughter, music, clinking glasses and the muffled clang of Broadway trolleys.

I had bemoaned the urbanity of life, the paucity of the pastoral. What though the duck had been delicious and the salad perfect; the stale breath of the city was in my nostrils and I railed at its refinements. So, led by my mood, my friend's discourse wandered out into the distant reaches till I felt the heave of slanting decks, smelt the sea spume, and heard the salt air whining through the shrouds. North and west we cruised through the smoky seas where the sea-parrots scream, up toward the Diomedes where the roar of the bull walrus drowns the beat of the surf, and there, out of the tropic blue of his Havana, he wove this story of the Arctics:

At the tip of that point of land which leans farthest out and whispers across to the moss-garbed hills of Siberia nestles a native village. Since the earliest days no whaling ship has passed it without pause to trade, for it is the most prosperous of all the towns from Dutch Harbor to Point Barrow. The straits teem with walrus, deer range the ridges behind, salmon choke the rivulets, and the cry of geese in the slow, summer air is like a noisy burden.

One June midnight, as the yellow sun dipped shallowly below the horizon, a Hawaiian schooner anchored abreast

the sand spit and was soon surrounded by the curious populace. They came off in kyaks and big skin boats, bearing many things to barter, noisy and pleased in their childlike friendliness. They had not trafficked long until the captain ordered up a cask of whisky and broached it. So it was but a short time until the sailors were in possession of the Eskimos' spoils and they in turn reeled under the drunken fumes. The schooner's master was a half-breed—swart, thick and domineering. As time drew along, for some reason, he grew enraged at a native and struck him. That one, liquor-maddened and aroused from his customary good nature, drew knife and made at the master. Doubtless white blood would have run had not a sailor snatched a bludgeon and beaten down the Eskimo, at which his tribesmen drew together threateningly. The crew, who had likewise become inflamed, charged them with every weapon handy and swept them overboard, all but a dozen, who fought back doggedly. These, forced down the deck inch by inch, sought refuge beneath the forward deck, where they crouched, thoroughly terrified.

The sailors, drunk with victory and the blood-lust, seized blubber-hooks and reaching in, dragged them out one by one. As each was brought forth they knocked in his head and threw him overboard—eleven in all—then, glutted with the kill, their decks awash with blood, they weighed anchor and sailed away like pirates of the Spanish Main. In this fashion Hatred was sown at Prince of Wales.

On the sand ridge, behind the town, they reared eleven great whale ribs in a

row, while the squaws let down their hair and rocked and wailed, and the men spoke with stony faces and bitter words.

As the years passed, whenever a child grew to understanding, his mother taught him the story of the bleaching bones and nursed the hatred in him as jealously as she did his life. Withal, they were a crafty people and realized that vengeance must come cautiously, for each year there were more and more white men in the country and back of them was a great power which they felt but could not fully grasp. These newcomers treated them well as a rule and, but for the memory of the whalers' treachery, they would have made friends greedily. As it was, the tribe came to be known as unfriendly and inhospitable; and it was at this time that my friend sailed north out of the mists, bearing on the revenue cutter missionaries—two of them.

"One was a farmer lad," said he, "an Ohio boy. He ran less to prayer than to hard work and I told the 'old man' that he would make the Indians like him; but the other—somehow I knew he was due for trouble from the first. He was nice enough, only for his airs, and he brought his young wife with him—both of them aflame with the desire to teach the heathen.

"We anchored about a mile and a half from shore and the 'old man' sent for all the villagers. It was the only town we had ever stopped at where they didn't hurry out of their own accord, but ever since the day of the Kanaka schooner Prince of Wales' men were slow in their greeting. They came finally, and a finer lot I never saw—big, clean-limbed, and clothed in royal furs, but sullen. Yes, awful sullen, and when they saw the two white men and the woman they murmured among themselves.

"The captain knew their story—he knew everything that had to do with Alaska—and he called them together below the bridge.

"These people have come to live with you," he said, 'be good to them.'

"There was considerable talk, then one spoke up in his native tongue:

"We don't want the white men and their squaw.'

"They're good men," said Healy. 'They'll teach you many things and cure your children when they're sick.'

"We don't want the white men," said the spokesman again. 'Take them away. If they stay they will be sorry. Maybe they will die—who knows?'

"The 'old man's' eyes glowed and his voice raised a tone as he spoke.

"If anything happens to them I'll blow up your village. I'll shoot your houses to pieces.'

"They had never seen a cannon before and began to laugh at this.

"No," said they, 'we are not children to be frightened with fools' talk. The village is too far away and the ship can't come close to the land. No, you must keep the white folks yourself.'

"At that the captain made them climb the rigging, every one of them, and had me load the bow gun.

"Shoot low, lieutenant," he said. So I did. The shot struck half-way to the shore—a laugh came from aloft.

"What did we say?" they gibed. 'The big whale gun is no good. You can't scare us—we are men.'

"Load her again," said Healy. I did, and this time the laughter was not so loud for the ball struck close to the beach. They were unconvinced, however, and jeered us mightily till the commander said:

"Lieutenant, that big cache to the east of the village.'

"Aye, aye, sir," and I sighted.

"They had caught the old man's tone this time and ceased to chatter. The deck was very still as I fired.

"The cache was a rude log shelter, perched high on posts, and standing well out from the village. It was a good shot—the target smashed like a clay pigeon. We saw women and children

scurrying out of the huts, back toward the hills.

"The men came down on to the deck quietly and they were not laughing now, but more sullen faces I never saw.

"Don't shoot again," they said. 'Let the white men and the squaw come ashore'—and that's how we landed our missionaries.

During the next few years the revenue cutter called at the village frequently, leaving mail, provisions, etc., and it seemed that the churchmen were getting along much better than had been expected. Particularly did the Ohio boy succeed with them, for he worked earnestly and treated his charges with a tact and understanding of which the other, Mathison, seemed totally devoid. However he was eventually sent down coast to Port Clarence, in charge of a government reindeer herd, leaving the Kentuckian and his wife at Prince of Wales.

Now the spirit of mischief dwells as stoutly in a native child as in one of other blood, but, no matter what faults are committed, the Indian never chastises his offspring. This tender spirit of reverence is one of the most touching traits of the aborigine and, not only does he never lift a hand against his little ones, but violence from another is a deadly affront.

The children of this village did not like Mathison, and he began to feel an unrest in his school which he could not fathom. One morning, he found a rude caricature of himself on the blackboard. It was most disparaging to his dignity and led to severe language. A few nights later some one threw pebbles at his house door. Again, the schoolhouse was broken open and chalk taken out. He spoke to the scholars of dire punishments and still the thing prevailed until he grew maddened out of all proportion to the gravity of the offenses.

Had he treated them with a patient

good humor, the little ones would have exhausted their resource of annoyance, but they irritated him cumulatively till, one day in an outburst, he threatened death to any one who approached his house at night. His residence sat well up on the mountain above the village, and for some time thereafter he slept in peace; but the liberties with the schoolhouse continued, and one day, becoming frenzied, he made public announcement that, should he catch any one forcing it open, he would shoot them.

Some time after, three little boys, wrenched with devilry, sprung the door to the place, purloining some chalk. Later, as they thought of the master's threat, the gravity of it smote them and they became frightened.

"Ai, we have done a very bad thing," said the littlest one, who was but eleven and lame of the left leg.

"So! but won't the master be angry!" said the second, laughing. "How he will shout in the morning."

"What will he do?" the timid one questioned.

"He will kill us," answered the third, speaking from the wisdom of his thirteen years. "He said so." Whereat the other two went atremble and a panic seized them.

"Yes, he will kill us," they said and wanted to run home to their mothers, but were checked by the eldest.

Now it is not good to threaten an Indian with death. Complaint he will stand, abuse he will suffer and vituperation even, but beware of the threat—for he is serious in his mind and has no conception of a bluff. Self-preservation will stir within him and, like the wolf, he is quick to snap.

The oldest boy, in whom lay deepest rooted the story of the eleven whale ribs, spoke to the other.

"There is but one thing to do. We must kill him first. Come, let us do it," so they went back to the village.

It was the middle of August and the nights were growing dark—thus they



were unnoticed, particularly as most of the men were gone hunting.

The leader stole a whale gun from his father's cache—a great weapon throwing an explosive bomb—the second sneaked from his home an old musket—relic of Russian days, with a ball half the size of his little fist—while the cripple could find only a sledge-hammer.

Surely there has never been a more curious spectacle than that of the three brown children on their mission of death, winding up the hill, hushed with the tragedy of the soft, sweet summer night; the mind of each aflame with the hatred of the other race; the grim tale of their slaughtered fathers and the fear of the missionary's threat urging them. First crept the young leader in the tremulous dignity of his bravado, the second barely large enough to lug the long-barreled musketoon, and then the pitiful, halting boy with the withered thigh clasping the hammer to his aching chest, its handle leaving a trail in the dust like the track of an accusing finger.

They loaded their weapons, for this knack they had learned with their first speech, and, as they were unable to aim with certainty, they approached the door and placed the muzzles on either side of the knob. Bracing themselves, they cocked their guns. At a sign, the little one raised the sledge and beat a tattoo. It awoke the two within and the man arose. He spoke:

"Who is there?"

"Now," whispered the boy with the whale-gun, and the two reports boomed out into the night rolling down to the village, and the recoil flung them into the sand. They arose but heard nothing within save the frightened cries of the woman, and then the horror of their deed stole coldly into their veins and they went shaking down the mountain and into their mothers' huts.

They awaited the sure alarm, but it did not come; for the white woman huddled fear-stricken at the house. Across

the door lay her husband's body shot through and through with a whale bomb and a Russian slug.

As the settlement stirred in the first dawn, the lame boy could stand it no longer and spoke to his mother.

"What a bad dream I had last night, mother."

She noted shrewdly that he was frightened and that lines showed around his tired eyes other than the marks of pain that a cripple bears.

"What was it, little one?"

"I dreamed that the missionary man was dead," he trembled, but she dismissed him.

"Chut! What a dream!" and went about her labors.

Later he spoke again, for the secret grew with its repression till it weighed down his soul, and now the old woman, her quick suspicions aroused, drew from him most of the story—all but the names of the other boys. This he refused—saying he did not know—that it was all a dream.

Within five minutes the village was roused and they found the shattered door, the stark body behind, and the shuddering woman where she had raved all night in the fear that the murderers would search her out. Then the wrath of the men rose, while the squaws wailed and rocked and threw sand in their hair.

"Who did this?"

Back to the village they were led by the old squaw till they found the two older boys, but the lame one had fled. When questioned, they denied their part stoutly, although the men saw signs which caused them to doubt.

"Come with us to the dead man and swear that you are innocent," said one—and the boys agreed. They moved down the beach together, but the certainty grew in the minds of the men that these children were the ones. The Unutkoot, or medicine man, began to chant and cry out as they went, working himself into a frenzy. He told them that they must come with him to the

naked body and kneel beside it, where they must take off their shirts and repeat their oaths with hand upon the wounds. At this the little shavers grew pale and the smaller one began to cry.

"Not the shirt," he whimpered. "Don't make us take off our shirts," and at this the men looked at each other sadly and fell behind so that the boys were ahead. They had flinched at the ordeal! They could not endure that most terrible oath wherein the shirt is removed—and their guilt was patent to these keen men. They spoke gutturally among themselves, then, without further warning, their rifles rang and the little bodies pitched forward on the beach.

Two hunters bore them to the door of Mathison's house, followed by the grim braves, and tears ached down many a wrinkled visage at the sight, for the children had been blood of their blood and he whom they had avenged had been hated by them all; but justice of the Spartan type reigns among these hardy people. Moreover, in the past years they had grown to respect the grizzled man who ruled this great realm from the bridge of the white revenue ship, and who stood in their eyes for the grim, unyielding image of the law and for the vengeance of the other race.

They dug a grave before the widow's door and placed therein the two bodies; then the chief went in and spoke to her.

"Come forth and look. We have killed our own sons that your blood might be avenged."

They took her away from the place and down the coast to Port Clarence to her husband's friend, but further than that they did nothing, save to lock up the house and leave things as they were; for they felt that the news would travel by the mystic channels of desolate lands, and that the revenue cutter would glide around the point and soon they would have to face the wrath of the white men and, worse, the accusing eyes of the old man whose voice in anger shook every native from Akutan upward.

"How we first heard the news, I don't know," said the lieutenant, "for we were away up in the Kotzebue country and it was vague, but we steamed south full speed and anchored abreast of the town less than a week after the tragedy.

"As on our first trip, no canoes put off to meet us and a deadly silence was over the place. The gaunt hills leaned forward, listening; the birds seemed hushed, and not a soul showed till I landed in the gig. It was not long till I had the whole story and I called a meeting of the men, saying that the captain would be there to hear them. Then I went back and told Healy.

"It was a strange sight, that August night: the flaring light on the gaunt, bronze faces, that stared so moodily at us; the agony of the parents whose thoughts were in the grave on the mountain side; the overhanging, velvet hills rearing up to the starry sky. The dignity and the ceremony of it is fresh with me yet, for here at last was the fruit of that forgotten orgy on the whaler's deck; here the law of the Eskimo met the steel of the white man's rule.

"The plaint of a distant squaw floated to us on the air, thick with the strange odors of a wild people and a wilder land; and then the oldest chief arose and spoke.

"This was a solemn time, he said, and every soul felt that it marked an epoch in the history of the tribe. They were cold with sorrow for their children, and sick with dread of what the future held—fearful of the wrath of the whites.

"He went back and told the story of the great crime so adroitly that I felt the hot, impotent rage of his people in my veins, felt the hatred flare in me as it had flared in them when the Kanaka sailed reeking away. He pointed to the ghostly whale ribs, lighted by the fire, and told how his people had refused to welcome the missionaries but how they had been forced upon them; how the one grew to be loved, and taught them of the white man's God and laws and then went away; how the other had stayed and



*Drawn by D. C. Hutchinson*

*"The oldest chief arose and spoke."—Page 23*

become hated, of how he abused their children, and how they said nothing. Then he described the deed of the three boys and the pathos in his deep voice, as he told of the tribe's quick vengeance, caused my throat to ache and the fire to blur before me. What more did we want? We had spoiled their faith in their old gods, we had murdered their men, we had forced a creed upon them whose teachers they did not want—and yet, for the death of one of these, they had wrecked vengeance on their own offspring. Two they had killed, and although the other had escaped, they would offer him as a sacrament also. Surely that was enough!

"When he had done our 'old man' stood up. Ah, there was a man for you! I'd have broken down or bungled matters wretchedly, even though I realized that on my words leaned the faith and loyalty of a people. I knew dimly that, when he sat down, either the Prince of Wales men would be loyal Americans, warmed and cheered by the sympathy of the whites, or sullen renegades, embittered by the blood of their people.

"He talked as a mother does to her children till the men shifted their skin boots and hung their heads so that the light might not glisten on their cheeks.

"Squaws crept up and encircled us, their mottled reindeer parkas weird and ghostlike in the darkness. With them there was no dignity in stoicism and they wept quietly; and yet, through it all, the master was as firm as a rock, for the dignity of the law was in his hands.

"All I ask is the other boy,' he concluded. 'Bring him to me, for he must answer to the white man.'

"At this there was a murmur.

"What will you do with him?' questioned the chief, and I saw that they were afraid we would torture him. When it was explained that he would be detained, perhaps, but one so young could not merit death under the white man's rule, an old hunter spoke:

"No! That is not a good law. We are brothers to the white man and the boy must answer to our law. Let the guilty ones die. Leave this one to us and we will punish him.'

"Remember, he is only a little one,' said Healy, and now he was pleading in his turn. 'Give him to me'—but the hunter shook his head doggedly and the others murmured acquiescence.

"He must die,' he said, and patted the stock of his rifle. 'When you return next the stain will be gone.'

My friend relit his cigar, and, eying it speculatively, went on in slow words:

"Sometimes I picture a halting, half-starved Indian lad, wandering there all alone among mossy, barren hills, an exile from his home; an outlaw, hunted and harried where he should have been rocked in his mother's arms. Tears of hunger streak his weazened little face, grown pinched and old and gray, while his hands are bleeding where he has dug for roots. The stain of berry juice is on his teeth. He shivers weakly as the raw wind searches through his rags. Each night, creeping to the mountain crest, he lies there on the sharp stones and hears the faint sounds of the village, straining his tired eyes through the dusk toward the place where he knows his mother sits.

"But Lord! Think of the gray man who took his loaded rifle and went out into the bleak mists to save the law of his fathers and the honor of his house. Think of his returning silently, with only the deepened seams of his face hinting of what he'd done!"

The gong of the Broadway electric brought me back out of the North. The lust for the elemental was spent within me—the breath of the great city was sweet again in my nostrils.

"I don't care to think of it," said I, and shuddered.

"And he was the boy's father," said my friend.



THE WAR AND PEACE MUSEUM ON LAKE LUCERNE

# THE BLOCH MUSEUM AT LUCERNE

BY ROBERT LONG

Why is it that museums are so often uninteresting? The answer probably is because they lack a philosophy. You may gaze entranced at friezes from the Parthenon; admire the stupendous proportions of Assyrian bulls; wander for hours among cases of stuffed humming-birds, Sèvres china and Roman coins; marvel at reconstructed quaternary mastodons, tablets from Babylon and monoliths from Egypt—and yet come away with an empty sense of having seen a great deal and learned nothing. And after all, this, at best, is what you see in every great museum, save in a few specialized collections; and in these monotony replaces heterogeneity. Most museums can be appreciated only by the imaginative; the average observer cannot reconstitute mentally the nexus which existed between any two objects in their time.

A museum which adopted the principle of selection instead of aggregation would draw thousands where the present collections draw hundreds. The ordinary museum tries to be comprehensive. To make it interesting instead of merely curious, it should be only typical. You cannot have a philosophy of things detached from their natural human relations. In the ideal museum there would not be a great deal of anything, but there would be a little of everything. Ten Greek coins would teach as much as ten cases; you would have an Egyptian burial instead of fifty Egyptian mummies; you would see Phidias at work, not a dozen indifferent plaster casts; you would save space, and you would use your saved space in presenting everything in its relations to the life

of man which it occupied in its day. Unfortunately the selective type of museum is seldom to be seen outside the grounds of commemorative expositions, and there it is looked upon as a somewhat frivolous "side-show." There is, however, one museum in the world which deals with things in their natural order, and attempts to teach a lesson—even to propagandise. It is a museum of a human institution. The institutional museum has, of course, difficulties of its own. A museum of politics, in the narrow sense of the word, would be nothing but an ordered collection of faded treaties, antiquated charters, and obsolete maps, with perhaps a few historic pen-handles and parliamentary relics. Nevertheless, politics—and economics too—might be taught with more ease visually than textually. But the oldest of human institutions—war—lends itself to this method best of all; and at present what is probably the most interesting specialized museum in the world is the War and Peace Museum lately opened under the shadow of Pilatus, in Lucerne.

The Krieg-und-Frieden's Museum, founded by the late Jean de Bloch, whose romantic history and remarkable literary achievements first became known to the Western World at the time of the Tsar's peace manifesto, is the first museum that was ever dedicated to an idea. That idea is peace. Other museums were founded to exhibit things; M. Bloch was the first man who discovered that a museum might be employed to *prove* things. Having come to the conclusion that the real root of martial tendencies among the people was the glamor which has surrounded all things militant



#### ROMAN INFANTRY FORMATION

Cæsar's attack on the Gauls at Bibracte, 58 B. C.

from time immemorial, he conceived the audacious idea of using this false glamor as a servant in the cause of peace. The literary propaganda against war, he argued, was not half so attractive to the ordinary man as the visual and material propaganda in its favor which the constant exhibition of martial uniforms and martial weapons carries on unconsciously in his mind. The lecturer on peace decorates his hall with symbolic olive-branches which appeal only to the already converted. Why not appeal to the unconverted who feel the old barbarian delight in gleaming swords and giant ordinance, and by proving the futility of these weapons turn the world to the paths of peace?

M. Bloch—statistician and economist as he was—knew the human heart, and so, while he adhered to his practical, hard-headed arguments with facts and figures, he determined to present them

in the most attractive way. The average man who walks through the rooms of the great museum by the lake of the Forest Cantons will be interested even if he is not converted. For the human element is everywhere supreme. You can bend over miniature Sempachs and Morgartens, touch the rusty bayonets which reshaped Europe at Waterloo, or prefigure if you will the future Armageddon waged with Mannlicher rifles and quick-firing Krupp guns never yet tried on the field of battle. If you are a romantic person—and who is not romantic in the Forest Canton town, the focus of medieval Europe's heroic deeds and heroic aspirations?—you will find in the Museum of War and Peace the concentrated romance of all the battle-fields of Europe.

But you are not supposed to be a romantic person when you visit the Bloch Museum. The array of martial



## PRUSSIAN INFANTRY FORMATION

An attack under Frederick the Great at Hohenfriedberg, 1745

weapons and martial relics is created to excite your interest, not to captivate your reason. M. Bloch would have been horrified if he thought that any one went to his Museum to revive, even in imagination, what he regarded as the dead romance of militarism. Over its central gateway might have been graven: "All imagination abandon ye who enter here." The imagination—if it is to be quickened at all—must be quickened by no flood of false glamor, but by a prophetic vision of the coming time when museums like this will be but the graveyards of traditional evils, looked on with the same horror as is now inspired by the medieval torture-instruments in the Tower of London. You must go with the scientific spirit—to study facts, not to glorify them; to take a warning from the past, not an example for the future.

Lord Lytton invented *vril*, the *ultima ratio* of Nature against war. *Vril* was

the force which put the lightning into the hands of the little child, and turned to naught all human calculations—numbers, superior armaments, generalship, craft, and courage. Lord Lytton's marvelous force was a pleasant fiction for a fantastic story. M. Bloch's service to humanity lay in the fact that he first proclaimed that we were already on the eve of the age of *vril*, that we had created forces so tremendous that before them the difference between strength and weakness was as nothing, and that war was gradually passing into desuetude by its own technical perfections. "If once," he said to the writer, "if once you create a force so great that a single man may destroy thousands, war becomes impossible. War is not impossible yet, because we have not yet got that power. But we are every day approaching it; and even now we have got so far as to make war impossible—or, if you





A CAVALRY CHARGE UPON INFANTRY USING BLACK POWDER, AT VIONVILLE, IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

will, impracticable—under certain conditions.”

The famous thesis of M. Bloch was that a great war had already become impossible on the continent of Europe. By a “great war” he meant the Armageddon, which haunts as a nightmare the imaginations of 300,000,000 of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Austrians, and Italians; a war which would cost \$20,000,000 a day; a war in which 15,000,000 of armed men would strive for mastery. By saying that such a war was impossible, he did not affirm that it could not break out, and even be carried on for a longer or shorter period, but only that it could not be waged to a decisive end; and that therefore European statesmen would think twice before embarking upon it.

Why such a war is impossible you will see demonstrated by the most effective style of argument in the War and Peace Museum at Lucerne. The demonstration needs careful study, for it is only by piecing together certain apparently unconnected factors that it can be understood. You will first see the military—the most imposing, but not the most significant side of war. You will see the rifle carrying three miles, with sufficient power to penetrate half a dozen human bodies. You will see Maxim guns firing their hundreds of shots a minute, quick-firing artillery, and heavy fortress guns firing shells that can put a whole company out of action. On the walls you will see drawings, in the grounds full-sized reproductions, of trenches and fortifications which in the war of the future are to make impotent all these terrible engines of offence. From these you learn the first lesson—the war of the future will be very prolonged. What happened at Plevna, and, on a lesser scale, at Colenso and Magersfontein, will happen in the great European war of the future. “Take,” said M. Bloch, “the case of a German attack upon France. Every inch of the French frontier is fortified, and not with

temporary entrenchments such as were thrown up in haste by Turks and Boers, but by the best engineers in Europe working at their leisure. There are only two openings in this line of fortifications, and these are left intentionally; any invader trying to penetrate them would have his communications cut and his army destroyed. How are these fortifications to be forced? Not by frontal attack. The South African War was the knell of the frontal attack. Not by artillery. South Africa—and even Plevna, twenty years before—showed that artillery is useless against fortifications. ‘We would bombard Plevna all day,’ said Todleben, ‘for the sake of killing a single Turk.’ ‘We bombarded Cronje for a week,’ wrote the South African correspondents; ‘when he surrendered we found he had lost less than a hundred men. In one attack upon him we lost more than thirteen hundred.’”

True, the Japanese in the war in Manchuria appear to have upset some theories. But prolonged efforts at the kind of fighting in which they have been successful would exhaust in a short time the forces and esprit of European soldiers.

Therefore, M. Bloch argued, a war between Powers anything like equal will be very prolonged. But that is only one premise of his famous syllogism. It is here the economic factor enters. What will happen in this respect in the case of a prolonged war? The first thing wanted is food; where will the food come from, asked M. Bloch? Americans do not always realize the gravity of this problem for Europe. If the United States were in arms against the whole world, so far from being troubled by the food problem, the price of food would fall so much that she might carry on war to the end of time without inconvenience. In Europe the reverse is true. Of the two great continental alliances neither could feed itself. Russia has more than enough grain, but for geographical rea-

sons she could not feed her ally, France, which produces only half what she wants. Austria produces just enough food for internal consumption, but her ally, Germany, ceasing to import grain from Russia, would be in a difficulty. Of course, imports from overseas would not altogether cease, but prices would rise incalculably. And here enters the money problem. M. Bloch was a skilled financier, and he knew that for financial reasons no continental power could carry

States. The American people are well-affected to the government which they have set up themselves. Only the people could make war, and therefore the people would be willing to bear it. But the mass of the European peoples are profoundly disaffected. They groan under the strain of militarism in time of peace. In time of war—a war probably not desired by themselves—would they bear uncomplainingly a strain a thousand-fold greater? Socialism smolders un-



PEACE

on a prolonged war. A war in which the five great Powers were involved would cost over twenty million dollars a day. For a short time this might be borne. But war would not last a short time; for military reasons it would be very prolonged. In short, before decisive military successes could be gained by fighting, economic and financial resources would give out. In that sense, war—a decisive war, of course—is impossible.

There is yet another factor which differentiates Europe from the United

States. The American people are well-affected to the government which they have set up themselves. Only the people could make war, and therefore the people would be willing to bear it. But the mass of the European peoples are profoundly disaffected. They groan under the strain of militarism in time of peace. In time of war—a war probably not desired by themselves—would they bear uncomplainingly a strain a thousand-fold greater? Socialism smolders un-

der the present grievances; it would burst into flame under the storm of war. It is in this sense, and this sense alone, that war is impracticable. It is under the shadow of the triple peak of Mount Pilatus that this argument is visualized and materialized. Old Lucerne, with its frescoed walls and brown, pinnacled roofs, is beautiful; and the extreme modernity of the new philosophy of war is not intruded on the eye, but cunningly concealed behind walls and underneath a roof which blend har-

moniously with the landscape and buildings around. The War and Peace Museum, situated next the railway station, seems to rise out of the water, and seen from a lake steamer is the most prominent and picturesque building in the town. Its gray walls, its turrets and towers, its dark brown roof and vast, arched gateway make up quite a mediæval picture, which at first sight betrays no touch of modernity. Indeed, outside the Museum there is only one indica-

But the inside is dedicated to all the generations. The largest of the seven or eight halls of which the Museum is composed is entered directly from the arched gateway. This is the *Waffen-saal* or armory—an immense hall, the walls of which are decorated with painted designs showing pictorially the trajectory of modern projectiles. In this room is displayed what is probably the finest collection of arms, new and old, to be found in Europe: Palæolithic flints, arrow-



WAR

tion that the building is a scientific institution and not a baronial castle, and that indication is hidden at the back, where in the grounds you find, skilfully constructed by Swiss military engineers, sections of the most up-to-date fortifications, covered entrenchments copied from Cronje's camp at Paardeberg, portable bridges crossing imaginary streams and other specimens of the art of the military engineer. In the front of the Museum there is nothing save the inscription over the gates to show its purpose.

heads taken from prehistoric graves, Indian tomahawks, Roman swords and catapults, mediæval crossbows, great ringed cannon of the fifteenth century, the pikes with which the stout Swiss burghers put to ignominious flight the chivalry of Austria, and, finally, the most modern weapons—from Colt revolvers and Mauser rifles to heavy guns from Krupp and Schneider—all are represented. The object of the Museum is displayed in the arrangement of all exhibits. On the walls are hung diagrams



WAR AGAINST WAR. AN ALLEGORICAL PAINTING IN THE MUSEUM

showing the range and power of weapons and illustrating their effect upon the formations used in battle. No gun is without a battered target showing its penetrative power; and to the flint arrow-head, powerless against a deer-skin targe, stands, in ironical opposition, the big Krupp guns with their rent and shattered targets of three-inch steel. This room, in fact, illustrates the first of M. Bloch's arguments: the incalculable

the immense spaces entailed by these loose formations, was always one of M. Bloch's arguments why it would be impossible to carry on organized campaigns on the scale projected by the General Staffs of modern Europe. The development of the art of war in other respects is shown in the adjoining rooms, the Swiss, in whose country the Museum is situated, being the best represented. Ancient and modern methods of fortifi-



A CORNER OF THE ARMORY HALL

increase which has taken place in the power of weapons.

The effect of this progress in armaments is shown in another room. Here is a table showing the close formation used by the great Frederick's Prussians only a century and a half ago. As a contrast, we have the British attack formation employed in South Africa with a good twenty paces between man and man. The difficulty of maneuvering the vast armies of modern times, when dispersed over

cation have a room to themselves. On the walls are tableaux, maps, and plans of battles; and there is scattered through four or five rooms an unusually fine collection of models of historic fights. The room devoted to illustrating the effect of modern projectiles on the human body is particularly interesting. On the walls are life-size paintings of infantrymen and cavalrymen, showing the chances which each stands of being hit at various ranges and with different weapons.



DEFENSE OF A MOUNTAIN PASS BY MAXIM GUNS

There is a complete skeleton of a horse riddled with scores of bullets, showing the effect of range upon the nature of bullet injuries to the bones, and a gruesome collection of penetrated skulls, actually taken from battle-fields. Everywhere the central idea of the Museum is kept in view; and even objects interesting in themselves are subordinated to the general scheme of illustrating the changes which have taken place in the mechanism of warfare, and showing how these changes must necessarily make for peace.

The economic section, which the late M. Bloch, an economist himself, regarded as of at least equal importance, is arranged on the same plan. Here, in diagrams and tables, are shown the cost of past, and the estimated cost of future wars; the effect of war upon prices, upon industry, upon wages, and upon national finances; the varying capacities of the Powers to feed their own population and armies. Nowhere is there any direct propaganda, and very little appeal to sentiment. But no one can examine these exhibits without feeling appalled by the difficulties threatened from economic conditions in the next great war. And to the visitor—convinced that for military reasons war cannot be concluded in less than two years, and for economic reasons that no European state could withstand its disintegrating influences for more than three months—the conclusion is inevitable that M. Bloch was right. A war between the great European Powers, if not impossible—for nothing can prevent it being begun—is certainly impracticable, for nothing on earth can make it decisive. Exhaustion for all—for some by reason of lack of food, for others by reason of lack of money—seems inevitable.

The Museum deals chiefly with the effective aspects of war, but it does not neglect altogether its accidental side. Thus, though they have little effect in deciding conflicts, the various systems which have existed for the care of the

sick and wounded are shown in detail by models and diagrams; and even the question of sentiment, though it formed no part of M. Bloch's appeal, is not neglected. The imagination is called in aid by a twin painting showing the contrast between a village in time of peace and the same village in time of war; and annexed to the Museum there is a gallery of panoramas of famous battle-fields, admirably painted, in which the actualities of glorious war stand out as vividly



SKELETON OF A HORSE PIERCED BY DIFFERENT KINDS OF BULLETS FIRED AT VARIOUS RANGES, SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF THE MODERN RIFLE

and as terribly as in Verestchagin's pictures. When the writer was last in Lucerne a library of war literature was being formed; and a lecture hall, which will hold 500 persons, was being completed, where it is proposed to give lectures illustrated with the biograph on all the aspects of modern war. The position of the Museum makes it an



admirable center for such propaganda. Lucerne is the clearing-house for much of the tourist traffic of Central Europe; and the Swiss Government with its citizen army regards the enterprise with sympathy and has done much to secure its success. Indeed, nothing formed such a remarkable feature of the inauguration of the Museum as the presence of a considerable number of Swiss officers in uniform. In Berlin or Vienna such a thing is inconceivable.

It was one of the late M. Bloch's great aspirations that the Lucerne Museum should not be the only one of its kind. When he paid his last visit to London, for the purpose of lecturing on the South African War to the United Service Institution, he began negotiations with the object of establishing a similar institution in England. "Hitherto," said M. Bloch, "too much stress had been laid upon the romance of war; its scientific study was arrogated to themselves, exclusively, by the military class whose interests were bound up in its maintenance. War was always popular, but its popularity was confined to its thrilling aspects; the crying need was to make its serious and permanent aspects understandable by every one. For, after all, it is the people themselves who, in most countries, decide the tremendous issue." The Lucerne Museum achieves this end; it suppresses the romantic and popularizes the scientific side. Perhaps

its success is the best of all arguments for adopting the visual method in the study of other human institutions. When we have similar museums of politics, economics, and sociology, we shall have made greater progress to the diffusion of serious knowledge than can be effected by all the free libraries in the country.

The greatest, the only modern war that is now raging in the Orient is

teaching more than one huge lesson that the Peace Societies throughout the world should not be slow to lay hold of as text for future sermons. The terrific slaughter, the suffering, the apparent uselessness of much of the sacrifice, and not least the outrageous cost—over one hundred million dollars' worth of ships, for instance, swept off the sea in the space of forty-eight hours—is an appalling thing for thinking people to realize. As



PORTRAIT BUST OF G. J. BLOCH IN  
THE CENTER OF THE MUSEUM

nations become more intelligent, more thoroughly civilized, the desire to fight, by reason of this intelligence and civilization, will disappear. The propaganda of Universal Peace may some day reach the masses so convincingly that, still patriots, they may decline to be made tools of bureaucratic ambition or instruments for the avenging of so-called national honor. The colleges of the world may spread the gospel of good-will, honest dealing, justice, and fraternity. The Bloch Museum may be the preparatory course.

# THE STREAM OF LIFE

BY FREDERICK PETERSON

The stream of life flows down from the wide past,  
And narrows to a strait in you and me,  
And then expands again, broad as the sea,  
And shoreless in the Scheme of Being vast.

Flotsam and jetsam have been brought to us,  
And we our portion to the torrent give,  
Turbid or pure—that which has strength to live,  
And stain or clear the living waters thus.

Through us it sweetens or it bitter grows,  
And that sweet-bitter quality shall sweep  
Ever-increasing through that boundless deep  
Of purpose toward the future where it flows.

We are the Past, from us the Future streams  
Into vast distances, toward some goal  
Foreshadowed only to the dazzled soul,  
Beyond the flight of visions or of dreams.



FLOORS CASTLE

# ENGLISH ANCESTRAL HOMES OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY MARION ELLISTON

Many of the most beautiful and accomplished of America's women have given themselves to England in marriage with her sons, and in return England has tendered to these adopted daughters a whole-hearted admiration and a warm-hearted affection. But England has further given to them many of her noblest ancestral homes, rich with the beauties

terrace, overlooking extensive meadowlands spreading down to the Tweed at its junction with the Teviot. From this point until they pass under Kelso Bridge, in full sight of the Castle, the rivers continue a beautiful and winding course through the grounds—magnificent streams rich in trout and salmon.

Southward the view extends down the



## FLOORS CASTLE

Nov. 10, 1903. Henry John Innes-Ker, K. T., M. V. O., Duke of Roxburghe, Marquis of Bowmont and Cessford, Earl of Kelso, Viscount Broxmouth, Earl Innes, Lieut. Royal Horse Guards, to May, daughter of Ogden Goellet, of New York, U. S. A.

Chief Seat, Floors Castle, Kelso, N. B.



of nature, art, and architecture; and hallowed by association with the great history-makers of the past. Of these homes, with their traditions, their art treasures, and their old-world associations, comparatively little is generally known of those great English houses over which America's women preside so successfully.

Perhaps no other of the great homes of Britain to which America has contributed the reigning chatelaine, is placed amid such poetic beauty of surroundings as Floors Castle. It stands on a

rich valley of Teviotdale—bounded some eight or nine miles off by the wild grandeur of the Cheviots and the Border Hills. Within the Park a holly-tree, enclosed within rails, marks the spot where James II, of Scotland, was killed in 1460 by the bursting of a cannon, while he was personally directing a siege against Roxburghe Castle on the opposite bank, still within the estate. Of Roxburghe Castle, which sprang into existence under the Saxons, and figured so prominently in Border history until its demolition in 1550, nothing now remains but fragments of the great walls, whose former

strength is attested by their thickness of six to eight feet.

Just a week after the tragic death of James II, his little son James III, was crowned in the historic, and at that time magnificent Abbey of Kelso, now another of the rich ruins standing on the Duke's grounds. Consecrated on May 2, 1128, it soon became as integral a part of Border history as its military neighbor, and even more brilliantly enveloped with the halos of Border romance, poetry, and literature.

The regal Jameses and Davids and Roberts and Alexanders of Scotland, the beautiful but unhappy Mary; Sir Walter Scott, John Leyden, James Thomson, Bobbie Burns, Horatio Bonar and Francis Lyte have thrilled under its inspiration and endeared its memories to us. In the days of its prosperity, its interior was a glory of all the religious arts—painting, carving, mosaic, sculptured marble and wrought metal.

Floors Castle itself is like a veritable fairy-land of cupolas and minarets, of turrets and embrasured parapets. It was built in 1718 by Sir John Vanbrugh, in the conception of some happy moment. Sir Walter Scott described "the mansion of Floors" as "a kingdom for Oberon or Titania to dwell in, whose majesty and beauty impresses the mind with a sense of awe mingled with pleasure." Vanbrugh might well be dubbed the "architect to first dukes," from his close association with Blenheim for the first Duke of Marlborough, Kimbolton for the first Duke of Manchester, and now Floors for the first Duke of Roxburghe, who had just received this further title.

The Castle faces down its open south slopes, the square, central block containing the family apartments; while eastward and westward extend the minaretted wings of conservatories, corridors, offices, stables, etc. East, north, and west rises a magnificent, encircling belt of stately trees.

At the western end of this block is the entrance hall, with an exquisitely carved ceiling and walls of oak, reached by a marble staircase from the porch. Opening from it, on one hand is the state bedroom, on the other an ante-drawing-room, from which opens a fine succession of two drawing-rooms, libraries, the great dining and the ballroom, all proceeding successively away to the east. The grand staircase is of richly carved solid oak surmounted by a dome, its walls crowded with family portraits. The dining-room is rich in estate-grown oak which has furnished the inlaid oak floor, the carved mantelpieces, side-tables, and great sideboards; the fireplaces and window-shelves being of Italian marble. The third Duke was so engrossed with the lifelong task of getting together his priceless collection of old English literature that he had no time for the domestic life and, dying unmarried, left no son. The distant kinsman who succeeded died also without a son, and the title for a while was dormant, pending a dispute between three claimants.

Until this time, the family surname had been Ker alone, being the ancient family of the Kers of Cessford; it now became Innes-Ker, as it remains—for the settlement of this three-cornered dispute awarded the title to Sir James Innes, as heir by right of a maternal ancestress. It is a pretty little bit of characteristic history that Duncan Forbes, the historian, records in reference to this succession of James Innes as fifth Duke, that "his pedigree of thirty descents proceeds regularly from 1153, and that in all their long line the inheritance never went to a woman, that none of them ever married an ill wife, and that no one ever suffered for their debts."

This was the Duke who restored Kelso Abbey, and who built the magnificent tropical conservatory which, with the other conservatories and vinerias, lies to the west of the main block.

Combe Abbey, situated about five miles from Coventry, was founded in its original form by Richard de Camvilla in Stephen's reign, probably in the year 1150, as the first settlement of the Cistercian monks in England. As such it flourished until its dissolution by Henry VIII. After many vicissitudes it passed into possession of the Craven family, on the head of which was conferred a Barony in 1666, and an Earldom in 1801.

There are very few of the old ancestral houses of England that date back to the days of the Conquest. Through so many wars between Church and State not many of the smaller semi-ecclesiastical buildings have survived in approximate preservation.

The country surrounding it is flat but particularly pleasing, and the park of 500 acres is well wooded and most at-



COMBE ABBEY

April 18, 1893. William George Robert Craven, Earl of Craven, Viscount Uffington, and Baron Craven, to Cornelia, only daughter of Bradley Martin, of New York.

Chief Seat, Combe Abbey, Coventry.

tractively adorned with water. The house itself is consistently ecclesiastic in



COMBE ABBEY, BROCKDELLA ROOM

impression, since though successive earls have added to the buildings, its formation of religious architecture has never been sacrificed; while the two cloisters of Roman arches and pillars now forming the majestic corridor are the actual remains of the ancient monastic pile. The noble and ecclesiastic proportions of the apartments of the earlier period fit

also, some of the Princess's works executed under his tuition and later.

At the age of sixteen she was married to Frederic V, Elector Palatine of the Rhine and King of Bohemia. Her husband soon after was deposed, deprived of regal dignity and hereditary right after the battle of Prague, and forced to take refuge in Holland—a fugitive and a beggar.

English cavaliers devoted themselves to the service of the beautiful lady in her changed circumstances, and she returned to England, where, after her husband's death, she resided chiefly at Combe Abbey under the protection of William, Lord Craven, its new owner. Ultimately, she is believed to have been privately married to him. In any case she bequeathed to him her priceless collection of pictures, which included not only the works of the greatest painters of England and the Continent of that period, but also the portraits of the leading personages of the times both at home and abroad.

One of the chief interests of the house is found in the ancient cloisters, now hung with antlers of every kind

and size and with the general trophies of sport and baronial free warren. The great gallery contains half-length portraits of the King and Queen of Bohemia and of their two sons Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice. The other portraits in this apartment include one of Charles II, in armor of Gustavus Adolphus; of William, Earl of Craven; of Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Thomas More, General Monck, and Lord Strafford.

The Van Dyke room, which commands an excellent view of the park and the fine sheet of water, contains that



COMBE ABBEY, STATE ROOM

it superbly for great functions and dignified hospitality.

The mansion is exceptionally rich in its collection of paintings and portraits connected with the Stuart family, and the acquisition of the collection has a romantic interest. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, frequently visited Combe Abbey while it was the residence of Lord Harrington, who, having the charge of her education, secured for her instruction in painting the great Dutch master Honthorst, of whose works Combe Abbey has a remarkable group,

artist's portrait of himself and his famous picture in which Queen Henrietta is offering a rose to Charles I. The Yellow drawing-room is chiefly remarkable for Rubens's fine landscape showing Christ and St. John, and for Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the not-very-saintly Duchess of Cleveland. This latter artist has contributed also to the Beauty parlor, an interesting room named from, and celebrated for, its twenty-two portraits of famous, beautiful women.

The more strictly private apartments are similarly rich with Stuart associations and treasures of art and travel, which combine to make Lady Craven's English home unrivaled by any other in its own especial features of interest.



COMBE ABBEY CLOISTER

In the hallowing tenderness of old-world tradition, in the poetry of legend and ruin, Blenheim Palace may seem more than a little lacking. But its

of a woman's temper! In 1702 Captain-General Lord Churchill was created Duke of Marlborough with a pension of £5,000 a year, by a well-pleased sover-



#### BLenheim PALACE

Nov. 6, 1895. Charles Richard John Spencer-Churchill, K. G., P. C., Duke of Marlborough, Marquis of Blandford, Earl of Sunderland, Baron Spencer, Baron Churchill, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Prince of Mindelheim, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, to Consuelo, daughter of William Kissam Vanderbilt, of New York.

Seat, Blenheim Palace, Woodstock, Oxford.



splendor is unequaled, it is the mighty monument of a Queen's gratitude to a great soldier.

Over it, however, lies the dark shadow

eign and a worshipping country in recognition of his brilliant victories in the War of the Spanish Succession. Two years later he gained the battle of Blenheim,



when, with the approval of Parliament and the applause of the people, Queen Anne conferred upon him the royal manor of Woodstock, and, undertaking the erection within it of a palace worthy of the hero, engaged Sir John Vanbrugh as architect.

The battles and the victories went on abroad; the walls of the palace went up at home. But when Marlborough returned to his country in 1710, it was to a nation utterly indifferent, and to a Queen studiously neglectful, as the result of the ungovernable temper of the Duchess. Having alienated every one else, she had also consistently quarreled with Vanbrugh, until at her orders, he

and since immortalized by Sir Walter Scott. Recognizing that in these ruins lay the touch of time, history, and romance that the new palace needed to render it esthetically complete, Vanbrugh wrote to the Duchess asking to be permitted to preserve and partially restore them. The prompt reply of the domineering lady was an order for the total demolition of the ruined walls.

So completely had all this destroyed the gladness which should have illuminated the nation's gift that Marlborough returned to Europe, where, in the foreign titles his descendants bear, he received the honor so well deserved. Yet the woman who wrought the wrong,



BLenheim CASTLE, NORTH APPROACH

had been precluded from visiting the works for which he was responsible. To these sins against her own generation she added one against all posterity. In the grounds of Blenheim stood the ruins of the ancient palace of Woodstock, existent under the Saxon kings, famous from the days of Henry I and Faire Rosamunde and the later Queen Bess,

soon after his death reared a mighty "Triumphal Entrance," inscribing it to his memory as "a lasting monument of his glory and her affection for him." Similarly, she reared in the park a column of white marble 134 feet high on which his victories and honors are graven. The trees around this monument are planted according to the Duke's

disposition of troops at the battle which gives its name to the palace.

The park is 2,500 acres in extent, its surrounding wall having a length of nine miles. It is well stocked with herds of fallow deer and other game, while one of its most famed features is its lake of 130 acres reputed to have no equal in

third in blue. In these are a few more portraits, but the great interest is the famous tapestries worked for the Duke in Brussels, and representing his victories. The series continues through three rooms.

The rare furniture, beautiful china, books, manuscripts, historic relics, and



#### CHILLINGHAM CASTLE

Oct. 23, 1895. George Montagu Bennet, Earl of Tankerville, Baron Ossulston, late Rifle Brigade, to Leonora Sophie, daughter of J. G. Van Marter, of New York. Chief Seat, Chillingham Castle, Northumberland.



beauty among the artificial waters of the three kingdoms. The actual buildings, which cover some four acres of ground, consist of a large, central block with side wings forming courtyards. The great hall is filled with statuary and paintings of untold worth, the latter, of course, being chiefly portraits. Passing out of the hall come the anterooms, whose walls are lined with specimens of rare and beautiful china; and thence into the first drawing-room whose walls are upholstered in green brocade, the furniture being white, and the portraits almost exclusively by Sir Joshua Reynolds. This leads into the grand cabinet, in which is the famous table with the glass top, through which may be read letters and manuscripts of exceeding interest; following it come the billiard-room and the dining-room, the walls of both being hung with tapestries copied from Le Brun's pictures in the Louvre.

The magnificent saloon leads to the three state rooms in succession—the first upholstered in crimson-and-white brocade, the second in yellow, and the

documents are priceless. The works in addition to those already mentioned include works by Romney, Lilly (quite distinct from Lely), Marc Geerards, Glosterman, Hudson (the art master of Reynolds), Cosway, Van Dyck, Carlo Maratta, Slaughter, Van Loo; but family portraits greatly predominate.

Chillingham Castle, the chief seat, though not the general residence of the Earl of Tankerville who, ten years ago, married Miss Van Marter, of New York, stands on a fine eminence in far-stretching park-lands of stately trees and fine scenery. Presumably it is one of the many fortresses raised by the nobles of Stephen's reign, its northeastern portion undoubtedly dating back to the year 1105, the further towers being additions and extensions erected during the reigns of Henry II and Henry III. This period, indeed, dominates the entire structure architecturally.

Chillingham Castle is a veritable treasure-house in that it contains many works of art dear to the nation at large.



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE

Original portraits are there of Charles I, Charles II, and James II; of Lord Chancellor Bacon, Lord Treasurer Burleigh, Judge Jeffreys, of unhappy fame, and another which Mackenzie is most unkindly pleased to describe as "a gaudy painting of Buckingham, in a white satin gilded vest, gold and striped breeches, effeminate and fantastical."

Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Edwin Landseer contributed fine portraits and paintings to the spacious and well-filled gallery.

The park, enclosed within a high stone wall since about the year 1220, covers some 1,500 acres of ground, the deer and the wild, white cattle tenanted the greater part. The wild, white cattle of Chillingham are the only descendants remaining in the kingdom of the great, savage herds which in bygone periods roamed free in the great Caledonian forest. Their color is invariably white, the muzzle black, the whole of the inside and about a third of the outside of the ears being red. The horns are white



THE FAMOUS WHITE WILD CATTLE OF CHILLINGHAM

The Castle is a massive, quadrangular building, with a courtyard or open area in the center and impressive, square, flanking towers at the angles. These, which are four-storied, and the central block which is three-storied, have embrasured and turreted parapets, whence are obtained magnificent views extending over the lovely hills and river-valleys of Northumberland and Berwickshire to the German Ocean and the Islands off the coast.

with black tips, very fine and bent upward, some of the bulls having a thin, upright mane. The herd is generally kept up to a strength of eleven bulls, seventeen steers, and thirty-two cows, and the hunting parties formerly held to reduce their number were great festivals.

Latterly, however, owing to the many accidents occurring through these hunting parties, the late Earl decided to forego them, the head keeper, instead, doing the shooting with a rifle when



#### KIMBOLTON CASTLE

Nov. 14, 1900. William Angus Drogo Montagu, Duke of Manchester, Viscount Mandeville, and Baron Montagu, late Captain King's Royal Rifle Corps, to Helena, daughter of Eugene Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Chief Seat, Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdon.



required. Only twice within a considerable period has this rule been relaxed; once, when in 1878 the late Earl entertained King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) at the Castle, arranging a "Wild Cattle Hunt" in celebration of the visit; and again last autumn, when the present Earl similarly entertained the Duke and Duchess Albrecht of Mecklenburg-

Schwerin. The ways and habits of the animals, their methods of attack, their care of their young, their majestic bearing, and their quick despatch of any among them who show signs of weakness or decrepitude, are full of interest. Their beef is rich and delicate though never fat, owing to their activity; and of late a most successful breed between these animals and short-horns has re-



KIMBOLTON CASTLE

sulted in a breed of much prized and very beautiful animals.

Drogo de Monte Acuto was a famous warrior in the immediate train of Robert, Earl of Moreton, at the time of the Norman Conquest. From that time the great family of the Montagus has almost continuously held high position in the State and rendered prominent services to it, the present head of the family being the young Duke who, four years ago, married Miss Zimmerman. Among his ancestral homes, preeminent stands the tradition-filled, association-haunted Kimbolton Castle.

The Castle is an ancient, stone building standing at the head of the Fen country in a spacious, well-wooded park, close to the town of Huntingdon. Four centuries ago it was the dower palace of Queen Katherine of Aragon after her divorce from Henry VIII. It would still appear to be the residence of her spirit, since her ghost, in long queenly robe and royal crown, is said to roam its corridors even yet. The Castle, however, has another ghost, less dignified perhaps, but distinctly interesting in its habits. The portrait of Sir John Popham, erstwhile Lord Chief Justice of England and one of the earliest promoters of American colonization, hangs in the great hall, and its original is said to keep a nightly vigil for rogues and poachers, accommodating himself, according to inclination and moonlight, by either sitting astride the park wall or secreting himself under the shadow of the mighty elm-trees. Probably the ghost of Sir John is an immense saving of gamekeepers' salaries to the Ducal purse.

After Queen Katherine's death the

Castle fell into the possession of Sir Henry Montagu, first Earl of Manchester, whose lineal descendants have retained it ever since. Though architecturally it was considerably altered by Sir John Vanbrugh to better adapt it to the requirements of modern life, he in no way detracted from its noble, feudal air or its impression of grand antiquity.



STAIRWAY IN KIMBOLTON

Katherine of Aragon's chest in foreground

It is an embattled, quadrangular building of superb construction, having a large courtyard in the center, and a front enriched with lofty columns facing the gardens. It has the unique interest of being the only great residence of England that has been the scene of Shakespeare's plays, and that still remains an Englishman's home.

Kimbolton is rich in historic manu-



## CASSIOBURY

Dec. 14, 1893. George Devreux de Vere Capell, Earl of Essex, Viscount Malden, Baron Capell of Hadham, late Grenadier Guards, to Adela, eldest daughter of Beach Grant, of New York.

Chief Seat, — Cassiobury, Watford, Herts.



scripts, autographed documents and letters, as well as in the portraits of many generations of England's greatest men. The originals of many of Walpole's letters, piles of the correspondence of Joseph Addison the poet, Sir John Vanbrugh, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and smaller folios of the correspondence of innumerable authors, artists, generals, statesmen, ministers and kings fill the presses of its world-famous library. On the walls are the works of Van Dyck, Titian, Holbein,

Reynolds, Rubens, Lely, Lawrence, Pellegriani and many others.

Entering the great hall, filled with trophies of the hunt, with armor and weapons of every age, and with the splendid portraits, one passes into the anteroom hung with the Venetian pictures, including the Rubens examples. In this anteroom is the "concealed door" leading to the Queen's wing. Straight before you is the private chapel; turning to the left you find the bedchamber in which the sweet, sad lady died, left just



CASSIOBURY GATE, WATFORD

as it was then. Beyond it is her drawing-room, now known as the green drawing-room, a favorite gathering place of the family in the winter evenings.

Here, too, ascends the grand staircase adorned with the Pellegrini cartoons, leading to the gallery with its portraits of all the Montagus; and at the foot is the great, oaken chest in which

Cassiobury, the home of the Countess of Essex, has a romantic history. Under the ancient Britons it was the seat of brave King Cassibelaunus, who so strenuously opposed Cæsar's second landing. Later it became the residence of the kings of Mercia, by one of whom, Offa, it was given to the monastery of St. Albans, whose abbot is recorded in the Domesday Book of



CASSIOBURY CLOISTER

Queen Katherine kept her robes and jewels with the royal cypher "K.R." studded in nails upon its lid. The sequence of state apartments is always held to be particularly noble and well-proportioned; though it was somewhat of a disappointment to the first Duke to find that, when so much reconstruction was necessary, it was still impossible to raise the ceilings sufficiently to allow them to be vaulted and frescoed.

William the Conqueror to have held at Cassiobury

"19 hides of land, with a population of 3 foreigners, 36 villanes, 11 borderers, and 2 bondmen, with 4 mills and pannage for 1,000 hogs."

Whence it seems evident that the oaks and beeches, so famous for their beauty to-day, had an importance of their own nine centuries ago.





#### WALMER CASTLE

April 22, 1895. George Nathaniel Curzon, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, G. M. S. I., G. M. I. E., P. C., Viceroy and Governor-General of India, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, to Mary Victoria, daughter of the late L. Z. Leiter, of Washington, U. S. A.



Presently that irreverent and sacrilegious monarch, Henry VIII, dissolved the monastery as he dissolved so many other religious houses, conveying the estate by letters patent to one Richard Morrison or Moryson, an esquire of the period. The property passed by marriage to Arthur, first Baron Capell of Hadham, the representative of an already well-known and well-possessed

family. This first of the Cassiobury Capells was not long left in enjoyment of his fair estate. A warm adherent of King Charles in the struggle against the Parliament, he paid the price of his loyalty with his head. His son, after rebuilding the house at great expense, met an end scarcely less tragic. In 1683 he was accused by Lord Howard, of Escrick, of complicity in the Rye House Plot. He



WALMER CASTLE

was arrested and escorted by a body of horse to the Tower, where a month later he was "discovered dead"—which seems a very euphonious way of expressing murder. The second, third, and fourth earls left Cassiobury much as they found it, but the fifth earl greatly improved and extended the mansion.

The park, some seven miles in circumference, encloses upward of seven hundred acres of land in the lovely valley of the River Gade. From this valley the ground rises in gradual slopes, adorned with fine timber trees. Coming nearer to the house, one reaches the pleasure grounds and gardens, whose winding walks and avenues lead everywhere to gardens representative of every climate and many countries; here an arctic stretch, there a tropical orangery; again an American nursery, and elsewhere a Chinese garden; in each the fountains and buildings being representative.

Of great interest, however, are the four libraries. The great library, fifty-four feet long, is decorated with fine examples of Grinling Gibbons's carving, nobly furnished, and having its literary treasures richly bound and well arranged. This leads into the inner library; thence again into the dramatists' library, containing a priceless collection, and on again into the small library where are preserved "special relics" too many to enumerate. But among them is the handkerchief wherewith Lord Coningsby stanching the blood and bound up the shoulder of William III when wounded in the battle of the Boyne, in 1690; and also a fragment of the velvet pall of Charles I, and the garter, worn by him at his execution, which enriched the Essex family when his royal tomb at Windsor was opened in 1813.

Among the most interesting of the portraits is that by Cornelius Jansen of the first Baron Capell (whose story is recorded above) with his lady and children; but Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Peter Lely, Hoppner, Battoni, and others have

all contributed portraits of the historic family.

Under his title, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Lord Curzon with his family went into residence at Walmer Castle for his brief respite from work in India last summer; and it was here that Lady Curzon contracted the illness which so nearly cost her life.

Walmer, with the castles of Deal, Sandgate, and Sandown was built by Henry VI in the year 1539, to strengthen the coast defenses, and though the four are much alike, Walmer has greater accommodation and residential comfort—whence its selection as the residence of the Lord Warden. It is believed to occupy the identical spot on which Cæsar landed nineteen centuries ago, while the deep fosse surrounding Walmer Church is held to be the site of his first battle. Here, too, shortly after its erection, when Henry had selected his fifth wife, the Princess Anne of Cleves landed, making a stay of short duration. Here, later, Wellington stayed frequently, after his appointment as Lord Warden.

The fortress is placed behind the high, shingly beach, close to the ending of the chalk cliffs, and surrounded by lofty trees on its landward side. The modern windows let into the grim, impregnable walls of its round towers tell their own story of the passing of its original purpose—England scarcely relies much on her old-time coast castles as defenses for the twentieth century. This curious anomaly of a dual existence is a characteristic of Walmer Castle throughout. Militarism is the prominent feature of the buildings; within them a world-famous collection of priceless examples of rare furniture. Its upper walls are equipped with heavy guns pointed toward the Downs; its lower ramparts with a battery of lesser artillery, looking seaward; but the fosse has been developed into a lovely and luxuriant flower-garden.



*Drawn by Henry Hutt*

*"My punishment was to see Elsin Grey far across the table."—Page 65.*

# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER I

### THE SPY

Having finished my duties in connection with Sir Peter's private estate and his voluminous correspondence—and the door of my chamber being doubly locked and bolted—I made free to attend to certain secret correspondence of my own, which for four years now had continued, without discovery, between the Military Intelligence Department of the Continental army and myself through the medium of one John Ennis, the tobacconist at the Sign of the Silver Box in Hanover Square.

Made confident by long immunity from the slightest shadow of suspicion, apprehension of danger seldom troubled my sense of security. It did sometimes, as when the awful treason at West Point became known to me; and for weeks as I lay abed I thought to hear in every footfall on Broadway the measured tread of a patrol come to take me. Yet the traitor continued in New York without sinister consequence to me; and, though my nights were none the pleasanter during that sad week which ended in the execution of the British adjutant-general, no harm came to me. Habit is the great sedative; at times, penning my spy's journal, I smiled to remember how it was with me when first I came to New York in 1777, four years since, a country lad of nineteen, fresh from the frontier, where all my life had been spent among the Oneidas and the few neighbors nearest Broadalbin Bush—a raw youth, frightened but resolved; and how I lived through those first months of

mental terror, now appalled by the fate of our Captain Nathan Hale, now burning with a high purpose and buoyed up by pride that his Excellency should have found in me a fit instrument for his designs.

I have never known whether or not I am what men call brave, for I understand fear and I turn cold at thought of death. Often I have sat alone in the house watching the sober folk along Broadway and Wall Street, knowing all the while that these same good people might to-morrow all go flocking to Catimuts Hill near the Fresh Water, or to that open space in the "Fields" between the jail and the Almshouse, to see me on the gallows. If such thoughts do not assail the brave—if restless nights, wakeful dawns, dull days are not their portion—I must own that all these were mine, not often, perhaps, but too frequent to flatter self-esteem. And, fight them as I might, it was useless; for such moments came without warning—often when I had been merry with friends, at times when, lulled by long-continued security, I had nigh forgotten through eventless months that there was a war and that I had become a New Yorker only because of war.

It was harder now, in one sense; four years as secretary to my kinsman, Sir Peter Coleville, had admitted me to those social intimacies so necessary to my secret office; and, alas! friendships had been made and ties formed not only in the line of duty, but from impulse and out of pure affection.

I had never found it was required of me to pose as a rabid loyalist, and so did not, being known as disinterested

and indifferent, and perhaps for that reason not suspected. My friends were from necessity among the best among the loyalists—from choice, too, for I liked them for their own sakes, and it was against their cause I worked, not against them.

It went hard with me to use them as I did—I so loathing perfidy in others; yet if it be perfidy to continue in duty as I understood duty, then I practised it, and at times could scarce tolerate myself, which was a weakness, because in my own heart I knew that his Excellency could set no man a task unworthy of his manhood. Yet it were pleasanter had my duties thrown me with the army, or with Colonel Willett in my native north, whence, at his request, I had come to live a life of physical sloth and mental intrigue under the British cannon of New York—here in the household of Sir Peter Coleville, his secretary, his friend, his welcomed guest, the intimate of his family, his friends!—*that* was the hardest of all; and though for months at a time I managed to forget it, the recurring thought of what I *was*, and what they believed me to be, stabbed me at intervals so I could scarce endure it.

Nothing, not even the belief that God was with us, I fear, could have held me there when the stress of such emotion left me staring at the darkness in my restless bed—only blind faith in his Excellency that he would do no man this shame, if shame it was—that he knew as well as I that the land's salvation was not to be secured through the barter of men's honor and the death of souls.

The door being secured, as I say, and the heat of that July day abating nothing, though the sun hung low over Staten Island, I opened my windows, removed coat and waistcoat, and, drawing a table to the window, prepared to write up that portion of my daily journal neglected lately, and which, when convenient opportunity offered, was to find

its way into the hands of Colonel Marinus Willett in Albany. Before I wrote I turned back a leaf or two so that I might correct my report in the light of later events; and I read rapidly:

*July 14, 1781.*—A ship arrived in the lower bay. Details later. In Nassau Street, about noon, a tall fellow, clothed like a drover, muttered a word or two as I passed, and I had gone on ere it struck me that he had meant his words for my ear. To find him I turned leisurely, retracing my steps as though I had forgotten something, and as I brushed him again, he muttered, “Thendara; tell me where it is.”

At that moment Captain Enderley of the Fifty-fourth Foot greeted me, linking his arm in mine, and I had no excuse to avoid him. More of this to-night, when, if the message was truly for me, I shall doubtless be watched and followed when I leave the house.

*July 15th.*—Last night there was no chance, Enderley and Captain O’Neil coming to take me to the theater, where the Thirty-eighth Regiment gave a frolic and a play—the latter most indifferent, save for Mrs. Barry’s acting. I saw my drover in John Street, too, but could not speak to him.

This morning, however, I met the drover, and he was drunk, or made most marvelous pretense—a great six-foot, blue-eyed lout in smock and boots, reeking of Bull’s Head gin, his drover’s whip a-trail in the dust, and he a-swaggering down Nassau Street, gawking at the shop-windows and whistling Roslyn Castle with prodigious gusto.

I made it convenient to pause before Berry and Roger’s show of jewels, and he stopped, too, swaying there gravely, balanced now on hobnail heel, now on toe. Presently he ceased his whistling of Roslyn Castle, and in a low but perfectly distinct voice he said, “Where is the town of Thendara, Mr. Renault?” Without looking at him or even turning

my head, I answered, "Why do you ask me?"

He stared stupidly at the show-window. "Pro patria et gloria," he replied under his breath; "why do you serve the land?"

"Pro gloria," I muttered. "Give your message; hasten."

He scratched his curly head, staring at the gewgaws. "It is this," he said coolly; "find out if there be a lost town in the north called Thendara, or if the name be used to mask the name of Fort Niagara. When you have learned all that is possible, walk some evening up Broadway and out along Great George Street. We will follow."

"Who else besides yourself?"

"A brother drover—of men," he said slyly; "a little wrinkled fellow, withered to the bone, wide-eared, mild-eyed. He is my running mate, sir, and we run sometimes, now this way, now that, but always at your service, Mr. Renault."

"Are you drunk, or is it a pretense?" I demanded.

"Not *too* drunk," he replied, with elaborate emphasis. "But once this matter of Thendara is settled I hope to be so drunk that no friend of mine need be ashamed of me. Good day, sir. God save our country!"

"Have a care," I motioned, turning away. And so I left him to enter the shop and purchase a trinket, thinking it prudent in case any passer-by had observed how long I lingered.

*July 17th.*—Nothing extraordinary. The Hon. Elsin Grey arrived from Halifax by the Swan packet to visit Sir Peter's family, she being cousin twice removed to Lady Coleville. I have not seen her; she keeps her chamber with the migraine. As she comes from her kinsman, General Sir Frederick Haldimand, Governor of Canada, she may be useful, being lately untethered from the convent and no more than seventeen or eighteen, and vain, no doubt, of her beauty, and so, I conclude, prone to babble if flattered.

Here my journal ended; I dipped my quill into the inkhorn and wrote slowly:

*July 18th.*—Nothing remarkable. The Hon. Elsin Grey still keeps her chamber. The heat in New York is very great. I am, without suspicion, sending money through Ennis to our prisoners aboard the ships in the Wallabout, and next week shall have more for the unfortunates in the Provost, the prisons, jails, and the sugar-house—my salary being due on the 20th inst.

I dropped my pen, listening intently. Close to my door the garret stairs creaked, ever so lightly; and I bent forward across the table, gathering my papers, on which the ink lay still wet.

Listening, I heard nothing more. Perhaps the great heat was warping the new stairway, which led past my door, up through the attic, and out to the railed cupola upon the roof.

I glanced at my journal; there was nothing more to add, and so, sanding the sheets, I laid them back behind the swinging panel which I myself had fashioned so cunningly that none might suspect a cupboard in the simple wainscot. Then to wash hands and face in fresh water, and put on my coat without the waistcoat, prepared to take the air on the cupola, where it should soon blow cool from the bay.

Slipping lock and bolt, I paused, hand on the knob, to glance back around the room—a habit formed of caution. Then, satisfied, I opened the door and left it standing wide so that the room might air. As I ascended the attic stairs a little fresh puff of wind cooled me. Doubtless a servant had opened the flaps to the cupola, for they were laid back; and, as I mounted, I could see a square of blue sky overhead.

I had taken my pipe, and paused on the stairs to light it; then, pouching flint and tinder-box, I emerged upon the roof, to find myself face to face with a young girl I had never before seen—the Hon.

Miss Grey, no doubt—and very dainty in her powder and one coquette patch that emphasized the slow color tinting a skin of snow.

My bow, I think, covered my vexation—I being all unpowdered and wearing no waistcoat over an unfrilled shirt, for I do love fine clothes when circumstances require; but the lady was none the less punctilious, and, as I made to toss my pipe into the street below, she forbade me with perfect courtesy and a smile that only accented her youthful self-possession.

"Mr. Renault need neither retire nor sacrifice his pleasure," she said. "I have missed Sir Frederick's pipe-smoke dreadfully—so much, indeed, that I had even thought to try Sir Peter's snuff to soothe me."

"Shall I fetch it, madam?" I asked instantly; but she raised a small hand in laughing horror.

"Snuff and picquet I am preparing for—a youth of folly—an old age of snuff and cards, you know. At present folly suffices, thank you."

And, as I stood smiling before her, she said: "Pray you be seated, sir, if you so desire. There should be sufficient air for two in this half-charred furnace which you call New York. Tell me, Mr. Renault, are the winters here also extreme in cold?"

"Sometimes," I said. "Last winter the bay was frozen to Staten Island so that the artillery crossed on the ice from the city."

She turned her head, looking out over the water, which was now all a golden sparkle under the westering sun. Then her eyes dropped to the burned district—that waste of blackened ruins stretching south along Broadway to Beaver Street and west to Greenwich Street.

"Is that the work of rebels?" she asked frowning.

"No, madam; it was an accident."

"Why do the New Yorkers not rebuild?"

"I think it is because General Wash-

ington interrupts local improvements," I said laughing.

She looked around at me, pretty brows raised in quaint displeasure:

"Does the insolence of a rebel really amuse you, Mr. Renault?"

I was taken aback. Even among the British officers here in the city it had become the fashion to speak respectfully of the enemy, and above all of his Excellency.

"Why should it not amuse me?" I asked lightly.

She had moved her head again, and appeared to be absorbed in the view. Presently she said, still looking out over the city: "That was a noble church once, that blackened arch across the way."

"That is Trinity—all that is left of it," I said. "St. Paul's is still standing—you may see it there to the north, just west of Ann Street and below Vesey."

She turned, leaning on the railing, following with curious eyes the direction of my outstretched arm.

"Please tell me more about this furnace you call a city, Mr. Renault," she said, with a pretty inflection of voice that flattered; and so I went over beside her, and, leaning there on the cupola rail together, we explored the damaged city from our bird's perch above it—the city that I had come to care for strangely, nay, to love almost as I loved my Mohawk hills.

She tired of my instruction after a while, and her eyes wandered to the bay. A few ships lay off Paulus Hook; the Jersey shore seemed very near, although full two miles distant, and the islands, too, seemed close inshore where the white wings of gulls flashed distantly.

A jack flew from the Battery, another above the fort, standing out straight in the freshening breeze from the bay. Far away across the East River I saw the accursed *Jersey* swinging, her black, filthy bulwarks gilded by the sun; and below, her devil's brood of hulks at anchor, all with the wash hung out on deck a-drying in the wind.

"What are they?" she asked, surprising something else than the fixed smile of deference in my face.

"Prison ships, madam. Yonder the rebels die all night, all day, week after week, year after year. That black hulk you see yonder—the one to the east—stripped clean, with nothing save a derrick for bowsprit and a signal-pole for mast, is the *Jersey*, called by another name, sometimes——"

"What name?"

"Some call her '*The Hell*,' " I answered. And, after a pause: "It must be hot aboard, with every port-hole nailed."

"What can rebels expect?" she asked calmly.

"Exactly! There are some thousand and more aboard the *Jersey*. When the wind sets from the south, on still mornings, I have heard a strange moaning—a low, steady, monotonous plaint, borne inland over the city. But, as you say, what can rebels expect, madam?"

"What is that moaning sound you say that one may hear?" she demanded.

"Oh, the rebels, dying from suffocation—clamoring for food, perhaps, perhaps for water! It is hard on the guards who have to go down every morning into that reeking, stifling hold and drag out the dead rebels festering there——"

"But that is horrible!" she broke out, blue eyes wide with astonishment—then, suddenly silent, she gazed at me full in the face. "It is incredible," she said quietly; "it is another rebel tale. Tell me, am I not right?"

I did not answer; I was thinking how I might use her, and the thought was not agreeable. She was so lovely in her fresh young womanhood, so impulsive and yet so self-possessed, so utterly ignorant of what was passing in this war-racked land of mine, that I hesitated to go gleaning here for straws of information.

"In the north," she said, resting her cheek on one slender wrist, "we hear much of rebel complaint, but make noth-

ing of it, knowing well that if cruelty exists its home is not among those sturdy men who are fighting for their King."

"You speak warmly," I said smiling.

"Yes—warmly. We have heard Sir John Johnson slandered because he uses the Iroquois. But do not the rebels use them, too? My kinsman, General Haldimand, says that not only do the rebels employ the Oneidas, but that their motley congress enlists any Indian who will take their paper dollars."

"That is true," I said.

"Then why should we not employ Brant and his Indians?" she asked innocently. "And why do the rebels cry out every time Butler's Rangers take the field? We in Canada know Captain Walter Butler and his father, Colonel John Butler. Why, Mr. Renault, there is no more perfectly accomplished officer and gentleman than Walter Butler. I know him; I have danced with him at Quebec and at Niagara. How can even a rebel so slander him with these monstrous tales of massacre and torture, and scalps taken from women and children at Cherry Valley?" She raised her flushed face to mine and looked at me earnestly.

"Why, even our own British officers have been disturbed by these slanders," she said, "and I think Sir Henry Clinton half believes that our Royal Greens and Rangers are merciless marauders, and that Walter Butler is a demon incarnate."

"I admit," said I, "that we here in New York have doubted the mercy of the Butlers and Sir John Johnson."

"Then let me paint these gentlemen for you," she said quickly.

"But they say these gentlemen are capable of painting themselves," I observed, tempted to excite her by the hint that the Rangers smeared their faces like painted Iroquois at their hellish work.

"Oh, how shameful!" she cried, with a little gesture of horror. "What do you think us, there in Canada? Because our officers must needs hold a wilderness for



the King, do you of New York believe us savages?"

The generous animation, the quick color, charmed me. She was no longer English, she was Canadienne—jealous of Canadian reputation, quick to resent, sensitive, proud—heart and soul believing in the honor of her own people of the north.

And so I stood, smiling and silent, while she spoke of Walter Butler, describing him vividly, even to his amber black eyes and his pale face, and the poetic melancholy with which he clothed the hidden blood-lust that smoldered under his smooth, pale skin. But there you have it—young, proud, and melancholy—and he had danced with her at Niagara, too, and—if I knew him—he had not spared her hints of that impetuous flame that burned for all pure women deep in the blackened pit of his own damned soul.

"Did you know his wife?" I asked smiling.

"Walter Butler's—wife!" she gasped, turning on me, white as death.

There was a silence; she drew a long, deep breath; suddenly, the gayest, sweetest little laugh followed, but it was slowly that the color returned to lip and cheek.

"Is he not wedded?" I asked carelessly—the damned villain—at his Mohawk Valley tricks again!—and again she laughed, which was, no doubt, my wordless answer.

"Does he dance well, this melancholy Ranger?" I asked, smiling to see her laugh.

"Divinely, sir. I think no gentleman in New York can move a minuet with Walter Butler's grace. Oh, you New Yorkers! You think we are nothing—fit, perhaps, for a May-pole frolic with the rustic gentry! Do not deny it, Mr. Renault. Have we not heard you on the subject? Do not your officers from Philadelphia and New York come mincing and tiptoeing through Halifax and Quebec, all smiling and staring

about, quizzing glasses raised? And —'Very pretty! monstrous charming! spike me, but the ladies powder here!' And, 'Is this green grass? Damme, where's the snow—and the polar bears, you know?'"

I laughed as she paused, breathlessly scornful, flushed with charming indignation.

"And is not Canada all snow?" I asked, to tease her.

"Snow! It is sweet and green and buried in flowers!" she cried.

"In winter, madam?"

"Oh! You mean to plague me, which is impertinent, because I do not know you well enough—I have not known you above half an hour. I shall tell Lady Coleville."

"So shall I—how you abuse us all here in New York——"

"I did not. You are teasing me again, Mr. Renault."

Defiant, smiling, her resentment was, after all, only partly real.

"We are becoming friends much too quickly to suit me," she said deliberately.

"But not half quickly enough to suit me," I said.

"Do you fancy that I take that silly speech as compliment, Mr. Renault?"

"Ah, no, madam! On such brief acquaintance I dare not presume to offer you the compliments that burn for utterance!"

"But you *do* presume to plague me—on such brief acquaintance?" she observed.

"I am punished," I said contritely.

"No, you are not! You are not punished at all, because I don't know how to, and—I am not sure I wish to punish you, Mr. Renault."

"Madam?"

"If you look at me so meekly I shall laugh. Besides, it is hypocritical. There is nothing meek about you!"

I bowed more meekly than ever.

"Mr. Renault?"

"Madam?"

She picked up her plumed fan impatiently and snapped it open.

"If you don't stop being meek and answering 'Madam,' I shall presently go distracted. Call me something else—anything! just to see how we like it. Tell me, do you know my first name?"

"Elsin," I said softly, and to my astonishment a faint, burning sensation stung my cheeks, growing warmer and warmer. I think she was astonished, too, for few men at twenty-three could color up in those days; and there was I, a hardened New Yorker of four years' adoption, turning pink like a great gaby at a country fair when his sweetheart meets him at the ginger bower!

To cover my chagrin I nodded coolly, repeating her name with a critical air—"Elsin," I mused, outwardly foppish, inwardly amazed and mad—"Elsin—um! ah!—very pretty—very unusual," I added, with a patronizing nod.

She did not resent it; when at last I made bold to meet her gaze it was pensive and serene, yet I felt somehow that her innocent blue eyes had taken my measure as a man—and not to my advantage.

"Your name is not a usual one," she said. "When I first heard it from Sir Peter I laughed."

"Why?" I said coldly.

"Why? Oh, I don't know, Mr. Renault! It sounded so very young—Carus Renault—it sounds so young and guileless——"

Speechless with indignation, I caught a glimmer under the lowered lids that mocked me, and I saw her mouth quiver with the laugh fluttering for freedom.

She looked up, all malice, and the pent laughter rippled.

"Very well," I said, giving in, "I shall take no pity on you in future."

"My dear Mr. Renault, do you think I require your pity?"

"Not now," I said chagrined. "But one day you may cry out for mercy——"

"Which you will doubtless accord,

being a gallant gentleman and no Mohawk."

"Oh, I can be a barbarian, too, for I am, by adoption, an Oneida of the Wolf Clan, and entitled to a seat in Council!"

"I see," she said, "you wear your hair à l'Iroquois."

I reddened again; I could not help it, knowing my hair was guiltless of powder and all awry.

"If I had supposed you were here, do you imagine I should have presented myself unpowdered and without a waistcoat?" I said exasperated.

Her laughter made it no easier, though I strove to retrieve myself and return to the light badinage she had routed me from. Lord, what a tease was in this child, with her deep blue eyes and her Dresden porcelain skin of snow and roses!

"Now," she said, recovering her gravity, "you may return to your letter-writing, Mr. Renault. I have done with you for the moment."

At that I was sobered in a trice.

"What letter-writing?" I made out to answer calmly.

"Were you not hard at work penning a missive to some happy soul who enjoys your confidence?"

"Why do you believe I was?" I asked.

She tossed her head airily. "Oh! for that matter I could even tell you what you wrote: 'Nothing remarkable; the Hon. Elsin Grey still keeps her chamber'—did you not write that?"

She paused, the smile fading from her face. Perhaps she thought she had gone too far, perhaps something in my expression startled her.

"I beg your pardon," she said quickly; "have I hurt you, Mr. Renault?"

"How did you know I wrote that?" I asked in a voice I hoped was steady.

"Why, it is there on your shirt, Mr. Renault, imprinted backward from the wet ink. I have amused myself by studying it out letter by letter. Please forgive me—it was dreadfully indiscreet—but I only meant to torment you."

I looked down, taking my fine lawn shirt in both hands. There was the impression—my own writing, backward, but distinct. I remembered when I had done it, when I had gathered my ink-wet papers under my arms and leaned forward to listen to the creaking of the attic stairway. Suppose it had been Sir Peter! Suppose the imprint had been something that could have admitted of but one interpretation? I turned cold at the thought.

She was watching me all the while, a trifle uneasy at my silence, but my smile and manner reassured her, and my gaiety she met instantly.

"I am overwhelmed," I said, "and can offer no excuse for this frowsy dress. If you had any idea how mortified I am you would have mercy on me."

"My hair not being dressed à l'Iroquois, I consent to show you mercy," she said. "But you came monstrous near frightening me, too. Do you know you turned white, Mr. Renault? Lud! the vanity of men, to pale at a jest touching their status in fopdom as proper macaroni!"

"I do love to appear well," I said respectfully.

"Now do you expect me to assure you that you *do* appear well? that even the dress of a ragged forest-runner would detract nothing from your person? Ah, I shall say nothing of the sort, Mr. Renault! Doubtless, there are women a-plenty in New York to flatter you."

"No," I said; "they prefer scarlet coats and spurs, as you will, too."

"No doubt," she said, turning her head to the sunset.

There was enough wind to flutter the ribbons on her shoulders and bare neck, and to stir the tendrils of her powdered hair, a light breeze blowing steadily from the bay as the sun went down into the crimson flood. Bang! A cloud of white smoke hung over Pearl Street where the evening gun had spoken; the flag on the fort fluttered down, the flag on the battery followed. Out on the

darkening river a lanthorn glimmered from the deck of the *Jersey*; a light sparkled on Paulus Hook.

"Hark! hear the drums!" she murmured. Far down Broadway the British drums sounded, nearer, nearer, now loud along Dock Street, now lost in Queen, then swinging west by north they came up Broad, into Wall; and I could hear the fifes shrilling out "The World Turned Upside-down," and the measured tread of the patrol, marching to the Upper Barracks and the Prison.

The drummers wheeled into Broadway beneath our windows; leaning over I saw them pass, and I was aware of something else, too—a great strapping figure in a drover's smock, watching the British drums from the side path across the way—my friend of Nassau Street—and, clinging to his arm, a little withered man, wrinkled, mild-eyed, clad also like a drover, and snapping his bull-whip to accent the rhythm of the rolling drums.

"I think I shall go down," said a soft voice beside me; "pray do not move, Mr. Renault, you are so picturesque in silhouette against the sunset—and I hear that silhouettes are so fashionable in New York fopdom."

I bowed; she held out her hand—just a trifle—as she passed me—the gesture of a coquette or of perfect innocence—and I touched it lightly with finger-tip and lip.

"Until supper," she said—"and, Mr. Renault, do you suppose we shall have bread for supper?"

"Why not?" I asked, all unsuspecting.

"Because I fancied flour might be scarce in New York"—she glanced at my unpowdered head, then fled, her blue eyes full of laughter.

It is true that all hair-powder is made of flour, but I did not use it like a Hessian. And I looked after her with an uncertain smile and with a respect born of experience and grave uncertainty.

## CHAPTER II

## THE HOUSEHOLD

When I descended to the dining-room I found all seated, and so asked pardon of Lady Coleville, who was gay and amiable as usual, and, "for a penance," as she said, made me sit beside her. That was no penance, for she was a beauty and a wit, her dainty head swimming with harmless mischief, and besides knowing me as she did, she was monstrous amusing in a daring yet delicate fashion, which she might not use with any other save her husband.

That, as I say, was therefore no penance, but my punishment was to see Elsin Grey far across the table on Sir Peter's right, and to find in my other neighbor a lady whose sole delight in me was to alternately shock me with broad pleasantries and torment me with my innocence.

Rosamund Barry was her name, Captain Barry's widow—he who fell at Breeds Hill in '76—the face of a Madonna, and the wicked wit of a lady whose name she bore, *sans La du*.

"Carus," she said, leaning too near me and waving her satin-painted fan, "is it true you have deserted me for a fairer conquest?"

"The rumor nails itself to the pillory," I said; "who is fairer than you, Rosamund?"

"You beg the question," she said severely, the while her dark eyes danced a devil's shadow-dance; "if you dare go tiptoeing around the skirts of the Hon. Miss Grey, I'll tell her all—all, mind you!"

"Don't do that," I said, "unless you mean to leave New York."

"All about you, silly!" she said, flushing in spite of her placid smile.

"Oh," I said, with an air of great relief, "I was sure you could not contemplate confession!"

She laid her pretty head on one side. "I wonder," she mused, eying me de-

liberately—"I wonder what this new insolence of yours might indicate. Is it rebellion? Has the worm turned?"

"The worm has turned—into a frivolous butterfly," I said gaily.

"I don't believe it," she said. "Let me see if I can make you blush, Carus!" And she leaned nearer, whispering behind her fan.

"Let me match that!" I said coolly. "Lend me your fan, Rosamund——"

"Carus!" exclaimed Lady Coleville, "stop it! Mercy on us, such shameless billing and cooing! Captain O'Neil, call him out!"

"Faith," said O'Neil, "to call is wan thing, and the chune Mrs. Barry sings is another. Take shame, Carus Renault, ye blatherin', bould intrighuer! Lave innocence to y're betthers!"

"To me, for example," observed Captain Harkness complacently. "Mrs. Barry knows that raking fellow, Carus, and she knows you, too, you wild Irishman——"

"If you only keep this up long enough, gentlemen," I said, striving to smile, "you'll end by doing what I've so far avoided."

"Ruining his reputation in Miss Grey's eyes," explained Lady Coleville pleasantly.

Elsin Grey looked calmly across at me, saying to Sir Peter, "He is too young to do such things, isn't he?"

That set them into fits of laughter, Sir Peter begging me to pause in my mad career and consider the chief end of man, and Tully O'Neil generously promising moral advice and the spiritual support of Rosamund Barry, which immediately diverted attention from me to a lightning duel of words between Rosamund and O'Neil—parry and thrust, innuendo and eloquent silence, until Lady Coleville in pantomime knocked up the crossed blades of wit, and Sir Peter vowed that this was no place for an innocent married man.

When Lady Coleville rose we drew our swords and arched a way for her, and she

picked up her silken petticoat and ran under, laughing, one hand pressed to her ears to shut out the cheers.

There were long black Spanish cigars, horribly strong, served with spirits after the ladies had left. O'Neil and Harkness used them; Sir Peter and I accepted the long, cool pipes, and we settled for a comfortable smoke.

Sir Peter's house on Wall Street had been English built, yet bore certain traces of the old Dutch influence, for it had a stoop leading to the front door, and the roof was Dutch, save for the cupola; a fine wide house, the façade a little scorched from the conflagration of '78 which had ruined Trinity Church and the Lutheran, and many fine buildings and homes.

The house was divided by a wide hallway, on either side of which were drawing-rooms, and in the rear of these was a dining-room giving on a conservatory which overlooked the gardens. The ground floor served as a servants' hall, with a door at the area, and another in the rear leading out through the garden-drive to the stables.

The floor above the drawing-rooms had been divided into two suites, one in gold leather and blue for Sir Peter and his lady, the other in crimson damask for guests. The third floor, mine, was similarly divided, I occupying the Wall Street side, with windows on that fashionable street and also on Broadway.

Thus it happened that, when we rose after our smoking, instead of entering the south drawing-room where I saw the ladies at the card-table playing pharaoh, I turned to the right and crossed the north or "State drawing-room," and parted the curtains, looking across Broadway to see if I might spy my friend the drover and his withered little mate. No doubt prudence and a dislike for the patrol kept them off Broadway at that hour, for I could not see them, although a few street-lamps were lit and I could make out wayfarers as far north as Crown Street.

Standing there in the dimly lighted room, my nose between the parted curtains, I heard my name pronounced very gently behind me, and, turning, beheld Miss Grey, half lying on a sofa in a distant corner. I had not seen her when I entered, my back being turned to the east, and I said so, asking pardon for an unintentional rudeness—which she pardoned with a smile, slowly waving her scented fan.

"I am a little tired," she said; "the voyage from Halifax was rough, and I have small love for the sea, so, Lady Coleville permitting, I came in here to rest from the voices and the glare of too bright candle-light. Pray you be seated, Mr. Renault—if it does not displease you. What were you looking for from the window yonder?"

"Treasure," I said gaily. "But the patrol should be able to see to that. May I sit here a moment?"

"Willingly; I like men."

Innocence or coquetry, I was clean checked. Her white eyelids languidly closing over the pure eyes of a child gave me no clue.

"All men?" I inquired.

"How silly! No, very few men. But that is because I only know a few."

"And may I dare to hope that—" I began in stilted gallantry, cut short by her opening eyes and smile. "Of course I like you, Mr. Renault. Can you not see that? It's a pity if you cannot, as all the others tease me so about you. Do you like me?"

"Very, *very* much," I replied, conscious of that accursed color burning my face again; conscious, too, that she noted it with calm curiosity.

"Very, *very* much," she repeated musing. "Is that why you blush so often, Mr. Renault—because you like me very, *very* much?"

Exasperated, I strove to smile. I couldn't; and dignity would not serve me, either.

"If I loved you," said I, "I might change color when you spoke. There—

fore my malady must arise from other causes—say from Sir Peter's wine, for instance."

"I knew a man who fell in love with me," she said. "You may do so yet."

"Do you think it likely?" I asked, scarcely knowing how to meet this cool attack.

"I think it possible, don't you?" she asked.

I considered, or made pretense to. My heart had begun to beat too fast; and as for her, I could no more fathom her than the sea, yet her babble was shallow enough to strand wiser men than I upon its sparkling shoals.

"I do like men," she said thoughtfully, "but not all men, as I said I did. Now at supper I looked about me and I found only you attractive, save Sir Peter, and he counts nothing in a game of hearts."

"When you come to mingle with New York society you will, no doubt, find others far more attractive," I said stupidly.

"No doubt. Still, in the interim"—she looked straight at me from under her delicate level brows—"in the meanwhile, will you not amuse me?"

"How, madam?"

"I shall not tell you if you call me madam."

"Will the Hon. Elsin Grey inform me how I may amuse her ladyship?"

"Nor that, either."

I hesitated, then leaned nearer: "How may I amuse you, Elsin?"

"Why, by courting me, silly," she said, laughing and spreading her silken fan. "How else is a woman amused?"

Her smooth hand lay across the velvet arm of the sofa; I took it and raised it to my lips, and she smiled approval, then drew a languid little sigh, fanned, and vowed I was the boldest man she had ever known.

I told her how exquisite her beauty was, I protested at her coldness, I dedicated myself to her service, vowing eter-

nal constancy; and presently my elaborate expressions rang truer and grew more simple, and she withdrew her hand with a laugh, looking at me out of those beautiful eyes which now were touched with curiosity.

"For a jester, Carus, you are too earnest," she said.

"Does pretense frighten you?"

She regarded me, silent, smiling, her fan at her lips.

"You are playing with fire," she said.

"Tell me, heart of flint, am I the steel to strike a spark from?" I asked laughing.

"I do not know yet of what metal you are made, Carus," she said thoughtfully, yet with that dim smile hovering ever upon her lips.

She dropped her fan and held up one finger. "Listen; let me read you. Here is my measure of such a man as you: First of all, generous!—look at your mouth, which God first fashions, then leaves for us to make or mar. Second, your eyes—sincere!—for though you blush like a maiden, Carus, your eyes are steady to the eyes that punish. Third, dogged! spite of the fierce impatience that sets your chiseled nose a-quiver at the nostrils. There! Am I not a very gipsy for a fortune? Read me, now."

After a long silence I said: "I cannot."

"Truly?"

"Truly. I cannot read you, Elsin."

She opened her palm and held her fingers, one by one, frowning in an effort to be just: "First, I am a fool; second, I am a fool; third, I am a fool; fourth—"

I caught her hand, and she looked at me with a charming laugh.

"I am," she insisted, her hand resting in mine.

"Why?"

"Why, because I—I am in love with Walter Butler—and—and I never liked a man as well as I like you!"

I was astounded. She sighed, slowly shaking her head. "That is it, you see. Love is very different from having a good

time. He is so proud, so sad, so buried in noble melancholy, so darkly handsome, and all afire with passion—which advances him not a whit with me nor commends him to my mercy—only when he stands before me, his dark golden eyes lost in delicious melancholy; then, *then*, Carus, I know that it must be love I feel; but it is not a very cheerful sentiment.” She sighed again, picking up her fan with one hand—I held the other. “Now, with you—and I have scarce known you a dozen hours—it is so charming, so pleasant and cheerful—and I like you so much, Carus!—oh, the sentiment I entertain for you is far pleasanter than love. Have you ever been in love?”

“I am, Elsin—almost.”

“Almost? Mercy on us! What will the lady say to ‘almost’?”

“God knows,” I said smiling.

“Good!” she said approvingly; “leave her in God’s care, and practise on me to perfect your courtship. I like it; really I do. It is strange, too,” she mused, with a tender smile of reminiscence, “for I have never let Captain Butler so much as touch my hand. But discretion, you see, is love; isn’t it? So if I am so indiscreet with you, what harm is there?”

“Are you unhappy away from him?” I asked.

“No, only when with him. He seems to wring my heart—I don’t know why, but, oh, I do so pity him!”

“Are you—plighted?”

“Oh, dear me, yes—but secretly—ah! I should not have told you that!—but there you are, Carus; and I do believe that I could tell you everything I know if our acquaintance endures but twelve more hours. And *that*,” she added, considering me calmly, “is rather strange, I think. Don’t you?”

Ere I could reply came Sir Peter, talking loudly, protesting that it was a monstrous shame for me to steal away their guest, that I was a villain and all knew it, he himself best of all;

and without more ado he tucked her arm under his and marched triumphantly away, leaving me there alone in the deserted room.

But as Elsin gained the door she turned, looking back, and, laying her hand upon her lips, threw me a kiss behind Sir Peter’s shoulders.

## CHAPTER III

### A MEETING

The days that followed were brilliant links in a fierce sequence of gaiety; and this though the weather was so hot that the very candles in their sconces drooped, dripping their melted wax on egrette and lace, scarlet coat and scarf. A sort of midsummer madness attacked the city: we danced in the hot moonlit nights; we drove at noontide, with the sun flaring in a sky of sapphire; we boated on the Bronx; we galloped out to the lines, escorted by a troop of horse, to see the Continental outposts beyond Tarrytown—so bold they had become, and no “skinners,” either, but scouts of Heath, blue dragons if our glasses lied not, well horsed, newly saddled, holsters of bearskin, musket on thigh, and the July sun a-flashing on crested helmet and crossed sling-buckles. And how my heart drummed and the red blood leaped in me to beat in neck and temple at sight of my own comrades! And how I envied them, free to ride erect and proud in the light of day, harnessed for battle, flying no false colors for concealment—all fair and clean and aboveboard! And I a spy!

We were gay, I say, and the town had gone midsummer mad of its own fancy—a fevered, convulsive reaction from a strain too long endured—and while the outlook for the King was no whit better here, and much worse in the South, still, as it was not yet desperate, the garrison, the commander, and the governor made a virtue of necessity,

and, rousing from the pent inertia of the dreadful winter, and shaking off the lethargy of spring, paced their cage with a restlessness that quickened to a mania for some relief in the mad distraction of folly and frivolity.

And first, Sir Peter gave a ball at our house in honor of Elsin Grey, and we danced in the State Drawing-Room and in the hallway and in the South Drawing-Room, and Sir Henry walked a minuet with the Hon. Elsin Grey, and I had her to wine and later in a Westchester reel. Too much punch was drunk, iced, which is a deadly thing, and worse still when the foundation is laid in orange tea! Too many officers, too many women, and all so hot, so suffocating, that the red ran from lip and cheek, streaking the face-powder; and the bare enameled shoulders of the women were frosted with perspiration like dew on wet roses.

That was the first frolic given in her honor, followed by that wild dance at the governor's, where the thickets of clustered candles drooped like lilies afire, and great islands of ice melted in the punch-bowls ere they had been emptied a third. And yet the summer madness continued; by day we drove in couples in Italian chaises, or made cherry-parties to Long Island, or sailed the bay to the Narrows, or played rustic and fished in the bay; at night we danced, danced, danced, and I saw little of Elsin Grey save through a blaze of candle-light, to move a minuet with her; to press her hand in a reel, or to conduct her to some garden pavilion where servants waited with ices amid a thirsty, breathless, jostling throng.

The heat abated nothing; so terrible was it in the city that spite of the shade afforded by elm, lime, and honey-locust, men and horses were stricken on the streets, and the Tea Water ran low, and the Collect, where it flows out into a stream, dried up, and Mr. Rutger's swamps stank. Also, as was noted by men like me, who, country-bred, con-

cern themselves with trifles, the wild birds which haunted the trees in street and lane sang no more, and I saw at times Lord Baltimore's orioles and hedge-birds, beaks open, eyes partly closed, panting from the sun, so fierce it beat upon us in New York that summertime.

One day I had started for a stroll through the cherry-grove, and as I stepped from the shade out upon the sunny lawn the shadow of an advancing figure warned me, and I looked up to behold a young officer, in a black and green uniform, crossing my path, his head turned in my direction, his dark, luminous gaze fastened curiously upon me.

Dazzled somewhat by the sun in my eyes, I peered at him as he passed, noting the strange cut of his regimentals, the silver buttons stamped with a motto in relief, the curious sword-knot of twisted buck-thong heavily embroidered in silver and scarlet wampum. Wampum? And what was that devil's device flashing on button and shoulder-knot?

"Butler's Rangers!"

Slowly I turned to stare; he halted, looking back at me, a slim, graceful figure in forest-green, his own black hair gathered in a club, his dark amber eyes fixed on mine with that veiled yet detached glare I had not forgotten.

"Captain Butler!" I said mechanically.

Hats in hand, heels together, we bowed low in the sunshine—so low that our hands on our hilts alone retained the blades in their scabbards, while our hats swept the short grass on the lawn; then, leisurely erect, once more we stood face to face, a yard of sod betwixt us, the sunshine etching our blue shadows motionless.

"Mr. Renault," he said, in that colorless voice he used at times, "I had thought to know you, but you are six years older. Time's alchemy"—he hesitated, then with a perfect bow—"refines



even the noblest metal. I trust your health and fortune are all that you could desire. Is madam, your mother, well, and your honorable father?"

"I thank you, Captain Butler."

He looked at me a moment, then with a melancholy smile and a gesture wholly graceful: "It is poor reparation to say that I regret the error of my Cayugas which committed your house to the flames."

"The fortune of war, Captain Butler. I trust your home at Butlersbury still survives intact."

A dull color crept into his pallid cheeks.

"The house at Butlersbury stands," he said, "as do Johnson Hall, Guy Park, and old Fort Johnson. We hope ere-long to open them again to our friends, Mr. Renault."

"I have understood so," I said politely. "When do you march from Thendara?"

Again the dark color came into his face. "Sir Frederick Haldimand is a babbler!" he said, between tightening lips. "Never a secret, never a plan but he must bawl it aloud to all who care to listen, or sound it as he gads about from camp to city—aye, and chatters it to the forest trees for lack of audience, I suppose. All New York is humming with it, is it not, Mr. Renault?"

"And if it is, what harm?" I said pleasantly. "Who ever heard of Thendara save as a legend of a lost town somewhere in the wilderness? Who in New York knows where Thendara lies?"

He looked at me with unwinking eyes—the empty stare of a bird of prey.

"You know, for one," he said; and his eyes suddenly became piercing.

I smiled at him without comprehension, and he took the very vagueness of my smile for acquiescence.

Like the luminous shadow of summer lightning the flame flickered in his eyes, and went out, leaving them darkly drowned in melancholy. He stepped nearer.

"Let us sit under the trees for a moment—if I am not detaining you, Mr. Renault," he said in a low, pleasant voice. I bowed; we turned, walking shoulder to shoulder toward the shade of the cherry-trees, now in full foliage and heavy fruited. With perfect courtesy he halted, inclining his head, a gesture for me to pass before him. We seated ourselves at a rustic table beneath the trees; and I remember the ripe cherries which had dropped upon it from the clusters overhead, and how, as we talked, I picked them up, tasting them one by one.

"I am here," he began abruptly, "of my own idea. No one, not even Sir Henry, is aware that I am in New York. I came from Halifax by the *Gannet*, schooner, landing at Coenties Slip among the fishing-smack in time for breakfast; then to Sir Peter Coleville's, learning he was here—cock-fighting!" A trace of a sneer edged his finely cut nostrils.

"If you desire concealment, is it wise to wear that uniform?" I asked.

"I am known on the fighting-line, not in this peaceful garrison of New York," he said haughtily. "We of the landed gentry of Tryon County make as little of New York as New York makes of us!" A deeper sneer twitched his upper lip. "Had I my way this port should be burned from river to river, fort, shipping, dock—all! even to the farms outlying on the hills; and the enervated garrison marched out to take the field!" He made a violent gesture toward the north. "I should fling every man and gun pell-mell on that rebel's rat-nest called West Point, and uproot and tear it from the mountain flank! I should sweep the Hudson with fire; I should hurl these rotting regiments into Albany and leave it a smoking ember, and I should tread the embers into the red-wet earth! That is the way to make war! But this!" He stared south across the meadows where in the distance the sunlit city lay, windows aglitter, spires swimming in

the blue, and on the bay white sails glimmering off shores of living green.

"Mr. Renault," he said, "I am here to submit this plan to Sir Henry Clinton. Lord Cornwallis advocated the abandonment of New York last May. I am here to urge it. If Sir Henry will approve, then the war ends before the snow flies; if he will not, I still shall act my part, and lay the north in ashes so that not one ear of corn may be garnered for the rebel army, not one grain of wheat be milled, not a truss of hay remain betwixt Johnstown and Saratoga! Nothing in the north but blackened desolation and the silence of annihilation. That is how I make war."

"That is your reputation," I said calmly.

His smile was ghastly—a laugh without sound, that touched neither eyes nor mouth.

At that moment I heard cries and laughter and a great babel of voices from the tavern. He rose instantly, I also; the stable lads were bringing up the horses; the tavern door was flung wide, and out of it poured the cockers, a turbulent river of scarlet and gold, the noisy voices and laughter increasing to tumult as the officers mounted with jingle of spur and scabbard, draining the stirrup-cup and hastening to their duties.

"Yonder comes Sir Peter," I said to Walter Butler. "Shall I have the honor of making you known to one another?"

"He has forgotten me, I think," said Butler slowly, as Sir Peter raised his hat in triumphant greeting to me and then included Butler in a graver salute.

With colorless ceremony, I made them known to one another, and with greater ceremony they exchanged salutes and compliments—a pair matched in flawless breeding and the usages of perfect courtesy.

"I bear a letter," said Walter Butler, "and have this morning done myself

the honor of waiting upon Lady Coleville and the 'Hon. Elsin Grey.'"

And as Sir Peter acknowledged the courtesy, I looked suddenly at Walter Butler, remembering what Elsin Grey had told me.

"The letter is from General Sir Frederick Haldimand," he said pleasantly, "and I fear it bears you news not too agreeable. The Hon. Miss Grey is summoned home, Sir Peter—pending a new campaign."

"Homel!" exclaimed Sir Peter, surprised. "Why, I thought—I had hoped we were to have her with us until winter. Gad! It is as you say not too agreeable news, Captain Butler. Why, she has been the life of the town, sir; she has waked us and set us all a-dancing like yokels at a May-pole or a ring-around-a-rosy! Split me! Captain Butler, but Lady Coleville will be sorry to learn this news—and I, too, sir, and every man in New York town."

He looked at me in genuine distress. My face was perfectly expressionless.

"This should hit you hard, Carus," he said meaningly. Then, without seeing, I felt Walter Butler's head slowly turning, and was aware of his eyes on me.

"Come, gentlemen," said Sir Peter, "the horses are here. Is not that fine chestnut your mount, Captain Butler? You will ride with us, will you not? Where is your baggage? At Flocks? I shall send for it—no, sir, I take no excuse. While you are in New York you shall be my guest, Captain Butler."

And so, Sir Peter naming Butler to O'Neil and Harkness, and salutes being decently exchanged, we mounted and cantered off along Great George Street, Horrock on his hunter bringing up the rear.

And at every stride of my horse a new misgiving, a deeper distrust of this man Butler stirred in my troubled heart.

*(To be continued.)*



## A STORY OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

### IN TWO PARTS

#### I

His beginnings was a mystery, where he come from a conjecture, and his business in Manihiki Island one of them things that bothered a fellow in his sleep and yapped at his heels when he was awake. Captain Corker had picked him up at Penrhyn, and the trader there said he had been landed from a barkantine, lumber-laden, from Portland, and from there back there was a haze on his past thicker than Bobby Carter's. Leastways with Bobby there was his forty-five different stories to account for the leg-iron scars on his ankles, but with Old Dibs you hadn't even that to chew on. Nothing but five large new trunks and the clothes he stood in. Remarkable clothes, too, they were, for a coral island in the mid-Pacific, being invariably a stovepipe hat and a Prince Albert coat, with trousers changing from pearl-gray to lead-color, with stripes, till you'd think he'd melt!

He was a fine man to look at, about sixty years of age, very portly and pleasant-spoken, and everything he said sounded important, even if it was only about the weather or why coconut milk always gave him cramps. He said his name was Smith—people who change their names seem always to change it to Smith, till you wonder sometimes they don't choose Jones, or maybe Patterson or Wilkins. But you'll notice it is Smith every time, though we always called him Old Dibs, because of the money that he had and threw around so regardless.

My first sight of him was on the front porch, mopping his forehead, and asking whether he might have board and lodging by the week. I told him that we hardly carried style enough for a gentleman like him, but all we had he was welcome to—and if not too long—for nothing. He seemed pleased at this, and more pleased still when he looked

over our big bedroom and noticed my wife's smiling, comely face. She's only a Kanaka girl, but I wouldn't trade her for a million. And he laid down a shining twenty-dollar gold piece and asked if that would do every Tuesday?

Now I am as fond of money as any man, but I'm not a pirate, and so I said it was too much. But he wouldn't take no denial, and flung it down on the trade-room counter again, saying he counted it settled. Then I turned to with his trunks, told my wife to bundle out into the boat-shed. And opened beer.

"Making a long stay, sir?" said I.

"I hardly know, Bill," he said. (I had told him my name was Bill.) "I hardly know, Bill," and with that he heaved a tremendous sigh.

"We don't often have visitors here," I said. "The last was twenty-two men of the British bark *Lord Nelson*, in boats, from French Frigate Shoals, where they were cast away."

"I'm looking for a quiet place to end my days in," he says.

"Well, I guess you've found it," I says.

"It looks as though I had, Bill," he answers, gazing seaward where the palms was bending in the trade breeze and there was nothing but the speck of Captain Corker's schooner beating out. I could see he was pretty down-hearted, and though I set the music-box going to cheer him and asked if he fancied a nice mess of gulls' eggs for supper, it wasn't no good, and finally he went into his room and set out the rest of the day on one of the trunks.

I went along the same evening to talk it over with Tom Riley, the other trader in Manihiki, who, in spite of our being in opposition and all that, was more like my own born brother than a rival in business. We never let down the price of shell or copra on each other, and lined up shoulder to shoulder if a third party tried to break in, and so we had enough for both of us and a tidy bit over. Tom was afire to hear all about Old

Dibs, and had been getting bulletins the whole afternoon from the Kanakas, down to the twenty dollars and the five trunks and even the way he sighed.

Tom knew right away he was a defaulter and said we were in powerful luck to have got him. It was fine of Tom to take it like that, for what luck there was was mine, and he said he'd help out with chickens and fresh fish and some extra superior canned stuff he had, so that Old Dibs would be comfortable and want to stay. Tom was a good deal like that professor who could make a prehistoric animal out of one prehistoric bone, and then, when later on they discovered the whole beast entire, it was head and tail with the one he had drawn on the blackboards! And by the time the square-face had made a second round, Tom's fancy had flown higher than a yellow-back novel, Old Dibs being dead, blessing me with his last breath and making me the heir of all his riches!

Tom walked home with me, still talking, for we had now bought a ninety-ton schooner with my legacy, me captain and him supercargo, and we had taken out French naturalization papers so we might be free of the Paumotu and Tubuai groups. When we said good night, whispering so as not to disturb Old Dibs, who was snoring out serene, it had grown to be a fleet, with headquarters at Papiete, and a steam service to 'Frisco! We were a pair of boys, both of us, and could make squid taste like lamb-chops just by telling ourselves it was so!

I reckon Old Dibs was a little suspicious of me and Tom, and small blame to him for that, the Islands being pretty full of tough customers, with never no law nor order nor nobody to appeal to in trouble unless it was your gun. He made me put a stout bolt on his door and chicken wire over the windows, and always slept with the lamp burning in his room; and it was noticeable, too, that he never cared to wander far away from the house. He was given to playing

the flute in the stern of an old whale-boat, which was drawn up near the station with a coconut shelter over it. He never went anywhere, except to the native pastor's (Iosefo his name was). I suppose he felt a kind of protection in him—Iosefo being the nearest thing to an official in the island—and he made himself very solid in that quarter, giving to the church lavish and going there every Sunday. He always come back from them visits with a ruminating look in his eye, and the first thing he did was to make a bee-line for his room, like somebody might have been tampering with his trunks.

Finally one day he took me

aside and said: "Bill, that Iosefo is a very agreeable man, and if it would be the same to you, I'd like to have him a little about the house."

"Why, Mr. Smith," I said, "you needn't have troubled to ask me that;



*"Always so kind and polite to my wife that she fairly idolized him."*

any friend of yours is welcome, I am sure, and I never saw no harm in Iosefo, even if he is a missionary."

I thought he meant to have the fellow in to talk with him or play checkers, to while away the time that hung so heavy on his hands. But it wasn't this at all—except for a half-way pretense at the beginning. No; he paid Iosefo ten dollars a week, for what do you think? To sit on one of his trunks (*the* trunk, I reckon) from seven in the morning till six at night, barring service-time Sundays. Yes, sir; nothing else than a squatting sentry, mounting guard over the boodle inside the trunk and protecting it from me! I wonder what the home-missionary society would have said to see Brother Iosefo yawning all day on the top of a trunk, or writing his sermon on his knee, Saturdays!

At first I felt pretty hot about it, for it smacked too much of setting a thief to catch a thief, or at least offsetting the pastor and me like the compensating idea of a ship's chronometer; but my wife liked the respectability it give us before the natives; and Tom said my resenting it would be like putting the cap on my head. So I acted like I didn't give a whoop, the one way or the other.

And then it wasn't easy to be anything but fond of Old Dibs, for he was a nice man to live with, never turning up his nose at the poor food we give him, and always so kind and polite to Sarah, my wife, that she fairly idolized him. He was a real gentleman through and through, and if his money (he called it his "papers," his valuable "papers") weighed heavy on his mind, I guess I'd have been no better in his shoes, having to trust to strangers who might cut your throat. He had the whole island to roam over now, instead of being cooped up like a chicken in a coop, and we all noticed what a change in him it made for the better, throwing off flesh, and not panting so heavy between the spells of his flute, and walking with his head in the air like the island belonged to him.

He wasn't much of a fluter, playing mostly from notes, and often picking them out so slow that you'd forget what the tune began like. He despised simple things like "Way Down the Suwanee River," and the difficult things seemed to despise *him*! But he stuck at it indefatigable, and blew enough wind through his flute to have sailed a ship! After breakfast in the morning, which he took in his panjammers like me, he would dress himself up nice in his Prince Albert, give his topper a wipe, and start away with the flute and a roll of music in a natty little case, like he was off to the Bank for the day. The only thing that ruffled him any was the children, about eighty of them, who always went along too, and set in a circle around him when he played! I told him they'd soon tire of tagging after him, which he said he was mighty glad to hear; but if it was flies they couldn't have been more pertinacious. I spoke to the King about it, and Old Dibs he complained to Iosefo, but it only seemed to whoop it up and add to the procession. The King said if he'd just flute in one place, he would put a taboo around it which neither children nor grown-ups would cross, but Old Dibs said that the looking-on, even from a distance, would be quite as disturbing as being sprawled all over—and so the children followed him unabated.

Then I had a happy thought and suggested the graveyard! This was a walled-in enclosure, perhaps a hundred feet each way, on the weather side of the island, and on a windy day, with the surf thundering in, it was the loneliest spot where a man could find himself. The natives left it alone at all times, except to bury somebody, and none of them came nearer to it than they could help. The Kanakas have a powerful dread of spirits, and even in the daytime they'd give the place a wide berth. The walls too, being about seven feet high, prevented the children from peeking in, except at the gateway, which

was so narrow that it was easy to get out of view.

Old Dibs perked up at this and cottoned to the idea tremendous; and the graveyard soon become his regular stamping-ground, except when there was a funeral. He rigged up a little shelter for himself in the center, with a music-stand I made for him out of scantling; and often he took his lunch in his pocket and spent the whole day. Not a child ventured to show himself, and he had it as much to himself as though he owned it; and he could lay his stovepipe down now without any fear of its being greased up or sat on. It led to his asking a raft of questions about the natives and their superstitions, and how none of them ventured to go near the place unless in a big party. He came back to that again and again, and always with the same interest. I ought to have suspected what was running in his head, but I didn't. In fact, we had all settled down now like we had always lived together, and I didn't bother any more about him, or what he said or did, than if he had been my wife's father! It was a good deal like having a rich uncle to stay with you, and after the first excitement you took it all as a matter of course.

Even Iosefo sitting on the trunk in the bedroom became one of them things that ran into habit; and in some ways it was a good idea too, for it brought custom to the store, what with the deacons coming over to talk about church affairs, and the committee on Ways and Means meeting there regular. Even the gold twenty every week settled down in the same channel of routine, and I didn't bite it any more as I used to do, nor hold it in my hand wondering where it come from. I just put it away with the rest and thought no more about it. The only concern of me and Sarah was to feed up the old fellow to the best of our ability and try and make him pleased.

We had been running along like this for I don't know how long, when one

night, toward the small hours, a singular thing happened. I was sleeping very light and I woke up all of a sudden and saw Old Dibs standing in the doorway! He had a candle in his hand and bulked up enormous in his red silk dressing-gown, and there was a wild look on his unshaved face.

I held my breath and watched him through my half-shut eyes—watched him for quite a spell, till he softly tip-toed away again in his naked feet, and I heard the door close behind him in the house. I waited a long while wondering what to do, and what there could be in the boat-shed to bring him out at such an unlikely hour. At first I was for getting my rifle and sitting up the balance of the night; but then as I waked up more, and tried to think it out, it seemed that he had a better right to be afraid of me than me of *him*. It couldn't be to do me no harm, I reckoned, but probably to assure himself that I was asleep.

He was plainly up to something, and it was equally plain he didn't want me to know it! So I got out of bed—if you can call a stack of mats and a schooner's topsail a bed—and lit out to see what was doing. It was no good trying to get into the house, for Old Dibs had nailed the keys and handed them out every morning through the winder when I went to take him his shaving-water. But the curtains of the bedroom weren't extra close, and if I could get up on the veranda without too much of a creaking I knew I could see in all right. There's a lot of cat in a sailor, even to the nine lives and the dislike of getting wet, and I was soon on my knees at the sill, taking in the performance.

The room was lit up as usual and all the big five trunks were open, with Old Dibs diving into them like he was packing for the morning train. Leastways, that was my first thought; the second was that something stranger than that was up, and that people didn't usually go traveling with an outfit of pinkish



paper cut into shavings! You've seen them, haven't you? The kind of packing they put into music-boxes, fine toys and the like, flummoxed twisted paper

ravelings that protect the varnish and have no weight to speak of? Well, that was what was in them trunks, and Old Dibs was pawing it out till it stuck up in the room, yards high, like a mountain! Occasionally he seemed to strike something harder than paper—something that would take both his hands to lift—and it was only a little clinking canvas bag that big.

Money? Of course it was money! And he was stacking it in a leather dress-suit case laid on the floor next his bed.

You could see he was nervous by the way he kept looking behind him; and



*"Think of it! With nothing between me and It but some chicken wire and an old gentleman in a dressing-gown."*



once, when a rat ran across the attic, he jumped awful and the whole floor shook. It was a queer sensation to look right into a man's eyes and him not see you, which I did with Old Dibs again and again as he'd stop and listen. I ought to have said that one of the trunks was clothes all right, but even here there was three or four bags of coin, which he got out and added to the others.

Then he counted the bags and tried to turn the top of the suit-case on them, but couldn't manage it. He arranged them first this way and then that way, but there was always about a dozen outstanding. The canvas itself was very coarse and there was lots to spare, the slack being turned over and over, and tied with heavy twine extra. Then he took them all out, and slitting them open, just let the stuff rip naked.

Lord! But it was a dandy sight, a dazzle of double eagles cascading like a river, and so swift that you couldn't pretend to count them! He seemed satisfied to go on like that, cutting one open after the other, till the suit-case brimmed up solid. There was fifty-eight bags in all, and the Lord only knows how much in each—but as I said, it took both his hands to lift a single one! I reckon I didn't know there was so much money in all the world, and it came over me afresh how fond I was of Old Dibs, and how good I was going to be to him!

When the last bag was emptied he thought he'd put back the suit-case into one of the trunks, never recollecting that he might as well have tried to lift a locomotive. Then he laid hands on just the handle at one end, and he couldn't even shift it! You disremember how heavy gold is, seeing so little of it, and counting a hundred dollars a fortune! But he had there, considering the trunks weighed the usual amount, say about a hundred and fifty pounds each, and gold at nearly twenty dollars an ounce! Well, the next day Tom worked it out to about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

Think of it! With nothing between

it and me but some chicken wire and an old gentleman in a dressing-gown! It would have seemed a snap to some people, but I never made a dishonest dollar in my life—except in the way of trade, and then it was to natives (who water copra on you and square the difference)—and he was in no more danger of harm than if it had been Lima beans.

Then, to get along with my yarn, he took the comforter off the bed, and setting it down flat on the floor, begun to cover it with double handfuls ranged in rows, till he had worked down the suit-case to where he could lift it. He carried it over to the nearest trunk, placed it snug in the bottom, and started to load it up again from the stacks on the quilt. I don't know how long he took to do it, but it was quite a time, and he looked pretty well tired out when it was over, and he sat back in the rocker and rocked—me still glued at the winder—and he reached out for his flute and put it to his lips (though he didn't blow into it), and worked his fingers like he was playing a piece. After a time he laid it down, and drawing his dressing-gown closer around him, took another go at filling up the trunks again with the paper packing.

This seemed a good time for me to skip, which I did more cautious than ever, my heart beating that loud I wonder he didn't hear me. I felt for my pipe in the dark, and went out under the stars to the edge of the lagoon, to think it all over. You might wonder what I had to do with it unless it was to make away with him and scoop the pool for me and Tom; but, as I said before, I wasn't that kind of a man, and millions wouldn't have made no difference. But I was in a sort of tremble for the old fellow himself, for what was he doin' alone with it in the far Pacific unless there were others after him, hotfoot?

Wherever there's a carcass there's sharks to eat it, though you may have sailed a week and not seen a fin; and human sharks have the longest scent of

any, especially when they have the law on their side and courts of justice behind them. I wanted to keep the money in the family, so to speak, and I was not only unwilling to harm Old Dibs myself, but I didn't want no others to harm him neither.

I talked it over with Tom next morning, till the eyes nearly bulged out of his head. Tom was less of a pirate even than me, but he had to have his fling in fancy, being as I said one of them natural-born yarners, and he never goes back to earth till we had poisoned Old Dibs (waverling between Rough on Rats and powdered glass), covered up all traces of the crime, divided the money equal, and sailed away West in his five-ton cutter, to bring up at last in one of the Line islands. After arranging it all to the last dot, even to the name of our ninety-ton schooner, and the very bank in Sydney where we'd lay the stuff in our joint names, he said there was only one thing to do, and that was to warn Old Dibs, and arrange some kind of a scheme to protect him.

"They are bound to run him down," said Tom. "A man that skips out with nothing, and a man that skips out with a quarter of a million, are in two different classes; and it wouldn't surprise me the least bit if there was six ships aiming for Manihiki simultaneous!"

By the time I started back to find Old Dibs, I was worked up to quite a fever, and I'd keep looking over my shoulder, expecting every minute to see one of them six ships in the pass. He had finished breakfast and had gone, and so I followed him over to the weather side, where, as usual, he was sitting under his tarpaulin in the graveyard, tootling for all he was worth. He looked up, a little surprised to see me, and I guess ships were running through his head also, for that was his first question.

I sat down on a near-by grave.

"The fack is, Mr. Smith," I said, very meaningly, "you paid me a little visit last night and I paid you one!"

"Oh, my God!" he said, turning whiter than paper, and the voice coming out of him like an old man's.

"There's no my God about it," I said. "But me and Tom Riley's been talking it over, and we'd like to bear a hand to help you."

"It's mine," he said, very defiant, and trembling. "It's mine, every penny of it, and honest come by."

"No doubt," I said, "but would I be guessing wrong if there were others who didn't think so?"

"There *are* others," he said at last, seeing, I suppose, that my face looked friendly, and realizing that me and Tom would hardly take this tack if we meant to massacre him in his sleep.

"Mr. Smith," I said, "you never had two better friends than Bill Hargus or Tom Riley!"

He laid down his flute.

"I'd never feel in any danger with that good wife of yours about," he said. It didn't seem quite the right remark under the circumstance, but there was a power of truth back of it. That girl of mine was regularly struck on Old Dibs, and being a Tongan, was full of the Old Nick, and would have bit my ear off if I had lifted my hand to him! The two of them had patched up an adoption arrangement, him being her father, and she used to play *suipi* with him, and taught him to repeat Psalms in native. It's only another proof how women are the same everywhere, and how far it goes with them to be treated with a little respect and consideration.

"You have a plan?" he says. "Well, Bill, what is it?"

"It's a plan to get a plan," I said. "What chance would you have as things are now?"

"Chance?" he inquires.

"You'd be in irons and aboard, before you'd know what had happened to you," I said.

He looked at me a long time and then heaved a sigh.

"I'd do for myself first," he said.

"They'll never put me in the dock so long as I have a pistol and the will to use it on myself."

"I think me and Tom could improve on that," said I.

"This island's too small to hide in," he said. "No background," he said. "I was looking for a place where there was mountains and inland country—and maybe caves."

"You never could make a success of it by yourself," I said. "You couldn't in an island made to order, with electric buttons and trap-doors let into the granite! But me and you and Tom might—and if you've the mind to—we will."

He was kind of over his panic by this time, and I guess he saw the sense of it all.

"Bill," he said, "it's a weight off my mind to have you know the truth. Fetch along Tom and I'll do anything you two say, for I've nearly split my old head trying to find a way out; but what could I do single-handed?"

"Tom's a corker," I said. "He's got an imagination like a box factory. If I was in a tight place like yours, I'd sail the world around just to find Tom Riley!"

"Let's call him in then," he says, "for as things are now, if they should strike this island, I'm a dead man!" And with that, he took up his flute again and fluted very thoughtful and low, while I made a line for Tom's station.

Tom was as happy as a lawyer with his first case! He hurried along with a bottle of beer in each pocket and a memorandum book to write in, and just gloried in the whole business. It was like one of his own yarns, come true, and he had to pinch himself to make sure he wasn't dreaming. He took hold right off; and it was pleasant to watch Old Dibs setting back on a grave, with the comfortable air of a man that's being taken charge of by experts! I won't go into all that we arranged and didn't do, it being enough to say what

we *did*, Tom beginning a bit wild about putting contact mines in the channel and importing a submarine boat from Sydney, and coming down gradual to what the poet calls human nature's daily food. This was to rig a platform in a giant *fao* tree that stood in the middle of the island, about three miles down the coast, and fixing it up with food and things, for Old Dibs to camp in.

The idea was to hide him till dark in the attic of my house, and then to put him up the tree for as long as the ship stayed by us. Tom said I could easily stand off my house being searched for a few hours, even if it was a man-of-war that come, telling them they might do it to-morrow. Then Tom said we'd have to take Iosefo, the native pastor, into it part-way, making him preach from the pulpit and order the people to deny all knowledge of Old Dibs if they were asked questions about him by strangers. Tom said the important thing was to gain the first day's start—for though it wasn't in reason to expect the whole island, man, woman, and child, to keep the secret, we might be pretty sure it would leak out under twenty-four hours. Then, last of all, we were to make away with all Old Dibs's trunks, packing what clothes he had, and that into camphor-wood chests, which would occasion no remark, specially if they were covered over on the top with trade dresses and hats and such like.

Old Dibs liked it all tip-top; and more than anything, Tom's honest, willing face—but he shied a bit when we walked along to the tree in question, and looked up sixty feet into the sky, where he was to hang out on his little raft.

"Good Heavens! Riley," he says, "do you take me for a bird, or what?"

But Tom talked him round, showing how we'd rig a boatswain's chair on a tackle, and a sort of rustic monkey-rail to keep him from being dizzy, and had an answer ready for every one of Old Dibs's criticisms. Tom and me, having been seafaring men, couldn't see no

trouble about it, and the only thing to consider serious was how much the platform might show through the trees, and whether or not the upper boughs were strong enough to hold. We went up to make sure, straddling out on them, and bobbing up and down, and choosing a couple of nice forks for where we'd lay the main crosspiece. Tom tied his handkerchief around a likely bough, to mark the place for the block, and give us a clean hoist from below, and we both come down very cheerful with the prospect.

Old Dibs seemed less gay about it, and had thought of a lot of fresh objections; but Tom said there was only one thing to worry about, and that was whether the whole concern wouldn't show plain against the sky. We got off a ways to take a look, and very unsatisfying it was, too! A big, leafy tree seems a mighty solid affair, till you stand off and look right through it, and Old Dibs was for giving up the idea and trying the cellar, which was Tom's other notion. But the tree business appealed to Tom more, and he explained how we'd paint the contraption green, and how people, when they were walking, never looked up, but ahead; and how unwholesome a cellar would be, and likely to give Old Dibs the rheumatics—not to speak of pigs rooting him out, and no air to speak of.

"Then think of the view," said Tom, who was as happy as a sand-boy and in a bully humor, "and so close to the stars, Mr. Smith, that you can pick them down for lights to your cigar!"

Old Dibs smiled a sickly smile, like he was unbending to a pair of kids.

"Have it your own way, then, Riley," says he, "but you're responsible for the thing being a success, and don't look for me to dance tight ropes or do monkey on a stick!"

"I'd engage to put a cow up there," said Tom, not overpolite, though he meant no harm, "or a parlor organ, with the young lady to play it!"

"Mr. Smith," said I, "you'll only need shut your eyes and trust to us, and take it all as it comes!"

"Boys," said Old Dibs, kind of solemn and helpless-like, "you'll do the square thing by me, won't you? You won't sell an old man for blood money? You won't get me up there and then strike a trade with them that's tracking me down?"

You ought to have seen Tom Riley's face at that! I was afraid there would be a bust-up then and there. But all he did was to walk faster ahead, like he didn't care to talk to us any more, and gave us the broad of his back. Old Dibs ran after him, and caught his arm, panting out he was sorry and all that, and how Tom was to put himself in his place, with the whole world banded against him. I felt sorry to see the old fellow eating dirt, and trotting along so fat and wheezy, with Tom almost pushing him off like a beggar, and it was like spring sunshine when Tom turned square around and said:

"Hell! that's all right, Mr. Smith." And I guess it was Old Dibs's face that needed watching, it was beaming and happy, specially when they shook hands on it, and we all three walked along abreast, like a father and his two sons on the way to the bar.

Tom didn't let grass grow under his feet, and he went at it all with a rush, beginning first of all with Iosefo, the Kanaka pastor. Natives are never so helpful and willing as when you're egg-ing them on to do something they shouldn't, and he fell in with the preaching idea, and wanted to start right away. But they finally decided it had better be a monthly affair, so the natives shouldn't lose track of it, and Iosefo commenced the first Sunday. Anybody that gave away Old Dibs was to have his house burned in this world and his soul in the next; and Iosefo laid it on thick about our all loving him, and what a friend he has proved himself to the island; and when he reached the point

where he announced that Old Dibs had contributed fifty dollars toward the fund for the new church, you could feel a rustle go through the whole congregation, and a general gasp of satisfaction. Iosefo drew a fancy picture of Judas hanging himself, and brought it up to date with Old Dibs, and what a scaly thing it was to do anyway. He let himself rip in all directions, even to the persecutions, in what he called the White Country, which he said Old Dibs had endured for religion's sake, and how he had been thrown to the lions in the Colosseum.

Old Dibs sat there as smug as smug, little knowing how the agony was being piled on his bald head; and just when Iosefo was making him cow the lions with a glance, Old Dibs took the specs off his nose and wiped them, while everybody was worked up tremendous to know whether he had been eat or not! Iosefo was no slouch when he once got his hand in, and carried it over to the next number like a story in a magazine, the Kanakas all going out buzzing, wishing it was Sunday-week, and eying Old Dibs with veneration.

The platform was number two on the list, and me and Tom, with the measurements we had taken in the tree, made a very neat job of it, and painted it green topside and bottom. We laid it together in Tom's shed, and got in Old Dibs to see if it would fit him, which it did beautiful, being six foot six by two and a half. Tom explained we'd put a natty railing around it, likewise painted green, and carry a width of fine netting below, so that pillows or things shouldn't slip overboard. Tom was hurt at Old Dibs not being more enthusiastic, and finally said: "Hell! Mr. Smith, what are you sticking at?"

"It'll never sustain the coin," said Old Dibs, jouncing up and down on it like a dancing hippopotamus.

"You weren't meaning to take that up, too?" cries Tom.

"I thought that was part of the

scheme," said Old Dibs. "Why, you said a whole cow yourself. Didn't he, Bill?"

This was a facer for Tom, but all he asked was how much money there was.

"It weighs hundreds of pounds," said Old Dibs, very sly, and not wanting to name figgers.

We neither of us could very well blame the old gentleman for not wanting to trust us with a quarter of a million dollars while he was up a tree like a canary-bird; and so Tom or I didn't say what was in our minds, which was to bury it somewhere. In fact, there was a longish silence, till I suggested using some two-inch iron pipe I had at home, instead of the light boat spars Tom had cut for the purpose.

"And as for the money," said I, "why not have a locker for it at each end, with the weight resting against the forks, and maybe a little room extra for Mr. Smith's tooth-brush and toilet tackle!" I minded the size of the suit case I had last seen the stuff in, and showed Tom about what was wanted.

"But that'll cut him off at each end," objected Tom, looking at Old Dibs like he was measuring him for a coffin, "and you know yourself six foot six is the most we can allow."

"Oh! I don't mind shortening up a bit," said Old Dibs, laying down to show how easy it might be done, and eager to be accommodating.

"And I'd propose chicken wire instead of net," says I to Tom, noticing how the old gentleman bulked outboard. "He's putting a strain on that worse nor a live shark!"

Tom said he thought so too, and him and I put in half a day making the platform over, while Old Dibs crossed over to the graveyard and fluted away the rest of the afternoon. We waited for the full moon before getting it into the tree, for daytime was out of the question, and Tom and I managed it very well, and to both our satisfaction. The tropic moon is a whale of a moon,

and you can almost see to read by it, and it wasn't the want of light that bothered us any. The trouble was more to get it level and lash it proper with zinc wire. But we finished it up in style, with a second coat of green paint everywhere except the bottom, and though I do say it myself, it was as snug a little crow's nest, and as comfortable and strong, as though it had been made by people in the business regular. We rigged the tackle, too, and tried out the Manila rope with the boatswain's chair, and would have sent up Old Dibs on a trial trip if we hadn't feared he'd never make another! So we let it go at that, he paying us a \$100 for our trouble, and expressing himself well pleased.

I reckon, perhaps, he was, for we fixed up the attic, too, and had everything in train so that there wouldn't be no hitch when the time come. Tom got kind of sore waiting for it, for after having put so much work into the thing he naturally wanted to see it used, and it galled him to wait and wait, with nothing doing. But Old Dibs took it more cheerful, and minded a good deal less about it's being wasted; and as the months run on, he seemed to think he was out of the woods, and perked up wonderful.

Not that he wasn't careful, of course, or that Iosefo let down on the preaching; for nobody could be sure what day or what minute the pinch mightn't come. He grew quite familiar with the attic part of it, scooting up there whenever we raised a sail, and remaining for days at a time, when a ship was in port. We had a fair number of them, off and on; the missionary bark, the *Equator*, Captain Reid; the *Lorilie*, Captain Saxe; the *Ransom*, Captain Mins; the *Belle Brandon*, Captain Cole; the brigantine *Trenton*, in ballast, calling in to set her

rigging; the cutter *Ulysses*, with supplies for Washington Island, and the Seventh Day Adventist schooner *Pitcairn*, with her mate dying of some kind of sickness. They buried him ashore, and then went out again, after giving us the precise date at which the world was coming to an end, and saying what a hell of a poor millennium it was going to be for anybody save *them*! Oh, yes! the usual straggle of vessels that happened our way, with months between; and, once, the smoke of a steamer on the horizon.

Perhaps a matter of eighteen months altogether, since Old Dibs first landed, and day followed day, like it might have gone on forever. One wouldn't have remarked any particular change in him, except that his rig was getting shabbier and the shine was coming off the stove-pipe—and perhaps some improvement in the flute. This, an extra bulk, and a kind of contented look he hadn't wore before, was what life on the island had done for Old Dibs; and he branched out a bit in the line of household favorite, cutting kindling wood for Sarah, gutting fish, scraping coconut for the chickens; and the pair of them would sit and gossip for hours about the neighbors—how Taalolo had driven his wife out of doors, and the true inwardness of the king's quarrel with Ve'a, and why the Toto family was in ambush to cut off Tehea's nose! He could talk better native than I could, and he was made a pet of everywhere around the settlement, and there was seldom a pig killed but what they'd bring him the head out of respect. Not that he wasn't as regular as ever at the graveyard; but he had kind of shook in, so to speak, and nobody gave a feast but what he sat at the right hand and divided honors with the pastor and the king.

(To be continued.)

# PHASES OF CURRENT SCIENCE

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFERT

## PERILS OF AN ANT'S EXISTENCE

A noted French entomologist, M. Charles Janet, has for many years devoted himself almost entirely to a study of the ant's life-history. Had he couched his monographs in the poetically unscientific style of Maeterlinck's essay on the bee, or written entertainingly impossible stories of insect psychology, he might well have taken his place with the animal story-tellers of the day. He certainly has enough material to achieve either end. As it is, he must remain mute and inglorious so far as the reading public is concerned, thanks to his mercilessly technical presentation of highly interesting discoveries.

Like the policeman's in the song, the life of an ant is anything but a happy one. Janet has discovered that he is likely to have more thrilling adventures in an hour than even the hero of a modern historical novel. If he starts out in the morning in quest of food, he is not unlikely to be caught in a pitfall very cunningly prepared for him by the ant-lion. Tiger-beetles lie in ambush for him. Spiders either throw sticky skeins in his path and hoist him into their webs like a bucket of water at the end of a rope, or boldly pounce on him as he wanders on, doing it so successfully, judging from Janet's observations, that their lairs, like the ogre's den in the fairy-tale, are littered with many an unpleasant memento of past feasts. Besides hostile ant-lions and spiders the ant must run the gantlet of still more formidable enemies. The ant is a notorious fighter, engaged in more or less constant battle with some member of his family. Taking

advantage of this combative spirit and seizing his opportunity while the ant is absorbed in military tactics, a certain Hymenopter leaps on him and neatly drills a hole in him. The object of this attack is not to kill the ant but simply to use him as an incubator. In the drilling operation the Hymenopter deftly inserts its eggs in the ant's body and then hastens away. If the ant proves the victor in his duel, he has reason to wish that he had been killed. Soon the eggs are hatched, and the larvæ that emerge develop at the expense of the victim's tissues. Finally, the incubator-ant's vitality is so far sapped that it perishes miserably.

Another Hymenopter utilizes the ant for a like purpose, but sets about its work of torture less treacherously. The incessant excursions of some species of ants and their habit of traveling in long processions offers this particular foe every opportunity for carrying out his deadly intent. Hovering a few inches above the sand, the Hymenopter picks out a choice, fat, succulent ant, swoops down on him, and carries him off for a short distance. Then he stings the victim, not so as to kill him, but to paralyze his legs. After this skilfully performed surgical operation the ant is borne off to a cell, where he will find about thirty of his fellows in a similar helpless plight. In this miniature Black Hole of Calcutta, the Hymenopter lays an egg and glues it carefully on the mass of ants. The larvæ involuntarily hatched feed on the ants and spin cocoons about their dead bodies.

Even if he escaped all these perils, the ant has still other dangers to avoid. The

torpor occasioned by nocturnal cold places him at the mercy of some ant-eating insects. It happens that the enemy is so nearly like its prey in color and form that it boldly enters the nests of ants and there conceals itself. Four-footed ant-eaters, woodpeckers, pheasants, and toads, add their wiles to those of the foes already mentioned. And yet despite the death that lurks everywhere in many guises, every ant-hill is aswarm with life.

#### NEW VARIETIES OF BUTTERFLIES

If De Vries had not supplied us with his "mutation theory" of the origin of species, the truly astonishing work of Professor Max Standfuss, a Swiss entomologist, in breeding butterflies and moths under artificial conditions would serve to give the Darwinian theory of the origin of species its quietus. Standfuss has at last given to the world the results of twenty-eight years' investigation. Roughly stated, that investigation has shown the possibility of creating new varieties of butterflies at will—to paint their wings with almost any desired color scheme. This reads more like a page from the Arabian Nights; and yet the method is so very simple that any one can repeat Standfuss's experiments in his own home.

What Standfuss has done is this: He has taken the cocoons of central European butterflies and bred them at various temperatures. When the temperature is very low, a butterfly emerges which is quite different in coloration from the species of central Europe and which is exactly like the varieties of that species found in cold climates. On the other hand, when the temperature is high, the same European cocoons produce varieties which are to be found in Sumatra, Ceylon, and other torrid regions. By varying his temperatures, Standfuss has succeeded in breeding butterflies which probably existed thousands of years ago and which are now extinct, as well as

butterflies which are without a counterpart on this earth and which would normally have made their appearance thousands of years hence.

Many species of butterflies are dimorphic—that is, they breed twice in a year, each brood wearing a dress different in color from that of the other. These very divergent forms are constant in nature, the one never transgresses on the other. Still, by breeding the cocoons at temperatures directly opposed to those which would naturally prevail, Standfuss has succeeded in producing the lighter colored form when the darker form was actually flying about in the fields.

The males of many species have been gorgeously painted by nature, while the corresponding females are unattractively dull. The difference in hue is fully as great as that which prevails between the plumages of a peacock and a peahen. By subjecting the cocoons containing females to high temperature, Standfuss has bred specimens that bear all the colors of the males. Cold, on the other hand, produced males clad in the modest dress of females.

Are these new varieties permanent? To answer that question Standfuss conducted an elaborate propagating experiment in a specially constructed enclosed flower-garden, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the offspring of the new varieties inherited the hues of their parents. Unfortunately, disease carried off many of the specimens; rapacious spiders, too, wrought havoc among them. Still, the attempt was not unsuccessful. Although the few butterflies that did live and breed produced the normal varieties, one butterfly was obtained that did inherit the characteristics of its abnormal mother. This single success is in itself sufficient to prove the possibility of creating permanent new species in a way that is vastly different from the method supposed by Darwin.

Standfuss's work has been painstakingly conducted and carefully verified by





WHERE MILK IS CONVERTED INTO POWDER

others. He employed in all something like fifty-four thousand cocoons of thirty species—a number sufficiently large for the most exacting unbeliever.

#### DRY MILK

Not so long ago I wandered into a chemical laboratory in the lower part of New York City. Heaped on a table, amid a bewildering array of test-tubes and reagent bottles, was a mound of coarse, yellowish powder.

"Do you know what this is?" asked the chemist.

I guessed at random, venturing grated cheese and corn-starch, as remotely possible answers.

"Taste it," said the chemist.

I tasted. The powder was agreeable, palatable, and strangely familiar.

"Do you know what it is now?"

I knew, and yet I could not answer.

"It's milk—dry milk."

And milk it proved to be. It seems that chemists have for many years endeavored to dry milk, partly to concentrate its nutrients, and partly for its better preservation. A well-known American physician and chemist, Dr. John A. Just, has solved that problem in a very simple and effective way.

In his process the milk is fed continuously between two cylinders, placed side by side, and slowly rotated in opposite directions—cylinders that are internally heated by steam above the boiling point of water. A certain amount of milk is constantly dancing on the hot cylinders. As it passes down, it wraps itself in a uniform film around each cylinder, and is rapidly evaporated. A scraper peels off the slightly moist milk in a long, snowy sheet that looks for all the world like some rare fabric. It may

be asked: Why isn't the milk scorched? For the same reason that a bubble of water will glide around on a hot stove like a drop of mercury without instantly vanishing. A cushion of steam is formed between the hot surface and the bubble (or the milk) which prevents its immediate dissipation.

The mound of powder in the laboratory weighed about ten pounds. To produce it forty quarts of milk had dripped between the hot cylinders. That means that a few pasteboard packages of powder are the equivalent of a dairy-canful of milk weighing eighty-five pounds. It means more. It means that the pasteboard packages can be sent anywhere and that their contents can be converted into good, wholesome milk with the addition of a little hot water. And it means that in powdered form milk can be shipped from Wisconsin to New York for less money than if it were sent in forty-quart cans to the city from a farm three hundred miles distant.

Dry milk has still other virtues. Skimmed milk and milk separated from the cream by centrifugal machines are not the best foods in the world, because they contain more water than the human body can absorb. And thus it happens that although the solids of separated milk

are three times as nutritious as an equal weight of prime beef, it is impossible to assimilate enough of them. If this milk be dried, it becomes available as food. One pound of skim-milk powder dissolved in water yields ten pounds of milk similar in composition to skimmed milk, but better because it is sweet, sterile, and wholesome. The process seems, therefore, to settle the skimmed milk question, which has been troubling legislators ever since machinery was introduced for centrifugally whirling the last vestige of cream out of milk and rendering it unfit for consumption by the poor.

### THE PRESSURE OF LIGHT

Light is the last thing in the world with which the idea of force would be associated; and yet that force has been detected and, what is more, actually measured. The stream of sunlight that floods the heavens each day exerts a pressure on the earth of some seventy-five thousand tons. That seems vastly more than it really is. It amounts only to about one-millionth of a grain to the square inch, or about a pound weight on an acre field.

The pressure of light would have been explained much more simply a century ago than it is to-day. Then the corpuscular theory held full sway—a theory that assumed light to consist of minute material particles shot out from the sun and the stars at a speed of 200,000 miles per second. Eighteenth-century physicists even constructed apparatus to measure the force of this infinitesimal hail-storm of luminous particles; but that apparatus, strangely enough, responded least when it was most sensitively constructed. Experimenters of that day had enormously exaggerated views of the magnitude of light pressure; and what effects they did obtain were due to air currents.

It was when Clerk-Maxwell, three decades ago, gave us our present electromagnetic theory of light that we began to realize that light must exert some pres-

sure. We know now that his electromagnetic waves are the same on a very small scale as those which play so prominent a part in wireless telegraphy.

It has been left for the English physicist, Professor Poynting, to show that a beam of light exerts a pull when it strikes a black surface. In every wave of light he finds there is a back pressure as well as an onward push. Although the sun's pressure is too small to exert any appreciable effect on the earth, there is a possibility that it plays a more important part elsewhere in the universe. The 75,000 tons of light weighing on the earth are as nothing compared with the tremendous pull of the sun. Professor Poynting has advanced the interesting view that if a planet while still radiating much energy on its own account, captures and attaches to itself, as a satellite, a cometary cloud of dust of different grades, it may be possible that in course of time the radiation-pressure effects will form the different grades into different rings surrounding the planet. Such may



A SHEET OF DRY MILK UNCURLING  
FROM THE HOT CYLINDER

be the origin of Saturn's rings. It is barely possible that the force of light, at last rendered amenable to laboratory measurement, may yet lead to the solution of some of astronomy's puzzles, and may even help us in measuring the variations in the sun's light and heat.

#### MUSIC AS AN ANÆSTHETIC

Chopin never suspected that when he composed his nocturnes and scherzos he had placed at the command of the physician fairly potent anæsthetics, any more than the great Julius Cæsar ever dreamed of stopping a bung-hole with his illustrious dust. And yet it has come to this. A German scientist, with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, basing his conclusions on a number of test cases, has given it as his opinion that music has a most beneficial effect in overcoming resistance on the part of the patient. To cap his work the St. Cecilia Guild of London has decided to institute a series of investigations to determine the influence of music on heart-action, blood pressure, and respiration; to train a corps of musical nurses who are to lull restive patients to sleep, and to establish a continuous concert in some central hall, from which the anæsthetic strains are to be telephonically transmitted to the bedside. Beethoven and Wagner will hereafter be "administered" in hospitals, and, perhaps, rob "painless" dentistry of much of its pain.

Of the psychological effect of music there can hardly be any doubt. The Spartans knew what they were about

when they sent Tyrtæus to sing his lyrics to footsore soldiers. The "Marseillaise" was like wine to the French revolutionists, and probably lifted many a head and straightened many a weary back on some of those terrible forced marches of Napoleon's. From all that has been written it may be gathered that music is to be considered like most drugs. Just as some patients cannot take quinin, while others respond to it immediately, so it is with music. Like each drug, each composition has its own peculiar effect. A brisk Chopin waltz might act as a splendid stimulant; but it would not

answer as a narcotic. A nocturne would be sure to soothe.

More physicians than one have studied this question. Among them may be mentioned Dogiel, who found that music, according to its nature, will either increase or decrease blood pressure to an extent governed by the character of the composition and the personal susceptibility of



ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS (MAGNIFIED)

Produced in the Electric Furnace

the subject. The pulse-rate, too, is retarded or accelerated under the same conditions, and the breathing is modified in direct proportion to the pulse-rate. Why this should be so Dr. T. Leonard Corning has endeavored to ascertain, with what success only psychologists and physicians can tell. This much may be gathered from his investigations: Certain mental conditions are invariably benefited by certain harmonies, and fatigue, both mental and physical, is banished. The music which is served to us in restaurants with soups, roasts, and salads, is actually an aid to the complex processes of digestion. Its French name,

"liver music," is, therefore, singularly apt and not merely a bit of Gallic cleverness. Musicians and composers, at this rate, may some day rival chemists and pharmacists in the production of pain-allaying compositions. And the tireless, piano-playing fourteen-year-old girl may become a blessing in the land.

### ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS

With the invention of the electric furnace and the rapid strides which have been made by electro-chemistry as a result, we find the modern physicist emulating the medieval alchemist. But instead of pursuing the old chemical will-o'-the-wisp of the transmutation of base metals into gold, he concerns himself with the production of diamonds artificially. His object is not so much to outdo the Kimberley mines and to glut the markets of the world with cheap gems, as simply to find out just how the diamond was produced by nature—why it is that it is of the same composition as coal, graphite and lampblack, and yet so utterly different. The first diamonds produced by the electric furnace were made by Professor Henri Moissan. The gems which he obtained were real enough, but they were so small that they could be seen only under a magnifying-glass. An American electrical engineer, H. W. Fisher, has recently repeated Moissan's experiments with improved apparatus and obtained

diamonds which are slightly larger, but still too small for the jeweler's use.

The chief difficulty encountered in producing diamonds artificially is the generation of a sufficiently intense heat and pressure. Mr. Fisher uses graphite crucibles, filled with iron and carbon, embedded in cracked coke and placed between the carbon points of an electric furnace. When the current is turned on, the temperature rapidly rises to 5,000 degrees and sometimes reaches 7,000. The effect of this terrific heat is to melt the iron and to cause it to absorb the carbon. In order to obtain the enormous pressure which is necessary to convert the carbon into a diamond, the crucible, just when the highest temperature is reached, is dropped through a trap-door into a tub of cold water. As a result the water boils violently for a long time; and the sudden contraction of the crucible and its contents exerts the internal pressure which is needed.

A diamond was recently found at Kimberley weighing twenty-eight and one-half carats, the appearance of which, coupled with a careful chemical analysis, showed that it must have been formed by pressure without the application of heat. The next step which the physicist must, therefore, take, is to produce the gems in his laboratory without the aid of the terrific heat generated by the electric furnace. Mr. Fisher is now at work on an investigation of this kind.

### LOYALTY

My mind, long vassal to imagined good,  
 Had cast allegiance off—but seeing you,  
 And knowing all its imagery come true,  
 Can choose no other master, if it would.

# SUMMER LIGHTNING

BY ALICE DUER MILLER

Horace had specifically warned me against them. To the kindness of putting me up at the clubs and introducing me to the important men of his native city he added this final favor. It was not, however, until I asked about the woman who was cousin to both of us, who, some years before, had inspired the hopeless yet satisfactory passion that a woman of twenty affords to schoolboys, that my attention was attracted by his deliberate:

"Oh, Helen—I don't think I'd see too much of Helen, if I were you," he went on; "she is very much changed, and her friends—I should be sorry to see you identified with that gang—men who seem to think it is tremendously clever to split a hair, but as for turning a dollar, that appears to be gross."

"Only men?" I asked, for this sounded like the same old Helen.

"They call themselves men. I have no patience with them, and Helen seems to think it the greatest privilege of her life to give them five o'clock tea—the solidest meal they get, I dare say, poor beggars." Horace's pity did not lean toward friendliness.

"Let us be clear," I said, "is our cousin the center of a salon or a soup-kitchen?"

"You may well ask," he returned, "the latter, you would say, if you could see them—a crowd of struggling, unsuccessful young men. But to hear them talk you would suppose that they had invented the art of conversation, and discovered the study of human nature. I must say I had more patience with Helen when I thought it was all a series of old-fashioned flirtations, but they

won't have that at all. These meetings are in the name of friendship, my dear William—and they can't even be loyal to each other. They are quite as sharp tongued about each other as about any one else, and that is saying a good deal. They welcome you warmly, just because it is going to be such a treat to analyze you the moment your back is turned. You have not shut the front door behind you before you are on the dissecting table." (Metaphor did not daunt Horace.) "I don't know how you feel, but I own I don't particularly enjoy acting as a peg to hang their good things upon. I'll give you an example. Oh, I shan't probably get the particularly knowing twist of the epigram as they did. I'm not thin-skinned, but when it comes to having it said in your own cousin's house that you are as good as Wheatley's Food, indispensable to the young, innocuous to the old, and soothing to any age!"

"It is not very side-splitting, is it?" I answered, though I was not unaware of a certain appositeness, which any one who knew both Horace and the advertisement parodied could hardly miss.

"Oh, they don't want to make you laugh; laughing is obvious, laughing is healthy; they only want to do little clever stunts with words. And the funny part of it is that with all their acuteness they do not seem to realize that they are failures—all of them: a novelist whose books aren't read; a publisher who says openly he would be ashamed to have anything he published sell 100,000 copies—it would prove its inferiority, you understand, if the public liked it; and a critic—why, they tell me the managers actually *ask* Trixton to cut up their

plays! A slasher from him is a sure sign of a popular success."

"And Helen, is she a failure, too?"

I saw Horace hesitate as Helen's tall, handsome person rose before his mind's eye, but he eluded praising her with some art.

"I don't call an unmarried woman of twenty-nine a conspicuous success," he said, "especially as now it will have to be one of these fellows; she does not allow any one else to speak to her."

It is hardly necessary to say that just out of college, believing myself particularly at home in the region of analysis, philosophy, the keen distinction, the fine shade, the neat generalization, I found myself in Helen's drawing-room the next afternoon.

She sprang up from behind the tea-table, a dark coated figure on either side. "Billy," she cried, and without finesse, kissed me. "I told you he'd come," she flung out to the others. "They said you would not; they said Horace would not let you, that he would abuse me——"

"I said," a gentle voice corrected, "that he would warn him."

"Did he?" asked Helen directly, with a chuckle of childlike enjoyment.

"He spoke of you," said I, "in terms that brought me here to-day instead of next week."

To my surprise a round of quiet applause, a tapping of feet and cries of "excellent, excellent," greeted this speech.

"That was rather neat, wasn't it?" said Helen, beaming upon me. "Oh, Billy, it is such a comfort that all one's relatives are not fools. And so Horace would not let you come unwarned into our camp. Tell us what he said, there's a dear."

"Why make him tell?" said one of the men; "we know so exactly. Horace thinks us a vicious circle. He thinks it is as indecent to unveil a motive as to——"

"He thinks it is as dandified to hesitate for a word as over one's cravat."

They all took it up. "He thinks

Ibsen is immoral, and loves a leg show."

"He thinks mind and heart are like the little man and woman on a barometer—when one comes out the other has to go in."

"Look out, Helen. He thinks an epigram a direct attack on the ten commandments."

"He is a partisan of the commonplace, and feels that criticism of things as they are is criticism of him."

"So it is. Our mere existence is a criticism of his. The man who on opening an evening paper doesn't turn first to the stock quotations is a man Horace feels justified in ignoring; not to be able to make money is pitiable, not to want to make it is contemptible."

"And not to have it is damnable," said Cassert suddenly.

I remembered to have seen his imprint on a few precious volumes. From the first I liked him better than the temperate Trixton, a slim young New Englander who would keep on looking like a boy for some forty years when he would begin to look like a baby. One felt that he had so determinedly set himself to the task of critical observation, that now almost all life passed him by, in passing before the field of his gold-rimmed spectacles. But Cassert was different—a light, compactly built man, quick of gesture and glance, and slow only in the low, sweet drawl of his voice. One could imagine both Helen and Trixton throwing over any of their ingenious theories when called upon to act, admitting lightly that they were only amateurs. But with Cassert thought and action were one. He was in the arena fighting—with quixotic weapons perhaps, but fighting—man enough to love the conflict, man enough, too, I soon began to suspect, to love my cousin Helen.

At his last exclamation a clamor arose.

"Damnable not to have it?" said Helen. "This from you! Are we falling to pieces? I thought on that subject we were perfectly agreed—agreed that

we were all examples of those who could get on without it. If you feel money is so necessary, why are you not publishing popular successes?—'A Hundred and One Ways to be a Sunbeam'?"

"Because, very simply, I don't want to. To want to succeed one's own way is not the same thing as scorning success. Patent medicines are paying, and yet I don't see my way to taking them up. I can't see that there is any necessary division between idealism and business—rather the other way; and so, you see, I go on publishing Craig's books, believing that some day the public will understand. Where is Craig, by the way?"

A quick irradiation took place in Helen's countenance which the word smile would undervalue as much as the word grin would insult. "He is studying copy," she answered.

"Conscientious artist," murmured Trixton, and then turning to me explained: "You may have heard Craig accused of inability to draw any feminine type but the intellectual—your cousin—some people have said; so we have been at some pains to bring the exact opposite to his attention and, after diligent search, an excellent example has been secured. We hope to point triumphantly to her lovely, vacant little face on every page of his next book."

"And her ungrammatical, vacant little sentences," my cousin added.

"We have been particularly fortunate," Trixton continued, "in the discovery of a specimen in whom the processes of conscious thought are almost totally unknown."

"And yet," observed Cassert continuing the tone, "does the theory of inherited instinct entirely account for her clothes? Is not thought, even genius, displayed in her wonderful and complete dressing?"

"Complete?" This, mildly, from Helen. "I should say elaborate, certainly not complete. Think of her shoulders."

"Fortunately one does not have to

*think*. Hope, in the words of the hymn, is merged in sight," returned Cassert.

As they tossed the unfortunate lady's attributes from one to the other with an enjoyment which Horace would have called spiteful, but which I recognized as simple delight in their own powers, I was not unaware of the idea that even were she as they described she might well furnish Craig with something more emotional than copy.

Craig, whom I met on a subsequent occasion, bore more of the outward tokens of genius than the others—a large, serious man, who seemed to have floated miles from the conversation, until he suddenly twinkled down upon you with a ray of pure wit; and even as you answered him, not perhaps ineptly, you saw that he had again drifted away into the empyrean. He had accepted his own absent-mindedness with such completeness that he insisted on its compensations as well as its disadvantages. He never disturbed his train of thought in order to utter conventional greetings, any more than he broke up the habitual calm of his expression, to encourage your conversation, with any sign of interest or amusement. He was a kind man—a man one might truthfully describe with all the Christian virtues, if only one did not forget to add that they must be called to his attention before he could practise them; the truest of friends, if only he could be brought to know you by sight; the most interested of listeners, if once you could persuade him that your words were addressed to him. These weaknesses gave the others an excuse to guard and cosset him to their hearts' content, and I soon found myself falling into the same attitude.

I was now constantly with them, and in spite of Horace, was very proud of being thought an addition to their company. To be just, Horace behaved nobly; refraining from all further comment, and even going so far as once again to visit Helen, largely, I am sure, in order to discover how dangerous was the

infection to which I had exposed myself. I gathered that the interview had not been entirely agreeable, though Helen would give me no satisfactory account of it. She confided to me only—with an irritation that she attempted to present as amusement—that he had informed her that Craig's engagement was rumored.

"Of course he can't imagine a man and woman seeing each other unless—. Really, Horace's idea of the relation of the sexes—I don't mind its being low, but it's so unimaginative. I wonder what he thinks about Trixie and Peter coming here so much? He looks upon it as a long, dreary flirtation I suppose."

I did not tell her how correct her notion was, nor did I say that rumors of Craig's engagement had reached me also; and she continued to repeat this fresh example of Horace's obtuseness.

I was not there when she learned her mistake from Craig's own lips, and I do not know how, in so trying a crisis, the three acquitted themselves. They were still crushed when I visited Helen a few days later. It was, I think, the only time I ever entered on perfect silence. Trixton and Helen, in widely separate corners of the room, seemed sunk in thoughts that could not be shared, while Cassert, on the hearth-rug, was thumbing over some small change and a latch-key, as if this slight occupation was his only protection against the universal trance.

I felt for them. Not only was their united future wiped out; not only was their present odious to them, but their past was taken away. Their teachings, their peculiar atmosphere, their society—which they themselves valued so highly—could never, plainly, have been rightly valued by a man who chose a life companion thus. They had said lightly that their existence was a criticism of Horace; Craig's engagement was an absolute insult to all that they prided themselves upon. They affected

from time to time a far-seeing pity for "poor Craig," but their real pity was for themselves, indescribably wounded and cheapened in their own eyes.

They seemed to find some solace in the thought that the catastrophe was their own fault, the result of their own mistaken machinations, as if this notion was the only bond that could now unite them to him. They said that he had hardly been a free agent; and they reproached themselves for having failed to allow for his habitual inattention. "He is probably at this minute quite unaware that matrimony is upon him," they said.

Presently they fell to imagining a meeting with his bride, and debated how they might reduce their conversation to the sort of predigested state that she would be likely to understand. At last they agreed that, in spite of old friendship, Craig would hardly be likely to force her into surroundings so little her own.

"After all," said Helen, "we must remember that he understands the situation just as well as we do. You'll see he won't bring her here. We shall all go to see her, of course—separately; but to have her here where the air is still vibrating with some of Craig's own wonderful thoughts—it would be too discordant." And not five minutes later, as if to insult still further her knowledge of her friend, Craig entered with his beautiful Marie beside him.

So beautiful and elegant was she that I, for my part, felt at once that it would have been the sheerest extravagance on the part of nature to have endowed her with a mind. Undeniably the extravagance had not been committed. To an absence of all power of expression she seemed to join most happily a lack of anything special to express. And yet the instant she entered the room she most glaringly outshone us all by her perfect, superficial expertness—the way she sat and moved and took her cup of tea. Helen, we all believed, could create and maneuver a salon with consummate



power, but she required some such background in order to shine. If there was nothing to utter but the obvious she preferred to be silent. She flashed an occasional sentence upon you which you longed to note upon the convenient cuff; in the interval she said nothing.

But the lovely Marie shone with a faint, continuous light. She drew your attention when she refused cream, and gave you a sense of pleasant intimacy over the fact that she took three lumps of sugar. She was, beside, appreciative, or else so versed in the human countenance that she knew exactly when to smile. Her smile was extraordinarily sweet.

I drew a breath of relief when I began to understand that she had a wonderfully clear idea of what they stood for—what they supposed themselves to be. They were evidently soothed to think that this much importance at least Craig had attached to their friendship—he had been at some pains to transmit them accurately. I own I was disappointed to discover afterward that it was from Horace rather than from Craig that she had obtained the impression that she so skilfully managed to betray.

On the whole the interview went well; and when the fiancés had gone, Helen and Cassert were distinctly better able to contemplate the idea of the marriage. Trixton alone (who it appeared had been the first of them to visit her) remained sunk in gloom.

At length in response to a remark of Helen's, almost cheerful in tone, he lifted his head to say:

"You two don't know the worst yet."

"The worst," said Helen, "what could be worse?"

"That is it. Think what could make it worse, and you'll know."

"She can't understand his books," said Cassert.

"She has written one herself," Trixton retorted, and, after an instant, wailed, "and some day I shall have to tell her what I think of it."

"What is that! Man alive, I've got

to publish it! Do you realize that?" cried Cassert.

"That you shall not," said Helen. "I won't permit it! You have not sacrificed everything to keep your standards up in order to publish that little—that little—" For the first time in my acquaintance with her, Helen's vocabulary failed her.

"I must if Craig wants me to. Perhaps it is not so—" Cassert's voice died away on the hope, and Trixton answered him:

"It is. I've seen it."

"And it is——?"

"In it is everything that the poor little creature has ever envied run riot. It is all perfumes, rare rugs and adjectives."

"O Craig, my poor Craig!" Cassert groaned.

"Craig does not know about it yet. It is to be a surprise to him. By Heaven, it will be!"

"And the plot, Trixie," Helen asked breathlessly, "is there any?"

"Any! half a dozen! A plot a paragraph—an incident for every page. Why the price of the heroine's pearls is a climax in itself."

Cassert sighed heavily, but Helen rose, clapping her hands together.

"You shall not do it, Peter," she said, with more emotion than I had so far seen her display. "I care for your reputation even if you don't, and you shall not publish trash while I live to prevent it."

Cassert, evidently liking her violence in his cause, was yet firm.

"I shall publish it and push it," he said; "and Trixie for the first time in his life will be undilutely flattering, and you will talk it up to your friends. If we don't stand by Craig in a thing like this, what are we good for? As for my reputation it exists almost entirely in our imagination. Nine people out of ten respect anything in print—at least they respect any one who can get things printed. Her friends will say it is the influence of a literary circle that has led her to produce."

"But that is just it," said Helen; "can't you see that for you to publish such a book would be a hoax on the public? Your name and Craig's will make people think it important. It would be dishonest, Peter. No one would ever again read anything you publish."

"So few ever have," returned Cassert.

"I tell you one thing," said Trixton, suddenly emerging from the depression in which he had been plunged, "if you are really thinking of publishing the book you will be glad to know that there is one good thing about it—the title is capital. I suggested it to her. 'Summer Lightning.' Rather distinguished, isn't it?"

I saw Cassert and Helen exchange a glance in an effort to fathom the other's opinion.

"It does not seem to mean very much," said Helen.

"It means absolutely nothing," Trixton answered, "but then neither does the book."

"We could get a flaming cover for it," said Cassert determined to look on the bright side.

"I won't let you do it, you know," said Helen.

But she knew that she could not prevent him, and for the next few months "Summer Lightning" was never long out of our minds.

Craig, when the surprise was revealed to him, observed hesitatingly to Cassert that he was afraid it was hardly the kind of book that the firm had been in the habit of publishing, but was so childishly pleased at his friend's determination that even Helen was forced to admit that he had been right to pursue the matter with such persistency.

They made up for this public loyalty by the utmost malice when they were alone. Cassert and Helen had apparently committed all the more utterly fatuous parts to memory, and would insist on playing whole scenes from the book, with appropriate gestures and action;

sometimes, in less ambitious moments, contenting themselves with the rendering of a single phrase, as "Is it, she queried, with gay interrogation."

But perhaps the severest test of their allegiance were the reviews and verbal criticisms which greeted the book's appearance—for they were almost all laudatory. Such praise, even when it stopped at that, was a severe comment on everything they had ever aimed at or admired; and only too often their friends, at this first symptom of a change of heart, took the opportunity to express themselves on former errors. Even Horace, eager to give the devil his due, wrote to Helen as soon as he had read the book, which he described as refreshingly bright and wholesome. "I am so glad," he added, "that your friend Cassert has outgrown his taste for the sort of book that he used to publish."

Many times in those days I had occasion to watch their various manners under congratulation. Cassert, having decided to lie, lied magnificently. Standing with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side he would say temperately: "Why, yes, thank you, it is a great success. We think very highly of it in the office. Not our usual type perhaps, but we could not let it slip through our fingers on that account."

Helen was less successful: "Oh, Marie Craig's book?" she would say with a rather pinched smile. "Nice that you like it, I'm sure."

Trixton, in the meantime, had martyred himself in one preposterous review, in which he claimed for the book every virtue in which it was most conspicuously lacking—running wild in comparisons that ranged from Balzac to Fielding and back again. This outrageous course he made no attempt to defend. "There is no use in telling them the only thing you could say with truth—that it is readable," he said. "The thing to make a book sell is to make them think they are getting great chunks of wisdom without the slightest effort." Having offered the

public sacrifice of signing his name to the article he refused to discuss it further with any one.

As for Craig, who after the publication of each of his own novels had suffered all things at the hands of reviewers, his first concern was to protect his wife from their injuries. He explained that, with the exception of Trixton, they none of them said anything, knew anything, or influenced anything; that he never looked at criticisms of his books and he begged her to follow his example. It was observed, however, that as soon as the laudatory tone of the notices was well established, he hung over them like the veriest amateur, preserved and boasted of them wherever he went. "Have you seen what *Observation* has to say about Marie's book this week?" he would say, two wistful fingers in his waistcoat pocket, ready at the least encouragement to produce the clipping. During the first month or two it was possible for Helen to smile chilly interest as long as the sales of the book did not reach three thousand—which was the figure Cassert had set as letting him out financially; but her attitude altered, perforce, as five thousand, twenty, fifty was reached and passed.

Things got to a point when Cassert merely took you aside and murmured the figures of the last report in your ear, turning away again in silent convulsions of merriment or joy. It was Cassert and Trixton, indeed, who held tenaciously to the real comedy of the situation, for Helen was soon so overjoyed at Cassert's success that she hardly had time to remember whence it had come. Not that Cassert himself was not frankly delighted at the sudden possession of a certain sum of money, which seemed to him the last touch on a good joke. He and the lovely Marie gave each other (and us) a succession of parties, one of the main features of which was the taking of Trixton to see plays on which he did not have to comment. They derived a simple amusement from these entertain-

ments of which Horace would have thought them incapable.

Then just as we had reached the point when we felt that the book could not give us any further sensation—for another thousand was no longer a surprise—we heard that Cassert had been approached on the subject of the dramatic rights. "Drama!" cried Trixton, "they're crazy! There is not a play in that book. There are the beginnings of a dozen, but not one whole one." But here, again, public opinion disagreed with him.

It was in the process of this transaction, which resulted most beneficently for him and Marie, that I first appreciated that business ability was not incompatible with intelligence even as abstract as Cassert's. The keen, quick mind he had brought to bear on any subject that Helen's drawing-room presented to his attention seemed to serve him equally well in this new field. With the simple egotism of youth, I derived, I remember, the greatest consolation from the thought—as if my own future were now assured.

After this the Craigs began talking about buying a house, and I wondered in what form Cassert would express his new opulence. It says something for the man's versatility that I had no idea: he might reinvest it in his business, or he might spend it all in one day on first editions. The worst of it was he was perfectly capable of saying nothing—unlike the Craigs, who were talking real estate with any one who would listen.

I was not, however, to remain eternally in ignorance. One afternoon, walking along an avenue of the town, I met Cassert and Helen. We met where another street ran in at an angle, and the triangle had been splendidly planted in tulips. What with the red and yellow flowers, and the elms, and the little brick houses, I was just thinking that spring in town could scarcely be better represented. The next instant my eye fell on the couple approaching me.

Whenever Cassert and Helen were

together one was sure to hear laughter. They understood the art of amusing each other to such perfection that a gesture, the mere meeting of their eyes, was often enough. But now they were talking gravely, until my approach seemed to break in on their mood. Helen stopped squarely before me, and resting both hands on the knob of her parasol said:

"Billy, what would be the most unlikely marriage in the world after Craig's?"

"Yours and Horace's," I answered, "or Trixton's and Marie Corelli's!"

"Mine and Peter's, you silly boy!" she returned. "Aren't you surprised?"

I was not happily so much surprised as to be unable to express the sincere pleasure I felt; and this done I allowed myself the small luxury of saying:

"There is one person who won't be surprised, and that is Horace."

"Oh, Horace!" exclaimed Helen. "Now isn't it annoying, Billy, when a person is so far wrong that he actually blunders round into being right?"

"Particularly," I responded gently, "when he does it twice."

"It comes from being absolutely ignorant," said she promptly.

"I am thinking," I answered, "what I shall say to him."

"You must not let him think it had anything to do with the finances of 'Summer Lightning.'"

"But why not?"

"Because it would be very bad for Horace to believe that there had been anything but pure friendship between Peter and myself. It is part of his education. Tell him—let me see—tell him that Peter is marrying me to avoid publishing my book. Seriously, Peter, I have thought of writing a book."

Peter enveloped us in his smile. "Trixie shall choose the title," he said.

"Oh, Trixie!" I answered gloomily.

"He and I will be the only ones left."

"You're all right, Billy dear," said Helen, "but poor Trix! No one would marry him—he is so critical."

I shook my head. "Perhaps you are right," I said, "I'll ask Horace."

## SPIRIT LONELINESS

EY ELLEN GLASGOW

I dwell apart among my kind,  
My soul has never found its speech;  
And to the self within myself  
No human voice can ever reach;  
The world is deaf, the world is blind,  
I dwell apart among my kind.

I stretch my hand to meet my friend  
And find a shadow in his place;  
We swear eternal faith to keep  
And stand two strangers face to face.  
But hopeful still till all hopes end  
I stretch my hand to meet my friend.

Lonely within the arms of love,  
I beat against the fleshly screen;  
With breast to breast and lips to lips  
The wall of silence lies between,  
Shall I then stand in heaven above  
Lonely within the arms of love?

# THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE ORIENT

BY HAROLD BOLCE

A yellow opportunity, rather than a yellow peril, confronts America. But just as awakened Asia presents to the United States the greatest commercial lure that has unrolled before any maritime power of modern times, the "open door" to the Celestial Empire threatens to shut in our face. China, protesting against our exclusion methods, has organized a boycott against our cargoes.

The emergence of Japan, its phenomenal triumphs on the Asiatic mainland and its portentous naval victory in the Korean straits, give new significance to the whole Mongolian movement. Japan's commercial future is in China. It is obvious to every alert Occidental trader in the Orient that the nation that secures the commerce of the China of tomorrow will be the dominant power of the Pacific.

Japan is not blind to its dazzling opportunity—an opportunity that America is permitting to pass by. Two-thirds of the population of the earth dwell in countries bordering the Pacific. These awakening millions are not naked aborigines. They wear clothes, they read books, and, combined, they already conduct a foreign commerce greater in volume than America's. Every year the countries of the Pacific buy increasing quantities of up-to-date manufactures. To-day this importation of finished products is no less than twice as great as our total exports of factory wares to the whole world.

To all the emerging republics, islands, and empires of the Pacific, we have been selling less than one-half of one per cent. of our factory output. And that pathetic proportion would be still more infinitesimal

but for orders that have come to us unsolicited. Wherever we have organized to get trade, we have secured it, but aside from these few brilliant successes there has been no serious effort to get Pacific commerce or to hold it after it has come our way. Even in the Philippines, whose tariffs we control, we have been ingloriously beaten. We supply our own Asiatic archipelago only seven per cent. of its imports of competitive goods, and most of the little trade we have is with Americans officially stationed or temporarily transplanted in those islands. The ninety-three per cent. taken by the Filipino people is supplied by our great trade competitors.

Yet we look forward with resolute optimism to an ultimate trade destiny of splendid proportions in the Orient. To that end, statesmanship has held open the trade gate to the East; and to reach that open door we are digging a waterway through the Western Hemisphere. In our plan of commercial dominion Manila is to be the American Hongkong. It was the subconscious thought of our possible trade invasion of the far East that added to the glory of Dewey's victory.

But while our patriotism has glorified our Oriental possibilities, our manufacturers have been too busy filling American orders to look beyond our shore-line. There has been no decrease of the virile American spirit that once sailed our packets to the ports of the world. We have simply found more profitable outlet for our energies in our home enterprises. The vastness of our undertakings may be grasped by keeping in mind that the capitalization of the

American Steel Trust alone exceeds the total revenue of the British Empire.

While we have been too prosperously occupied in America to crowd our cargoes into contested harbors abroad, the damaging fact that now obscures our relation to such issues as the Chinese boycott and the German tariff movement is that we have added to our self-satisfaction by imagining that our foreign trade was advancing with great strides. We have, for example, foolishly boasted of our shipments of food products, forgetting the startling economic fact that the world is constantly within one year of starvation and that our breadstuffs sell themselves.

We have, too, strangely gloried in the spectacle of our contribution of raw material to the factories of our competitors. Europe has taken our cotton, converted it into garments for many races, and grown rich on an international trade which we, of all nations, should dominate, as our plantations grow most of the cotton of the world. Our incredible optimism is made manifest by the fact that Europe exports to one republic, Argentina, more textiles, woven of our raw material, than we ourselves sell to all the nations of the earth. In fact, the one foreign market of any great value to us in the sale of textiles is China. But now China's awakening will either materialize or demolish utterly our whole dream of Oriental commerce. The present Mongolian menace is that we may be entirely barred from traffic with the yellow millions of Asia.

Hitherto the shiftings of empire and great trade movements, either in Europe or Asia, have not seriously concerned the United States. We have been busy with our own continental expansion. We have built up an internal commerce whose value is twice as great as that of all the imports into all nations combined. Now greater America, launching itself as a world power, and looking for foreign markets, is confronted by new problems. Sanguine economists and statesmen have

beguiled us with reassuring figures about our foreign trade. As a matter of fact, the bulk of our foreign commerce, thus far, has consisted of products which the purchasing nations were eager to secure. The trade thus created has indicated the alertness of other nations, rather than of our own.

Few, even of the most patriotic of Americans, fully grasp the greatness of the American market, and fewer still realize the paltriness of our foreign trade in finished products. It has long been the sanguine prediction that when we reached such a condition of overproduction that we should need foreign markets, the awakening Orient would afford us the desired outlet. The large promise in that direction has justified the policy of the open door. Yet, even if China offered a friendly hand in keeping that trade door open, America would have to crowd its way in against the competition of great nations thoroughly equipped for the contest.

Even before the present war with Russia, Japan had become a formidable rival in the trade conflict for the markets of Asia. In fact, it was selling more goods to China than we were, although the Celestial Empire was on terms of commercial friendliness with us.

Now a remarkable transformation has taken place in Asia, which may seriously affect the trade destinies of the American nation. At the significant moment of Japan's advance to the forefront of nations, commercial China, moving as one mighty, disciplined, industrial army, has declared a trade war upon the United States.

A sustained anti-American propaganda in the Chinese Empire has finally convinced the Mongolian leaders and masses that we have employed illegal methods in enforcing the exclusion act, that we have denied admission even to the exempt classes, and that, looking upon all Chinese arrivals as coolies, we have subjected eminent merchants and intelligent students to indignities, and, without war-

rant of law, shipped them back to China. Because, therefore, of the Chinese belief that race prejudice in the United States, crystallized into official action, has led us to violate the provisions of the law which we framed ourselves, a retaliatory movement has been directed against all American merchandise entering the Chinese Empire.

If all the other nations of the earth, combined, should enter into a coalition to bar American manufactures, such a world-wide movement would, in some respects, be less significant than this formidable boycott in China. An effective Chinese embargo upon our merchandise would almost annihilate our total export trade in cotton manufactures, as China now buys two-thirds of all the cotton goods we sell abroad. It is, however, our exclusion from the portentous China of to-morrow that calls for alert American statesmanship. If we fail to arrest this anti-American movement in Asia, all our pioneer diplomacy in keeping the door to the Orient open will be nullified, and Japan will complete the exploitation of the richest field now open to maritime nations.

Here is the greatest empire of Asia, with a population of nearly half a billion, preparing to shut out American cargoes. At the present rate of China's development, it is conservatively estimated that within twenty-five years it will have a foreign trade valued at \$2,000,000,000. Should the seven thousand miles of railway now projected become realities, and the great coal-beds and gold- and silver-mines be operated, and millions of agricultural acres be brought under up-to-date cultivation, China would probably become the greatest importer among nations. Exporters make it clear that if we lose China we lose the Orient. Japan is not our market, but our competitor.

Few Americans have even a vague conception of the far-reaching power of the business and handicraft organizations in China. If all the dominant trusts of the United States should form a secret

understanding with all the labor-unions in this country, such a coalition would suggest the strength of the confederated guilds, tongs, and compradores of China.

Americans who are giving practical study to international trade, are convinced that commercially the twentieth century fronts toward the Orient. If the United States expects to enjoy a great foreign commerce, and to exert influence as the traffic manager among nations, it cannot afford to let China become permanently estranged. Statesmen who have begun to study the record are greatly astonished to discover that, with the one exception of our shipments to the United Kingdom, our oversea exports of manufactures to all nations are insignificant. Preoccupied in footing up the totals of our incredible prosperity at home, Americans have not taken the time to examine the official record of our trade abroad.

To get an adequate idea of the importance of safeguarding to America the markets of China, it should be realized that we sell to the whole of the Old World only one and one-half per cent. of our factory output. This is not a debatable statement. The record is regularly published by the Government at Washington. But as the fact has never before been brought properly to the notice of the public, it comes as a startling admission, after so many jubilant speeches and magazine articles have recited our fancied trade conquest of distant countries.

At the beginning of the present century we proclaimed so persistently that we had begun a commercial invasion of Europe, that the Old World became alarmed, although there was little in the actual record of our traffic to warrant our jubilation or Europe's fear. A few picturesque cargoes, moving eastward across the Atlantic, excited us into imagining that we were taking commercial possession of the Old World. Shipments of sauerkraut to Germany, "Rhine" wine to France, and potatoes to Ireland,

APR 1911

appealed irresistibly to the American mind. Europe, too, began to write its business letters on American typewriters, and to put its money into American-made safes; but we failed to make mention that much of this European harvest of money was being gleaned from prolific South American and Asiatic fields that should have been won by the United States.

The delusion that we had inaugurated a movement which must ultimately lead to a commercial subjugation of Europe, became so fixed in the American mind that no one has taken occasion to examine the telltale returns. No attention has been paid to the fact that the gross value of our manufactures sold in Europe was never more than an infinitesimal proportion of our \$15,000,000,000 output, and to the still more significant record that, in spite of our flamboyant talk of our commercial invasion, there has been a total decline of nearly one hundred million dollars in the value of our manufactures sold in Europe since 1900.

Alert American exporters do not believe that our trade future is in Europe. Not only is Europe itself arrayed against us, but our own capitalists, in building American factories on European soil, have effectually checkmated our commercial expansion in the Old World which uncritical optimism has been so groundlessly proclaiming.

Our most progressive shippers have turned from Europe to the Orient. They are confident that China, under the inspiration and tutelage of Japan, is about to witness a great industrial metamorphosis. Europe wants raw material; awakened Asia will want vast quantities of finished products. We have failed to invade Europe with our competitive wares. And now, at this critical moment of Japan's dynamic advance as a militant power, we are confronted by a Mongolian movement which threatens our commerce with the Chinese Empire.

Although the anti-Chinese sentiment in America will doubtless refuse any

treaty concessions to China on the subject of exclusion of Chinese laborers, the one hopeful thing in the situation is that the present Mongolian boycott of our goods is a protest, not against the exclusion law itself, but against our methods of enforcing that law. American exporters engaged in far Eastern undertakings say that if the United States would order an inquiry into alleged cases of illegal deportation, and then set before the Chinese merchants and students official advertisement that the American Government guarantees hospitable and dignified admission to all members of the exempt class, the anti-American movement now gaining momentum throughout the Chinese Empire will come to an end, and friendliness be restored. Everywhere in the far East is heard the complaint that Chinese merchants and students, entitled under our law to land in America, have been subjected to humiliation and illegally shipped back to China. In the clubs and commercial houses of the treaty ports it is common talk that only accredited diplomats from China are certain of dignified treatment when they arrive at San Francisco, Portland, or Puget Sound. Even if there be no real foundation for the Chinese belief that we have dealt in discrimination and injustice in executing the exclusion law, the important fact remains that Chinamen of education and financial standing are circulating such statements and giving force to the anti-American movement.

What gives unique significance to the Chinese boycott is that it is not an issue that can be disposed of through negotiations with the Chinese Government. Frequently, when the repeal of an obnoxious law is desired in that empire, business houses, at the behest of guilds, will close their doors and keep them closed until the Government makes the desired concession. While our issue is with the business houses of China, and not the Government, American exporters are convinced that Chinese statesmen are behind the boycott.



All the new movements in China are national in their scope. Although China is popularly supposed to lack a national spirit of cohesion, its thoroughly organized system of guilds offers opportunity for statesmanship to work in secret, even more effectively than if the boycott had been declared as the result of a Government edict.

American traders point out that Chinese merchants are clear-headed and conservative, and that they would not, as a national body, take the extreme step of placing embargo upon all commerce issuing from America, unless they were assured of eminent official support in China. What adds to the menace of the movement is that it is organized in secret. Men of commerce in all parts of the world testify to the business straightforwardness of the Chinese. Although it is impossible for aliens to get at the motives of the Chinese secret organizations, the results of their edits are usually beneficial, and it is quite generally conceded that commercial China is controlled by stern ideals of honor.

Documents are now in circulation throughout China reciting in detail instances of our deportation of Chinese who claim to be merchants or students. From time to time American newspapers have published editorials condemning our exclusion methods. These have been translated into Chinese and are being distributed throughout that empire. It is now understood that an official effort on the part of the Chinese is being made in America to get complete data in regard to all alleged indignities to which the Chinese have been subjected in this country. Even if all the charges now in circulation among the Chinese, and the added indictment against us, which will doubtless result from their official inquiry, are misunderstandings on the part of the Chinese in regard to the operations of the law, the fact which we must face as a trading nation is, that these statements are accepted as true among the Chinese people, and are inspiring the

anti-American movement which now menaces our Oriental commerce.

In the present moment of China's movement against our trade, and Japan's rise as our formidable rival for the great commerce of the Pacific, a very significant fact is the strong anti-American feeling animating the several thousand Chinese students now in Japan and Europe. These young men, who are receiving modern education, are being prepared for official positions in China. They state that some of their colleagues attempted to reach American universities, but met with humiliating treatment at our ports, and were turned back. Some of these young men are the sons or relatives of mandarins or viceroys. Many of them are being educated at the expense of the Chinese Government. All China is under a system of civil service. At the last examination held throughout the Chinese Empire, questions dealing with international law, commerce, political economy, electricity, industry, and military matters were submitted. Of the 150,000 applicants, less than five per cent. succeeded in passing. The time when knowledge of the sayings of Confucius was sufficient to enable a student to obtain preferment has passed.

Chinese students in Tokyo called my attention to the fact that Japan's modernization has not been an impulse of the people. Seven or eight hundred officials of Japan decided to give their country railroads, telephones, and other modern equipment. The people gladly accepted, but as these Chinese students pointed out, Japan is still a hatless and barefoot nation. The multitudes are not ahead of the Chinese in matters of dress, and are not equal to the Chinese along lines of business. What the seven or eight hundred officials have done for Japan, the four thousand Chinese students who will, within a few years, assume the administration of China, will be able to do for the larger empire.

The deliberate plan of the Chinese Government is to adopt every Western

utility which will further the development of the empire. At the request of the Chinese Government, Sir Robert Hart has planned a fiscal system which will so increase the revenues of China that it will be able, within ten years, to equip itself with a first-class navy, to build arsenals and training-schools, to organize and perfect a great army along the best military lines of Europe, America, and Japan.

A Chinese student in the University of Tokyo made the remarkable statement to me that what America needed to do was to awake to the reality that China is awake. He said that this was the only empire that to-day, officially, has thousands of young men studying in foreign universities. Although the viceroys will not send these students to American universities, fearing indignity at our ports, and probable deportation, the one lesson that Chinese residents in the United States are learning is how to drill and shoot in military fashion. Under the direction of American experts, the Chinese reform party is perfecting several thousand of resident Mongolians in the arts of warfare. Our officers state that these Chinese recruits are unusually quick to learn, that they display cool courage, that they can shoot straight, and that they will obey orders with the precision of machinery. The plan is for these Chinamen to return to their country when they are fully equipped for military leadership. The empire is believed to be behind the movement. It is reported that this American training is a part of the far-reaching organization of the Chinese nation, and that the lieutenants and captains trained in the United States will assume important rôles in the mobilization of the new Chinese army.

It has hitherto been popularly believed that the reform movement was under official disfavor, and that it aimed at the overthrow of Manchu dynasty. There is now warrant for the conclusion that the Government at Peking is supporting

the reformers. A remarkable change has come over the spirit of the Dowager Empress. When she fled from the allied armies, she traveled in an ancient palanquin. Exasperated at her belated progress, she realized at last that China was behind the march of the nations. Upon her return to her capitol this remarkable woman jumped from the palanquin to an automobile. That was a leap of many centuries. The next move was to install telephones from the Dragon Throne to the chambers of her counselors. Since then every project aimed at reform has been given enthusiastic support.

These facts, taken in connection with the revelation that the modern army of China is to be under the direction of a central army board instead of being divided under the authority of the sixteen viceroys, convince many students of Chinese affairs that the reform movement in America, which is liberally supplied with funds and is drilling Chinese volunteer troops in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco and other places under instruction of American drillmasters, is sanctioned by the Government at Peking.

All this is not construed as an indication that the Mongolian millions are to repeat the Western crusades of their warlike ancestors. China's plan to arm itself is not for purposes of aggression. Intelligent Chinese leaders state that their people are familiar with Japan's long diplomatic struggle with Western powers before she was accorded the international rights which other countries enjoy. America once excluded the Japanese, and denied to the Japanese courts jurisdiction over Americans sojourning in that empire. Japan's protest, the Chinese point out, was unavailing until the Sunrise Kingdom could point to a thoroughly trained army and a modern navy. The Western nations did not then back down because they were afraid of Japan, but because Japan's military equipment was accepted as evidence of its right to fellowship among the Chris-

tian powers. The leaders of China say that their race was once devoted to war, that they fought their fight, established the confines of empire, and settled down to the art of peace.

They say that they were content to leave the arts of butchery to nations still inspired with the spirit of savagery. So diligent were they in commerce that all nations that established trade paths to the Orient grew rich. The Chinese now confess that in cultivating business and philosophy alone they have made a mistake, and that in order to be admitted into the fellowship of more bellicose powers they must revise their war spirit which they hoped they had put aside forever.

The important thing to the United States in China's deliberate intention to profit by the military campaigns of Japan in Asia, and to follow in the naval wake of Nippon, is that we are in danger, as has been pointed out, of exclusion from the traffic of China. One secret of our inattention to China's long protests against our exclusion methods is our habit of considering the Mongolian people as a race of the future, rather than of the present. It is of the utmost importance for us to realize that if the Chinese bar us from their markets we shall be kept from a country that is already a great trading nation. In one year China imports more manufactures than we sold to that empire in the past twelve. In fact, China, in one year, buys as great a volume of twentieth century factory articles as we sell to all continental Europe and Asia combined. While a China of railways and mines, navies, armies, and merchant ships, and the thousand other agencies of commerce and nationality, may transform the world's trade, the China even of to-day is an alert empire of business, buying more manufactures in one year, by forty million dollars' worth, than the United States sells to the United Kingdom, the best customer we have. If the United States Government can arrest the anti-American movement

in China a great and enduring service will be rendered our manufacturing and export interests.

A vast amount of misinformation is in circulation in regard to our export trade with China. With the exception of cotton cloths and mineral oil our exports to China, thus far, have been insignificant and were declining up to the outbreak of the present war. The paltriness of our miscellaneous trade with China may be gleaned from the statement that there are ships on the Pacific that carry cargoes on a single voyage exceeding in value that of all our manufactures, aside from cotton goods and kerosene, sold to China in a year. Although our general trade with China is paltry, it should be kept in mind that, with the exception of our shipments to Great Britain, our oversea exports of manufactures to all countries are insignificant. Small as our trade has been with China, Germany is the only country of continental Europe that buys a greater total of factory goods from us than the Celestial Empire does. While this does not show that China's purchases are on a magnificent scale, for they are not if the one item of cotton manufactures be excepted, it does demonstrate the paltriness of America's total oversea trade in finished products, and it brings out conspicuously the supreme importance of giving serious attention to the protest of an empire which is, next to Germany and England, the greatest market we have beyond our shores. China takes from us ten times as much as Austria-Hungary, more than twice as much as Belgium, ten times as much as Denmark, more than four times as much as Italy, six times as much as Sweden and Norway, and five times as much as Russia. In fact, despite the paltriness of our general trade with China, the total amounts to two-thirds as much as our exports of manufactures to the German Empire.

If, by some great cataclysm, continental Europe and the United Kingdom

should sink into the sea, we should be deprived of a market which takes, as has been pointed out, only one and one half per cent. of our product. But nearly fifty per cent. of even that small part of our output consists of copper products and mineral oil. The value of one day's internal commerce in the United States is so great that the total submergence of the Old World in the sea would lose us a market for general manufactures whose value would be less than that of the merchandise entering into two days of traffic in the United States. The disappearance of Europe, therefore, would be like the declaration of a two-day holiday in America.

That graphic truth, in connection with the revelation that our exports of finished products to Europe are declining, makes imperative the necessity of safeguarding the markets of a nation like China, where, under favorable conditions, our trade might indefinitely expand. Yet it cannot be too clearly kept in mind that that expansion, even in a friendly China, would not proceed in our favor without persistent effort on our part. If Russia should so improve its system of mineral oil deliveries that it could compete successfully with America, and if Japan should so develop its cotton manufactures, as it is rapidly doing, that it could supply China's entire demand, the residue of our total exports of manufactures to China would be too paltry for serious remuneration. It is the trade that we have not won—the Chinese traffic that is now controlled by our competitors—that calls for attention when we are menaced by exclusion from participation in the present commerce of that empire. We are now confronted, not only by Japan's rivalry, but also by the determination of China to array itself against us unless we amend our methods of applying the exclusion law. In many ways Japan is equipped to out-marshal us in the contest for the Chinese markets. The fact that Japan needs China's trade is important. The Sunrise Kingdom has no room for

internal expansion. On an arable area, less than one-third the size of the single State of Illinois, Japan has builded an empire of wealth and military strength. For these marvelous Mongolian peoples China affords the area of necessary continental proportions. The whole of the United States, including Alaska and our colonial islands, if set down in China would leave sufficient land uncovered to carve an empire several times the size of Japan. This great nation, if it succeeds in boycotting American goods, will be a ripe and easy harvest for our Asiatic competitor, Japan. Into the great field of the Celestial Empire, barred to us because of the Chinese protest against our exclusion methods, Japan, the new power of the Pacific, will enter with the counterpart of wares which America hitherto supplied. It must not be supposed that Japan is ill-equipped for the venture. Not until the wonderful revelations of her advance in military and naval methods was disclosed was the latent force of the marvelous island nation disclosed. Not only do the scientists and workmen of Japan excel in imitation, but they are the greatest improvers in the world; they have culled out the best ideas and discarded those that other nations have inherited as traditions. In original research and invention, also, they are coming to the front, especially in the lines of electrical development and the manufacture of machinery.

When the foreign correspondents were at last invited to visit the navy-yards and the gun-shops a state of things was discovered that was a revelation, not only to the public at large, but to national bureaus of information and to students of military and naval matters the world throughout. There is every reason to believe that no people understand the potent force that the Chinese are to become in the future so well as do the Japanese leaders in the field of political, military, and general advancement.



PLASTER REPLICA OF THE BUST OF JOHN PAUL JONES, BY HOUDON

# THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF JOHN PAUL JONES

BY JAMES BARNES

Owing to the discovery of the leaden coffin in the abandoned cemetery of St. Louis in Paris, the coffin that General Porter, our Ambassador to France, and Doctors Capitan and Papillaut, professors of the School of Anthropology, are certain contains the body of John Paul Jones, it is timely, perhaps, to give some idea of the personal appearance of the man.

No one who ever had a claim on public interest has been so well portrayed in sketch, engraving and unconscious caricature. Upward of fifty-seven alleged portraits of Paul Jones, varying from the crudest chap-book illustrations to the most beautiful line-engravings, mezzotints and etchings, are known to exist. Some are evidently the creations of vivid imaginations, others must convey correctly his lineaments and indicate in a measure his character. Those that are most authentic bear a close resemblance to the Houdon bust for which Jones sat when in Paris, shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. No doubt the bust itself may have been the origin of some of the best likenesses—its influence is plainly evident in not a few, and Houdon,

the greatest sculptor of his time, never excelled this bit of workmanship.\* The character and the individuality of the commander of the *Bon Homme Richard*

are portrayed in so wonderful and lifelike a manner that, as we study it, we feel a sense of personal contact with him. Here is the greatest fighting face that has ever been perpetuated in marble, bronze, or clay. Yet the determined, bulldog expression is relieved by the suggestion of strong mentality and humor, and, strange to say, the



MEDAL BY DUPRÉ, ORDERED BY  
CONGRESS IN 1789

features have, when taken as a whole, an effect of grace and beauty, and more—they have the charm of a remarkable personality. Even some of the lesser traits of the fighting commodore are hinted at in this strong mobile face. The healthy exuberance of his adventurous disposition, the calm decision and purpose and yet the appreciation of the good things of life, stand out quite plainly; and as we become better acquainted with the features, as Houdon has here portrayed them, we begin to understand some of the many sides that

\* The illustrations to this article are taken from the collection of John S. Barnes, Esq., of New York.



LITHOGRAPH PORTRAIT

Probably made from the bust. Artist unknown

Paul Jones showed at all periods of his strange career. As certainly as he was one of the greatest fighters of all time, he was certainly one of the greatest of adventurers—an adventurer in more fields than one, not only upon the open sea and in King George's private Channel, but in the field of diplomacy and literature and love.

With the exception, perhaps, of Washington, no man ever left behind him so much of himself in his own handwriting as did Jones. His journals and log-books, notes and comments and letters innumerable exist in the archives at Washington, and are in the possession of many private collectors. They run the gamut of the literary scale. Concise statement of plain fact, clever, diplomatic argument and stilted and vainglorious compositions, attempts at verse, amusing anecdotes, billet-doux, and love letters (some once containing locks of his hair—and he must have given away enough of the latter at times to have made a fair-sized bag-wig), but one and all they supplement the individuality of the man as here shown to us by Houdon.

This history of the particular bust from which the replica was made that is pictured in this article, is unknown. The original was found among some odds and ends of casts in the cellar of the old Academy of Design on Twenty-third Street, New York; where it came from there is no record, but it is beyond a doubt one of those sent by Jones to America to be distributed among friends in the year 1787. He wrote two letters, while Admiral in the Russian navy, that throw much light upon the origin and disposal of these busts. The first of these epistles was to Thomas Jefferson, dated September 9th, on board the Flag-ship Wladimir, before Oczacoff. The second, to which he refers in the



ENGRAVING

Proof before letter, made about 1780



**FULL-FACE VIEW OF BUST OF JONES, BY HOUDON**





*Paul Jones*

ENGRAVING TAKEN FROM THE PEALE  
PORTRAIT OF JONES

first, is dated six days later from the  
same place. The letter to Mr. Jefferson



RARE PRINT OF PAUL JONES FROM AN  
ENGLISH PAMPHLET

begins as follows: "Sir: Some of my friends in America did me the honor to ask for my bust. I enclose the names of eight gentlemen to each of whom I promised to send one. You will oblige me by desiring Mr. Houdon to have them prepared and packed up, two and two; and if Mr. Short, to whom I present my respects, will take the trouble



SKETCH OF PAUL JONES BY UNKNOWN  
ARTIST, AT THE THEATER IN AMSTER-  
DAM, IN OCTOBER, 1779

to forward them by good opportunities, via Havre de Grace, writing at the same time a few words to each of these gentlemen, I shall esteem it a particular favor."

In the letter to Mr. Short at Paris, dated September 15th, Jones begs the latter to see that the busts now in preparation by (Jean Antoine) Houdon



ENGRAVING OF PAUL JONES BY PARADISE, AT THE TIME HE WAS REAR-ADMIRAL IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY

be forwarded to the following persons:

(Major-) Gen. (Arthur) St. Clair, John (?) Ross, John Jay, (Brig.-Gen.) (William) Irvine, (Charles) Thomson, "Col." (Jeremiah) (?) Wadsworth, J(ames) Maddison (Madison), and "Col." (Edward) Carrington.

One of the two known surviving originals in this country is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It has been painted a dark color and is the one originally presented to Brigadier-General Irvine; like the one found in the Academy of Design, it is of terra-cotta. Perhaps some of the others may be in existence elsewhere in this country, their whereabouts unknown.

Paul Jones stood five feet seven. He was lightly but compactly built, of a very vigorous and athletic frame and quick in his motions as

a boxer. Despite his life at the French and Russian courts, and his adventures in the lists of gallantry, the sailor always remained uppermost in him, and on the quarter-deck his early training as a topman and practical jack-tar governed his actions, and eked out his abilities as a commander.

About no single action at sea has there ever been so much written by personal eye-witnesses as of that memorable fight off Flamborough Head on the 23rd of September, 1777, between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*, and every chronicler of that great day has given us a pen-picture of this man who knew no fear. His doings and his slightest sayings have been recorded; garbled accounts, of course, appeared, and were rife in contemporaneous print. Deliberate misstatements were made in the hostile British press and in the scurrilous chap-books, but looking back from this



WELL-KNOWN MEZZOTINT OF JONES, SHOWING RESEMBLANCE TO BUST

distance, it is easy to separate fact from rumor—to disprove some statements and to prove many more.

In that fascinating life of John Paul Jones by Augustus C. Buell, in which he has erroneously called Jones "the founder of the American Navy" (that honor certainly belonging to Commodore John Barry), we read the best descriptions of him culled from authentic writings.

Mr. Buell undoubtedly made a demigod of Jones, and looked at him through the same glasses, as a biographer, that Abbott must have used when he wrote his life of Napoleon; indeed much of the book is in the line of a defense.

Paul Jones was certainly not a demigod. He was one of the most human of all men, and subject to the weaknesses of human flesh. The most mysterious thing about him, perhaps, is where he received his education. The son of a Scotch gardener, he had few opportuni-

ties for early schooling and his youth was passed on ship-board; but, nevertheless, he shows that he possessed tact and at times refinement and a knowledge of the world and of the unwritten rules that governed the conduct of men of birth and station. Very often, too, he displayed an unexpected judgment and wisdom not usual in a man who had been graduated from the fore-castle of a coaster to the command of a slaver and stepped thence to the quarter-deck of a ship-of-war. Courtesy and kindness and a generous disposition mingled with his sometimes irascible nature and overbearing disposition. He was reckless to a degree in some things, and overcareful in others; one day a sloven and the next a dandy; one month a glorious spendthrift, and the next a creditor-dodging semi-bankrupt; a pet of court ladies and titled personages on land, and a mixture of martinet and rip-roaring "fo'c'sle Jack" at sea. His portraits show him in many guises and many poses, for, like all true adventurers, there was something of the histrionic in his cosmos; it came natural to him to act the part he was playing to the last line. We get a few glimpses of him in his various attitudes of mind and personal appearance that are most alluring.

The common sailor in him caused him to take upon himself duties that no quarter-deck-bred officer ever took upon himself before. Let us quote from the rare pamphlet—the memoirs of Pierre Gerard, a young French sailor from l'Orient, who was enlisted among the marines on board the *Bon Homme Richard*. He speaks of the height of the engagement thus.

"Commodore Jones sprang among the shaking



PRINT PUBLISHED IN PARIS

Designed by Notté. Engraved by Guttenberg about 1780

marines on the quarter-deck like a tiger among calves (*en tigre parmi des vaux*). They responded instantly to him. The indomitable spirit, the bravery without end of the Commodore, penetrated every soul, and every one who saw his example, or heard his voice, became as much a hero as himself.

"At that moment the fate of the combat was decided. Every man whose wounds permitted him to stand up pressed forward to the front of danger, and the Commodore had but to look at a man to make him brave. Such was the influence of one soul that knew the meaning of no other word than conquest!

"When the ships ranged alongside, close aboard, the Commodore watched until he saw that the fluke of the enemy's anchor would hook in our mizzen foot-shrouds, close to the channels. They soon engaged, and before the way could be stopped, the anchor fluke of the enemy had ripped through two of the foot stays and strained heavily at the third.

But this one did not give way, and the Commodore, calling on me to follow and pass lashings, leaped through the quarter-deck port into the channels, and quickly made the fluke of the anchor fast to our stays, passing the line clear around the latter and doubling it again over the fluke, so that when the ships tended they would not drift clear. . . . The lashings and foot stays showed by their slack that they would hold. When the Commodore saw this, he hove the slack of the lashings inboard through the quarter-deck port and exclaimed: '*Ah, Pierre,*



RARE DUTCH PRINT

Published in Amsterdam in 1780, showing resemblance in uniform to that of bust

*mon brave*, all is well; at last I have him — "*sacre nom de Dieu*," he can't escape me now!"

In quoting this, Gerard naively comments: "These words I thought remarkable because the Commodore was not given to the use of rude phrases, but it was a moment of much excitement."

Further on, he records that famous speech that will always be remembered and that is backed up in its authenticity by the testimony of many others who heard it.



"Having been taught to regard Captain Jones as a rough, desperate renegade, if not a pirate, I was amazed to meet a most courteous, graceful gentleman, of slight build, and rather delicate not to say effeminate cast of features, faultlessly dressed, exquisitely polite, altogether handsome, and speaking French fluently, though with indifferent accent, and many lapses of grammar. However, his French was better than that of most English persons of quality, who pretended to speak the language in the drawing-rooms of London. For some reason he was quite attentive to me and we danced twice."

The writer of the letters went on to say that they avoided political subjects in their conversation, but that Jones took occasion to explain the taking of the Earl of Selkirk's plate while on the cruise in the *Ranger*; he stated incidentally that while he might be at war with her countrymen as a nation, he could never be anything but at peace with the fair sex. "Altogether," writes Miss Edes-Herbert, "I was quite charmed with him. He was quite impartial in his attentions to the ladies. However, his preference for her ladyship, our gracious hostess, could not be quite hid—it was not even partly veiled. Neither, I must say, was her ladyship's reciprocity of it."

A few days later Jones called on the agent for the exchange of prisoners, in order to set on foot a plan for the exchange of the crew of the *Serapis*. Miss Edes-Herbert records something of the interview thus:

"My father spoke of his manner as ex-

tremely cold, reserved and wholly official, which was the exact reverse of his deportment toward me at the reception. My father said that when he told Captain Jones that our (the British) government had not given him authority to recognize the right of cartel to the American insurgents, the Captain replied: 'Very well, sir; but as Voltaire says, "The future is much longer than the present."'"

Philadelphia June 4. 1783

Gentlemen

The bearer John Barry Esq. Captain in the Continental Navy commanding the Frigate *Albatross* being destined for the Coast I beg leave to introduce him as a friend of mine to the honor of your acquaintance. As Captain Barry is an entire stranger in Holland any civilities you may show him will be more oblige

Gentlemen

Your most obedient  
and most humble servant  
JOHN PAUL JONES

FACSIMILE OF LETTER INTRODUCING COMMODORE JOHN BARRY TO DE NEUFVILLE ET FILS, AMSTERDAM

Once again the lady refers to Jones in this fashion, in speaking of some verse which he wrote for a young French lady in Paris: "To be sure he is the most agreeable sea-wolf one could wish to meet with—at least on the land; but he is doubtless not so charming to meet at sea. He is a most extraordinary genius, a poet as well as a conqueror."

The author of "Anecdotes of the Court of Louis the Sixteenth," who gave a most charming description of Jones's *chère amie*, Mademoiselle de Telison, has given also the most remarkable description of the "Chevalier's" appearance:

"A man of about thirty-eight years; five feet seven inches tall, slender in build; of exquisitely symmetrical form, with a noticeably perfect development of limb. His features are delicately molded, of classical cast, clear-cut, and, when animated, mobile and expressive in the last degree, but when in repose, sedate almost to melancholy. His hair and eyebrows are black (?), and his eyes are large, brilliant, piercing, and of a pecul-

iar dark-gray tint, that at once changes to lustrous black when he becomes earnest or animated. His eyes are, in fact, his most remarkable feature, and are the first to attract the attention of those whose good—or ill—fortune it may be to come in contact with him. His complexion is swarthy, almost like that of a Moor, doubtless due to his having spent the best part of his life at sea in tropical voyages.

"He is a master of the arts of dress and personal adornment, and it is a common remark that notwithstanding the comparative frugality of his means, he never fails to be the best-dressed man at any dinner or fête he may honor by attending. His manners are in comport with his make-up. His bearing is that of complete ease, perfect aplomb, and also martial to the last degree, but he has a supple grace of motion and an agile facility of gait and gesture that relieve his presence of all suspicion of affectation or stiffness.

"To all these charms of person and graces of manner he adds the power of conversation, a store of rare and original anecdotes, and an apparently inexhaustible fund of ready, pointed wit, always apropos and always pleasing, except on the infrequent occasions when he chooses to turn it to the uses of sarcasm and satire. On such occasions his keen tongue is without pity; and, as all know that a swift and terrible hand lurks close behind the reckless tongue, it is always the study of those in his society to avoid rousing the ferocious nature so thinly, albeit so sleekly, veneered by gentle manners and seductive speech. Next to the magic of his eyes is the charm of his voice, which no one can ever forget, man or woman, who has heard it. It is surely the most musical and perfectly modulated voice ever heard, and is equally resistless in each of the three languages that he speaks—English, French, and Spanish."

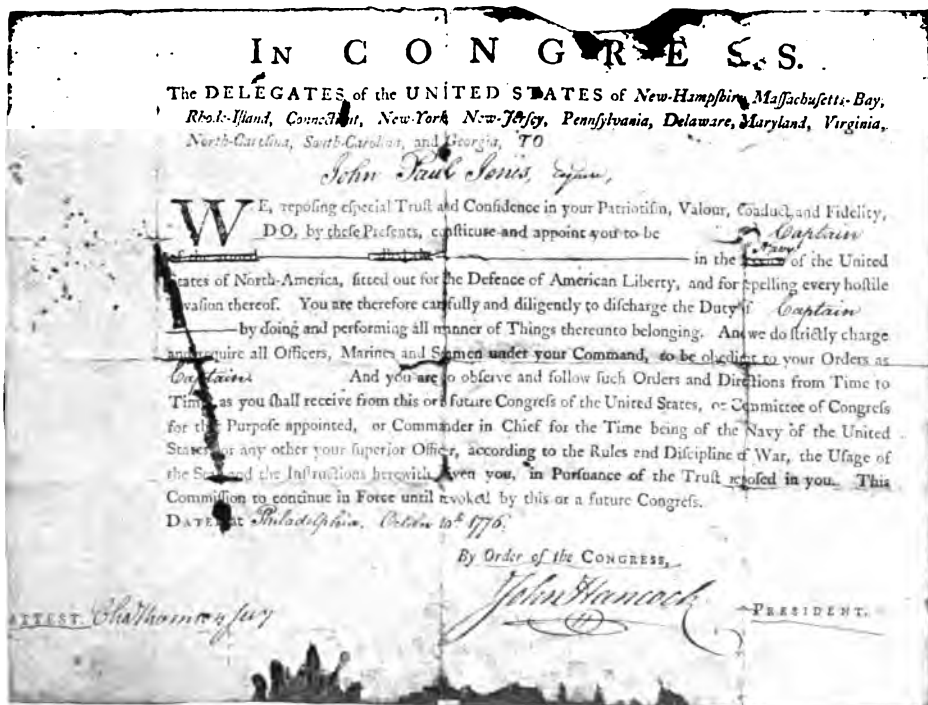
In 1787 John Paul Jones changed his allegiance.

Thomas Jefferson wrote to General Washington, from Paris, a letter explain-



PORTRAIT OF PAUL JONES

Drawn from life by "the Citizen Renaud," and published as frontispiece of rare French memoirs of Jones



## THE "MISSING COMMISSION" OF JOHN PAUL JONES

Probably once belonging to the Peter Force collection in Washington

ing tersely and concisely Jones's leaving the American service to enter that of Catherine II of Russia: "Dear Sir: The war between the Russians and Turks has made an opening for Commodore Paul Jones. The Empress has invited him into her service. She insures to him the right of Rear-Admiral and will give him a separate command, and it is understood that he is never to be commanded. I think she means to oppose him to the Captain Pasha on the Black Sea. He is by this time probably at St. Petersburg. The circumstances did not permit his waiting the permission of Congress, because the season was close at hand for opening the campaign. But he has made it a condition that he shall be free at all times to return to the orders of Congress, whenever they are pleased to call for him; and also that he shall not in any case be expected to bear arms against

France. I believe Congress had it in contemplation to give him the grade of Admiral from the date of his taking the *Serapis*. Such a measure would now greatly gratify him, second the efforts of fortune in his favor, and better the opportunity of improving him for our service, whenever the moment shall come in which we may want him. I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient, etc."

His service with the Russian navy was more or less uneventful. He fought and won one action at sea—quarreled with his superiors, and became disgruntled. Ill health came upon him in the year 1792. Despite the urgings of many prominent men high in power in the service of the Empress Catherine, including the great Suwarrow, he returned to the Hague and severed his connection with Russia by forwarding his peremptory



resignation. The last two years of his Russian service was spent on leave. He arrived at the French capital in May, 1792. In July, only a week before his death, he offered his services to the French Republic.

He died on the 18th of the month, the cause of his death being dropsy of the heart. Contrary to most reports, he died in a state far removed from abject poverty, although he may have been in need of ready money at the time of his decease. Aimée de Telison had nursed him faithfully to the last.

Some members of the National Assembly desired that his body should rest in the Pantheon; but instead, at the instance of Gouverneur Morris, his remains were put in a leaden casket, and deposited in a vault in a cemetery for foreign Protestants, in the belief that the Government of the United States would cause the remains to be brought home for final interment. In the adjoining column is a reproduction of a clipping from the *Boston Journal* of 1792, giving the first account published in America of the funeral, and of the procession from Tournon Street to the Cemetery of St. Louis.

In justice to Gouverneur Morris, our minister at Paris, it is fair to record that he was ill on the day of the funeral.

We are informed by those who have given most time and attention to the subject that the body now covered with the American flag in Paris, and that was dug up in the place which the cemetery once occupied, is that of Paul Jones. In a private letter General Horace Porter writes: "The preservation of the body in alcohol was amazing. It was so lifelike. The identification was easy and perfectly convincing."

Napoleon, moody and despondent, after the battle of Trafalgar, referred to John Paul Jones and declared that he had not fulfilled his destiny; that had he lived, France would have had an Admiral. America has a hero, and if this is his body, it is worthy of a proper resting-place.

#### FUNERAL OF PAUL JONES.

*Letter from Col. Blackden to the National Assembly  
July 19.*

"Mr. President,

"I announce to you, that Admiral Paul Jones died last evening in Paris; that the American Minister has ordered the person at whose house the Admiral lodged, to cause him to be interred in the most private manner, and at the least possible expense!!! This person, on account of the formalities still existing relative to Protestants, found it necessary to apply to a Commissary. He has done it; and M. Simoneau, the Commissary, expresses his astonishment at the order given by the Minister, and says, that a man who has rendered the most signal services to France and America ought to have a public funeral. He adds, that if America will not pay the expense, he will pay it himself. The friends of the Admiral wait the orders of the Assembly respecting the mode of interment."

(Signed) S. BLACKDEN,  
*Late Colonel in the service of the United States.*

After hearing the letter, the Assembly ordered, that a deputation of twelve Members should assist at the funeral of Paul Jones. The next day this Deputation, preceded by two huissiers, and escorted by Horse-guards, came to the house of the deceased, and at seven o'clock the funeral procession moved from the house in the rue Tonfon, passed the Pont Neuf, entered the street that leads to St. Eustache, passed on to the Boulevard by the rue St. Martin, and, at the end of an hour and a half, arrived at the place of sepulture. The body being deposited, M. Maron, a Protestant Minister of Paris, pronounced the following discourse:

"Legislators, Citizens-soldiers, Brothers, and friends, we have just restored to the earth the relics of an illustrious stranger, one of the first heroes of American liberty—of that liberty which was the glorious prelude to our own. The Semiramis of the North had drawn him to her standard; but Paul Jones could not long breathe the imprisoned air of despotism. He preferred the serenity of a private life, in the free kingdom of France, to all the titles and pretended honours that Catherine could lavish upon him from the throne of usurpation. The fame of the brave survives the stroke of death; his inheritance is immortality. What homage more flattering can we render to the ashes of Paul Jones, than to swear upon his tomb 'to live free or die?' It is the full determination; it is the united voice of all good Frenchmen, that tyrants and their infamous satellites shall never fully this sacred land.

While the enjoyment of an undisturbed repose is here allotted to the ashes of that great man, who, impatient to be free, has too soon quitted the society of men; let his example reach posterity to what sublime efforts the hatred of oppression may inspire an elevated soul! Brothers and friends, a generous emulation sparkles in your eyes; your moments are precious—the country is in danger! Who among us would not pour out his blood for her defence? Be partakers then in the glory of Paul Jones; imitate him in that contempt of danger, that noble heroism, which, after having astonished the present generation, shall remain the unchangeable object of veneration for ages to come."

The American Minister could not attend the funeral: as he had some persons to dine with him on that day!!!!

# NAPOLEON III AFTER SEDAN

BY THOMAS W. EVANS

*Dr. Thomas W. Evans describes in this article a visit he made to the Emperor Napoleon III at Wilhelmshöhe, where Napoleon was held prisoner after his final defeat and capture. The writer was the well-known American dentist who resided in Paris from the year 1847 until his death. In 1848 he had been called professionally to attend the Emperor, recently elected the President of the French Republic, and from this acquaintance a friendly attachment grew up between them. The Empress appealed to Dr. Evans for help and protection from the Parisian mob at the time of the fall of Paris, and the Doctor planned her escape to England. Having left her there in safety, at her request he returned on this visit to the Emperor. This article is taken from the Memoirs of Dr. Evans, that have not yet been published. They will soon appear in book form.*

On October 8, 1870, as soon as Her Majesty was fairly settled in her new residence, I left England for the purpose of going to Wilhelmshöhe to see the Emperor Napoleon. I wished to give him the latest news from Chiselhurst, and also an account of what I had done to effect the escape of Her Majesty from Paris and from the jurisdiction of the Revolutionary Government. Although I, as an American, and as the President of the Sanitary Committee in Paris, and a member of the International Red Cross Society, not only had the rights of a neutral, but was protected also by special privileges, I

did not wish to expose myself to any delay on the way; and, being afraid that my presence in Germany might create suspicion, I first went to Berlin, hoping to facilitate, through the mediation of Queen Augusta, my meeting with the French Emperor. To my great dismay, on arriving in the Prussian capital, I learned that Her Majesty had left the same evening for Homburg, and that I would be compelled to go there if I wished to see her. I at once returned to the railway station and took the express leaving for that well-known watering-place. When I arrived there and announced my



NAPOLEON III, EMPEROR OF FRANCE

name at the Castle, I was immediately admitted to the Queen's presence. That august lady received me with the words:



EMPRESS EUGENIE

From her favorite portrait

"I know all that has happened, and what you have done, and I thank you sincerely for it."

I was astonished to find that Her Majesty already knew so much of what I had intended to communicate to her. And, when I gave expression to my surprise, she told me that she had heard of our flight, and the circumstances connected with it, directly from the Queen of England. She also said that as soon as she had received news of the arrival of the Empress at Ryde, and of the manner in which her escape had been accomplished, she had felt sure I would go to see the Emperor Napoleon the moment I was at liberty to do so. She congratulated me on having been chosen by Providence to do what had so happily been accomplished, and on my being able now to carry welcome news and messages from the Empress to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe; and told me that she

would do all in her power to enable me to communicate with him without loss of time. After I had taken dinner at the Castle, I entered one of the court carriages and, on arriving at the railway station, found that a seat had already been taken for me on the train. At the same time, a telegram had been sent by Her Majesty's secretary to Wilhelmshöhe announcing the hour I should arrive, and asking, in case there should be no room in the palace itself, that apartments might be prepared for me in a neighboring hotel.

I left Homburg greatly moved at the thought that I was about to see the Emperor Napoleon III a prisoner in the land of the enemy of the French.

On September 5th, at 9.50 P.M., the Emperor had arrived at Cassel in a special train, consisting of only two carriages. An eye-witness, who was present



DR. THOMAS W. EVANS

The author of the Memoirs

at the railway station at the time mentioned, says: "It was nearly ten o'clock when the passengers alighted. After a

few servants and subaltern attendants had left the carriages, a short, stout gentleman descended. He wore a dark overcoat, and the uniform of a French general. Slowly walking to an equipage that stood in waiting for him, he took a seat in it with another person, and drove off. This gentleman was Louis Napoleon, two days before Emperor of the French and so recently commander of a great army, who, having been reduced by the catastrophe of Sedan and its consequences to the position of a prisoner of war, had arrived at his place of seclusion."

In order not to expose the dethroned sovereign, who was suffering severely from bodily infirmities, to too long a journey, the generous conqueror had chosen for his captive as a residence one of the most splendid palaces in Germany.

Only a few miles from Cassel, built by the electors of Westphalia, Wilhelmshöhe is remarkable on account of the extent and beauty of its gardens, which are so embellished (not always in good taste, but at enormous expense) with cascades and fountains, colossal statues and flights of steps, that the place has been called the Versailles of Germany. The palace itself covers a large area, is richly decorated, and is filled with valuable works of art, paintings, ancient tapestries, and statues in bronze and marble. In 1870 it was completely furnished, just as it had been left by the Elector of Hanover, when, in 1866, he became the prisoner of the King of Prussia. And here one of the uncles of Napoleon III, King Jérôme of Westphalia, had resigned. But, in the overbearing mood of a conqueror, Jérôme had shocked the good people of Cassel and its neighborhood by changing the name of the place and calling it Napoleonshöhe; and, as it were by a bitter irony of fate, it came to pass that in the palace thus named a Napoleon did live, not as a reigning sovereign, but as a prisoner of war.

The imperial prisoner was treated by the Prussian King with the greatest consideration, and in a manner that was intended not to remind him of his unfortunate position. When he arrived at Wilhelmshöhe, he found everything in readiness to make his sojourn at the palace most comfortable. There was a warm glow inside the splendid halls; generals and gentlemen of the royal household were standing at the entrance to do the honors of the occasion; attendants were bustling about the palace and in the corridors, and everything was in gala to receive the distinguished guest.

"Times have changed since Mary was locked up by Elizabeth, or, to quote a more analogous case—since the youthful King of France was captured by the German Emperor, Charles V, on the battle-field of Pavia," says the correspondent of a well-known English paper, when describing the treatment which Napoleon III received in Prussia; and he adds: "Such is the aspect royal imprisonment assumes in the courtesy of the present age."

It is strange, however, that before the mind of this writer, who seems to have been so familiar with analogous cases, the picture did not arise of the prison, on a rocky island in the Atlantic, where the greatest military genius of our time perished in consequence of the brutal treatment of his jailers. When Napoleon III arrived in Wilhelmshöhe, only forty-three years had elapsed since his famous uncle had been the victim of the cruelty of Sir Hudson Lowe; and if the late Emperor of the French received a kinder treatment, it was on account of the fact that he had fallen into the hands of a monarch who had sympathy with the misfortune of his enemy, and not because a new age of courtesy had arisen. Times change, but human character remains the same; and just as it would be ridiculous to maintain that in former times the kind treatment of an enemy was unknown, just so unreasonable is it to pretend that, in our so-called age of enlight-

enment and refinement, brutality and arrogance toward the vanquished have become impossible.

The treatment which was benevolently intended to make the fallen sovereign forget his hard fate could, however, only alleviate but not remove the pain that pierced his heart. The blow had been too terrible; and its immediate effect upon the health of the monarch, who had been suffering so much for some months previous from a painful malady, was now apparent even to the casual observer.

Herr Paul Lindau, one of the best-known writers of modern Germany, has described graphically the impression made upon him, when he saw the Emperor on the day of his arrival at Wilhelmshöhe:

"I have seen the Emperor," he writes, "hundreds of times in Paris. Every line of his features is just as familiar to me as are those of my nearest friend; yet I declare with the greatest sincerity that, when he arrived here, I did not recognize him. I am not sentimental, and my nerves are of normal strength, but the shock that the contrast presented sent a shiver to my heart. Everybody is familiar with the way in which Napoleon's hair used to be arranged—the crisp curl so carefully trained, and the historical mustache with its waxed ends that gave to his countenance its distinguished expression. All that trim, soldierly air was gone. A few straggling locks of hair were scattered in confusion over his forehead, and his untended mustache drooped heavily over his closed lips—betokening the despair that must have reigned in his soul. Napoleon moved no muscle, not a line in his face was stirred, when he responded to the military salute. As he turned from right to left no gleam of expression passed across his features. His eyes had lost every vestige of meaning, and he gazed on all about him, yet evidently saw nothing.

"Such a full personification of total apathy I have never seen. It was not a

living, human face I beheld, it was a lifeless, vacant mask. I could not withdraw my gaze from him, I could not admit the possibility of the fact, I could not realize that the wreck before me was the man whose voice was but a few weeks since so potent throughout the world—that this was the wise and mighty Emperor."

The foregoing description of the appearance of the French sovereign on the evening of his arrival at Cassel, written by a keen observer, gives an idea not only of the physical condition of the Emperor, but of his state of mind during those first days after the catastrophe of Sedan.

The sun was shining brightly when, on the following morning, I came to the gate at the Park of Wilhelmshöhe, and, following the route that was marked by inscriptions pointing the way to the Château, passed by clumps of shrubbery and patches of flowers blighted by the frost, and across broad lawns strewn with leaves that were now falling fast, until I came in sight of the famous palace that stood out suddenly before me—a dazzling, white mass under the hill which was crowned by the statue of the Farnese Hercules.

I stopped for a few moments to admire the building, the statues, and the fountains, and the picturesque grouping of landscape effects; and then, ascending a flight of steps and crossing the broad terrace in front of the palace, I went to the entrance on the right, where I was received by an attendant who accompanied me to the room that had been prepared for me.

The Emperor occupied an apartment in the left wing of the palace, on the second floor. It was reached by a monumental staircase and contained several rooms. The bedroom was at the extreme end of the suite, and was very large, the bed itself standing in a sort of alcove. It was in this room that, soon after my arrival at Wilhelmshöhe, I was

received by the Emperor. A table stood in the middle of the room. His Majesty sat in a chair between the bed and the table; he was smoking a cigarette, the remains of several lying upon a dish on the table. He looked pale and careworn. Never, while I live, shall I forget this meeting. Scarcely two months had elapsed since I had seen him going to place himself at the head of his troops, surrounded by a brilliant staff who dreamed of victory and glory. For some moments we remained silent; the situation was painful to me, nor could His Majesty conceal his emotion. He then thanked me warmly for having come to him, and asked me what news I had brought from the Empress and the Prince Imperial. As I was almost the first person he had seen coming directly from the Empress since her arrival in England, he had a great many questions to ask; and, in particular, he wished me to narrate to him the details of the departure of the Empress from Paris, as they had never been reported to him. I described what had happened to the Empress from the time when she left the Tuileries until her arrival in England, and what I myself had done for her up to the moment of her settling down in Chislehurst. The Emperor was so affected that frequently, during my rehearsal of the story, he was moved to tears. On my mentioning to him that Her Majesty spent her last night in Paris beneath my roof, he interrupted me by inquiring what motive she had for deciding not to leave Paris on the night of the fourth. And when I told him my reasons for persuading her to remain overnight in my house, and which I have given in a previous chapter, he thanked me with much feeling, saying: "You have not only protected the Empress from harm, you also have prevented her enemies from saying that the Regent rashly deserted her Capital."

When I had concluded my narration concerning the flight of the Empress, I

spoke of the kind reception given to me by Queen Augusta, and the sentiments which she had expressed when speaking of the assistance I had been able to render to the Empress. To this the Emperor replied: "I am persuaded that this noble woman really meant what she said, for she has done everything to make me comfortable here, and I am treated with the most thoughtful and delicate kindness. I have been placed under no personal restraint whatsoever, but have been given the most complete liberty to go wherever I like, on foot or in a carriage, not only in the park, but beyond its limits—a privilege of which I frequently avail myself. Thinking that it would be agreeable to me to have one of my countrymen as the head of my household, she has sent me her own steward, who is a Frenchman, and who, during the many years that he has been in her service, has gained her highest esteem. Besides, she has placed carriages and horses from her own stables at my disposal; and, in fact, I am treated by Her Majesty rather like a guest than like a prisoner."

After we had conversed for more than an hour the Emperor invited me to take a walk with him in the beautiful grounds surrounding the palace of Wilhelms-höhe. For some time we continued our walk in the garden, while the Emperor related to me many reminiscences of his past life. He avoided any reference to the political situation, which at the time was most critical in its import to the Imperial dynasty; nor did he allude to the events that had led up to it. The conversation was confined almost entirely to personal incidents and subjects. He spoke of the difference between the treatment he was now receiving and that which he was subjected to when at Ham, "where I learned," he said, "to be a prisoner, and a good many things besides. You know I have always called Ham my university. And, by the way, how are you getting on with your inter-oceanic canal? It was while I was a

prisoner in 1844 that I first became interested in the project of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of a canal. You will remember, perhaps, that I came to the conclusion that the Nicaragua route was the best." A few words will explain how it happened that the Emperor spoke to me on this subject.

I was one of the members of a Society formed in Paris, in the spring of 1870, the object of which was to seriously examine the feasibility of constructing a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Darien or Panama. I had informed His Majesty of our project and had told him, only two or three weeks before the declaration of war, that we had sent out an engineer to survey the routes proposed, and report to us on their respective merits. The Emperor had remembered our conversation on this subject. But, although the problem of constructing a ship-canal across the American Isthmus had once attracted his attention, and he had found its study singularly fascinating, I cannot believe that when he asked me what we had accomplished he was prompted to do so by any feeling of either personal interest in the project or curiosity to know what had really been done. I am sure it was rather an impulse of sympathy for a friend whose efforts he would have been pleased to hear had been successful.

But while engaged in this discursive talk, unwittingly we had come out upon the open country road, and saw ourselves suddenly surrounded by a group of children, who, at first, stared at us curiously, and then approached to solicit money. The Emperor, kind and generous as ever—he who had spent so freely the income granted to him by his people in works of charity and in largesses of every sort—could not resist the appealing looks of the blue eyes of the

little boys and girls who stood around us, and drawing from his pocket some rather large pieces of silver, he handed these to them with a pleased expression on his face; then, turning toward me and slightly blushing he said, as if to excuse himself: "You will think me, perhaps, a spendthrift; it is true I should not forget that I am no longer an Emperor."

Soon after we returned from this walk breakfast was served in the great dining-room of the palace. And here I met some of the most distinguished of those officers who had followed the Emperor into captivity—the Princes de la Moskowa and Murat, and Generals Castelnau, Reille, and Pajol, Captain Lauriston and others, among whom were Franceschini Pietri and the Emperor's lifelong, inseparable friend, Dr. Conneau. These gentlemen I had the pleasure of meeting again at dinner; after which the hours were spent in pleasant conversation, every one speaking of that which he had most at heart. Of course the then existing condition of France was the chief topic, and the hope which was expressed by most of the military men was that of soon seeing again their own country. The Emperor tried to hide his emotion when reference was made to going home, but looking into his face I could see plainly what sorrow possessed his soul. Others might hope, but he did not dare to indulge the hope of seeing France again. All he could expect was that the Prussian Government would soon grant him the favor of rejoining his wife and son in England. During the evening he spoke much, and in the kindest manner, of the country which had given its hospitality to the Empress in her distress, and he remembered gratefully the days he himself had spent as an exiled prince under the protecting flag of Great Britain.

# AN UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTION

BY OWEN OLIVER

A man may be famous without knowing it. I have recently learned that public interest has been aroused by my labors on behalf of the Curate's Augmentation Fund at St. Mark's, Suburbton, where I am the curate. The incident through which I became aware of this fact presents many gratifying features.

The fund, which is designed to supplement the curate's inadequate stipend, had not attained its customary proportions during the present year, and the bazaar held to make good the deficiency had failed to achieve financial success, owing to the contributions in kind too frequently taking the form of embroidery work and children's apparel.

In previous years any shortcomings in the fund had been made good by the generosity of Mr. Josiah Bailey, a wealthy and public-spirited member of our church. Upon this occasion, however, he was taking the bracing air of Sheerness, owing to indisposition, and his return was not expected until a fortnight after the quarterly instalment was due.

Under these circumstances the vicar suggested that I might, without impropriety, make personal inquiries into the state of Mr. Bailey's health, which naturally caused us great anxiety. I readily assented.

I had taken my seat in a second-class carriage at Victoria, when I became aware that I was attracting a large amount of attention from the persons who had assembled upon the platform. One rough man whispered audibly, "That's him!" Another remarked, "That's Smith. Bill Smith to a certainty." Now, my name is Smith—the

Rev. William Smith, B.A., Oxon.—but I am not ordinarily addressed by the abbreviated appellation of "Bill."

In a short time there was a crowd round my compartment, though no one entered it, and when the train started, several people wished me good luck in my undertaking. One young woman with frizzy hair over her forehead waved a discolored handkerchief, and shouted a hope that I'd come back a richer man.

As the faces of my well-wishers were unknown to me I conjectured that they were either new parishioners, or those of the casual order, who attend only upon those occasions when soup tickets are distributed. As my projected journey was known to the vicar's wife, it would, I realized, naturally be disseminated through the parish.

At Herne Hill a freckled-faced newsboy looked into my compartment and seeing me in the corner shouted, "That's him. I know him. Look at his nose! Hullo, Mr. Smith!"

Of course this impudent and very offensive salutation I put down to the effect of bad home training, but I was irritated. My nasal organ bears the marks of an accident at school; but I could discover no justification for such a public recognition of the fact that the results of the injury are obvious. I concluded, therefore, that the youth had heard my name from some fellow-passenger and did not mean to insult my cloth—so far as that goes there was excuse for him, as my costume was not markedly clerical.

The journey passed slowly and uneventfully till we reached Chatham. Then two stout men, obviously of Judaic



origin, after peering in several times at the window, entered the compartment. They addressed one another as "Ikey" and "Abram." When the train had started they addressed me.

"Fine day," the gentleman named Isaac observed.

"Very fine day," I agreed.

"Better than last time we met," the one named Abraham stated.

"Er—yes," I assented—I did not remember meeting him, but I am always careful to avoid hurting the feelings of the lower orders. "I don't know how it's going to turn out," I added. The clouds were somewhat threatening.

"I only hope it won't turn out worse than last time," Isaac said. "You took a pony off me, if you remember."

"Ah!" I said. "Yes, yes! I dare say—that is, if I remember. I never ride; but I am fond of driving."

They looked at one another and laughed, as if I had said something funny.

"Driving's all right!" Isaac said. "You took me in fair the night before. When I saw your pals wheeling you home in the barrow, I never dreamed it was all a fake, and you was as sober as I was! And Abram here was positive you wouldn't be able to stand on your legs the next day."

"There must be some mistake," I said in astonishment. "I remember no such incident!"

"Come, come!" Abraham protested. "*We* know you! Though I will say as you're got up a wonderful swell, and might be a parson almost."

"Your conjecture is partly correct," I informed them, "but I think you are under some misapprehension as to my identity."

"We'd make a pretty good guess, anyhow," Isaac declared.

"Come now," I said playfully. "I'll lay you can't guess my name, or where I am going, or what I am going for."

"What will you lay?" He took out a grimy little black book and a pencil.

"I did not intend to propose a wager," I explained. "It would be inconsistent with my avocation."

They laughed louder than ever.

"Especially if you were to lay against yourself," Abraham remarked. "Not meaning as you *would*, of course."

"And I wish I hadn't laid against you, either," Isaac stated. "You've got a soft thing on; and if I'd known what I know now—well, I'd be glad to get out of it for another pony, and that's a fact!"

"Same here," said Abraham. "Will you help us?"

They both looked at me in a curious manner.

"I don't quite understand," I owned; "but if I can assist you in any—any reasonable way, that is—I shall be glad to do so."

They looked at one another and whistled.

"Now you're talking!" Abraham pronounced emphatically. "I told Ikey I knew you."

"I don't think you do," I said with a genial smile. "Suppose you guess?"

"What's the good of beating about the bush?" Abraham asked impatiently. "We'll be at the junction in half a minute."

"Let us have our little joke, Abram," Isaac said, winking slyly. "Well, now, I'd guess as your name was something very like Bill Smith."

"My name *is* William Smith," I owned. "I am gratified to find that I am so well known—but——"

"Well known!" interrupted Abraham. "Why, that beak of yours 'ud give you away anywhere!" He alluded, I imagine, to my nasal organ.

"I'd make another guess," said Isaac, "as you were changing at Sittingbourne Junction for Sheerness."

I confessed that Sheerness was my destination.

"Just a short visit?" he suggested.

I admitted that I merely contemplated a temporary sojourn.

"Expecting to meet a chap by the name of—let's say Bill Bailey?"

"The accuracy of your information astonishes me," I said. "I may, however, mention that Mr. Bailey's Christian name is Josiah."

"Always understood his proper name was Alfred," Abraham objected.

"Oh, no!" I told him. "Josiah, I assure you."

"I expect he isn't looking forward to meeting you?"

"No," I agreed. "I imagine not." So far as I was aware, Mr. Bailey had received no intimation of my visit.

"You're hoping to be a little richer for meeting him?" Isaac inquired.

"I confess," I said, "that my journey is influenced to some extent by pecuniary considerations. Possibly you are aware that the Curate's Augmentation Fund—the fund for paying the curate's salary, I mean—is somewhat low, and—er—"

"And you're the curate?" Abraham suggested. "Eh?"

"I am," I agreed.

They looked at one another and laughed in an uproarious and uncalled-for manner.

"Eggs-ackly," Isaac said. He leaned forward and wagged his forefinger at me. There were three large rings on it. "Now, look here, Bill. You're a sensible chap. You know as well as me that jobs like you're going on are uncertain—blooming uncertain."

"There is," I admitted, "an element of uncertainty in my errand; but I have no serious doubt as to the result."

"Still," he persisted, "you can never tell, now can you?"

I agreed that in this, as in other terrestrial affairs, certainty was unattainable.

"Now, suppose," he went on, "for the sake of argument, that you *do* pull it off. What do you get? It wouldn't be a pony now, would it?"

"Certainly not," I said. I could not refrain from smiling at the idea

of Mr. Bailey's donation taking such a form.

"*And* there's the risk. Whereas Abram and me would give you fifty pounds—good hard yellow sovereigns"—he jingled a bag in his pocket—"just to forget to change at Sittingbourne and go on to Dover."

I stared at him in amazement.

"I promised my friends," I began, but he held up his hand.

"You would come back by the next train," he said, "and explain it was an oversight—what might happen to anybody. And you could meet Bill Bailey another time, the meeting this afternoon being *off* in his favor. We'd like to do him a good turn, you see, that's where it is." He winked at Abraham, and Abraham winked at him. "What do you say?"

"Do I rightly understand," I inquired, "that, on consideration of my acting in the—er—very curious manner which you suggest, you are prepared to subscribe fifty pounds to—er—"

"To the Curate's Fund!" Abraham said. He gave a regular squeal of laughter, and Isaac joined in with a gruff roar. They evidently possessed the cheerfulness of disposition which is the reward of benevolence.

"Understanding, of course, that you'll keep it dark," Isaac added.

"Trust him for that," said Abraham.

"Indeed, gentlemen," I assured them, "you may trust me to respect your confidence. I think I can guess the motives which impel you to this generous action, but—"

"I've no doubt you can," Isaac agreed.

"I feel sure I can," I said warmly. It was evident to me that, while they appreciated my charitable labors in the parish, they wished to avoid offense to the prejudices of their coreligionists, some of whom would probably meet them at Sheerness. "They are, I am certain, worthy of you. I have much pleasure in accepting your handsome offer."

"Done!" said Isaac.

He pulled out a linen bag, untied it, poured out a heap of sovereigns on the seat, and counted out fifty so cheerfully that I was reminded of the merits of the "cheerful giver"!

I had barely secured the money when the train ran into the junction. At the request of my benefactors I kept at the far end of the compartment. They skipped out with surprising agility before the train was at a standstill, evidently wishing to secure corner seats in the Sheerness train before they were all appropriated by some very rough individuals who were apparently proceeding to Sheerness.

I arrived at Dover in due course, and after waiting for some hours obtained a slow train, retracing my journey. When I alighted at the station I found that a huge crowd had assembled to witness the departure of a certain "Conkey Bill" who had won a brutal prize-fight. Among the crowd I saw my Judaic friends, looking very disheveled and unhappy. I regret to state also that they appeared to be under the influence of liquor. When they saw me they caught hold of one another's arms and gesticulated most violently. Then they pushed through the crowd in my direction.

Their utterances were somewhat incoherent; but I gathered that they repented of their sober benevolence, and desired the return of the donation which they had made through me. I explained that I had no authority to make any dis-

bursements from the fund, and that their application should be addressed to the vicar, as chairman of the committee. This did not satisfy them, and they abused me with opprobrious epithets. A number of roughs gathered round, and as some of them began to jostle me most rudely, I offered to state the whole circumstances of the transaction. Thereupon the consciences of the Judaic men seemed to trouble them, and after whispering to one another, they said they had made a mistake, and I need not say anything. So I disengaged myself from the crowd and departed.

The man named Isaac wished to follow me, but his companion pulled him back.

"He's too fly for you, Ikey," he said. "Best keep away from him, or he'll have your watch and chain!"

I was returning with the view of remonstrating with him upon his entire misconception of my character, but a porter dissuaded me.

"They're as drunk as lords, sir," he said, "and don't know what they're saying. Why, they've been trying to make out that 'Conkey Bill' wasn't hisself at all but somebody else in disguise, an' they'd seen him go off to Dover in a train!"

It was somewhat annoying that they should, even in their intoxicated condition, have regretted the contribution, which the vicar was most delighted to receive. I have been ever grateful for their unsolicited contribution to the fund.



AUGUST, 1905

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE



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NEW YORK

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# CREAM *of* WHEAT



THE  
FOOD  
YOU  
COME  
BACK  
TO

*For deliciousness  
and wholesomeness  
there is nothing equal to  
Cream of Wheat  
A dainty breakfast  
A delightful luncheon  
A delicious dessert*





*Drawn by Henry Hutt*

*"A gilt-edged tricorn on her head, and in her hands riding-whip and gloves."*

—Page 176.



# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

AUGUST, 1905 .

NO. 2

## THE MILL OF THE TIN GODS

BY DAVID GRAY

"What is it?" asked Livingstone.

The managing editor was standing in the doorway of his office looking out into the long "city room." There was a disturbance at the farther end. A group of reporters was gathered around something on the floor.

Holden turned back into his own room and closed the door.

"I don't think I want to know," he said slowly. "I am afraid that Bradfield has been celebrating. He's a very good man," Holden went on; "it's a pity."

"If I were a newspaper man I'd celebrate," observed Livingstone, "I'd celebrate continuously. It's a disgusting business."

"Your feelings have been hurt," said Holden. "But the moral of your experience is: 'Look out for the cars.' The next time you feel like galloping a road coach through the park don't do it. At least don't get arrested. You can't blame reporters for writing picturesquely when they have such materials to inspire them."

Livingstone smiled faintly and looked at his watch. "The play will be out in three-quarters of an hour," he said. "I must go back. Am I going to keep

my promise to the beautiful lady and produce you? I wish you would be tractable," he went on, "and let her marry you. You would then give up your yellow newspaper and she would buy you the monthly *Christian at Work*, so that you could taper off your editing habit. In a few years you would be reformed."

"And could gallop a road coach after dining at the Casino," added Holden. "Livingstone," he said gravely, "really, I am too busy this week to marry the lady, but I am honored by her curiosity. I should like to meet her——"

There was a knock at the door and he broke off. "Come in!" he called.

The door opened and the city editor stood in the doorway. He saw the stranger in evening clothes and hesitated.

"Well?" said Holden.

The city editor made an impassive gesture with his head, and Holden went to him. Then he murmured something in Holden's ear.

"Yes," said Holden aloud, "in here—to my inner office."

The city editor turned and signaled with his hand toward the far end of the city room. The group of men, in an-



swer to his signal, bent down, lifted something, and came with it toward the managing editor's office. They separated from around their burden as they handed it through the door, and Livingstone caught a glimpse of a haggard face and a thin yellow hand.

"I suppose that's Bradfield," he said to himself. He turned away to the window while the rest went into Holden's inner office. "A man who has to work ought to let rum alone," he moralized. He looked down into Park Row. In the drizzle of the March night it was not an attractive neighborhood. "I should think these newspaper people would all make for the country," he thought. "I'd rather be a farm hand"—his eyes caught the buff livery of the groom who was driving his hansom up and down the row—"or Williams," he added. He turned as he heard the men come out of the inner office and file into the city room.

"Are you ready?" he said to Holden.

"I'll meet you at supper," answered Holden.

Livingstone nodded and went out.

The managing editor sat down at his desk and looked uncertainly through a pile of proofs. Then he rose and went into the inner room. He came out shortly and sat at his desk again. Presently there was a knock at the outer door and the city editor came in with a boyish ambulance surgeon and a hospital orderly who carried a stretcher. They went through into the inner room. Holden rang for an office boy, then rose and put on his hat and coat.

The boy appeared.

"Telephone Delmonico's to tell Mr. Livingstone that I have been detained and sha'n't come to supper," he said.

The young doctor and the orderly appeared carrying a blanketed figure on the stretcher and passed out into the city room.

Holden pushed the papers back into his desk, drew down the top, and followed them.

A fortnight later Holden was dining with Livingstone up-town.

"No coffee," he said. "Stimulants are a bad thing in my business. When I'm tired I want to know it."

"I say," said Livingstone, as he paused to light a cigarette, "how did that chap Bradfield come out? He was in bad shape."

"He was," said Holden, "only it wasn't Bradfield and he wasn't tight."

"Sick?" inquired Livingstone.

Holden nodded, "And hungry," he said slowly.

Livingstone put down his coffee-cup.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

"Yes," said Holden. "It isn't very uncommon. You see there is a curious fact about the personnels of the newspaper business. There is hardly a New York newspaper man in New York. We've all come here from the country without friends or money and we've nearly all had experiences. Unknown men can't get regular places. They write special stories and sometimes they sell them. My city editor, who is one of the best newspaper men in town, walked the round of the offices for three months before he got a fifteen-dollar-a-week job, and he was a man who knew the business when he came here. In time the strongest or the luckiest get into the mill and the rest disappear."

"But," said Livingstone, "when they see what they have to face why don't they go back to the country?"

"You might ask Honeyman," answered Holden.

"Who's Honeyman?" asked Livingstone.

"He's the man you saw at my office," Holden replied.

"Is he all right again?" said Livingstone.

"Well," said Holden, "he's out of the hospital and considers himself rather extravagantly established in a hall bedroom around in Thirty-third Street. The fact, however, is that he's sick. He ought to go home, but he won't."

Livingstone appeared to be lost in thought for a few moments.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Holden.

Livingstone relapsed into thought again.

"Can he write descriptions of things?" he asked at length.

A humorous light came into Holden's

Holden smiled a curious smile. "I think so," he said. "He's not very strong."

"All right, we'll go," said Livingstone. He finished his coffee and they went out.

Holden turned up the steps of a dingy house, a few doors off Broadway, and rang the bell. A tall, red-headed woman opened the door, and the two men entered a dim, evil-smelling hall.



*"They separated from around their burden as they banded it through the door."*

eyes. "I've no doubt of it," he said gravely, "although I'm not personally acquainted with his productions."

"Because," Livingstone continued, "I might get him to make a descriptive catalogue of the stock at my farm. I've been contemplating something of the sort. That would keep him in the country and give him something to do at the same time. He could get well at any rate."

"You might suggest it to him," said Holden. "Suppose we go to see him."

"Will he be in?" asked Livingstone.

"Yes, he's in," said the woman; "third floor, front. I guess you know," she added to Holden.

"Yes," said Holden, and he led the way up-stairs.

Partly open doors gave frank revelations of domestic interiors. Loud talking and laughter floated over the transoms. A rattle of poker chips on a wooden table came from one room. In another, some one was playing a mouth-organ. The two men ascended through this somber hive to the third floor and knocked at the hall bedroom in front.

"Come in," said a voice, and Holden pushed open the door.

"Good evening," he said. "This is a friend of mine. Livingstone, let me present you to Mr. Honeyman. You are looking a great deal better to-night," he went on. "Why you are a new man already."

Livingstone felt his throat rise. He was sorry he had come. In the single bed, to the left of the door, was a man about thirty, or, more accurately, what had been a man. It was a wreck now. He lay catching his breath in short, wheezy gasps, interrupted from time to time by fits of coughing. The top buttons were off his night-shirt and it was fastened at his thin yellow throat with a safety-pin. His hair was long and untrimmed, and there was several days' growth of beard upon his chin. He kept his eyes on Holden with a wistful intentness.

"Please be seated, gentlemen," said Honeyman.

They both sat down on the trunk. There was a chair in the room, but it was at the foot of the bed, at the window.

"Has the doctor been here this afternoon?" asked Holden.

"Yes," answered Honeyman. "He said I was better, but I knew that before. I don't think he's much of a doctor."

The doctor was Chapin, the great specialist in lung diseases, but Honeyman did not know that. Neither did he know that Chapin spent most of his days giving dribbles of advice to people who drove to his office with two men on the box.

Honeyman coughed a little, and his yellow fingers began to fidget with some papers on the coverlet.

"I came in to tell you," said Holden, "that I read that last article of yours this afternoon. It's very good, Honeyman; it's capital. You've got the grasp of the picturesque and you've caught a new side of New York."

Livingstone looked wonderingly from Holden to the man on the bed.

"Yes," Holden went on, "some of the things in 'The Prospect from the Brooklyn Bridge' are stunning. But I like the last one best. You see, you've caught the true spirit of the Bowery. And the one you call 'The Wonders of the Astor Library' is very thoughtful and suggestive."

"I'm glad you like them," said Honeyman in a low voice. "But it seems almost queer that you should. It took such a long time. But it's all right now." He gave a weak, pitiful laugh. "Yes, it's all right now," he repeated. His lip quivered and he stopped.

"You have a good view of Broadway," observed Livingstone, moving toward the window. Up and down the brightly lit pavements surged the unholy human tide that moves there at night. The clamor and unholiness of it had never impressed him so before. He turned back into the room and glanced at the figure on the bed. A shudder of repugnance ran over him. It was all so hideous and shabby and unnecessary. He disliked being harrowed, but every detail had burned itself into his mind. He could shut his eyes and see the pale green and red flowers in the worn carpet, the cabinet photograph of the girl with frizzed hair in a frame embroidered with forget-me-nots, standing on the bottom shelf of the hanging book-rack, the books on the shelf above, the cheap green and gold "Lucile," the shiny black Bible, the pile of magazines, and the violin lying on top of all. Underneath was a shabby wash-stand. A piece of poisonous looking soap lay in a saucer. In the tumbler was a frayed tooth-brush. Over the trunk where he had been sitting hung a colored print of a Swiss scene with "Returning from Market" printed under it. From the hooks on the door hung a shiny frock coat of black diagonal and a pair of trousers, bagged at the knees and frayed at the bottom. Livingstone brought his eyes back to the bed with a sense of shame, as if he had been caught at a keyhole.

"Of course it's all right now," Holden was saying; "you've made your strike."

"It's curious about that," said Honeyman. "I've been thinking about it in the last two or three days." He stopped and coughed. "You know I was sure, right from the start, that they would be a success. I knew that what you wanted down here in New York was something new, and I read the papers and couldn't find anything of this sort in them. Why, I kept count on the three big ones for a month, and never found a single piece of real descriptive writing. But, by George," he went on with a hoarse laugh, "it did seem to take a good while for 'em to catch on."

"It's so with everything new that's good," observed Holden.

Honeyman nodded knowingly. "Unless you have influence," he said, "and that's the queerest thing about it. I had some mighty good letters of introduction and I knew some literary men personally. I had a letter to Henry McDonald on the *Express* staff. You probably know him. He's making forty dollars a week. He was a Penn Yan boy, too, but I was assistant editor of the *News* up to Watkins then, and I never was acquainted with him. Afterward when I came to Penn Yan I worked on the same paper that McDonald used to be on, and Parry, that's the editor and proprietor, gave me a great letter to him. It was a mighty flattering letter." Honeyman hesitated a moment. "Yes," he went on, "Parry wrote: 'In my judgment, Mr. Honeyman is the best descriptive writer who has ever gone out from Penn Yan.'"

"Really!" observed Holden.

"And I knew Paul DeWitt Cummings, the poet, personally," continued Honeyman. "His cousin married a cousin of mine up to Watkins, and he was up to the wedding. I had a cracking interview with him in the *News*. They let me cut loose for a column and a half, and Paul gave us an original stanza. I'll show it to you some day. I've got it home."

"I'd like to see it," said Holden.

"Then there was Henry Goodhew, who writes for the *Bookman*. I met him once, in Rochester, and he asked me to be sure and come and see him if I was ever in New York. Well, you can see I had a pull with the right sort of people. But some were always out of the city, and the rest went back on me, and then I got this cold on my chest and I couldn't get any goose oil when it first come on, so it's stuck. But I ain't ever been afraid but what things would come out all right, and I guess they have." He drew himself into a half-sitting position, with his head resting against the head of the bedstead, and smiled.

"Yes, they have," said Holden. "But my advice to you is to take a rest and shake this cold off before you come back to work. Livingstone here has seen your articles and wants you to do a job for him. I hope as a favor to me you will be able to take care of it. He's got a horse farm down on Long Island and he wants to get a descriptive catalogue of the place—horses, beauties of nature, buildings, and all that sort of thing. Why don't you go down there for a month or so and do it as a sort of recreation?"

Honeyman pursed up his mouth and weighed the idea judiciously. "That's quite an interesting piece of work," he said after a pause. "There's a good chance for descriptive power. But I don't see how I can spare the time. If I hadn't wasted the winter I'd consider it, but I've only just begun to better myself—". He hesitated. His eyes furtively sought the photograph of the girl on the book-shelf and then looked down at the coverlet. "I want to get going; I want to get established as soon as I can. And then I'm mending fast," he continued. "I'm better every day. I can feel it. And I'm going to finish the first of the next series to-morrow."

"Very well," said Holden quietly; "but I think you would make in the end by taking a little rest."

The sick man shook his head. "When

do you expect to begin to print them?" he asked after a pause.

"I can't tell definitely about that," Holden replied. "You see, with all the war news we are crowded for space. But we may pay on acceptance for matter like this, just as the magazines do. If you don't mind I'll have your order cashed and send it up to you. That will save you the bother of coming down-town."

"You are mighty kind," said Honeyman; "I wish you would. Say," he added timidly, "do you suppose I could get the proofs before long? It would be sort of nice to go over them and see how it looks in type. You know you can always tell better about the way it's going to hit people when you see it in print."

"I'm glad you spoke of that," Holden answered. "It was stupid of me not to have sent them up before. You shall have them to-morrow. We must be going now. Don't try and work by that gaslight. You'll spoil your eyes, and you know we need good eyes in our business."

"I won't," said Honeyman. "I'll just lie here and think. Good night!"

"Good night!" they answered, and went out into the stuffy passageway and down the stairs. The loud talk and laughter were still coming from the room where they were playing cards. On the second floor, through an open door they saw a stout woman putting her hair up in curl-papers. The boarding-house smell grew heavier as they reached the ground floor, and both held their breath till they were out-of-doors. Then they turned to the east and walked toward Broadway.

"Well," said Livingstone, after a long silence, "he's knocked out the catalogue plan. I'm sorry, because I should really like to have had the thing done. Do you think he'll change his mind?"

"Do you?" said Holden.

Livingstone made no reply.

"I've got to go down-town," said Holden. "Good night!" and he turned

toward the stairs of the elevated railroad station.

When Holden reached the office he unfolded a pile of manuscript that was in a pigeonhole of his desk and methodically wrote directions to the printer across the top. "There," he said half-aloud, "in case he should ask for the copy, that looks businesslike and regular: '1 col. nonp. time copy—but rush after paper is set. 4 proofs to-morrow noon.' No," he added, "he'll think it's more important if it's set two columns wide." He scratched out the "1 col." and wrote "2 measure" in its place.

"Tell the foreman," he said to the copy boy, "to have the composition of this matter charged to me."

The next day Holden sent the proofs, and the day after that he received this note:

"JOHN HOLDEN, Managing Editor.

"Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of proofs of my three articles and ninety dollars for the same. The proofs are fairly clean, but there are some changes which I have deemed best to make in the interest of force and picturesqueness. Your friend Mr. Livingstone was here to see me yesterday and tried to get me to change my mind about doing the catalogue. He made me a most liberal offer, but, as I told you, I want to stick to my profession and get established, and besides I am not going to leave you in the lurch after the friendship you have shown me. When do you suppose you will print the first of the series? I ask in order that I may be getting the second series in shape in case you print them soon. I trust that they will be well received and prove a good business venture for both of us.

"Yours respectfully,

"WILLIAM HONEYMAN."

Honeyman's note had been sent to Holden's apartment in Washington Square with the rest of his morning's mail. Holden made a practise of going through it with a stenographer as he

dressed. He tossed the sheet of paper on his bureau and was thoughtfully buttoning his waistcoat when his door bell rang and a moment later Livingstone appeared in the bedroom doorway.

"Now don't say you can't come," said Livingstone severely, "till you hear what I have in mind. I'm going to drive my coach up to Morris Park this afternoon, and dine at Westchester after the races, and I want you to come along. You've *got* to come to make amends for the way you compromised me by not turning up at supper. I've given my word to the lady that I surely would produce you."

"I'm very sorry," said Holden; "I've got to be at the office all the afternoon."

"Hang the office," said Livingstone. "I don't believe it. I think you're a woman-hater."

"You've found me out," said Holden quietly. "Look at this," he added. He held out Honeyman's note. "Your immoral bribes are spurned, and the moral of that is don't trespass on my hospital preserves."

Livingstone read it and laid it back again on the bureau. "When are you going to publish his things?" he asked.

"Do you mean 'The Prospect from the Brooklyn Bridge' and companion pieces?" said Holden.

Livingstone nodded. "Yes," he said, "I got interested hearing him talk the other night, and I want to leave an order for some copies. They must be pretty good articles; that is, they're on good subjects. I've never been on the Bridge myself, but the view must be extensive. I suppose," he added thoughtfully, "if you could get more things of this sort you wouldn't have to pad out the murders and horrors so." One of Livingstone's intellectual recreations was to discover a way to reform the press.

Holden laughed a queer, low laugh. He saw in his mind's eye the sixteen columns of live news which were "left over" on the "stone" the night before, chiefly because the Flushing cellar mys-

tery had developed unexpectedly, and a staff reporter had discovered the missing hand.

"Livingstone," he said, "it is as heartless to tell the truth of things to you as to a young girl. You are too simple and sweet. Nevertheless I've got to, because I'm afraid if I don't that you will give me away to Honeyman and get me into difficulties. If I printed the 'Brooklyn Bridge,' I should get a telegram from my boss offering me a long vacation, and they would take me to Bloomingdale on the afternoon train in the hope of saving my mind."

"I don't see why," said Livingstone.

"Of course not," said Holden. "Neither does Honeyman."

Livingstone sat down and played thoughtfully with his stick. "Then you're not going to print his pieces?" he said. "He thinks you are, though, doesn't he, and he's counting on it? He believes he's a great journalist, doesn't he? That's the idea I got."

Holden nodded.

"Well, what are you going to do then?" the other demanded.

"I don't know," said Holden quietly. "I wish I did."

Presently Livingstone rose and paced up and down fidgeting with his stick, as was his way when occupied with ideas. "Look here," he said, "what do they charge for advertising in your paper?"

Holden answered without looking up from the letter he was reading. "Eight hundred dollars a page or thirty cents a line," he said. "Which do you want?"

"Could you put this chap's three pieces on a page?"

Holden dropped his banter and looked up. "You've hit it, Livy," he said. "We'll get out a special Honeyman edition."

"Yes, something of that sort," said Livingstone clumsily. He became embarrassed when he was much pleased. "You work it out, you know. I haven't any head for such things, but I want you

to go along with it and let me have the bill."

"It will be easy to do," said Holden. "I'll have plates cast for an extra page and slip them on one of the presses in the place of one of the inside pages. Then we'll run off three or four hundred and destroy the matrix."

"Of course you know about all that," said Livingstone. He looked at his watch and yawned. "I'm late for a lunch engagement. I ought to hurry," he added, and he went out.

That night Holden was called away to consult Stanton, who owned the newspaper, and it was the middle of the following week before he got back. He found waiting for him a series of communications from Honeyman, each inquiring in a different way when his articles were coming out. Holden replied in a humble note which apologized for having been out of town, and announced that the articles would appear within a day or two at latest. Then he telephoned Livingstone that the matter for the special edition had been made up into a page and stereotyped ready to go to press. "If you care to bother with the thing, come to the office to-night and later we'll go up-town and tell him about it."

"All right," said Livingstone. "I shall."

For three hours Livingstone had been sitting in Holden's office watching the pulses of the world beat. Through the half-open door he looked out into the great city room with its rows of desks, where half a hundred reporters were feverishly making copy. He heard the clicking of many typewriters, the subdued noise of telegraph instruments, the muffled rattle of telephone-bells ringing inside the glass booths. It all meant news and speed.

Half the night, from the suite of connecting offices Holden's assistants had been coming, submitting questions, and hurrying off. Grave and expressionless he would listen till the point was clear

and then answer with a word. The news which would be read at to-morrow's breakfast tables lay before him in piles of moist proofs. This extraordinary mechanism of which Holden held the lever had combed the happenings of the earth, and the ravelings of the day's history were in a tangled heap under his hand.

It impressed Livingstone. Gradually he noticed that the men in the city room were rising and stretching themselves, and chatting in little groups. A waiter came in from a neighboring restaurant with lunch. The night's work for them was over. Suddenly a purring quiver ran through the building for a few moments, stopped, and went on again. Livingstone looked up inquiringly.

"It's the presses," said Holden. "They've begun to run off our great special edition. I ordered it done before they began the run for the early mails. There'll be some up here in a minute."

Almost as he spoke a boy burst in with a bundle of damp papers. Holden handed a copy to Livingstone. "It's on page six," he said. He opened his own paper and studied the great page feature. "Do you think that '*William Honeyman*' is in big enough type?" he asked.

"I don't see how any editor could want bigger," said Livingstone. "This would satisfy an actor."

Holden smiled. He folded a dozen copies and pasted a brown paper wrapper about them. "Come along," he said, and they went out.

Near the elevated station at Thirty-third Street Holden stopped at a District Messenger office. "We mustn't bring these ourselves," he said, holding up the bundle of newspapers. "He'd know that it's too early for even the mail edition to be out."

He wrote the address on the package. "I want this delivered at exactly quarter past one," he said to the clerk.

"That's in fifteen minutes," observed Livingstone. "Sha'n't we wait?"

"No," said Holden; "the effect will be grander if a messenger boy wakes up the house and dashes in. Don't you think so?"

"I fancy it will," Livingstone answered.

The great hot spell of that May had already lasted four days with a humidity that registered above ninety. Every few squares there was a horse lying on the pavement, and the ambulances were ceaselessly busy. At night the people thronged the streets anxious and restless; that is, the well and strong; the children and the sick tossed and suffered indoors.

"I'm sorry we had to wake you," said Holden to the tall servant-girl who let them in. "There'll be a messenger here in a quarter of an hour."

"I'm glad you've come," she said. "He's been queer this afternoon, and he ain't acquainted with no one in the house on his floor. He never used to meal here, you know. The cook, when she went up to dress for her afternoon, she heard him, and she says to me, 'Lily, Mr. Honeyman's taken quite bad. He's crying and saying poetry.' An' I says to her, 'His friend took him out in a hansom and most likely he's feverish', and she says——"

"Really?" said Holden. "I think we'll go right up."

All was quiet in the room, and he knocked softly.

"Come in," a weak voice answered.

The gas had not been lighted, and the glare of the arc lamps below on the corner filled the room with an unsteady bluish light.

"We were up-town," said Holden, "and thought we'd look in. Your stuff is coming out this morning and I wanted to let you know the new scheme we have for it. I was afraid you might be annoyed. While I was in Washington with Mr. Stanton I mentioned the articles and he became very much interested. By the way, he asked me to bring you to see him when you got around. He wanted a page feature made out of it. I've written

an across-the-page head like this: First line, 'Picturesque New York'—that's in forty-two point, extended dynamo caps.—Excuse us Livingstone," he said, interrupting his description. "Of course you don't understand our shop talk, but I want to explain the thing to Honeyman. Then there's a three-line pyramid, in thirty-six-point lower case, beginning 'A page written by William Honeyman,' and going on to describe the articles. I hope you'll like it."

The sick man sat up excitedly and fixed his eyes on Holden. "Say, that's great!" he exclaimed. "Say, I can hardly believe it! Do you really mean it, Mr. Holden? Did Stanton want to see me? Say, that's great!" He fell to giggling childishly. Then his cough started and he hacked and hacked, and finally dropped back exhausted. "Say, that's great," he murmured.

"It is good," said Holden. "It's a thing which very few newspaper men get, and you have a right to feel proud about it. How many extra copies do you suppose you'll want?"

Honeyman seemed not to hear at first. "Stanton wants to *see me*," he was muttering. "Excuse me," he said suddenly. "You see it seems so queer to have Stanton wanting to see *me*. You asked about extra copies, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Holden; "I'll send up a couple of hundred for you to have here, and if you'll make out a mailing list I'll have the mailing department at the office attend to it."

"That's mighty good of you," answered Honeyman. "Two hundred will be more than I'll need here. It'll be handy to have them around, though. But say, I can't get over that about Stanton."

"You're looking better to-night," observed Holden after a pause. "I was afraid the heat might have set you back. Still, I wish you would change your mind and take a vacation. You'd get your strength back a lot quicker."

"No," he answered. "I can't do it.





*Drawn by F. A. Stoddard.*

*"Presently the print seemed to blur, for he held the page farther away from him."*

I don't need it, and it wouldn't be right. It's my business to stick to my luck."

"Well, we'll talk it over again," said Holden, "for I think you are wrong. We really ought not to have come in and interrupted your sleep." He fingered his hat, and Honeyman noticed it.

"Must you be going?" the sick man said disappointedly. "I wish you could stay and chat. Sometimes it gets lonesome here in bed. Denman drops in every day or two, but most of the time he's down in the Row selling specials and jokes. That fellow's a great hand at humor. Sometimes he makes seven or eight dollars a week just out of the colored supplements. I got acquainted with Denman in the drug store one night last winter and he asked me to have a hot chocolate. He's been a good friend. But I'm afraid he'll never amount to anything in a serious line. He hasn't got the stuff in him. Poor old Denman, he's just like the rest of the newspaper boys who don't seem to catch on. They have an awful hard life, Mr. Holden—always getting their stories back, always being told, 'Call again.' Of course, they're foolish to come to New York when they haven't the right stuff in 'em, but I'm sorry for 'em." He stopped suddenly and asked Holden to pour him some ice water. "You see it's awful hot," he said, "but I'm not sweating a bit. You see I'm getting better."

Holden brushed his hand across the sick man's forehead as he gave him the water. It was dry with fever.

"New York's a hard place for a stranger," he went on. "You see there ain't any place to sit but in the parks or the Astor Library, and you get tired of everlastingly walking past the stores. Everything's hurry-up and hustle and rush all day and all night. I'm getting tired of it. I'm tired of sidewalks. I want to feel how it is to walk on grass. It's the old spring feeling and it took me this afternoon when I was up in Central Park driving in a hansom. It was the lilac smell brought it on just as it

used to when I was a boy." He was talking rapidly with his eyes fixed on the ceiling. His voice had risen into a high-pitched monotone, and as he went on he dropped into the colloquialisms of the western New York country. The careless, ungrammatical speech of his childhood seemed to be coming back to him.

"And when it come," he continued, "I used to go out on the lake road by Watkins, where I was raised, and lay under the apple-trees on the bluffs on the old Barret place. And there's a hedge of lilocks there, white and purple, both. I've been thinking of that hedge since the hot spell come. I'm hungry for the feel of lyin' there. It's great; you lie an' smell the lilocks and the damp smell of the grass, and see the cool blue, up overhead, through the apple-trees. It's the blue that get's you. It's the blue and the smell of the spring things. It's the hankerin' for that blue, that I call the 'spring feelin'. I hain't never reckoned out how, or why, but when that hankerin' gets into the blood, you want to fill up with that cool blue that comes tricklin' through the apple-trees. And a sort of sad feelin' gets into your throat and you think of things. I've tried to reckon out why the spring was sadlike and I can't make out, only a voice says to me, 'It's all so short! It's all so short!' I wish I could smell them lilocks now." He broke off and lay panting with his eyes staring into vacancy.

"Honeyman," said Holden in a low tone, "I believe that you could do a better descriptive story of 'Spring on Seneca Lake' than any man in America. You see you know the place and could put in a lot of little touches. Do you think you will be rested enough by tomorrow or next day to start up there for the paper? It will take you a fortnight at least to do the thing properly, and it will be cheaper for me to send you on salary with expenses than to buy piece work. If you'll go for fifty dollars a week and expenses it's a bargain. You see you'll get a regular position in that

way, though your story might be worth more than two weeks' pay."

"To Watkins as a regular staff correspondent?" he asked incredulously. "To Watkins?" Both men dropped their eyes, for they knew he was looking at the photograph on the book-shelf. "Do you really mean it? 'Spring on Seneca, a descriptive rhapsody by William Honeyman,'" he murmured. "I'll go," he said, "but suppose Stanton should want to see me?"

"I'll wire you if he does, and you can come back," said Holden.

There was a muffled footfall in the passage and a knock at the door.

"What's that?" asked the sick man.

Holden opened the door. "It's a little surprise," he answered. "It's the morning paper, the mailing edition. I told them to send up the first copies run off. Light the gas," he said to Livingstone.

He tore off the wrapper and opened a

copy of the paper at page six. "There," he said. He put the sheet in Honeyman's hands and raised him on his pillow.

The sick man fixed his eyes upon the page but said nothing.

The two stood watching him. Presently the print seemed to blur, for he held the page farther away from him. He closed his eyes and rested the paper on his lap.

"Is this, is this it?" he murmured.

"Yes," said Holden.

He opened his eyes again and looked vaguely toward the photograph on the book-shelf.

"I'll take it home to Watkins," he said in a whisper. He attempted weakly to fold it, but his fingers only rustled the pages aimlessly.

"He's going," whispered Livingstone.

His head dropped on his breast and a tremor ran through his body.

"He's gone!" said Holden in a low tone.

## THE PASSING GUEST

By DUNCAN SMITH

Ah! Love is but a passing guest,  
Young-eyed and fair, a friend to sorrow;  
To Love I said: Good day. He said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

I decked my house with roses red,  
All from the garden I could borrow;  
I took his hand in mine, and said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

Then came a knock. Ah! sound of dread!  
Love sickened at the voice of sorrow;  
He kissed me on the brow and said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.

The flowers I wove for him are dead;  
My house is empty save for sorrow,  
So is my heart, since Love hath said:  
Good morrow, good morrow.



THE MASTER OF THE NORFOLK HUNT OF MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS  
From a painting by Charles Hopkinson

# A BIOLOGICAL ENLIGHTENMENT

BY MELVILLE CHATER

"Huxley?" repeated the little Danvers girl. "No, I don't think I ever——"

She was only seventeen, with but two years' day-schooling at the Misses Ayrton & Darrow, and no college preparation. Moreover, it disconcerts a girl to be asked such questions—especially on moonlight picnics—between the months of June and September. Most of all, she had just met the Ph.D.

That the Ph. D.'s parents had sent him to college at seventeen was something short of criminal collusion. From thence he was graduated in four years only because he was not allowed to do the work in two. Unfortunately, this left him of age and independent, so he took his doctor's degree and wrote a slight work on the microscope. People on hearing about him used to gaze upon his pale young face, his eye-glassed smile of patient benevolence, and indignantly declare that such things shouldn't be allowed. Goodness knows how soon he would have reduced heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, to a scientific classification, had not Nature intervened—perhaps in self-defense—and left him as blind as a bat (*Cheiroptera mammalia vertebrata*). The oculist's ultimatum was a year of absolute rest and quiet, so the Ph.D. was commuted out to his married brother, who owned a house in New Jersey, where he slept.

"You'd remember it, had you read Huxley, I'm sure," said the Ph.D. earnestly. "He's so incisive, untechnical but very polished, you know."

"Oh, I see," said the little Danvers girl.

They were seated on the edge of the cliffs; beneath them stretched a forest of

dim, declivitous foliage, far below which lay the great river, with the sharp silhouette of a tug and barges slipping silently by through the path of the moonlight. Further along the cliff grouped the rest of the picnic, huddled by twos, in white waists and shirt-sleeves, while through the still summer night rang the ever-beloved,

"Bring back—bring back—  
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me!"

The Ph.D. chipped off a piece of the Palisades and examined it in the moonlight."

"Dolerite," he observed with the fond gloat into which a technical term always threw him. "Trap-rock, you know; an igneous formation. Triassic period, I believe."

The little Danvers girl looked her prettiest as she bent forward clasping one knee and raised her bright, shy eyes.

"Is it, really?" she said. "How terribly interesting!" Then she added in hurried confusion, "Don't you write—write books?"

"Only one—as yet," apologized the Ph.D.

"Oh!" she cried plaintively, "I'm so ignorant! How I should love to know just everything! But about your book. Please, would you mind explaining——"

At that magic word the Ph.D.'s eyes glistened for the first time since their failure; he cleared his throat, and that was the end of a double-sided conversation until the chaperon came around to gather in strayed couples.

"Oh!" exclaimed the little Danvers girl, with a start. "I didn't know it was so late."

But of course on moonlight picnics they all say that.

The little Danvers girl lived up the Avenue on the top of the third hill, where men leave at 7.25 to catch the 8.01. Her house was a small, honey-suckled affair of the two-steps-up, one-step-front, and ring-the-bell variety, and her parents were plain, honest people who kept the parlor furniture tidied up at right angles and stood plaster statuettes around on the tops of things. The simplicity of the place, coupled with the little Danvers girl's pretty unenlightenment and her plaintive longing to know, touched the Ph.D. almost to tears; his own erudition loomed so large in contrast that he was fain to cast his eyes earthward, to preserve a lowly, scientific equanimity.

"A quick, pliant young mind!" he murmured in his odd, ancient way. "My little knowledge may be the making of her. Quite virgin soil! Not every man is given such an opportunity."

He heaved a weight of notes and textbooks up the three hills and put her on a mild course of animal physiology; also for desultory summer reading he loaned her his "Modern Microscopy." This she bound with brown paper and hid in some consecrated trove, producing it during his calls to delicately finger over the leaves for light on some involved passage. The Ph.D. enlightened her; he did more; day by day he discoursed in mild enthusiasm, reducing technicalities to their simplest possible terms. And day by day the little Danvers girl sat with him under the trees, giving recitations. This she did in eager, almost anxious fashion, with now and then a timid falter over some long word, or an appealing lift of her bright, shy eyes. She was always quite letter-perfect unless interrupted, when she would grow desperately confused, and blush, and begin all over again. The Ph.D. listened with half-closed eyes and a benign smile; he still found her quick and pliant, and sometimes caught a

curious, half-emotional flash which he identified as the feminine expression of that awe wherewith the scientific mind finds itself face to face with some great natural truth. Therein the Ph.D. proved to be entirely correct.

After recitations they would stroll down the hill for the late mail, discussing ambitions. That is, the Ph.D. discussed and the little Danvers girl said, "How simply gorgeous!" Such was her unregulated femininity. She seemed to thrill after great careers in an awed, impersonal way; his plainest project was no less to her than perfectly beautiful, yet she had not one definite ambition to her back. Her nearest approach was a wild desire to travel, but even that was little more than a childish vagary entailing no hunger for study or observation, but merely an aimless, immature idea of wandering around the world in search of vague, wonderful glories. There was a rich aunt in the city who had promised that when she was old enough — But what did people mean by "old enough," anyway?

"Do you think I'll ever grow old?" sighed the little Danvers girl. "And will I ever travel?"

Then she picked a daisy and fell to pulling off petals to the burden of "Yes—no; yes—no; yes—no!" with breathless absorption. The Ph.D. smiled indulgently; he even picked a daisy himself.

"*Bellis perrennis*," he remarked, half-consciously. "Did you ever observe its structure? It's rather an interesting fact that this particular genus—"

They bent over the flower in mutual observation, but how were the people coming up from the train to guess that they were talking botany?

The public never does guess—it always knows. In the present instance it knew much more than did the pair it knew about. The girls whispered sensationally, "Why, he's years older than she, and terribly serious! I never thought she was clever at all, did you?"



*Drawn by Jerome Uhl*

*"After recitations they would stroll down the hill for the late mail, discussing ambitions."*

The little Danvers girl, finding haughty seniors of callers and correspondences eying her with covert respect, experienced delicious palpitations. The men merely said in their brutal way, "Why doesn't the young ass take some one his own size to fool with?"

In New Jersey towns such talk circulates among the younger set until it reaches certain married women, shortly after which the girl's mother hears things. Presently the Ph.D. noticed a peculiar coolness in the Danvers people during his calls, and next they absented themselves entirely, giving him no chance to observe more than that their daughter often appeared with red eyes while doors in upper regions slammed fiercely. The Ph.D. sighed as he walked homeward. It was the old story, he reflected, of adverse environment and unsympathetic parents. No doubt they wanted to chain her to bed-making and plate-washing—the bright, pretty child who but yesterday had given him such a lucid account of secretory and excretory processes! If any one could have convinced the Ph.D. that he was objected to as an expositor of Nature in its restricted sense, he would have fled in overwhelming confusion. As it was, he stood his ground and quoted pieces to the little Danvers girl about the right of self-development.

For she had developed greatly, that was certain. She was quite familiar with proximate principles, and fairly so with vital selective force and excitomotor action; she could physiologically describe crying, laughter, sneezing, and blushes; could give half a dozen evidences of blood-circulation, and draw diagrams of vertical sections of skin. The one thing she had not learned was the true insignificance of the Ph.D. She still insisted in bowing before his pedestal, shy and impulsive by turn, at times venturing no more than a few broken acquiescences, beyond her recitations. The Ph.D. always had the feeling that she burned to ask

him a world of questions, but didn't dare.

"Now, you're quite sure," he would conclude, rising to go, after the inevitable lapse in conversation, "that you've a clear idea of the distribution of the cerebral nerves?"

"I—I think so," she would murmur, smoothing wrinkles out of the sofa cushions.

"But isn't there something you'd like to know?" he would insist—"some question or other?"

To which she would half raise her eyes, then drop them again, saying in hurried faintness:

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all, thank you."

It was the Ph.D.'s brother's wife who said "Apples!" in this scientific Eden. She was a brusque, laconic little woman who prided herself on her bluntness and indifference to popular opinion; she had no reverence for learning, and whenever her brother-in-law was spoken of with enthusiasm, she replied, "Oh, yes!" from the depths of lassitude. One Sunday afternoon—her pew in church was shared by the Danvers' next-door neighbors—she intercepted the Ph.D.'s egress and asked where he was going.

He told her, adding, "Such a bright child! Quite devoted to her studies!"

She stared him to the core for a mute moment, then demanded aggressively:

"Why on earth did you ever come out here?"

"You know quite well," sighed the Ph.D., "that my eyes are useless."

"They certainly are!" she retorted. Then she opened them. She was sworn to conceal the facts, so she suggested them under the guise of intuitions. This has been done before: it explains why some women's intuitions haunt them with such vivid reality. The Ph.D. gasped and spluttered and blushed; he declared that it was an utterly ridiculous impossibility. Such a thing, he said, had never happened to him in all his life. He mopped his brow, wiped his glasses,



and paced the piazza in scandalized flabbergast, behaving as a marble statue would behave if brought to life and told that it was the father of twins.

"Well," said the other, to soothe him, "perhaps I *am* wrong, but there'd be no harm in breaking it off, anyway."

"No harm!" cried the Ph.D., exploding afresh. "Why, my dear woman, you don't understand. I'm developing the child, teaching her to think; we're doing a course, a regular course, you know. We're right in the middle of gland-structure."

But the sister-in-law was callous to glands; she solved the matter by closing her house a fortnight earlier than usual, and went down to the shore, taking the Ph.D., where he moped about the sands, behind smoked glasses, for six weeks. She felt greatly reassured, having conceived a further intuition that by the time they returned, the little Danvers girl would be elsewhere. But therein she was wrong, for on the second morning after they reached home, the Ph.D. received a note addressed in round, straggly script. He opened it with squeamish dread and finished it with a sigh of relief. It was a most sensible, commonplace note; the writer had been studying very hard and had numerous questions to ask him; she hoped he could find time to come up soon, in a day or two, perhaps, as she might shortly leave on a trip—though it was not quite decided. And trusting that he had been enjoying himself, she was his most sincerely.

That night the Ph.D. strode up the hill with buoyant reassurance. He smiled tolerantly upon his sister-in-law and her intuitions. Such was the indiscreetness of those dear, emotional creatures, for the lack of some systematized conduct in life! He found the little Danvers girl awaiting him prettier and shyer than ever, exhaling an agreeable efflorescence of fresh charm, which he afterward dimly attributed to a new dress. Evidently she had passed the

weeks in close study; the table was littered with text-books and notes, and beside her on the sofa lay his "Modern Microscopy."

As usual, the conversation turned on things scientific, but most unusually it soon waned and degenerated into topics of quite another kind. Time after time he took fresh hold of his theme; time after time he was astounded to find it drifting into discussions of a trivially personal nature. Yet through it all he felt more than ever that his pupil was deeply, shyly in earnest, and burned to ask a world of questions, but didn't dare.

Having twice risen and reseated himself, drawn into continuing the subject, he stood before her, hat in hand, waiting for he hardly knew what.

"But this is not the end of our little classes," he reassured her. "I shall see you when you come back, of course."

"Of course!" said the little Danvers girl.

"I've tried to make everything quite plain and simple," he reflected, "and I hope you've understood. But you have, of course!"

"Of course!" echoed the little Danvers girl.

"You're sure?" he insisted anxiously, extending his hand. "There's nothing you want to know? No question or other?"

"Oh, nothing!" she murmured hurriedly, "nothing at all, thank you."

"But if you should think of anything that worries you," he begged, "you'll write me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," murmured the little Danvers girl, who had followed him quite to the door, "I'll write."

And that was the last of her, unless actions speak louder than words: for when the Ph.D. was some distance down the road he found he had forgotten his book, and hurried back. Through the open window he saw the little Danvers girl kneeling by the sofa with her head among the cushions. Her shoulders heaved in the lamplight; then she lifted

her face, and it was neither childish nor shy. She was clasping his book and treating it as no scientific work should be treated; in fact, as no book is ever treated save the Holy Bible, and then only in matters of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Ph.D. received a sudden shock in his scientific equanimity. He realized that he was a brute, a bounder, a swaddled babe; he felt fearfully, microscopically mean—but it was a wholesome meanness.

For a week he skulked about in corners, afraid to look at himself in the glass, then he gushed over on his sister-in-law and begged her to tell him what to do.

"Do!" she retorted. "Haven't you done enough? Thank heaven, the child sailed with her aunt, day before yesterday, to be gone a year!"

Then she plowed and harrowed him with an account of how the little Danvers girl had been bullied by her parents all that summer. It seemed that the aunt's invitation dated a month back,

but that for some reason the child had tearfully refused to stir until six days ago. The sister-in-law told everything, except that her intuitions had been based on facts, and she concluded triumphantly, "I told you so!"

But the Ph.D. was a limp, unresponsive heap.

"And you are the man," she sniffed, "who wrote a book on the microscopel! But microscopes are hardly strong enough for you: what you need is a stethoscopel!"

The next day his book was returned. It contained a few withered daisies and some loose notes done in large, girlish handwriting. One of them ran:

"Heart (human): Quadrilocular and conoidal. Its substance, myocardium; its lining, endocardium. Supplied with blood by right and left coronary arteries. Nerves derived from the cardiac plexuses. Its action is involuntary."

And the Ph.D. suddenly experienced that awe with which the scientific mind finds itself face to face with some great natural truth.

## THE VIREO

By ABIGAIL JAMES

"I see you. Can you see me?"  
Merrily up in the tree  
Sings the Red-Eyed Vireo,  
Cheeriest of birds I know,  
Merrily up in the tree,  
"I see you. Can you see me?"  
Sings the Red-Eyed Vireo.

You may ask until you tire,  
Hopping always high and higher;  
You see me, and tell me so.  
I can't see you, Vireo!  
Hopping always high and higher,  
You may ask until you tire.  
I can't see you, Vireo!

# THE TURTLE DOVES

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF RICHARD RYDER, OTHERWISE GALLOPING DICK, SOMETIME GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD, DATE CIRC, 1687

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON



'T IS not the first face of a predicament that is always the right aspect, and men may as often as not, by holding their peace, come at the heart of the matter, always provided that there is naught in the case to make the blood sing. Now in a pretty lively term of life on the road I have met many types, and some of them characters as you would scarce credit; but 'tis not always that they are conjoined thus in their odd individualities with a stirring episode. Nevertheless there was in the meeting with Sir Damon Boll that which pleased me mightily, at least in the end. Indeed 'twas a rare piece of chicanery, from the outset, what time I left the "Boar's Head" in a chaise and two horses of my own set for Epsom, like any gentleman with an important journey of his own afore him. And so in truth I had, for I was to set up for my lord, if you please, with a lackey and all, but that affair, though 'twas humorsome beyond fancy, enters not into this adventure. It was enough that the thought tickled me on my road out of Southwark, by Camberwell and Newington, and I was in a fair good humor as we rocked along the ruts that sharp November evening.

When the postilion was come out by Streatham and was for making across the heath, the moon that was half and bright struck into the lowering clouds, and the open waste gloomed of a sudden swiftiness. The window of the chaise was open, and the air streamed in, but I could make out little with my peepers because of the blackness. And here there was a savage rocking of the body of the chaise, and a cracking as of a wheel against something. So popped I forth my head and roared to the postilion, cursing him for his clumsiness, and he cursing back at the horses; and between us there was a pretty commotion. For here was a nobleman (save me!) upon his travels with a damned dung-fork of a rascal, on whom he might let loose his temper and be not questioned. That was how I phrased it to myself, being not as wroth as I seemed, but indeed enjoying to feign it; when withdrawing my head, as we were got back again upon the track, I espied a blacker shadow in the blackness about the heath.

It held my eye a moment, for I knew it well enough to be the figure of a man, and then it darted into nearer view; and the light, bettering on the same instant, showed me a fellow with a hat askew on the back of his head, a heavy pistol at the stand-and-deliver, and a face under a dark mask at the chaise's edge.

"Hold!" says he loudly to the postilion, and forthwith catches right merrily at the horse nearest. The frightened fellow pulled in, and says this night-bat as boldly as you will, and as

cheerfully, following his barker through the window:

"Now, my good sir, pray do not dally, but hand out forthwith. Dalliance is the spirit of my lady's chamber, not of snapping sharp winter nights like these. Disgorge, my buck, disgorge!"

Now you will conceive it was an odd situation for Galloping Dick to be thus waylaid and handled after the manner of his own craft, though this was not the first occasion that it had happened. But to that you will add this, that there was that in his air, as in his voice, and in the very swagger of his challenge, which showed me here was no ordinary toby-man. So says I to myself silently, gazing on his pistol, "What have we here?" and then aloud said I, "Sirrah, what do you?" in a lordly tone.

"Faith," says he, not lowering his pistol, but speaking in a rollicking way, "be not my words plain, brave knight, or must I make 'em bark? I require of you all that you have in the chaise, barring what I will spare you out of charity, your clothes and cock-hat, for the sake of shame."

"Oh!" said I in a hesitating way, "then are you a gentleman of the road, rascal?"

"You honor me to put a name upon me," said he with an inclination of the head.

"I will tell you this," I broke out in seeming indignation, "you shall be well hanged—that's your destiny."

"Maybe," said he carelessly. "As well be picked by crows on a gallows as in a ditch. Deliver, my lord."

"I ask your indulgence, captain," said I in another voice; "there is a packet I would fain keep——"

"Pish! I must have all or none," he interrupted. "Yet I am in a mood to indulge you, so be you give me your hand on paper that I took all of you."

This made me perpend, for my wits are sharp and I began to guess that this was maybe by way of a wager, and that the fool was rattling the dice on his life.

"I will do that," said I after a pause, "if you will let this document, that is important to none but myself, remain. I have sixty guineas else."

"Hand 'em over," says he in a jocose way.

His pistol was still at my head, and I made search for my purse and gave it to him; the which he pocketed without so much as examining it.

"And for this warranty?" said he, "I have quill and paper"; whereat I knew that I was upon the right thought.

He put a hand into his pocket, but, being by now unsuspecting that he had any to deal with save a mild sheep, he paid little heed to his earlier precautions; and the next I had his pistol hand in my clutch. He was taken aback at the first, but struggled gamely, though (Lord save us!) he was no match for me. With a twist of the wrist, his pistol fell to the road with a dull clank, and presently I had the door of the chaise open, and was gripping him in the darkness. And now 'twas my barker that was against his forehead.

"I was mistook," said I, as he came to a pause in his struggles, "and 'tis not the gallows will have you, sure, but this cold barrel o' mine. And so say your prayers."

He uttered a little reckless laugh: "Oh, I will spare your time," says he. "Doubtless you're in a haste to be on."

"Come," said I, "off with that mask," and I knocked it clear of his face with the pistol.

'Twas a young man, well formed and of a handsome bearing, that stood before me, save that his features were disfigured by a cynic smile. Yet there was in that expression, as I judged, something impulsive and full hearted that took me. I contemplated him.

"You're no toby-man," said I. "A toby-man would think shame to be took as I took you just now."

For answer he whistled, and then, "Good my man, get forward with your job," said he. "I have cast and lost."



*"Hold!" says he loudly,  
and catches at the horse nearest."*

"Why," said I, lowering my barker, "I knew 'twas along of a wager this was done and so bungled."

He threw me a glance under the moon without offering to run. "How know you?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Rip me," said I. "When a gentleman of the road takes the road (save he be in liquor) 'tis for a serious purpose, and that's guineas. He walks with a proper gait; he's no come-lightly. But you—" I came to a pause.

"You're wrong," said he, "'twas no wager."

"Oh, well," said I, "'tis a pity that

so fit a youth should go woo the Triple Beam, and I find it in my heart to give you a chance. What say you? Your story for your life."

He thought a moment. "Agreed," said he. "'Tis no harm and no good to no one."

"Then 'tis sealed on that," I replied, and happened to look away a moment from him.

In the moonlight the heath emerged dimly, and I descried near a patch of bushes a waiting figure.

"So," said I. "That's your game, my master. You bring confederates, and accept of my terms to betray me.

Damme, but I will shoot ye both where ye stand or run."

Now, I was broke out very furious, for it seemed to me that I saw the whole purpose of the ambush very clearly, and I raised my pistol as I spoke.

"What is that?" said he suddenly, and stared at me, and then away to where my eyes had gone. At that instant the figure took to its heels and ran, limping swiftly into the darkness.

"By the Lord, Crookes!" said my toby-man.

"So," said I, not now realizing where I was, but feeling cautiously ahead. "And who may Crookes be that is such a white liver?"

"'Tis Sir Damon's servant," said he, and added, "'Tis in the tale and the bargain."

"In that case," said I, "let's have the tale and the bargain ere my mind shifts, as it is apt to do of a cold night."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You have the advantage, and 'twill hurt nor harm none. Sir Damon Boll is uncle and guardian to a young lady, who returns my passion. But he will none of the match, being anxious to dispose of her to a certain lord. This evening I besought him to acquiesce in our betrothal, but he refused.

"If it be money—" said I. "'Tis not money,' says he with a grin. 'If it be place and position—" said I again, but again he interrupted me. "'Tis neither,' says he. 'You're well enough, man, but who weds my niece must prove himself. You're a young gentleman of the town,' says he. 'When I was young we was wont to be more than that; and by God, young man,' says he, 'ye shall have her if ye rob a coach, or carry stand-and-deliver to a chaise.'

"What mean you?" said I.

"If so be," said he, speaking more slowly, "you shall have spirit and temper enough to take all that is within a traveler's chaise this night, save what clothes he sits in, you have my word and you shall have my niece."

"Well?" said I, seeing he paused.

"Well, here I am," said he, and laughed discordantly.

"Come; it's a very proper and romantic comedy," said I, "and why d'ye suppose he gives you this chance?"

He shook his head.

"And why d'ye suppose this Crookes, Sir Damon's man, if that be his name, is hanging about?"

"I never thought of that," said he.

"Well," said I deliberately, "it seems if I were you, young cockerel, I would think twice ere I put faith in Sir Damon Boll. He hath you in a cleft stick."

"You mean—?" he asked anxiously.

"Why, are you not took in the act?" I replied. "Took with a red hand, and why runs that rogue back to his master? He hath followed you."

"Damnation!" says he, and looks at me.

"Upon my heart," I said, "you're a pretty fellow to take to the road, with no more prudence or care about you than a sucking dove. If I mistake not down flies this Crookes with news of your discomfiture, as he would also have been witness to your success; and presently, maybe, up comes Sir Damon to gloat upon ye. Oh, I have a fondness for such deep ripe rascals; stap me, I have."

He stood moodily, fiddling with his fingers, a frown on his brow.

"Well?" said he at last inquiringly, and something defiant.

"Well?" said I, "I think I will have a look at this Sir Damon, and gads me if there be not the sound of a vehicle. Would ye like another fling at the high toby?"

He looked at me, and I winked.

"Should this be Sir Damon——"

He whistled. "Now, damme," he cried briskly, "you're the gamest cock that ever crowed out of Whitehall."

"Well, let's go to meet him and seek what we shall find," I said, for I did not want that the arriving carriage should come up with mine; and so bestowing an order on my wondering fellow we



walked back sharply upon the London Road.

The night was still relieved by the moon through the naked oaks behind us, and we could perceive the huddle of a chaise separating out of the darkness a score or two of yards away.

"'Tis his livery," says my friend.

"'Tis his coach for sure."

"Well, may I perish but he runs a hazard this night, does this said Sir Damon," I said with a laugh, and I took him by the arm. "Look you," says I. "You were but a bantam with a bantam's voice yonder. You shrieked too high, damme, for your spurs. If you would venture another main take heed to one that knows and keep your

eyes straight, as straight as your weapon. With level hands and eyes, rot me, I would be afraid of nothing under heaven, save stalking ghosts and ill-willing witches. Set on, man, if so you have mind, and I'll wager you will go through with the adventure."

"Gad," says he with his laugh. "I will pluck him there for his pains, and enjoy it. I am your debtor, sir, for this night's topsy-turvy."

Just then the chaise rocked into the faint light before us that stood in the darkness of the trees, and he made a step forward, halted as if in doubt, and then dashed on it, shouting in a loud voice on the postilion. But I lay close in my earth like an old fox watching of 'em.

Well, the chaise was at a standstill, and there was a hubbub, as you may fancy; for the old gentleman was come out to see a highwayman took, and not to be rumpadded himself. But he was of a stout spirit, and though there was my young gentleman at the window with his barker and his mask that he had refitted on 'him, I could descry a white head poked forth and a voice exchanging words sharply.

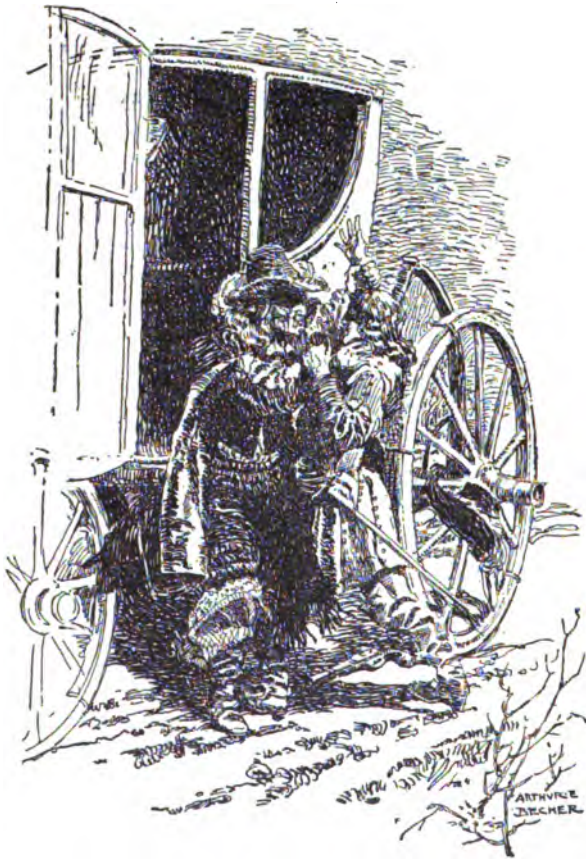
"Deliver!" says my man.

"Deliver! I will see thee damned first," cries the spirited old bubblejock.

"I regret the necessity," says my man pleasantly, but his barker drew nearer.

"I will have this place scoured for you," cries the old boy.

"If you make more ado," says my man amiably, "I shall be in the sad case of dabbling white hair red." With that, seeming to recognize the folly of re-



*"And presently I had the door of the chaise open, and was gripping him in the darkness."*

sistance, Sir Damon sank back in his seat.

"What is't you want?" he asked in another voice.

"'Tis very simple," says t'other; "merely all that is in your chaise with you, save what clothes ye sit in"; and now that the man's head no longer blocked the window he peered closer in, and at the same moment uttered an exclamation of surprise. And so I dare say did Sir Damon also, for he must have recognized by that saying with whom he had to deal; the which must have astonished him who came forth to see the young buck laid by the heels. But he gave vent to no sound that I heard just then, and 'twas my young gentleman of the toby who spoke.

"I will be content with nothing short of all that is with you, sir," said he in a gay voice, as of one well content with himself and destiny. "And first your purse."

Well, he must have got that, for says he next, "Hem, your jewel case," and that too came out of the window in the ghost of a hand that was like a woman's for slenderness. "You're prompt in payment, my dear sir," continues my friend, "for the which I thank ye, as an exacting creditor. But you have still something by you."

Then comes Sir Damon's voice, quite still and cool now. "You have all, sir—you have all. My word spells my honor, unless indeed you have changed your courteous intention about my clothes."

"Nay, I leave none bare," says he, "in particular to these wild winds. But I see you have company, and fair company too," at the which, as you may guess, I pricked up my ears and moved forward a step out of the darkness.

"Well, sir," says Sir Damon sharply, "would you rob the lady also?"

"No," says he with a laugh, "only of your company. I trust I am a gallant toby-man, if one upon compulsion. In truth I have no real liking for the business, but was driven to it of necessity.

Yet while I am in it I must e'en make what I can get out of it. And since I must take all that is in the chaise save yourself, my good sir, I will make bold with the lady, if she will forgive me."

Hearing that I could have slapped my thigh in my delight at his wit and quickness, for I began at once to see how matters stood. Here was Sir Damon driving forth with his ward and niece, maybe with the intent that she should publicly witness, with her own eyes, the wretched plight and humiliation of her lover; and now that lover appears to discomfit her guardian, and wrest her triumphantly from his arms. It was an excellent fine play and tickled me much; for, damme, 'twas after my own heart.

But when he had spoke, Sir Damon answers nothing for a time and then, seeing, I suppose, that he was beaten all round, he says:

"Very well," says he, "I am as I have assured you, my good scoundrel, a man of my word and honor. So what I have said I have said. You have won your wager, and shall have your reward. I confess I had not anticipated it. But to-morrow 'tis my turn, for I too have an unexpected card in the game. And so, when the lady is safely alighted in this balmy air and on this cozy heath, at your disposal, I shall be obliged if you will order my man to drive on so that I may finish this somewhat benighted journey in peace."

This was, you will admit, a dignified surrender, and I could not but see that he was really at the advantage. For though the lad had won his wager, and his bride, he was at the mercy of this man, as hard as Satan, maybe, or as grim as Death. And he would go hang on the Beam for this night's work, if so be Sir Damon desired it. And this, you may conceive, was not a pleasant plight for the young fellow. But, bless you, he had no fears. He had won his wager, and he had handed forth his sweetheart, and was, I doubt not, all in a flurry of passion for the meeting.



Bah! this love turns men dizzy; it steals their wits more wildly than wine. Let be! 'Tis well enough in a way, but rip me if I would be so rankly stirred. The old cock had the advantage and knew it. He gazed out on the silly pair from his window with hard eyes and expressionless face, and shouted a command to his man, at which the chaise turned and began to move slowly toward London again.

At that instant, seeing how awkward a face things wore, and being of a mind to see the stir through to the end, a notion flashed in my head, and I came forward to the couple. Miss I could not see, for she was in wraps,



with no more words I ran after the departing chaise as fast as may be.

When I had reached it I tapped on the window, and out pops the old gentleman's white head once more.

"Another of you?" says he. "This place grows 'em like brambles," and would have discharged a pistol full in my face.

"Hold!" said I. "'Tis your assist-

*"He gazed out on the silly pair from his window, with hard eyes and expressionless face."*

and she might have been a scullion-wench for all I could tell. But says I to him:

"See you, take my coach, and drive on to the 'Nag' by Carshalton, and there await me. I will deal with this Lord Chief Justice myself"; and leaving 'em

ance I want, sir. I believe you have been rumpadded by a toby-man just now. Well, I am in a like case, and was bound whilst he took you. But now he is gone off with my chaise, and I beg you will join me in pursuit. Sure, sir," seeing nothing on his face but its pale mask, "we be enough, armed as we are, to overtake and bring him to account, especially that he hath with him now, as it seems, some go-lightly. But I cannot without my coach overtake them."

He seemed to consider a little, scruti-

nizing me. "Well," said he at last, "you seem a likely man in emergencies. If you are armed, as you say, and have the resolution, I do not know but the plan will fit in with my own. I had another design, but maybe both are admirable, and at least they will not conflict."

So without more ado he invited me into the chaise, and there conceive me sitting in Miss's place, the horses' heads turned again for the south, and Sir Damon and Dick Ryder chatting agreeably and affably together, as they had been long acquaintances.

At least 'twas I that chatted, and he was mostly silent in an amicable enough way, interjecting a question, or commenting with satiric humor, what time we lurched along toward Ewell and Epsom. But now you will have an inkling of my design when I say that if this old fox was permitted to return straightway to town, he would no doubt set the officers on his enemy, and have him forthwith lodged in the Jug. Maybe, thought I to myself, with a little trickery and a little persuasion of my own kind, that could be prevented, and the boy have a run for his life at the least. So that was why we were jogging along the Epsom road through a dark and miry night on the track (as he thought) of the runaways.

Presently, interrupting a tale of mine about Jeremy Starbottle, says he bluffly:

"We seem no nearer, sir. It would look as if your horses were superior to mine."

"Why," said I in answer, "'tis odds they'll keep this road, for the side ways are foul and lead nowhither. Moreover, they will not expect to be pursued. We shall fetch 'em presently."

"Very well," says he, lying back. "But I beg you will give me a little leave. I was shortened of my nap this afternoon."

Now this was a plain hint, as you see, for me to hold my tongue, but I took no offense, for there was no occasion. "Sir," said I, "I am mum. I do not

overstep my welcome," and I too lay back.

But presently, the chaise jogg'-- st-- than usual, he sat up.

"It seems to me," said he, "that we are upon a wild-goose chase. We shall not catch him in this wilderness."

"Oh," said I, "he cannot be so far in advance—not he with my nags, I'll warrant."

He looked at me doubtfully in the small light. "Very well," he said at last shortly, "we will try a little longer," and he peered out upon the night.

I looked out also, and now we were passing through Carshalton, where I had bid the doves assemble for to meet me. But, damme, my business was not yet done, and the coach rolls creaking out of Carshalton and on the way to Epsom. This seemed to stir the old gentleman again to perplexity, for again he directed a look out of the window, and then another at me. I felt his gaze wander over me from top to boot as if he measured me.

"You have fought abroad?" says he.

"Not I," said I, and added to that, "There's too many that babble about those foreign wars. Deliver us, a good English war is more to my taste, and better fighting, too," says I.

"Ah!" says he, still coolly inspecting me, as if he cared not whether I saw him or not. "Then you will have fought in his Majesty's intestine wars?" said he.

"What's that?" said I, turning on him.

"No doubt," said he suavely, "you have fought, sir, for his Majesty King James, against the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth."

"Who gave you leave to suppose I have fought at all?" said I sharply, being irked by his persistence. "I am no fighting man, but one of peace."

"Oh," says he. "But I took you for a soldier and a captain-at-arms at least. And indeed I believe you would have furnished material for a good soldier." He surveyed me meditatively. "Yes,

I'll promise that; good material, sir, sound fighting stock, and no splitting hairs or scruples."

"Damme," said I bluntly, "what d'ye mean?"

He sank back in his seat. "I mean no offense," said he, "but I think as 'tis shrewd to-night I will e'en turn about."

"Nay," said I masterfully, "you must not since we are come so far. Let us finish the adventure, sir, and not leave hold of it. We will be catching of 'em by the heels presently."

He pursed his lips together, as if he whistled under his breath, and there was a pause, which the noise of the chaise drowned all round about us. But my senses are not sharp for nothing, and next I was aware of a glint of light upon steel, for the moon as we rocked swayed in at the window; and I guessed that he was fingering his pistol.

I pulled forth mine abruptly. "Yes," says I, "'tis as well to be prepared, sir. I am glad you are so forward. We may have a fall-to when we encounter, but I'll warrant you're as good with your barker as I with mine."

"I hope so," said he, without betraying any feeling. "I do earnestly hope so—even, sir, to be a little better would be to my taste. As you say, we may come to an encounter soon, and 'tis as well to be prepared."

Now the old buck puzzled me, and I perpended. If he had any suspicion that this was not a genuine pursuit and I was other than I had feigned to be, why sat he there, silent and evil? But if he had no scent of danger what was the significance of his words, which did smell to me of the ironic? It angered me to be so baffled by him and his quiet features; but I did not well see what I might do or say just then, and so kept silence like himself. And indeed, 'twas he broke it.

"We must be drawing nigh Ewell, so far as I may guess," he said. "Would you be good enough to tell me what course you propose when we reach

Ewell? If I might without impropriety make a humble suggestion, I would advise that we ate some supper and lay there comfortably for the night—to resume this interesting journey doubtless on the morrow."

With that I saw at once how it was, and I gave vent to a little laugh. "Why, you shall do as you please, sir," said I, "and that plan will serve me admirably."

"Ah!" says he, looking at me. "Then maybe there is something amiss with it. Suppose we come to an understanding. I think you are too young, and I am too old, to want to die by violence. We both have a taste for life, I take it. Where stand we then? We are pursuing a gentleman of the road——"

"Pardon me," said I, interrupting, for the time was come now to disclose myself, and I looked to be mightily tickled by the disclosure. "No longer pursuing, but maybe even pursued."

"Pursued?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, at least we are some miles ahead of the turtle doves that are coming maybe somewhere safe and sound behind us."

His eyes never changed; only the thin lips move a little.

"Ah!" says he, "the turtle doves! I had some notion—but who then are you, my dear sir?"

"I am but a philosophic observer," said I airily. "'Tis my business to look on and smile. I take no part in the rough acts of fortune."

"Pardon me," said he suavely, "but I think you are too modest, captain."

"Captain!" said I sharply.

"Well, well; I had forgot you were no soldier. You have the air of a soldier, and the makings, as I have remarked. But, sir, let me tell you you are too modest. This journey——"

"Oh, that was my whim," said I. "I interposed out of a benevolent heart, for to save two young folks fond of billing, and to make an illustrious acquaintance for myself."

He bowed in his corner. "I trust you will not make a more illustrious acquaintance still," he said dryly.

"Why," said I, for I knew what he meant, "you forget that at your invitation I am here in pursuit of a common enemy."

"True," he said, considering. "It has a smooth face upon it. I perceive you, sir, to be a gentleman of his wits."

Now 'twas my turn to bow, and indeed he was not wrong, for it has ever been my good fortune to find a way out of a difficulty when others would stand and gape, like oafs and asses. But he went on in his still voice: "But now that I see our friend, the common enemy, as you put it, enjoyed a confederate, it appears I must reconsider the circumstances. In fine, his wager fails——"

"I am no confederate," I broke in.

"And thus there is no necessity that he receive the penalty which I had designed as a wedding present for him," he finished, not appearing to heed me.

"Sir Damon, I have told you that I am but an onlooker," said I.

He elevated his eyebrows, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Rip me," said I angrily, "I never clapped eyes on the fellow till the quarter of an hour ere you came up and I will be damned if I should tick him off from Adam did I see him again."

"You perceive that you are rehabilitating the penalty," he remarked dryly, and I could perceive he did not credit me, which made me angrier.

"By the Lord," said I, "I have the honor to tell ye that the young muck-worm rumpadded me in my chaise just ere you were come up—damme, did he, if it were not that I turned his barkers on him."

Sir Damon eyed me, and then all of a sudden broke out into soft laughter, as if he were greatly tickled.

"Is't so?" said he. "The Lord love him for a simpleton! Faith, I could forgive——" He chuckled quietly, and then looked at me again, still smiling.

"You know, sir, what penalty menaces those that abduct or hold a ward from her guardian?"

"'Tis a guardian I have abducted from his ward," said I.

He laughed gently. "Very well," said he, "let us leave it at that," and then, "Do you know, sir, what a fool the fool is?"

"He is no toby-man, at least," said I.

"'Tis commensurate with his life in general," said Sir Damon easily. "He is born tomfool, and has two handsome dancing eyes." He paused. "I will not say," says he next, "that for happiness wisdom is necessary, or even adequate. I have not found it so myself, nor perhaps you, friend—captain?"

"In that case," says I, "repay a fool with his folly, which is marriage."

"Then we are agreed," said he genially. "I too am a bachelor. And now that we are agreed on one thing, captain, Mr.—" He hesitated.

"Ryder," said I.

"Mr. Ryder," said he, "let us be agreed all along the line. If I forego the penalty——"

"I will treat your worship to as damnable a fine supper and bottle as was ever served in England," I interjected, "and we will drink to the turtles at Carshalton."

"Carshalton," he says reflectively. "I had an idea 'twas Carshalton, but your pistol was persuasive."

"Well, sir," said I, "here is Ewell, and in a tavern that I know we shall be hospitably used this foul night."

"Good," says he, preparing to alight, as the chaise came to a stop, "and pray bear in mind, Mr. Ryder, that I am penniless and homeless."

"Damme," said I heartily, "you're welcome to all that's mine, and that's not beggary; and, damme, while I can keep such company, I envy not the turtle with his mate at Carshalton."

He was now in the road, and he turned. "Nor I, Ryder; nor I," he said pleasantly.

# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER IV

### SUNSET AND DARK

It was six o'clock in the early evening, the sun still shining, and in the air a sea-balm most delicious. Sir Peter and Captain Butler had gone to see Sir Henry, Butler desiring to be presented by so grand a personage as Sir Peter, I think through mere vanity; for his own rank and title and his pressing mission should have been sufficient credentials. Sir Henry Clinton was not too difficult of approach.

Meanwhile I, finding neither Lady Coleville nor the Hon. Elsin Grey at home, had retired to my chambers to write to Colonel Willett concerning Butler's violent designs on the frontier. When I finished I made a sealed packet of all papers accumulated, and, seizing hat, snuff-box, and walking-stick, went out into Wall Street, through the dismal arcades of the City Hall, and down to Hanover Square. Opposite Mr. Goellet's Sign of the Golden Key, and next door to Mr. Minshall's fashionable Looking-Glass Store, was the Silver Box, the shop of Ennis the Tobacconist, a Boston man in our pay; and it was here that for four years I was accustomed to bring the dangerous despatches that should go north to his Excellency or to Colonel Willett, passed along from partizan to partizan, and from agent to agent, though who these secret helpers along the route might be I never knew, only that Ennis charged himself with what despatches I brought, and a week or more later they were at Dobb's Ferry, West Point, or in Albany. John Ennis

was there when I entered; he bowed his dour and angular New England bow, served a customer with snuff, bowed him to the door, then returned grinning to me, rubbing his long, lean, dangerous hands upon his apron—hands to throttle a Tryon County wolf!

"Butler's in town," he said harshly, through his beak of a nose. "I guess there's blood to be smelled somewhere in the north when the dog-wolf's abroad at sunup. He came by sloop this morning," he added, taking the packet from my hands and laying it upon a table in plain sight—the best way to conceal anything.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"A Bull's-Head drover whistled it an hour since," he said carelessly. "That same drover and his mate desire to see you, Mr. Renault. Could you, by chance, take the air at dusk—say on Great George Street—until you hear a whippoorwill?"

I nodded.

"You will not fail, then, sir? This drover and his fellow go north to-night, bearing the cross o' fire."

"I shall not fail them," I said, drawing a triple roll of guineas from my pocket. "This money goes to the prison-ships; they are worse off there than under Cunningham. See to it, Ennis. I shall bring more to-morrow."

He winked; then with a grimace and circumstance and many a stiff-backed bow, conducted me to the door, where I stood a moment, snuff-box in hand, as though testing some new and most delicious brand just purchased from the Silver Box.

There were many respectable folk

abroad in Hanover Square, thronging the foot-paths, crowding along the gay shop windows, officers lagging by the jeweler's show, sober gentlemen clustering about the book-stalls, ladies returning from their shopping or the hair-dressers', young bucks, arm in arm, swaggering in and out of coffee-house and tavern.

As I stood there, making pretense to take snuff, I noticed a sedan-chair standing before Mrs. Ballin's millinery-shop, and seeing that the bearers were Lady Coleville's men, I crossed the street.

As they came up they touched their hats, and at the same moment the shop door opened and out tripped, not Lady Coleville at all, but the Hon. Elsin Grey in the freshest of flowered gowns, wearing a piquant chip hat à la Gunning, with pink ribbons tied under her dainty chin.

"You!" she cried. "Of all men, to be caught a-raking in Hanover Square like some mincing macaroni, peeping into strange sedan-chairs!"

"I knew it was Lady Coleville's chair," I said, laughing, yet a little vexed, too.

"It isn't; it's Mrs. Barry's," she said. "Our chairs are all at the varnisher's! Now what excuse can you trump up?"

"The bearers are Lady Coleville's," I said. "Don't be disagreeable. I came to walk with you."

"Expecting to meet Rosamund Barry! Thank you, Carus. And I may add that I have seen little of you since Friday—not that I had noticed your absence, but meeting you on your favorite promenade reminded me how recreant are men. Heigho! and alas! You may hand me to my chair before you leave me to go ogling Broad Street for your Sacharissa."

I conducted her to the curb in silence, tucking her perfumed skirts in as she seated herself. The bearers resumed the bars, and I, hat under one arm and stick at a fashionable angle, strolled along beside the chair as it proceeded up Wall Street. It was but a step to Broadway; I opened the chair door and aided her

to descend, then dismissed the bearers and walked slowly with her toward the stoop.

"This silence is truly soothing," she observed, nose in the air, "but one cannot expect everything, Mr. Renault."

"What is it that you lack?" I asked.

"A man to talk to," she said disdainfully. "For goodness sake, Carus, change that sulky face for a brighter mask and find a civil word for me—I do not aspire to a compliment—but for mercy's sake say something!"

"Will you walk with me a little way?" I inquired stiffly.

"Walk with you? Oh, what pleasure! Where? On Broadway? On Crown Street? On Queen Street? Or do you prefer Front Street and Old Slip? I wish to be perfectly agreeable, Carus, and I'll do anything to please you, even to running away with you in an Italian chaise!"

"I may ask you to do that, too," I said.

"Ask me, then! Mercy on the man! was there ever so willing a maid? Give me a moment to fetch a sun-mask and I'm off with you to any revel you please—short of the Coq d'Or," she added, with a daring laugh—"and I might be persuaded to that—as far as the cherry-trees—with you, Carus, and let my reputation go hang!"

We had walked on into Broadway and along the foot-path under the lime-trees where the robins were singing that quaint evening melody I love, and the pleasant scent of grass and salt breeze mingled in exquisite freshness.

"I had a dish of tea with some very agreeable people in Queen Street," she remarked. "Lady Coleville is there still. I took Mrs. Barry's chair to buy me a hat—and how does it become me?" she ended, tipping her head on one side for my inspection.

"It is modish," I replied indifferently.

"Certainly it is modish," she said dryly—"a Gunning hat, and cost a penny, too. Oh, Carus, when I think

what that husband of mine must pay to maintain me——"

"What husband?" I said, startled.

"Why, *any* husband!" She made a vague gesture. "Did I say that I had picked him out yet, silly? But there must be one some day, I suppose."

We had strolled as far as St. Paul's and had now returned as far as Trinity. The graves along the north transept of the ruined church were green and starred with wild flowers, and we turned into the churchyard, walking very slowly side by side.

"Elsin," I began.

"Ah! the gentleman has found his tongue," she exclaimed softly. "Speak, Sir Frippon; thy Sacharissa listens."

"I have only this to ask. Dance with me once to-night, will you?—nay—twice, Elsin?"

She seated herself upon a green mound and looked up at me from under her chip hat. "I have not at all made up my mind," she said. "Captain Butler is to be there. He may claim every dance that Sir Henry does not claim."

"Have you seen him?" I asked sullenly.

"Mercy, yes! He came at noon while you and Sir Peter were gambling away your guineas at the Coq d'Or."

"He waited upon *you*?"

"He waited on Lady Coleville. I was there."

"Were you not surprised to see him in New York?"

"Not very"—she considered me with a far-away smile—"not very greatly nor very—agreeably surprised. I have told you his sentiments regarding me."

"I cannot understand," I said, "what you see in him to fascinate you."

"Nor I," she replied so angrily that she startled me. "I thought to-day when I met him, oh, dear! now I'm to be harrowed with melancholy and passion when I was having such an agreeable time! But, Carus, even while I pouted I felt the subtle charm of that very sadness, the strange, compelling in-

fluence of those melancholy eyes." She sighed and plucked a late violet, drawing the stem slowly between her white teeth and staring at the ruined church.

After a while I said: "Do you regret that you are so soon to leave us?"

"Regret it?" She looked at me thoughtfully. "Carus," she said, "you are wonderfully attractive to me. I wish you had acquired that air of gentle melancholy—that poet's pallor which becomes a noble sadness—and I might love you—if you asked me."

"I'm sad enough at your going," I said lightly.

"Truly, are you sorry? And when I am gone will you forget la belle Canadienne? Ah! monsieur, l'amitié est une chose si rare, que, n'eut-elle duré qu'un jour, on doit en respecter jus qu'au souvenir."

"It is not I who shall forget to respect it, madam, jusqu'au souvenir."

"Nor I, mon ami. Had I not known that love is at best a painful pleasure I might have mistaken my happiness with you for something very like it."

"You babble of love!" I blurted out, "and you know nothing of it! What foolish whim possesses you to think that fascination Walter Butler has for you is love?"

"What is it, then?" she asked, with a little shudder.

"How do I know? He has the devil's own tenacity, bold black eyes, and a well-cut head, and a certain grace of limb and bearing nowise remarkable. But"—I waved my hand helplessly—"how can a sane man understand a woman's preference—nay, Elsin, I do not even pretend to understand *you*. All I know is that our friendship began in an instant, opened to full sweetness like a flower overnight, and, like a flower, is nearly ended now—nearly ended."

"Not ended; I shall remember."

"Well, and if we both remember—to what purpose?"

"To what purpose is friendship, Carus, if not to remember when alone?"

I listened, head bent. Then, pursuing my own thoughts aloud: "It is not wise for a maid to plight her troth in secret, I care not for what reasons. I know something of men; it is a thing no honest man should ask of any woman. Why do you fear to tell Sir Frederick Haldimand?"

"Captain Butler begged me not to."

"Why?" I asked sharply.

"He is poor. You must surely know what the rebels have done—how their commissioners of sequestration seized land and house from the Tryon County loyalists. Captain Butler desires me to say nothing until, through his own efforts and by his sword, he has won back his own in the north. And I consented. Meanwhile," she added airily, "he has a glove of mine to kiss, I refusing him my hand to weep upon. And so we wait for one another, and pin our faith upon his sword."

"To wait for him—to plight your troth and wait for him until he and Sir John Johnson have come into their own again?"

"Yes, Carus."

"And then you mean to wed him?"

She was silent. The color ebbed in her cheeks.

I stood looking at her through the evening light. Behind her, gilded by the level ray of the sinking sun, a new headstone stood; and on it I read:

IN MEMORY OF  
Michael Cresap, First Cap't  
Of the Rifle Battalions,  
And Son to Col. Thomas  
Cresap, Who Departed this  
Life, Oct. 18, A.D., 1775.

Cresap, the generous young captain, whose dusty column of Maryland riflemen I myself had seen when but a lad, pouring through Broadalbin Bush on the way to Boston siege! This was his grave; and a Tory maid in flowered petticoat and chip hat was seated on the mound a-prattling of rebels!

"When do you leave us?" I asked grimly.

"Captain Butler has gone to see Sir Henry to ask for a packet. We sail as soon as may be."

"Does *he* go with you?" I demanded, startled.

"Why, yes—I and my two maids, and Captain Butler. Sir Frederick Haldimand knows."

"Yes, but he does not know that Captain Butler has presumed—has dared to press a clandestine suit with you!" I retorted angrily. "It does not please me that you go under such doubtful escort, Elsin."

"And, pray, who are you to please, sir?" she asked in quick displeasure. "You speak of presumption in others, Mr. Renault, and, unsolicited, you offer an affront to me and to a gentleman who is not here to answer."

"I wish he were!" I said between my teeth.

Her fair face hardened.

"Wishes are very safe, sir," she said in a low voice.

At that, suddenly, such a blind anger flooded me that the setting sun swam in my eyes and the blood dinned in ears and brain as though to burst them. At such moments, which are rare with me, I fall silent; and so I stood, while the strange rage shook me, and passed, leaving me cold and very quiet.

"I think we had best go," I said.

She held out her hand. I aided her to rise; and she kept my hand in hers, laying the other over it, and looked up into my eyes.

"Forgive me, Carus," she whispered. "No man can be more gallant and more sweet than you."

"Forgive me, Elsin. No maid so generous and just as you."

And that was all, for we crossed the street, and I mounted the stoop of our house with her, and bowed her in when the great door opened.

"Are you not coming in?" she asked, lingering in the doorway.

"No. I shall take the air."

"But we sup in a few moments."



"I may sup at the Coq d'Or," I said. Still she stood there, the wind blowing through the doorway fluttering the pink bows tied under her chin—a sweet, wistful face turned up to mine, and the early candle-light from the hall sconces painting one rounded cheek with golden lusters.

"Have you freely forgiven me, Carus?"

"Yes, freely. You know it."

"And you will be at the Fort? I shall give you that dance you ask to-night, shall I not?"

"If you will."

There was a silence; she stretched out one hand. Then the door was closed and I descended the steps once more, setting my hat on my head and tucking my walking-stick under one arm, prepared to meet my drover friend, who, Ennis said, desired to speak with me.

## CHAPTER V

### THE ARTILLERY BALL

When I descended from my chamber to the South drawing-room I found there a respectable company of gentlemen assembled, awaiting the ladies who had not yet appeared. There was some talk between Sir Peter and Sir Henry Clinton about Walter Butler, and a mention of Cherry Valley, which stamped the visage of every officer present with a sour grimace.

At that moment Walter Butler entered, halted on the threshold, glancing haughtily around him, advanced amid absolute silence, made his bow to Sir Peter, turned and rendered a perfect salute to Sir Henry, then, as Sir Peter quietly named him to every man present, greeted each with ceremony and a graceful reserve that could not but stamp him as a gentleman of quality and breeding.

To me, above all, was his attitude faultless.

One by one all spoke to Mr. Butler;

laughter among us broke out as wine was served and compliments exchanged.

O'Neil sat down at the piano and played "The World Turned Upside Down," all drifting into the singing, voice after voice; and the beauty of Walter Butler's voice struck all, so that presently, one by one, we fell silent, and he alone carried the quaint old melody to its end.

"I have a guitar hereabouts," blurted out Sir Peter, motioning a servant. The instrument was brought, and Walter Butler received it without false modesty or wearying protestation, and, touching it dreamily, he sang:

"Ninon! Ninon! Que fais-tu de la vie?

L'heure s'enfuit, le jour succède au jour,  
Rose, ce soir—demain flétrie

Comment vis-tu, toi qui n'as pas d'amour?

Ouvrez-vous, jeunes fleurs

Si la mort vous enlève,

La vie est un sommeil, l'amour en est le  
rêve!"

Sad and sweet the song faded, lingering like perfume, as the deep concord of the strings died out. All were moved; we pressed him to sing more, and he sang what we desired in perfect taste and with a simplicity that fascinated all.

I, too, stood motionless under the spell, yet struggling to think of what I had heard of the nearness of his Excellency to New York, and how I might get word to him. The ladies had given as yet no sign of readiness; all present, even Sir Henry, stood within a circle around Walter Butler. So I stepped quietly into the hallway, and hastened up the stairs to my chamber, which I locked first, then seized paper and quill and fell to scribbling:

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY, GEN'L WASHINGTON:

"SIR: I regret to report that, through thoughtlessness and inadvertence, I have made a personal enemy of Captain Walter Butler of the Rangers, who is

now here on a mission to enlist the aid of Sir Henry Clinton in a new attempt on the frontier. His purpose in this enterprise is to ruin our granaries, punish the Oneidas friendly to us, and, if aided from below, seize Albany, or at least Johnstown, Caughnawaga, and Schenectady. Sir John Johnson, Major Ross, and Captain Butler are preparing to gather at Niagara Fort. They expect to place a strong, swift force in the field—Rangers, Greens, Hessians, Regulars, and partizans, not counting Brant's Iroquois, of the Seneca, Cayuga, and Mohawk nations.

"The trysting-place is named as Thendara. Only an Iroquois, adopted or native, can understand how Thendara is to be found. It is a town that has no existence—a fabled town that has existed and will exist again, but does not now exist. It is a mystic term used in council, and understood only by those clan ensigns present at the Rite of Condolence. At a federal council of the Five Nations, at a certain instant in the ceremonies, that spot which for a week shall be chosen to represent the legendary and lost town of Thendara, is designated to the clan attestants.

"Now, sir, as our allies the Oneidas dare not answer to a belt summons for federal council, there is no one who can discover for you the location of the trysting-spot, Thendara. I, however, am an Oneida councilor, having conformed to the law of descent by adoption; and having been raised up to ensign by the Wolf Clan of the Oneida Nation, beg leave to place my poor services at your Excellency's disposal. There may be a chance that I return alive; and you, sir, are to judge whether any attempt of mine to answer the Iroquois belt, which surely I shall receive, is worth your honorable consideration. In the meanwhile I am sending copies of this letter to Colonel Willett and to Gen'l Schuyler."

I hastily signed, seized more writing-paper, and fell to copying furiously.

And at length it was accomplished, and I wrapped up the letters in a box of snuff, tied and sealed the packet, and called my man.

"Take this snuff back to Ennis in Hanover Square," I said peevishly, "and inform him that Mr. Renault desires a better quality."

My servant took the box and hastened away. I stood an instant, listening. Walter Butler was still singing. I cast my eyes about, picked up a half-written sheet I had discarded for fault of blots, crumpled it, and reached for a candle to burn it. But at that instant I heard the voices of the ladies on the landing below, so quickly opening my wainscot niche I thrust the dangerous paper within, closed the panel, and hastened away downstairs to avoid comment for my absence.

In the merry company now assembled below I could scarcely have been missed, I think, for the Italian chaises had but just that moment appeared to bear us away to the Fort, and the gentlemen were clustered about Lady Coleville, who, encircled by a laughing bevy of pretty women, was designating chaise-partners, reading from a list she held in her jeweled hands. Those already allotted to one another had moved apart, standing two and two, and as I entered the room I saw Walter Butler give his arm to Rosamund Barry at Lady Coleville's command, a fixed smile hiding his disappointment, which turned to a white grimace as Lady Coleville ended with: "Carus, I entrust to your escort the Hon. Elsin Grey, and if you dare to run off with her there are some twenty court-swords ready here to ask the reason why. Sir Henry, will you take me as your penance?"

"Now, gentlemen," cried Sir Peter gaily, "the chaises are here; and please to remember that there is no Kissing-Bridge between Wall Street and the Battery."

Elsin Grey turned to me, laying her soft white hand on mine.

"Did you hear Mr. Butler sing?" she

whispered. "Is it not divine enough to steal one's heart away?"

"He sings well," I said, gazing in wonder at her ball-gown—pale turquoise silk, with a stomacher of solid brilliants and petticoat of blue and silver. "Elsin, I think I never saw so beautiful a maid in all my life, nor a beautiful gown so nobly borne."

"Do you really think so?" she asked, delighted at my bluntness. "And you, too, Carus—why, you are like a radiant one from the sky! I have ever thought you handsome, but not as flawless as you now reveal yourself. Lord! we should cut a swathe to-night, you and I, sir, blinding all eyes in our proper glitter. I could dance all night and all day, too! I never felt so light, so gay, so eager, so reckless. I'm quivering with delight, Carus, from throat to knee—and, for the rest, my head is humming with the devil's tattoo and my feet keeping time."

She raised the hem of her petticoat a hand's breadth, and tapped the floor with one little foot—a trifle only. "That ballet figure that we did at Sir Henry's—do you remember?—and the heat of the ballroom, and the French red running from the women's cheeks? To-night is perfect, cool, and fragrant. I shall dance until I die, and go up to heaven in one high, maddened whirl!—zip!—like a burning soul!"

We were descending the stoop now. Our chaise stood ready; I placed her and followed, and away we rolled down Broadway.

"Am I to have two dances?" I asked.

"Two? Why, you blessed man, you may have twenty!"

She turned to me, eyes sparkling, fan half spread, a picture of exquisite youth and beauty. Her jewels flashed in the chaise-lamps, her neck and shoulders glowed clear and softly fair.

"Is that French red on lip and cheek?" I asked, to tease her.

"If there were a certain sort of bridge betwixt Wall Street and the Fort you might find out without asking," she said,

looking me daringly in the eyes. "Lacking that same bridge, you have another bridge and another problem, Mr. Renault."

"For lack of a Kissing-Bridge I must solve the *pons asinorum*, I see," said I, imprisoning her hands. There was a delicate hint of a struggle, a little cry, and I had kissed her. Breathless she looked at me; the smile grew fixed on her red lips.

"Your experience in such trifles is a blessing to the untaught," she said. "You have not crumpled a ribbon. Truly, Carus, only long and intense devotion to the art could turn you out a perfect master."

"My compliments to you, Elsin; I take no credit that your gown is smooth and the lace unruffled."

"Thank you; but if you mean that I, too, am practised in the art you are wrong."

The fixed smile trembled a little, but her eyes were wide and bright.

"Would you laugh, Carus, if I said it—what you did to me—is the first—the very first in all my life?"

"Oh, no!" I said gravely, "I should not laugh if you commanded otherwise."

She looked at me in silence, the light from the chaise-lamps playing over her flushed face. Presently she turned and surveyed the darkness where, row on row, ruins of burned houses stood, the stars shining down through roofless walls.

Into my head came ringing the song that Walter Butler sang:

"Ninon! Ninon! Thy sweet life flies!

Wasted in hours day follows day.

The rose to-night to-morrow dies:

Wilt thou disdain to love away?

How canst thou live unconscious of Love's fire,

Immune to passion, guiltless of desire?"

Now all around us lamplight glimmered as we entered Bowling Green, where coach and chaise and sedan-chair were jumbled in a confusion increased

by the crack of whips, the trample of impatient horses, and the cries of grooms and chairmen. In the lamp's increasing glare I made out a double line of soldiers, through which those invited to the Fort were passing; and, as our chaise stopped and I aided Elsin to descend, the fresh sea-wind from the Battery struck us full, blowing her lace scarf across my face.

Through lines of servants and soldiers we passed, her hand nestling closely to my arm, past the new series of outworks and barricades, where bronze field-pieces stood shining in the moonlight, then over a dry moat by a flimsy bridge, and entered the sally-port, thronged with officers, all laughing and chatting, alert to watch the guests arriving, and a little bold, too, with their stares and their quizzing-glasses. There is, at times, something almost German in the British lack of delicacy, which is, so far, rare with us here, though I doubt not the French will taint a few among us. But insolence in stare and smirk is not among our listed sins, though, doubtless, otherwise, the list is full as long as that of any nation, and longer, too, for all I know.

Conducting Elsin Grey, I grew impatient at the staring, and made way for her without ceremony, which caused a mutter here and there.

In the great loft-room of the Barracks, held by the naval companies, the ball was to be given. I relinquished my pretty charge to Lady Coleville at the door of the retiring-room, and strolled off to join Sir Peter and the others, gathering in knots throughout the cloak-room, where two sailors, cutlasses bared, stood guard.

"Well, Carus," he said, smilingly approaching me, "did you heed those chaste instructions I gave concerning the phantom Kissing-Bridge?"

"I did not run away with her," I said, looking about me. "Where is Walter Butler?"

"He returned to the house in a chaise for something forgotten—or so he said—

I did not understand him clearly, and he was in great haste."

"He went back to *our* house?" I asked uneasily.

"Yes—a matter of a moment, so he said. He returns to move the opening dance with Rosamund."

Curiously apprehensive, I stood there listening to the chatter around me; Sir Peter drummed with his fingers on his sword-hilt, and nodded joyously to every passer-by.

"You have found Walter Butler more agreeable, I trust, than our friend, Sir Henry, found him," he said, turning his amused eyes on me.

"Perhaps," I said.

"Perhaps? Damme, Carus, that is none too cordial! What is it in the man that keeps men aloof? Eh? He's a gentleman, a graceful, dark, romantic fellow, in his forest-green regimentals, and his black hair worn unpowdered. And did you ever hear such a voice?"

"No, I never did," I replied sulkily.

"Delicious," said Sir Peter—"a voice prettily cultivated and sweet enough to lull suspicion in a saint." He laughed: "Rosamund made great eyes at him, the vixen, but I fancy he's too cold to catch fire from a coquette. Did you learn if he is married?"

"Not from him, sir."

"From whom?"

I was silent.

"From whom?" he asked curiously.

"Why, I had it from one or two acquaintances, who say they knew his wife when she fled with other refugees from Guy Park," I answered.

Sir Peter shrugged his handsome shoulders, dusted his nose with a whisk of his lace handkerchief, and looked impatiently for a sign of his wife and the party of ladies attending her.

"Carus," he said, under his breath, "you should enter the lists, you rogue."

"What lists?" I answered carelessly.

"Lord! he asks me what lists!" mimicked Sir Peter. "Why don't you court her? The match is suitable and

desirable. You ninny, do you suppose it was by accident that Elsin Grey became our guest? Why, lad, we're set on it—and, damme! but I'm as crafty a matchmaker as my wife, planning the pretty game together in the secret of our chambers after you and Elsin are long abed, and—Lord! I came close to saying 'snoring'—for which you should have called me out, sir, if you are champion of Elsin Grey."

"But, Sir Peter," I said smiling, "I do not love the lady."

"A boorish speech!" he snapped. "Take shame, Carus, you Tryon County bumpkin!"

"I mean," said I, reddening, "and should have said, that the lady does not love me."

"That's better." He laughed, and added, "Pay your court, sir. You are fashioned for it."

"But I do not care to," I said.

"O Lord!" muttered Sir Peter, looking at the great beams above us, "my match-making is come to naught, after all, and my wife will be furious with you—furious, I say. And here she comes, too," he said, brightening, as he ever did, at sight of his lovely wife, who had remained his sweetheart, too—and this I am free to say, that, spite of the looseness of the times and of society, never, as long as I knew him, did Sir Peter forget in thought or deed those vows he took when wedded. Sportsman he was, and rake and gambler, as were we all—and I have seen him often overflushed with wine, but never heard from his lips a blasphemy or foul jest, never a word unworthy of clean lips and the clean heart he carried with him to his grave.

As Lady Coleville emerged from the ladies' cloak-room, attended by her pretty bevy, Sir Peter, followed by his guests, awaited her in the great corridor, where she took his arm, looking up into his handsome face with that indefinable smile I knew so well—a smile of delicate pride, partly tender, partly humorous, tintured with faintest coquetry.

"Sweetheart," he said, "that villain, Carus, will have none of our match-making, and I hope Rosamund twists him into a triple lover's-knot, to teach him lessons he might learn more innocently."

Lady Coleville flushed up and looked around at me. "Why, Carus," she said softly, "I thought you a man of sense and discretion."

"But I—but she does not favor me, madam," I protested in a low voice.

"It is your fault, then, and your misfortune," she said. "Do you not know that she leaves us to-morrow? Sir Henry has placed a packet at our service. Can you not be persuaded—for my sake? It is our fond wish, Carus. How can a man be insensible to such wholesome loveliness as hers?"

"But—but she is a child—she has no heart! She is but a child yet—all caprice, innocence, and artless babble—and she loves not me, madam——"

"*You love not her!* Shame, sir! Open those brown blind eyes of yours, that look so wise and are so shallow if such sweetness as hers troubles not their depths! O Carus, Carus, you make me too unhappy!"

"Idiot!" added Sir Peter, pinching my arm. "Bring her to us, now, for we enter. She is yonder, you slow-wit, nose to nose with O'Neil. Hasten!"

But Elsin's patch-box had been mislaid, and while we searched for it I saw the marines march up, form in double rank, and heard the clear voice of their sergeant announcing:

"Sir Peter and Lady Coleville!

"Captain Tully O'Neil and the Misses O'Neil!

"Adjutant-General De Lancey and Miss Beekman!

"Sir Henry Clinton!

"Captains Harkness, Rutherford, Hallowell, and McIvor!

"Major-General——"

"Elsin," I said, "you should have been announced with Sir Peter and Lady Coleville!" She had found her patch-box and her fan at length, and

we marched in, the sergeant's loud announcement ringing through the quickly filling room:

"Mr. Carus Renault and the Honorable Elsin Grey!"

"What *will* folks say to hear our banns shouted aloud in the teeth of all New York," she whispered mischievously. "Mercy on me! if you turn as red as a Bushwick pippin they will declare we are affianced!"

"I shall confirm it if you consent!" I said, furious to burn at a jest from her under a thousand eyes.

"Ask me again," she murmured; "we make our reverences here."

She took her silk and silver petticoat between thumb and forefinger of each hand and slowly sank, making the lowest, stateliest courtesy that I ever bowed beside; and I heard a low, running murmur sweep the bright jeweled ranks around us as we recovered and passed on, ceding our place to others next behind.

The artillerymen had made the great loft gay with bunting. Jacks and signal-flags hung from the high beams overhead, clothing the bare timbers with thickets of gayest foliage; banners and bright scarfs, caught up with trophies, hung festooned along the unpainted walls. They had made a balcony with stairs where the band was perched, the music of the artillery augmented by strings—a harp, half a dozen fiddles, 'cellos, bassoons, and hautboys, and there were flutes, too, and trumpets lent by the cavalry, and sufficient drums to make that fine, deep, thunderous undertone, which I love to hear, and which heats my cheeks with pleasure.

Beyond the spar-loft the sail-loft had been set aside and fashioned most elegantly for refreshment. An immense table crossed it, behind which servants stood, and behind the servants the wall had been lined with shelves, covered with cakes, oranges, apples, early peaches, melons and nectarines, and late strawberries, also wines of every sort, pastry,

jellies, whip-sillibub, rocky and floating island, blanc-mange, brandied preserves—and Heaven knows what! but Elsin Grey whispered me that Pryor the confectioner had orders for coriander and cinnamon comfits by the bushel, and orange, lemon, chocolate, and burned almonds by the peck.

"Do look at Lady Coleville," whispered Elsin, gently touching my sleeve; "is she not sweet as a bride with Sir Peter? And, oh, that gown! with the lilac ribbons and flounce of five rows of lace. Carus, she has forty diamond buttons upon her petticoat, and her stomacher is all amethysts!"

"I wonder where Walter Butler is?" I said restlessly.

"Do you wish to be rid of me?" she asked.

"God forbid! I only marvel that he is not here—he seemed so eager for the frolic——"

My voice was drowned in the roll of martial music; we took the places assigned us, and the slow march began, ending in the Governor's set, which was danced by eight couples—a curious dance, newly fashionable, and called "En Ballet." This we danced in a very interesting fashion, sometimes two and two, sometimes three and two, or four couple and four couple, and then all together, which vastly entertained the spectators. In the final *mêlée* I had lost my lady to Mr. De Lancey, who now carried her off, leaving me with a willowy maid, whose partner came to claim her soon.

The ball now being opened, I moved a minuet with Lady Coleville, she adjuring me at every step and turn to let no precious moment slip to court Elsin, and I bland but troubled, and astonished to learn how deep an interest she took in my undoing—I with worry enough before me, not inclusive of a courtship that I found superfluous and unimportant.

When she was rid o' me, making no concealment of her disappointment and impatience, I looked for Elsin, but found

Rosamund Barry, and led her out in one of those animated figures we had learned at home from the Frenchman, Grasset—dances that suited her, the *rose coquette*!—gay dances, where the petticoat reveals a pretty limb discreetly; where fans play, opening and closing like the painted wings of butterflies alarmed; where fingers touch, fall away, interlace and unlace; where a light waist-clasp and a *vis-à-vis* leaves a moment for a whisper and its answer, promise, assent, or low refusal as partners part, dropping away in low, slow reverence, which ends the frivolous figure with regretful decorum.

Askance I had seen Elsin and O'Neil, a graceful pair of figures in the frolic, and now I sought her, leaving Rosamund to Sir Henry; but that villain, O'Neil, had her to wine, and amid all that thirsty throng and noise of laughter I missed her in the tumult, and then lost her for two hours. I must admit those two hours sped with the gay partners that fortune sent me—and one there was whose fingers were shyly eloquent, a black-eyed beauty from Westchester, with a fresh savor of free winds and grassy hillsides clinging to her, and a certain lovely awkwardness which claims an arm to steady very often. Lord! I had her twice to ices and to wine, and we laughed and laughed at nothing, and might have been merrier, but her mother seized her with scant ceremony, and a strange young gentleman breathed hard and glared at me as I recovered dignity, which made me mad enough to follow him half across the hall ere I reflected that my business here permitted me no quarrel of my own seeking.

Robbed of my Westchester shepherdess, swallowing my disgust, I sauntered forward, finding Elsin Grey with Lady Coleville, seated together by the wall. What they had been whispering there together I knew not, but I pushed through the attendant circle of beaux and gallants who were waiting there their turns, and presented myself before them.

"I am danced to rags and ribbons,

Carus," said Elsin Grey—"and no thanks to you for the pleasure—you who begged me for a dance or two; and I offered twenty, silly that I was to so invite affront!"

She was smiling when she spoke, but Lady Coleville's white teeth were in her fan's edge, and she looked at me with eyes made bright through disappointment.

"You are conducting like a silly boy," she said, "with those hoidens from Westchester, and every little baggage that dimples at your stare. Lord! Carus, I thought you grown to manhood!"

"Is there a harm in dancing at a ball, madam?" I asked, laughing.

"Fie! You are deceitful, too. Elsin, be chary of your favors. Dance with any man but him. He'll be wearing two watches to-morrow, and his hair piled up like a floating island!"

She smiled, but her eyes were not over-gay. And presently she turned on Elsin with a grave shake of her head:

"You disappoint me, both of you," she said. "Elsin, I never dreamed that *you*—"

Their fans flew up, their heads dipped, then Elsin rose and asked indulgence, taking my arm, one hand lying in Lady Coleville's hand.

"Do you and Sir Peter talk over it together," she said, with a lingering wistfulness in her voice. "I shall dance with Carus, whether he will or no, and then we'll walk and talk. You may tell Sir Peter if you so desire."

"*All?*" asked Lady Coleville, retaining Elsin's hand.

"All, madam, for it concerns all."

Sir Henry Clinton came to wait on Lady Coleville, and so we left them, slowly moving out through the brilliant sea of silks and laces, her arm resting close in mine, her fair head bent in silent meditation.

Around us swelled the incessant tumult of the ball, music and the blended harmony of many voices, rustle and

whisper of skirt and silk, and the swish! swish! of feet across the vast waxed floor.

"Shall we dance?" I asked pleasantly.

She looked up, then out across the ocean of glitter and restless color.

"Now I am in two minds," she said—"to dance until there's no breath left and but a wisp of rags to cover me, or to sip a sillibub with you and rest, or go gaze at the heavens the while you court me—"

"There's three minds already," I said, laughing.

"Well, sir, which are you for?"

"And you, Elsin?"

"No, sir, you shall choose."

"Then, if it lies with me, I choose the stars and courtship," I said politely.

"I wonder," she said, "why you choose it—with a maid so pliable. Is not half the sport in the odds against you—the pretty combat for supremacy, the resisting fingers, and the defense, face covered? Is not the sport to overcome all these, nor halt short of the reluctant lips, still fluttering in voiceless protest?"

"Where did you hear all that?" I asked, piqued yet laughing.

"Rosamund Barry read me my first lesson—and, after all, though warned, I let you have your way with me there in the chaise. Oh, I am an apt pupil, Carus, with Captain Butler in full control of my mind and you of my body."

"Have you seen him yet?" I asked.

"No; he has not appeared to claim his dance. A gallant pair of courtiers I have found in you and him——"

"Couple our names no more!" I said so hotly that she stopped, looking at me in astonishment.

"Have you quarreled?" she asked.

I did not answer. We had descended the barrack-stairs and were entering the parade. Dark figures in pairs moved vaguely in the light of the battle-lan-thorns set. We met O'Neil and Rosamund, who stood star-gazing on the grass, and later Sir Henry, pacing the sod alone, who, when he saw me, mo-

tioned me to stop, and drew a paper from his breast.

"Sir Peter and Lady Coleville's pass for Westchester, which he desired and I forgot. Will you be good enough to hand it to him, Mr. Renault? There is a council called to-night—it is close to two o'clock, and I must go."

He took a courtly leave of us, then wandered away, head bent, pacing the parade, as though he kept account of each slow step.

"Yonder comes Knyphausen, too, and Birch," I said, as the German General emerged from the casemate, followed by Birch and a raft of officers, spurs clanking.

We stood watching the Hessians as they passed in the lamp's rays, officers smooth-shaven and powdered, wearing blue and yellow, and their long boots; soldiers with black queues in eelskin, tiny mustachios turned up at the waxed ends, and long black, buttoned spatter-dashes strapped at instep and thigh.

"Let us ascend to the parapets," she said, looking up at the huge, dark silhouette above where the southeast bastion jutted seaward.

A sentry brought his piece to support as we went by him, ascending the inclined artillery road, whence we presently came out upon the ramparts, with the vast sweep of star-set firmament above, and below us the city's twinkling lights on one side, and upon the other two great rivers at their trysting with the midnight ocean.

There were no lights at sea, none on the Hudson, and on the East River only the sad signal-spark smoldering above the *Jersey*.

Elsin had found a seat low on a gun-carriage, and, moving a little, made place for me.

"Look at that darkness," she said—"that infinite void under which an ocean wallows. It is like hell, I think. Do you understand how I fear the ocean?"

"Do you fear it, child?"

"Aye," she said, musing; "it took



father and mother and brother. You knew that?"

"Lady Coleville says there is always hope that they may be alive—cast on that far continent——"

"So the attorneys say—because there is a legal limit—and I am the Hon. Elsin Grey. Ah, Carus, I know that the sea has them fast! No port shall that tall ship enter save the last of all—the Port of Missing Ships. Heighol Sir Frederick is kind—in his own fashion. . . . I would I had a mother. . . . There is a loneliness that I feel . . . at times. . . ."

A vague gesture, and she lifted her head, with a tremor of her shoulders, as though shaking off care as a young girl drops a scarf of lace to her waist.

Presently she turned quietly to me:

"I have told Lady Coleville," she said.

"Told her what, child?"

"Of my promise to Captain Butler. I have not yet told everything—even to you."

Roused from my calm sympathy I swung around, alert, tingling with interest and curiosity.

"I gave her leave to inform Sir Peter," she added. "They were too unhappy about you and me, Carus. Now they will understand there is no chance."

And when Sir Peter had asked me if Walter Butler was married, I had admitted it. Here was the matter already at a head, or close to it. Sudden uneasiness came upon me, as I began to understand how closely the affront touched Sir Peter. What would he do?

"What is it called, and by what name, Carus, when a man whose touch one cannot suffer so dominates one's thoughts—as he does mine?"

"It is not love," I said gloomily.

"He swears it is. Do you believe there may lie something compelling in his eyes that charm and sadden—almost terrify, holding one pitiful yet reluctant?"

"I do not know; I do not understand the logic of women's minds, nor how

they reason, nor why they love. I have seen delicacy mate with coarseness, with stupidity, humanity with brutality, religion with the skeptic, aye, goodness with evil. I, too, ask why? The answer ever is the same—because of love!"

"Because of it, is reason, is it not?"

"So women say."

"And men?"

"Aye, they say the same—but with men it is another sentiment, I think, though love is what we call it."

"Why do men love, Carus?"

"Why?" I laughed. "Men love—men love because they find it pleasant, I suppose—for variety, for family reasons."

"For nothing else?"

"For a balm to that mad passion driving them."

"And—nothing nobler?"

"There is a noble love, part chivalry, part desire, inspired by mind and body in sweetest unison."

"A mind that seeks its fellow?" she asked softly.

"No, a mind that seeks its complement, as the body seeks. This union, I think, is really love—but I speak with no experience, Elsin. This only I know, that you are too young, too innocent to comprehend, and that the sentiment awakened in you by what you think is love, is not love. Child, forgive me what I say, but it rings false as the vows of that young man who importunes you!"

"Is it worthy of you, Carus, to stab him so behind his back?"

I leaned forward, my head in my hands.

"Elsin, I have endured these four years, now, a thousand little stings which I could not resent. Forgetting this, at moments I blurt out a truth which, were matters otherwise with me, I might back with—what is looked for when a man repeats what may affront his listener. It is, in a way, unworthy, as you say, that I speak lightly to you of a man I cannot meet with honor to myself. Yet, Elsin,

were my duty first to you—first even to myself—this had been settled now—this matter touching you and Walter Butler—and also my ancient score with him, which is as yet unreckoned.”

“What keeps you, then?” she said, and her voice rang a little.

I looked at her; she sat there, proud head erect, searching me with scornful eyes.

“A small vow I made,” I said carelessly.

“And when are you released, sir?”

“Soon, I hope.”

“Then, Mr. Renault,” she said disdainfully, “I pray you swallow your dislike of Captain Butler until such time as you may explain your enmity to him!”

The lash stung. I sat dazed, then wearied, while the tingling passed. Even the silence tired me, and when I could command my voice I said: “Shall we descend, madam? There is a chill in the sea-air.”

“I do not feel it,” she answered, her voice not like her own.

“Do you desire to stay here?”

“No,” she said, springing up. “This silence of the stars wearies me.”

She passed before me across the parapet and down the inclined way, I at her heels; and so into the dark parade, where I caught up with her.

“Have I angered you without hope of pardon?” I asked.

“You have spoiled it all for me——”

She bit her lip, suddenly silent. Sir Peter Coleville stood before us.

“Lady Coleville awaits you,” he said very quietly, too quietly by far. “Carus, take her to my wife. Our coach is waiting.”

We stared at him in apprehension. His face was serene, but colorless and hard as steel, as he turned and strode away; and we followed without a word, drawing closer together as we moved through a covered passageway and out along Pearl Street, where Sir Peter’s coach stood, lamps shining, footman at the door.

Lady Coleville was inside. I placed Elsin Grey, and, at a motion from Sir Peter, closed the door.

“Home!” he said quietly. The footman leaped to the box, the whip snapped, and away rolled the coach, leaving Sir Peter and myself standing there in Pearl Street.

“Your servant, Dennis, sought me out,” he said, “with word that Walter Butler had been busy sounding the panels in your room.”

Speech froze on my lips.

“Further,” continued Sir Peter calmly, “Lady Coleville has shared with me the confidence of Elsin Grey concerning her troth, clandestinely plighted to this gentleman whom you have told me is a married man.”

I could not utter a sound. Moment after moment passed in silence. The half-hour struck, then three-quarters. At last from the watch-tower on the Fort the hour sounded.

There was a rattle of wheels behind us; a coach clattered out of Beaver Street, swung around the railing of the Bowling Green, and drew up along the footpath beside us; and Dr. Carmody leaped out, shaking hands with us both.

“I found him at Fraunce’s Tavern, Sir Peter, bag and baggage. He appeared to be greatly taken aback when I delivered your cartel, protesting that something was wrong, that there could be no quarrel between you and him; but when I hinted at his villainy, he went white as ashes and stood there swaying like a stunned man. Gad! that hint about his wife took every ounce of blood from his face, Sir Peter.”

“Has he a friend to care for him?” asked Sir Peter coldly.

“Jessop of the Sappers volunteered. I found him in the tap-room. They should be on their way by this time, Sir Peter.”

“That will do. Carus will act for me,” said Sir Peter in a dull voice.

He entered the coach; I followed, and Dr. Carmody followed me and closed the

door. A heavy leather case lay beside me on the seat. I rested my throbbing head on both hands, sitting swaying there in silence as the coach dashed through Bowling Green again, and sped clattering on its way up-town.

## CHAPTER VI

### A NIGHT AND A MORNING

As our coach passed Crown Street I could no longer doubt whither we were bound. The shock of certainty aroused me from the stunned lethargy which had chained me to silence. At the same moment Sir Peter thrust his head from the window and called to his coachman:

"Drive home first!" And to me, resuming his seat: "We had nigh forgotten the case of pistols, Carus."

The horses swung west into Maiden Lane, then south through Nassau Street, across Crown, Little Queen, and King Streets, swerving to the right around the City Hall, then sharp west again, stopping at our own gate with a clatter and clash of harness.

Sir Peter leaped out lightly and I followed, leaving Dr. Carmody, with his surgical case, to await our return.

Under the door-lantern Sir Peter turned, and in a low voice asked me if I could remember where the pistol-case was laid.

My mind was now clear and alert, my wits already busily at work. To prevent Sir Peter's facing Walter Butler; to avoid Cunningham's gallows; could the first be accomplished without failure in the second? Arrest might await me at any instant, now, here in our own house, there at the Coq d'Or, or even on the very field of honor itself.

"Where did you leave the pistol-case that day you practised in the garden?" I asked coolly.

"'Twas you took it, Carus," he said. "Were you not showing the pistols to Elsin Grey?"

I dropped my head, pretending to think. He waited a moment, then drew out his latch-key and opened the door very softly. A single sconce-candle flared in the hall; he lifted it from the gilded socket and passed into the state drawing-room, holding the light above his head, and searching over table and cabinet for the inlaid case.

Standing there in the hall I looked up the dark and shadowy stairway. There was no light, no sound. In the drawing-room I heard Sir Peter moving about, opening locked cupboards, lacquered drawers, and crystal doors, the shifting light of his candle playing over wall and ceiling. Why he had not already found the case where I had placed it on the gilded French table I could not understand, and I stole to the door and looked in. The French table stood empty save for a vase of shadowy flowers; Sir Peter was on his knees, candle in hand, searching the endless lines of book-shelves in the library. A strange suspicion stole into my heart which set it drumming on my ribs. Had Elsin Grey removed the pistols? Had she wit enough to understand the matters threatening?

I looked up at the stairs again, then mounted them noiselessly, and traversed the carpeted passage to her door. There was a faint light glimmering under the sill. I laid my face against the panels and whispered, "Elsin!"

"Who is there?" A movement from within, a creak from the bed, a rustle of a garment, then silence. Listening there, ear to her door, I heard distinctly the steady breathing of some one also listening on the other side.

"Elsin!"

"Is it you, Carus?"

She opened the door wide and stood there, candle in one hand, rubbing her eyes with the other, lace nightcap and flowing, beribboned robe stirring in the draft of air from the dark hallway. But, under the loosened neck-cloth, I caught a gleam of a metal button, and instantly I was aware of a pretense somewhere, for

beneath the flowing polonaise of chintz, or Levette, which is a kind of gown and petticoat tied on the left hip with a sash of lace, she was fully dressed, aye, and shod for the street!

Instinctively I glanced at the bed; made a quick step past her, and drew the damask curtain. The bed had not been slept in.

"What are you thinking of, Carus?" she said hotly, springing to the curtain. There was a sharp sound of cloth tearing; she stumbled, caught my arm, and straightened up, red as fire, for the hem of her Levette was laid open to the knee, and displayed a foot-mantle, under which a tiny golden spur flashed on a lacquered boot-heel.

"What does this mean?" I said sternly. "Whither do you ride at such an hour?"

She was speechless.

"Elsin! Elsin! If you had wit enough to hide Sir Peter's pistols, render them to me now. Delay may mean my ruin!"

She stood at bay, eying me, uncertain but defiant.

"Where are they?" I urged impatiently.

"He shall not fight that man!" she muttered. "If I am the cause of this quarrel I shall end it, too. What if he were killed by Walter Butler?"

"The pistols are beneath your mattress!" I said suddenly. "I must have them."

Quick as thought she placed herself between me and the bed, blue eyes sparkling, arms wide.

"Will you go?" she whispered fiercely. "How dare you intrude here!"

Taken aback by the sudden fury that flashed out in my very face, I gave ground.

"You little wildcat," I said, amazed, "give me the pistols! I know how to act. Give them, I say! Do you think me a poltroon to allow Sir Peter to face this rascal's fire?"

She straightened with a sudden quiver.

"You! The pistols were for *you*!"

"For me and Walter Butler," I said coolly. "Give them, Elsin. What has been done this night has set me free of my vow. Can you not understand? I tell you he stands in my light, throwing the shadow of the gallows over me! May a man not win back to life but a chit of a maid must snatch his chance away? Give them! or I swing at dawn upon the Common!"

A flush of horror swept her cheeks, leaving her staring. Her wide-flung arms dropped nervelessly and hung beside her.

"Is it *true*," she faltered—"what he came here to tell us on his way to that vile tavern? I gave him the lie, Carus! I gave him the lie there in the hall below!" She choked, laying her white hand on her throat. "Speak!" she said harshly; "do you fear to face this dreadful charge he flung in my teeth? I"—she almost sobbed—"I told him that he lied!"

"He did not lie. I am a spy these four years here," I said wearily. "Will you give me those pistols now?—or I take them by force!"

"Carus," called Sir Peter from the hall, "if Lady Coleville has my pistols, she must render them to you on the instant!"

His passionless voice rang through the still, dark house.

"She has gone to the Coq d'Or," muttered Elsin Grey, motionless before me.

"To stop this duel?"

"To stop it. Oh, my God!"

There was a silence, broken by a quick tread on the stairs. The next moment Sir Peter appeared, staring at us there, candle flaming in his hand, his fingers striped with running wax.

"What does this mean?" he asked, confused. "Where is Lady Coleville?"

"She has gone to the Coq d'Or," I said. "Your pistols are hidden, sir."

He paled, gazing at Elsin Grey.

"She guessed that I meant to—to exchange a shot with Captain Butler?" he stammered.

"It appears," said I, "that Mr. Butler, with that delicacy for which he is notorious, stopped here on his way to the Tavern. You may imagine Lady Coleville could not let this matter proceed."

He gazed miserably at Elsin, passing his hand over his haggard face. Then, slowly turning to me: "My honor is engaged, Carus. What is best now? I am in your hands."

I laid my arm in his, quietly turning him and urging him to the stairs. "Leave it to me," I whispered, taking the candle he held. "Go to the coach and wait there. I will be with you in a moment."

The door of Elsin's chamber closed behind us. He descended the black stairway, feeling his way by touch along the slim rail of the banisters, and I waited there, lighting him from above until the front doors clashed behind him. Then I turned back to the closed door of Elsin's chamber and knocked loudly.

She flung it wide again, standing this time fully dressed, a gilt-edged tricorne on her head, and in her hands riding-whip and gloves.

"I know what need be done," she said haughtily. "Through this meshed tangle of treachery and dishonor there leads but one clean path. That I shall tread, Mr. Renault!"

"Let the words go," I said between tightening lips, "but give me that pair of pistols now!"

"For Sir Peter's use?"

"No; for mine."

"I shall not!"

"Oh! you would rather see me hanged, like Captain Hale?"

She whitened where she stood, tugging at her gloves, teeth set in her lower lip.

"You shall neither fight nor hang," she said, her blue eyes fixed on space, busy with her gloves the while—so busy that her whip dropped, and I picked it up.

There was a black loup-mask hanging from her girdle. When her gloves were fitted to suit her she jerked the mask from the string and set it over her eyes.

"My whip?" she asked curtly.

I gave it.

"Now," she said, "your pistol-case lies hid beneath my bedcovers. Take it, Mr. Renault, but it shall serve a purpose that neither you nor Walter Butler dream of!"

I stared at her without a word. She opened the beaded purse at her girdle, took from it a heaping handful of golden guineas, and dropped them on her dresser, where they fell with a pleasant sound, rolling together in a shining heap. Then, looking through her mask at me, she fumbled at her throat, caught a thin golden chain, snapped it in two, and drew a tiny ivory miniature from her breast. And still looking straight into my eyes she dropped it face upward on the polished floor. It bore the likeness of Walter Butler; she set her spurred heel upon it and crushed it, grinding the fragments into splinters. Then she walked by me, slowly, her eyes still on mine, the hem of her foot-mantle slightly lifted; and so, turning her head to watch me, she passed the door, closed it behind her, and was gone.

*(To be continued.)*



# SOME VISITS AND ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE

FRIEND OF WASHINGTON AND ARCHITECT OF THE CAPITOL

*Through the courtesy of Colonel Osmun Latrobe there will soon be published a most interesting collection of journals, letters, sketches, and memorabilia of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the founder of the American branch of the family, who came to this country from England in the year 1796. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact that it was under his direction, and from his plans (or the plans of others with his modifications), that the Capitol at Washington was erected. From these journals we get an insight into the character of a versatile and remarkable man. Not only was Latrobe an architect—and the first one who could fairly lay claim to that title in America—but he was soldier, civil engineer, philosopher, artist, humorist, poet, and naturalist. He had a wide range of thought, and many standpoints from which he viewed life and judged and recorded developments about him. Observations upon politics, accounts of travels through an unwritten country, interviews with great men, small men, and their wives and families, story and anecdote, criticism and comment, dealing with the years from 1796 to 1820, make these papers not only of historical value, but lively and refreshing reading. An idea of the versatility of the author can be obtained from the following extracts taken verbatim from his journal, and accompanied by hitherto unpublished sketches which show his value as an artist, illustrator, and caricaturist.*

RICHMOND, VA., June 10, 1797.

While I stayed at Lindsay's Hotel, Norfolk, I had constant opportunities of seeing and conversing with Commodore Barney, who is, in the present uncertain state of politics, grown into an object of attention. He is certainly a man not destitute of abilities, and as a seaman I believe he is equal to the most skilful American navigators. His personal courage is also not to be doubted. But there are many traits in his character and habits that appear to me to unfit him for the situation in which the French republic have placed him. There are not many men upon whom *command* fits easy, unless they have been inured to it for a considerable time. There is an ease about an old general, admiral, or Minister of State, let him be ever so haughty and despotic, that is to be ac-

quired only by habit. Barney has not yet acquired it. He appears to be in a situation to which he may perhaps be equal, but to which he is unused. On that account he is not loved by his crews. Frenchmen have been particularly accustomed to a polite and easy though rigid discipline in their officers of the old school, and must easily detect the deficiency. There is something diametrically opposite to the condescending haughtiness of a French officer in the plain roughness of an English or American sea-captain. Barney has much of the latter, although, having made himself tolerably perfect in the rudiments of French shrugs and gesticulation, he is perhaps on the road to acquire the former. Another cause of dislike to him originates perhaps in his scarce ever going on board his ships. To



the system of liberty and equality this seems a strange neglect. Besides this he never permits his men to come ashore but on particular occasions, although by the rules of the French navy one-tenth of the crew have the right to go ashore *daily* in rotation, when in port.

But the most exceptionable part of the Commodore's conduct, as a *public functionary*, seems to be the want of reserve with which he expresses himself upon his objects and intentions as commander of a military force. Should his openness, however, be supposed to be merely assumed, and intended as a cloak to his real plans, it has this bad effect, that it lowers the opinion entertained of his prudence. In these free communications, however, he is not very consistent. Having got the *Medusa* frigate thoroughly repaired, he has dropped below the fort almost as low down as Crany Island. He sometimes pretends that he will leave this station on the first dark night with a fair wind, then he means to go up the bay. At other times, he thinks he is of service to the French cause by keeping a superior British force idle in the Chesapeake. He says that he blockades the English, and that it is of little consequence whether he detains them by lying within or without them. He gives

his opinion upon the probabilities of the war, lays open his ideas of his own situation as it respects his French or his American citizenship, and reasons upon the conduct he may pursue in case of a rupture to any one who will listen to him. The natural effect of this conduct must be, and indeed is, to produce an idea that no important confidence ought to be entrusted to him, and that the French directory will not long continue to employ him.

He makes no secret of his being engaged in commercial pursuits at Norfolk, and I heard him say that if he were kept in port long enough he should make \$200,000. He is, indeed, a little given to boast of the property he has acquired in the French service.

At Lindsay's Hotel he constantly meets officers of the British fleet, and they converse together with great ease and perfect good humor. He is indeed not an unpleasant man, and his conversation, though it displays no very great depth of understanding, and runs too much upon indelicate subjects, is not wholly unentertaining.

A midshipman from the *Topaz* (Brit-

ish frigate), a boy about fifteen years old, being in his company, requested Colonel Hamilton to point him out to him. The Colonel did so. The young midshipman, having surveyed him for a few minutes, turned round and said: "A damned good-looking fellow, by Gad—I should like to see him alongside of our frigate."

The same month, on a journey to the Dismal Swamp, in company with some of the directors of the Dismal Swamp Land Company, Mr. Latrobe met the eccentric John Mason, of Virginia, and records this incident and his impressions of the man's personality in the following graphic sketch:

Soon after our arrival at Bob Armstead's, a tall, well-looking young man introduced himself to me, and presently entered into a very lively conversation, and was so witty and good-humored that I thought his acquaintance an acquisition. He dined with us, became equally agreeable with Mr. Macaulay, and seemed to be the life of the whole company. He procured our names

and gave us his, which was John Mason.

I spent the evening at Mr. Hays', and returned to the inn about nine o'clock. The company had just sat down to supper, and Mason was one of the party.

As soon as he saw me enter he called out: "Walk in, Billy Keely." I thought him drunk, but with much suavity he introduced me to the gentlemen sitting on his right and left hand.

"This is Mr. Jones, a very honest, humane little gentleman, as you may tell by the shape of his nose, and this is Mr. Brown, as quiet a good soul as you could meet in a thousand, and this, sir, is the true Billy Keely."

"But sir," said I, "is Billy Keely a title of distinction or a noun proper?"

"Sir," said he, "let me tell you who Billy Keely is. The Billy Keelys are a numerous family, and by the cut of your jib, or your physiognomy, as the learned say, to which, by the bye, I take a particular fancy, I know you are one of them. 'Billy Keely' is a soft, humane, quiet, accommodating gentleman, suiting himself to dispositions, tempers, cir-



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

BUCKHALTER'S FERRY, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA





*Drawn by E. H. Lacroix, August 31, 1799*

#### THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER BELOW THE FALLS

cumstances, and times. He never contradicts roughly, never finds fault, never is out of humor, and never quarrelsome. His opinions are right, correct, and virtuous. You think he discourses while he argues; you think you have convinced him, but he has changed your own opinion; you think you have conquered, but he has triumphed. Mankind is a great deal better for 'Billy Keely.' He relieves the distressed, comforts the sorrowful, and makes all sad faces put on a smile."

"You do me much honor," said I, "to adopt me into this family of Billy Keely, and I am happy to find so many of my relatives in this circle, for I observe that you give them all the same name."

"They are all good fellows," said he, "all Billy Keelys, and we will drink a bottle together."

He then ordered a bottle, and ran on for about an hour in the same eccentric mad way. Soon he and I were the only members of the Keely family left. . . .

It was with difficulty that I escaped from him to bed.

The next morning about half past six I came down-stairs and found my friend waiting for me. He had just prepared a mint julep.

"Sir," said he, "you do not drink spirit, I know, but still we may take this julep together. I will drink the spirit

and you take the botanical part. I am a Virginian dram-drinker, you are a disciple of Linnæus."

I was very sorry to see him appear so drunk, and hoped to escape from him by going to breakfast with Macaulay to Mr. George Hays', but it was in vain; he fastened upon me like a leech, and declared he would accompany us, and did so to the utmost distress of the excellent family. However, he was so witty, his observations were so shrewd and original, that he kept us exceedingly merry, till it became necessary to return to the inn, in order to proceed by the stage. It would be impossible to follow him through four minutes of his eccentric talk. Like the plays of Reynolds, which depend upon unexpected incident, stage effect, the humor of the performer, and the very ridiculous selection of words, the conversation of Mason requires hearing.

About twelve the stage was ready. After we had got in I was distressed to see Mason follow us. He declared he would go one stage with us, but I contrived, however, to persuade him to deliver two letters for me at the post-office, and while he was doing it the stage drove off. . . .

John Mason was just mad enough—or, which comes to the same thing, he acts and speaks just enough out of the common road—to be amusing and yet troublesome without being injurious to

society. At present there is so much method in his madness that he must be permitted to take liberties which men in their senses dare not attempt.

Some months after (in fact the next year) Mr. Latrobe made his first visit to Philadelphia, and upon his return to Virginia he made an entry in the diary that was rather interesting in its comments of life, manners, and appearances.

My stay at Philadelphia was too short to enable me to say anything concerning the state of society there. As far as I did observe, I could see no dif-

ference between Philadelphia and English manners. The same style of living, the same opinions as to fashions, tastes, comforts, and accomplishments. Nor can it well be otherwise. The perpetual influx of Englishmen, the constant intercourse of the merchants—here the leaders of manners and fashion—with England, must produce this effect. In

Virginia, where this influx and intercourse is not so great, there appears a shade of character somewhat different.

Political fanaticism was, during my residence in Philadelphia, at its acme. The communications from our envoys in Paris, the stories about X Y Z and the lady, etc., were fresh upon the carpet. British influence may be denied by one party—and French influence asserted. But a very short residence in Philadelphia will leave no doubt upon that subject. To be civilly received by the fashionable people, and to be invited to the President's, it is necessary to visit the British Ambassador. To be on terms



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe, May 19, 1799*

#### THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER OPPOSITE WISSAHICKON

ference between Philadelphia and English manners. The same style of living, the same opinions as to fashions, tastes, comforts, and accomplishments. Nor can it well be otherwise. The perpetual influx of Englishmen, the constant intercourse of the merchants—here the leaders of manners and fashion—with England, must produce this effect. In

with Chevalier D'Yrujo, or General Kosciusko even, is to be a marked democrat, unfit for the lovers of order and good government. *This I saw.* Many of my Virginia friends say I must be mistaken. I boarded at Francis' Hotel. It is a much cheaper house than any I have been at in the Virginia towns. For breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper,

exclusive of liquors or fire, you pay \$8.00 a week. At the Virginia houses, 7s. 6d. per day, exclusive of liquors, tea, supper, and fire. . . . Among the buildings of Philadelphia I did not mention the house of Robert Morris. I knew not what to say about it, in order to record the appearance of the "monster" in a few words. Indeed I can scarcely believe at this moment in the existence

Mr. Morris, and also with Mr. L'Enfans. The exterior dimensions of the house are very large. I suppose the front must be at least 120 feet long, and I think the flank cannot be less than 60. Every side of the house is as yet in the most unfinished state possible, although much of the marble dressing is entirely complete in patches, and the whole building is covered in.



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

#### STORM IN THE GULF, *EN ROUTE TO NEW ORLEANS*

of what I have seen many times of this complicated, unintelligible mass. Though I was in the pile, I protest against any inquiries from me as to the plan, for I cannot possibly answer them.

Mr. L'Enfans, the architect, never exhibited any of his drawings to any but Mr. Morris and his wife, so that I could not obtain any information of the intention of the different parts of the building for my friends, who had been very often in it and were very well acquainted with

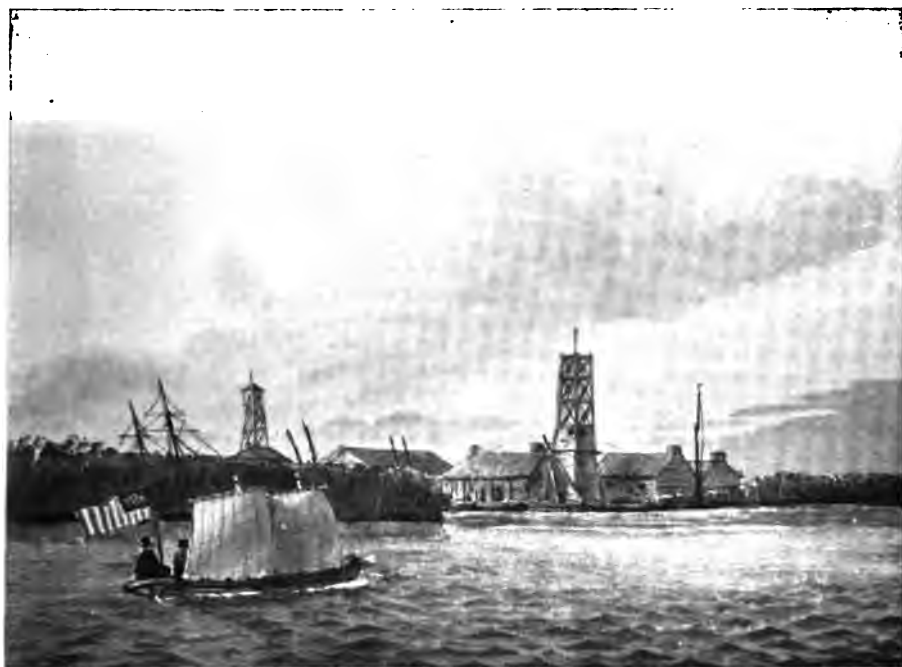
[Here follows a long detailed description of the architecture, to which Mr. Latrobe adds the following terse summing up:]

The whole mass altogether gives no idea at first sight to the mind sufficiently distinct to leave an impression. I went several times to the spot, and gazed upon it with astonishment before I could form any conception of its composition. . . . It is impossible to decide which of the two is the maddest, the architect or his employer. Both of them have

been ruined by it. It is now sold to Mr. Sampson of the Philadelphia Bank, who means to convert it, as I was told, into five houses, and this is the house of which I had frequently heard in Virginia that it was the handsomest thing in America! . . . On inspecting the plan of the city of Philadelphia, and observing the numerous wide and straight streets, it will not be easily believed that

more powerful and more specific. This may, I believe, be found in the following circumstances—

Mr. Latrobe goes on at great length to discuss the water supply, the wells, and the condition of the soil upon which the city is built. Strange to relate, before many years had passed he had been chosen to draw up plans and was



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe, January 7, 1819*

#### VIEW OF THE BALIZE AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI

want of ventilation can be entirely the cause of the yellow fever which has made such dreadful and frequent devastations among its inhabitants. It is true that there are narrow and often very filthy alleys which intersect the interior of the squares bounded by the principal streets and in which the air may stagnate. The back yards of most of the houses are also depositories of filth to a degree which is amazing if the general cleanly character of the Pennsylvanians be considered. There must be some cause

employed at building the water-works that rectified the distressing conditions. Under date of April 27, 1798, he writes:

The capitol in the Federal City, (Washington) (as I mentioned in my journals to Philadelphia), is faulty in extent of details, but it is one of the first designs of modern times. As I shall receive a plan of it from either Dr. Thornton or Mr. Dolney, I mean to devote a particular discussion to it at my leisure.



Drawn by E. H. Latrobe

#### MARKET FOLK, NEW ORLEANS

It is interesting to note that the completion of this building and the drawing of the plans from which it was finally reconstructed after the fire were all under the control of Mr. Latrobe.

There is a long lapse in Mr. Latrobe's memoirs, which are at present in the hands of the compiler. The volumes are filled mostly with his private and family affairs, his engineering and architectural work, but after his marriage and his having taken up his residence in Philadelphia, in the vicinity of which he made many long excursions he added to his journals and sketch-books.

In January, 1819, toward the latter end of his life, Mr. Latrobe made a trip South on board the brig *Clio*. There is not space to set down here his record of the incidents of the voyage and his descriptions of conversations with his fellow passengers, but his account of his glimpse of New Orleans gives a pen picture of the Delta City as it was eighty-six years ago. The entry is dated on the 12th of January.

The strange and loud noise heard through the fog on board of the *Clio*, proceeding from the voices of the market people and their customers, was not more extraordinary than the appearance of these noisy folks when the fog cleared away and we landed. Everything had an odd look. For twenty-five years I have been a traveler only between New York and Richmond, and I confess that I felt myself in some degree again a Cockney—for it was impossible not to

stare at a sight wholly new even to me, who had traveled much in Europe and America.

The first remarkable appearance was that of the market boats, differing in form, rig, and equipment from any seen on the Atlantic side of our country. We landed among the queer boats, some of which yet carried the tricolored flag of Napoleon. We disembarked at the foot of a flight of wooden steps opposite to the center of the public square—on the upper step of the flight sat a couple of Choctaw Indian women—and we arrived on the levee extending along the front of the city. It is a wide bank of earth, level on the top to the width of perhaps fifty feet, and then sloping gradually at a very even descent to the footway, which is about five feet below the level of the levee, and four feet below the surface of the water of the river at the time of the inundation, which rises to within one foot sometimes of the top. Along the levee, as far as the eye could reach to the west, and the market to the east, were ranged two rows of market people, some having stalls or tables with an awning of canvas, but the majority having their wares lying on the ground on pieces of palmetto leaves. The articles to be sold were not more various than the sellers. White men and women of all hues of brown and of all shapes of faces, from Yankees to grisly and lean Spaniards, black negroes and negresses, filthy Indians, half-naked mulattos, curly and straight haired; quadroons of all shades, long haired and frizzled; women dressed in the most yellow and

scarlet gowns, and all selling the greatest variety of articles, wild ducks, oysters, poultry, all kinds of fish, bananas, piles of oranges and sugar-cane, potatoes, corn, apples, carrots, some strange sorts of roots, eggs, trinkets, tinware, dry-goods, more things than I can enumerate, and buyers and sellers trying to strain their voices in order to exceed each other in business. Among others, there was a bookseller whose stocks of books, English and French, cut no mean appearance. Among them I noticed a well-bound collection of pamphlets printed during the American war, forming

as well ask "what is the state of the clouds?" The state of society at any time here is puzzling. There are, in fact, three distinct classes, the French, the American, and the mixed. The French society is not exactly what it was at the change of government, and the American is not strictly what it is in the Atlantic coast cities. The opportunities of growing rich by more active extension and intelligent modes of agriculture and commerce have diminished the hospitality, destroyed the leisure, and added more selfishness to the character of the Creoles. The Americans coming



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

VIEW FROM A WINDOW OF TREMONTET'S HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS

ten octavo volumes, which I must get for my friend Thomas Robertson of Congress. . . . What was the state of society of New Orleans is one of the many questions which I am required to answer my friends, who seem not to be aware that this question is equivalent to that of Hamlet to Polonius. He might

hither to make money, and considering their residence temporary, are doubly active in availing themselves of the large opportunity of becoming wealthy which the place offers. The Americans' business is to make money. They are in an eternal hustle; their limbs, their heads, and their hearts move with that sole

object. Cotton, tobacco, buying and selling, and all the rest of the occupation of a money-making community fill their time and give the habit of their mind. I have been received with great hospitality and have dined out almost every other day. These have been the only periods during which I could make any acquaintance with the gentlemen of the place. As it is now the Carnival, every

character of a community requires more time, more talent, and more philosophical investigation of the history of its habits, and of those causes over which no control can be exercised, more time than traveling writers possess or can command. It would, therefore, be very impertinent in me after ten days' residence to record anything which I may put into these brochures by any name



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe*

#### STREET IN NEW ORLEANS

evening, is closed with a ball, a play, or a concert.

To entitle a stranger to describe the character of a society, more is required than to have looked at it superficially and through the medium of habit acquired elsewhere. The great fault of travelers, I was going to say especially of English travelers, because Americans have suffered most by their false accounts of our country, is to impose first impressions upon themselves and the public for the actual state of things. To determine the relative moral or political

more decided than "impressions," but my "impression" then, of the female society in this city, is that there are collected in New Orleans more correct and beautiful features, more faces and figures for the sculptor, than I ever recollect to have seen in the same number elsewhere. There is a growing division between the French and American classes, a party spirit which in time will give success to the views of the Americans everywhere; the French will, in fifty years, almost disappear. . . . In how far intermarriage of Americans with the

French girls will produce a less rigid observance of the gloom of an English Sunday, it is impossible to foresee. Sunday is now the great holiday. The intermingling may produce a sensible medium, for I have spent a Sunday in a family in which a once devout Quaker and a Presbyterian, who have married two sisters, joined in a very agreeable dance after a concert. But perseverance may at last prevail and Sundays in New Orleans may become as gloomy and ennuyant as elsewhere among us. . . . My friend Mr. Nolte was so good a fortnight ago as to take me down in his carriage to the scene of the battle of the 8th of January. That battle is, of all the battles of the age, one of the most remarkable. On the 23d of December, 1814, the British had landed 3,500 of the best disciplined veterans in the world, and were attacked in the evening by less than 1,000 raw militia under General Jackson, while at supper. They were reenforced continually by new arrivals from the fleet. This night affair enabled them to take some prisoners, for all was confusion, but it also puzzled them as to the number of our troops. They were also fired upon by the *Caroline*, sloop of war, and, although they could, had they had any good information as to the numbers of their enemy, or the nature of the troops, have despised the resistance they met with, and marched the next day into the city, they were so disconcerted and deranged in their plans and expectations that they allowed us time to retreat behind a line which was so defended on the 8th of January as to defeat their whole enterprise and to give to less than 4,000 troops the most signal victory ever known in history over 15,000 of the best troops that ever took the field; in fact, the battle of the 8th of January was won on the 23d of December.

Mr. Nolte was in every action during the campaign, and not only contributed with others by his bravery, but by 123

bales of cotton to defend the line, perhaps the best material in the world for the purpose. The characteristic meanness of our government occasioned him to have very great trouble in getting any kind of remuneration for this sacrifice of his property for the public defense. The exposure to the elements and to the earth occasioned the bales to be greatly damaged. There are numerous anecdotes in circulation which would have been worth the recording and which will in a few years be lost. One which proves the effect of the panic with which the unerring aim of our riflemen had struck the British is related thus: After they began to retreat an officer remained behind alone. A Tennessean took aim at him, and at the same time called to him to come in rather than suffer himself to be shot. After some hesitation he did actually come in as a prisoner, and on coming up the rifleman shook him heartily by the hand and told him that he would be very sorry to have shot so clever a fellow as he appeared to be. A British officer called upon me in 1817 in Washington, with an introduction from Mr. Caton. I carried him off into all I thought worth seeing and at last to the capitol. He expressed his regret at its destruction, and I naturally hoped that we never again would have to regret the consequences of a war with his country.

"We shall take good care," said he, "how we go to war again with a nation of sharpshooters."

Mr. Latrobe's eldest son, by his first marriage, whose age was twenty-one, was in the same battle and commanded a battery at about the middle of the American line.

In these short extracts, *dissecta membra* they may be called, there is given some idea of the variety of comment, sketch, and record that appears in this collection of carefully written memorabilia of an interesting period.



# WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT THE SUN

BY WALDEMAR B. KAEMPFFERT

No one has ever seen the Sun. This is not an epigrammatic pleasantry, but the cheerless scientific truth. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing, except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the total solar mass. That nucleus is the real Sun, forever hidden from us. To regard the outer shells as the Sun, the shells to which our scant solar knowledge is limited, would be very much like considering the atmosphere which encloses this globe of ours as the Earth itself.

Although we can never fathom the secrets of the nucleus, we have been fortunate enough to analyze with partial success the various shells. Surrounding the invisible core of the Sun is, first, a layer of incandescent clouds, which has been called the "photosphere," and which has been found to consist of countless "granules," each about 500 miles in diameter, floating in a dark medium. The great blazing disk that passes for us as the Sun is really the photosphere. After the photosphere comes a stratum 1,000 miles thick which, for technical reasons that cannot be given here, is known as the "reversing layer." The dazzling clouds of the photosphere arise from the "reversing layer." Overlying the "reversing layer" for a depth of about 5,000 miles is the "chromosphere," a gaseous flood, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen and so furiously active that it sometimes tosses up great tongues of glowing gas ("prominences" is the astronomical name for them) to a height of thousands of miles. Beyond the

photosphere, far beyond the prominences even, extending outward for a distance that may sometimes measure 350,000 miles, lies the diaphanous, pallid "corona," visible only during total eclipses; and therefore the phenomenon which will receive most attention during the eclipse that occurs at the end of this month of August.

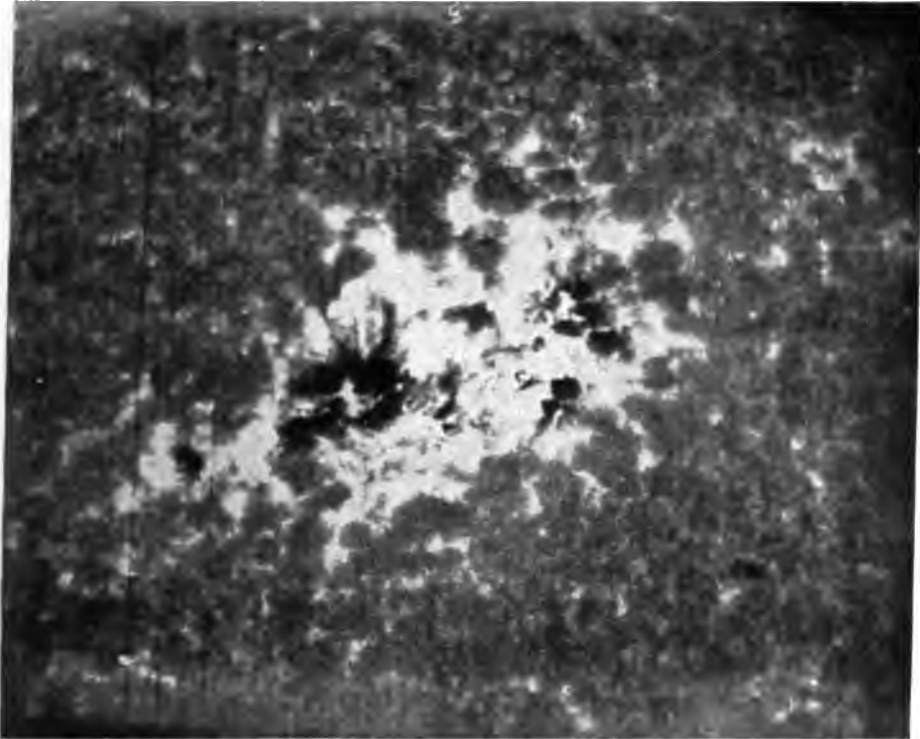
These solar wrappings ought to be compressed into a layer less than a mile in thickness, because of the Sun's gravity; but for some unknown reason we find them emphatically disobeying the laws of gravitation and reaching out for thousands of miles. But that is only one of the many puzzles the Sun has to offer.

No doubt the most curious spectacle to be observed on the photosphere is the procession of the sun-spots. We have reason to offer scientific thanks for their presence, because it was first by watching them that astronomers found that the Sun turns on its axis in about twenty-five and a quarter days. An unprofessional German observer named Schwabe devoted almost his entire life to the gathering of statistics about them. Counting sun-spots must seem to the man in the street a most brilliantly useless performance. And yet astronomers doff their caps when you speak of Schwabe. After laboring for forty-two years with truly monumental patience, he discovered that there is a fairly periodic increase and decrease in the number of sun-spots. Roughly stated, Schwabe's law declares that eleven years elapse between one sun-spot minimum and another.

The cyclic appearance of spots is of considerable consequence to us on the

Earth, because the slightest change in the Sun's activity modifies our lives in some way, dependent as these lives are on the preservation of a proper solar temperature. Just what influence the spots exert we have not discovered, beyond the fact that they certainly affect terrestrial magnetism, and are in some way connected with the aurora borealis.

studied them for years, and the more we learn about them the more we must unlearn. Surrounding a central purplish black patch, or "umbra," is a lighter fringe called the "penumbra." Bridges of vapor sometimes arch the umbra, and wonderful veils and clouds hover over it. A splendid structure of curling plumes and graceful filaments is the penumbra.



GREAT SUN-SPOT OF OCTOBER 10, 1903

Spectroheliograph by the Yerkes Observatory

Sometimes it is said that they are the underlying causes of our "weather" and, accordingly, that they determine whether our harvests shall be good or bad. They certainly make the Earth cooler, inasmuch as they diminish the amount of heat we receive from the Sun by one one-thousandth of the whole.

What is a sun-spot? No satisfactory explanation can be given. We have photographed spots, measured them, and

Delicate, lace-like clouds, that remind one remotely of the most fantastic frost figures on a window-pane in midwinter, are, likewise, not wanting. They change incessantly—these sun-spots; and that with a swiftness far outdistancing any terrestrial whirlwind that we can imagine. It was once thought that they were rents in the blazing surface of the Sun, cavities through which we really peered for a time into the bottomless solar

regions. But, of late, solar physicists have not been so sure that some of them at least may not be elevations instead of pits. Of their enormity, however, there can be no doubt. The largest single spot ever recorded had a diameter of 143,000 miles. Just what this means may be conveyed by the simple statement that our insignificant Earth could be dropped into the central blackness like a pebble into a cistern of water.

The sea of crimson fire which is known as the chromosphere is no less startling than are the sun-spots. More agitated than the ocean in the most violent tempest, its tremendous activity is undoubtedly occasioned by the glowing hydrogen of which it is largely composed. Its "prominences," to which reference has already been

made, are among its characteristics—jets of incandescent gas which leap to heights of 10,000 and even to 150,000 miles and more on rare occasions, flashing into view in the space of a few minutes and vanishing with equal rapidity. Time was when they could be seen to advantage only during a total eclipse; now the spectroscope combined with the heliograph has enabled astronomers to observe them in full sunlight. Still they will not be altogether ignored by the men who have been sent out by the observatories of the world to study this year's eclipse. They move about with a speed quite beyond our conception, often exceeding as it does 100 miles a

second. In other words, a moderately swift prominence could race around the Earth in little more than four minutes.

The spectacle which undoubtedly engrosses most of the eclipse observers is the impressive corona. As the moon swims in between the Earth and the Sun, its outline faintly traced in a fringe of silver, great sheets of nebulous pearly light flare out in all directions, with many threads and streamers. That is the corona. It is seen only during the few short, precious moments of a

total eclipse, amounting in all to not more than eight days in a century. Because of its rarity we know even less about it than we do of other solar phenomena. Before the advent of photography, it was pictured only with extreme difficulty, and, accord-



THE CORONA OF THE SUN, MAY 28, 1900

ingly, with doubtful accuracy. No two observers ever made similar sketches of what they saw. Even photography is not always just to the corona; for the sensitive plate either shows too little of the visible details, or too much of invisible ultra-violet light. Of the causes of the corona we know next to nothing. Perhaps it may prove to be of electrical origin; at least the tendency of present theories seems to lie in that direction. This much at least is certain: It is all but immaterial in its nature, a mere lustrous fog so highly attenuated that it may have only a single molecule of matter to the cubic foot.

Ignorant as we are of the true nature

of the various shells thus briefly described, we do know much of solar chemistry. Despite the chasm that separates us from the Sun, we have ingeniously transported it to our laboratories and analyzed it with amazing accuracy. Our entire knowledge of solar chemistry is based on studies of solar light. The Sun's spectrum contains the secrets of its composition. Although the hieroglyphic lines of that spectrum have not all been deciphered, they have been so far interpreted that we are now able to say with absolute certainty that thirty-nine chemical elements are common to the Sun and the Earth, with a probability of a similar agreement in the remaining forty.

We also know, partly as a result of this spectroscopic inquiry, that the Sun cannot be liquid or solid—that it must, indeed, be nothing short of a globe of gas, not actually burning, but heated to an intensely high pitch of incandescence. Whence comes its heat? The German scientist Helmholtz applied his theoretical calipers to the Sun and found that if it contracted ten inches a day it would maintain its condition. In other words, light and heat are actually squeezed out of the Sun. Some day this squeezing process will come to an end, and the Sun will become a gigantic blackened cinder; but inasmuch as the Sun's diameter is almost 866,400 miles, that day may safely be placed millenniums hence.

That some estimates of the amount of solar heat and light have been made goes without saying. Of the torrid floods that are poured out we receive a wofully small fraction. The Sun is very much in the position of a man who practically utilizes one cent out of a fortune of \$22,000,000 and throws the rest away; for only  $\frac{1}{2,200,000,000}$  of the Sun's heat ever reaches us. And yet if we could gather every ton of coal now in the Earth and burn it all at once, it would supply this insignificant fraction of the Sun's heat for less than one-tenth of a

second only. If the Sun were really a burning instead of an incandescent mass, nearly a ton of coal would have to be shoveled on each square foot of its surface every hour to keep up its present expenditure of heat. Lord Kelvin has figured that if the Sun were made of solid coal it would burn out in less than 5,000 years. Even if we receive only a pittance in the way of heat, that pittance is enough to melt a 225-foot layer of ice at the equator in a year. If you can imagine a shell of ice fifty-eight feet thick surrounding the Sun, that shell would be melted in a minute. This means that the Sun has a temperature of about 14,400 degrees Fahrenheit.

In endeavoring to convey some idea of the Sun's light, we are drowned in a sea of figures. According to the latest data, the total quantity of sunlight equals 1,575,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles. Hardly an ideally simple way of conveying a scientific fact, but there is no better expedient. It may be added that the Sun's various envelopes so far screen the glare that if they were removed the Sun's light would be nearly five times as intense.

It must be confessed that the statistics of light and heat are not as trustworthy as they might be. Too many assumptions have to be made. On the other hand, the data relating to distance and dimensions can be relied upon.

The abyss that separates us from the Sun measures nearly 93,000,000 miles. Like the figures for candle-power this tells us but little. Fortunately, a thoughtful astronomer with an extraordinary imagination has helped us out. He assures us that if we could picture to ourselves an infant with an arm long enough to touch the Sun and burn his fingers, he would die of old age before he could feel any pain. If the infant did manage to keep alive long enough he would be 150 years old when it first dawned on him that he had been scorched. Is it any wonder that we know so little about the Sun?

# THE PASSING OF JOE BEEF

BY F. BERKELEY SMITH

Joe Beef hung the skeleton of his first wife back of his bar. It dangled there, grinning at the sawdust floor of his saloon, as a token of the hate he bore her. Behind it swung a sign:

*JOE BEEF FEARS NEITHER  
MAN, GOD, NOR DEVIL*

Which was true. His real name was Joseph Lebœuf; but usage, not familiarity, had shortened it.

This man, who so gloried in his fearlessness of things present and to come, was not boastful; he did not lie, he was temperate in the use of liquor, his word was law, and that same word, if pledged, good as his bond. The men he had killed, he had stabbed or shot to death in self-defense, or for other reasons for which he had, himself, felt justified.

Joe Beef's great shoulders outproportioned his short, stocky figure; within his scarred chest and the iron muscles of his brawny arms lay the litheness of the leopard and the crunching strength of the gorilla. His jet-black eyes from beneath his bushy eyebrows were as keen as those of his pet eagles. His hair, curling closely to his head, crept beneath the knotty angle of a square jaw, clean shaven, to the short ends of the close-cropped, black mustache. He never laughed; he seldom smiled. There was a grim dignity about this stolid face. The tightening restraint of a coat hampering the muscles of his back and arms, he lived when indoors in his shirt-sleeves—in clean shirt-sleeves that were in refreshing contrast to the reek and filth of his place and the rough attire of those who frequented it.

Such was the exterior of this taciturn

and silent man, who, less than thirty years ago, sheltered in a disused barrack along the quay the worst element of Montreal: murderers, thieves, deserters. Outcasts of all tongues, all countries, they slept and ate in the rectangular room in front, whose walls were, like the rest, of stone and furnished with bunks above the earthen floor. In the center of this chamber was a long wooden table flanked by benches; at one end was a brazier grill upon which the men roasted, nightly, their ration of meat cut from the side of a beef hung from a huge steel hook. They got drunk in the dingy barroom and spent their nights about the bear-pit or in the dance-hall in the rear. From the narrow clearstory windows, heavily barred, the reek and noise of the brawling swept out into the pure night air.

All this entertainment Joe Beef furnished to his henchmen free. In return for this hospitality and the merest pittance of pay, some two hundred of these followers worked for him as day laborers for the city upon the public roads. There were men among them who would have killed a man for a dollar, but Joe Beef owned them body and soul, and ruled them with a grip of iron. Only to one man did he ever speak in tones of kindness—to Tony Badeau, the itinerant drunkard who owned the tame dancing bear. They banded the word "ami" between them. Down along the quay, within range of the blinking lights of the saloons, ships poked their bowsprits in line along the water-front, coastwise schooners, colliers, barks, and full-rigged three-masters lay side by side with nondescript vagabond craft hailing

from all ports of the world. The scum of the foreign seafaring men had always found a lawless home beneath his roof.

Joe Beef was rich. With his silent partners he made a fortune out of political corruption. But Joe Beef was charitable—he gave much to the Roman Catholic Church, and in the labyrinth of the quartier about him he helped the poor. For years he had defied public opinion and the press. The newspapers printed columns urging the authorities to close him up, copies of which Joe Beef nailed to his front door and then called defiant notice to them. A stranger's life would have been hardly safe within his place without his word of protection, and to tell the truth few outsiders had ever entered in; he was ever cautious of those who ventured there. The police had learned to give him a wide berth. One day some one wrote in red chalk beneath the reckless sign over the bar: *You will atone for this!* Joe Beef had snarled and rubbed it out.

The night Joe Beef's second wife died, no one had dared approach him. He ordered the bar locked and the dance-hall closed. The only sound that came from the big back room was the clink of the bears' chains as they swayed in their pit. In the saloon the gas-jet was turned low and a cat dozing on the bar was the only occupant save another—the grinning frame of the first wife. It hung suspended from the blackened ceiling, occasionally oscillating and swaying softly in the stray drafts.

In the front room the men talked in low tones, sitting about in groups in their stocking feet, muttering over the event that had caused their master to turn out the lights and lock up the rum.

A narrow stairway led from above. At the head of this flight in a gawdy parlor Joe Beef sat in his shirt-sleeves beside the body of his second wife, a black cigar gripped between his teeth, his eyes staring sullenly at the lace curtains

looped to the windows with green satin bows. It was a long night but at last the chill dawn silhouetted the rigging of the ships against a leaden sky. Presently the sun struggled through the clouds and streamed across the garish carpet with its flowery pattern and burned on a dusty globe covering the wax flowers on the center-table. Joe Beef turned and looked intently at the features of the dead girl, his eyes following the outline of her features, the high cheek-bones and the waxen whiteness of her throat. Then he said slowly to himself: "You died like a little lady, Kit, and you never told me lies." Then he rose and crossed the room to the mantelpiece and drew from beneath the clock a tintype of a child. He looked long at it, then carefully replaced it. It was the child of the one who hung below there in the bar.

Joe Beef hired the best band in Montreal for the funeral, and at the head of a straggling procession of his henchmen he rode to the grave in an open barouche. The band played a dirge, and the widower squared himself back and puffed at his cigar. No one would know his grief! On the return from the cemetery, just outside the gates, he halted the driver of his carriage and raised his hand. "Play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,'" he shouted to the band leader. The band played it into the town. No one would ever say Joe Beef had softened!

Months passed and winter came on grimly; the wind, whistling in the rigging of the craft along the quay, whirled the sleet and snow along the water-front, sifting it about the doors of the saloons, piling it in drifts in the intervening alleys. Men stumbled out of the dreary ships, that had crawled in before the ice closed, toward the blinking lights and the warmth behind them, craving what sailors crave who for months have been tortured by the sea. To them the sordid dive is gilded paradise. The very lights themselves, the reek, the heat, the



*Drawn by Power O'Malley.*

*"With a roar of rage he brought his fist down on the table."*

brawls and laughter steam their souls into content.

It grew bitterly, cruelly cold that winter—"a cold," as the Indians say, "to split a flint."

Joe Beef's place flourished, but the man himself had grown morose. He leaped too frequently into the nightly quarrels and fell into a chronic surliness of manner. Always quick to anger, he had lost his old sense of fairness—men feared to talk to him. Even Tony Badeau, the privileged, kept out of his way.

A red-haired woman now cared for the bar, a tall, brawny woman with eyes like a ferret, a hard face, and a square figure, the equal match for any man who might attempt to disturb her. Like the other, where she had come from no one knew. She swept the little parlor, however, dusted the dome covering the wax flowers, wiped the furniture, and kept the fire going in the stove up-stairs.

Joe Beef spent most of his time in his parlor suite. Something had begun to gnaw within this man from hell; few but the red-haired woman dared speak to him—when she did she watched him like a cat keeping out of reach of an enemy. When Joe Beef answered her it was in muttered monosyllables.

One day she climbed the stairs. "Some one to see you," she said warily.

"Who?"

"A priest."

"Send him up here and be quick." And with that Joe Beef had slammed the door to in her face.

Presently the woman reappeared. The gaunt form of an old man followed her; the woman departed and left the two alone.

Joe Beef jumped to his feet. "News, I hope," he said grimly. His black eyes searched his visitor's face as he pushed up a chair. Then seating himself, he squared his great shoulders back in his own, his left hand gripping the upholstered arm like a man bracing himself for sentence.

Father Ignacio raised his eyes and rested his gaunt chin on the tips of his fingers. "I bring you news, my son; the little one is very weak, but they will try to save her."

Joe Beef did not reply at once; he sat for a moment silent, looking at the floor. Then a sudden, mad anger rose within him. He leaped up, his fists clinched, and paced to the window. He stood there looking out into the night, the muscles of his brawny arms working beneath his shirt-sleeves, his hands grasping the bars at the casement. Suddenly turning, with an oath he strode across the room.

"Then the wolves of doctors have not done with her," he snarled. With a roar of rage he brought his fist down on the table. The wax flowers shivered in their glass case.

"Listen," he hissed; "you are a priest—you've heard confessions. Hark to this: You took her—I gave her to you; this was no place for her, sick or well—no—not here! In the convent she was to be taught to forget me—me, her father. They were to straighten her poor, crooked body; they were to save what you call her soul. Do you know what I done to the one who beat an' crippled her—know what I done? The one who lied and lied to me, an' played me false, an'—an' crippled her? Look down behind the bar—you'll see! I done it. But no one dare say I did, an' no one could ever prove it true. She deserved it, 'cordin' to man's law. She's down there; that's punishment enough for her an' me! The only two things I ever cared for—the woman who was here four months ago—an' who dare say a word agin her!—and the child I gave to you! Both to die sufferin'! An' I would have give my body to burn for them!"

He stopped.

The priest said nothing—he sat there trembling. Here was a soul accursed—a mind in ever-living torment that asked no help, no absolution. What could he say—why should he speak?



Joe Beef swept to and fro, then all at once he stopped before the priest again.

"You've got to save her. D'ye understand?" he groaned. "I ain't takin' no chances on your God, but I'll give all I got—all to the Church. She must live, must live an' grow up well an' strong an' never to know where she came from—never to know *that*. Hear?"

"I must be gone, my son," said Father Ignacio. "I must be going." It is no easy task to break bad news to a madman, thought he.

"All—all to the Church," muttered Joe Beef, following him to the door. "D'ye hear—all I got!"

The red-haired woman had been waiting for the priest, and she led him safely to the street.

For an hour after Father Ignacio's departure, Joe Beef continued to pace the floor. Suddenly he stopped in front of the clock and drew from beneath it the crumpled tintype of his child. Long and intently he gazed at it, holding it between his giant thumbs, tilting the lamp-shade that he might better see the features. A railing curse at Fate formed on his lips.

All at once he heard a knocking at the door—not a loud knocking, a gentle treble tapping against the panels. He crossed the room quickly, swung the door wide, and stopped!

There stood a child—pale, plaintive-eyed, with one arm outstretched holding something high above its head—something that shone.

Joe Beef stood there atremble; then suddenly he started forward, for the child's feet were on the very edge of the steep stairs—she might fall—and he remembered!

But before he had crossed the lintel Joe Beef had stopped again. There was nothing there. Yet the symbol burned bright before him! Slowly, slowly it faded! The noise from the hell filtered up the narrow stairway—the tramp and swish of feet in the dance-hall, the oaths and laughter. The tame bear was

dancing, too, for the singsong of Tony's voice came faintly from the saloon below.

Joe's eyes, the day after the child died, had a vacant stare in them. No one knew what had happened, but he swayed in his gait. He spoke to no one, not even to the red-haired woman who brought his meals up to him. He lost, too, his rough neatness of attire and remained unshaven and unkempt for days. He talked to himself—he acted like a man who saw visions, or who was possessed. Something had caused Joe Beef to feel afraid! Months went by and he regained his strength, and with it something of his devilish self-reliance; but even now this was a ghost of his former self. The gaunt red-haired woman left him. He began to drink heavily; he could no longer control the place with his old-time domineering nerve. His money and power seemed to have gone, no one knew where. Then the police valiantly closed the resort. Joe Beef made no resistance.

It was thawing fast one sunny afternoon in March, when Tony Badeau left the hovel where he lived with his wife and three children and started for the water-front. He was not alone, but it was not the dancing bruin that accompanied him; poor "Bobo" was dead. He no longer helped pay the expenses of the family and his master's score along the quay. It was Tony's little daughter, Annette, who accompanied him this day, holding tight to his hand. There was trouble at home; the mother, the mainstay—a good woman—was ill; there was no more medicine, and now, no more money and no food.

Tony, who for some time had kept sober, had said he was going to see Father Ignacio to ask his help, for the good priest had always helped the poor. But really he was going to see Joe Beef. Joe Beef had helped him in the old days often, even if he had sold himself to the devil, and was now possessed of one.

And the mother, fearing this, had sent Annette with her father to make sure he kept straight on up the hill and stopped nowhere on the way.

When they reached Joe Beef's place, Tony's heart fell. The great doors were locked and bolted, the windows shuttered and barred. But the small side door—how about that? Before the child knew what had happened, her father had pushed her ahead of him through a narrow entrance, seemingly in the blank stone wall.

Joe Beef looked up from where he sat under the gaslight at the now denuded bar. He started, with a sudden, smothered cry, dropping a paper he was reading to the floor. When he saw Tony enter and the child turn to him, Joe Beef sat down again, but his face was white as his shirt-sleeves.

"Joe, mon ami," began Tony, rushing to the subject which was uppermost in his poor head, "I have come for help, for succor. My wife, she is sick—there is no food."

"Your little girl, eh?" questioned Joe Beef, his eyes on the frightened child.

"Oui, my little Annette. It is but ten dollar—five?—eh?—you let me have five?"

Joe Beef stood up, his hands sought his pockets; then he stopped and fumbled at his coat hanging from the end of the gas-jet. Tony, looking round him, as his eyes became adjusted to the dimness, saw that the ghastly thing swayed no longer at the corner of the bar—the space it had occupied was empty like the shelves.

"Tony"—Joe's voice sounded strangely—"I've not got five dollar to-day—here. Stop—you know where Father Ignacio lives—eh?—on the hill?"

"Yes, near Saint Agnes'. They build a new chapel there—you heard? Oh, gran' place—mon frère he work there. Yes, I know Père Ignacio—so well. But nevaire min', Joe."

"Wait!" It was the old imperious Joe Beef talking now. "You go to him

—say that I—no, tell him I thout perhaps—he might have it—five—ten, what you like. Jess' say I thout—"

Joe Beef's tones had dwindled to a whisper. "I'm away to-morrow," he went on. "I sell all there is left—my animals—my pets—I go, Tony."

"Where, Joe, mon ami?"

That sweep of the hand might mean anywhere; but to Tony Badeau it meant far off—"the woods," perhaps. There was a tradition in the quarter that Joe Lebœuf, when he was but nineteen, had been the best man with an ax in all the provinces. But in the quartier there were many traditions—no one asked too many questions.

Suddenly Joe roused himself, for after the sweeping, unfinished gesture he had fallen silent.

"Allez quick, you must go quick, Tony. Père Ignacio goes to Ottawa this evening; he tol' me so las' evenin'. You mus' run."

"But Annette—it is a long pull up the hill."

"Leave her here with me and come back—now run."

The child did not relish being in the dim, half-lighted place, but before she could object, the narrow side door had closed. Her father had left her with this big, dark man, who seemed more afraid of her than she of him. Joe Beef placed Annette in his own chair. The child looked up at him; her fright seemed to have left her. Something made Joe catch his breath. He crossed over to the door and, opening it, stood gazing out at the river, a strange, vacant look in his eyes.

Presently the little girl heard a gruff whim and the chink of chains in the cavernous room beyond.

"Bobo there?" she lisped.

"Not Bobo, no," said Joe, turning toward her, "Jess sit quiet. Your father be here soon."

All at once he seemed to remember something—something he had up-stairs.

"Less see!" he mused. "Yes, I've got

somethin' for you, Annette. Now don't move till I come down."

It was while Joe was looking for what he sought up there in the half-empty, cheerless room, that the child grew restless, wriggled from her chair, and wandered alone into the darkness beyond, very curious and a little frightened. Her eyes were unaccustomed to the gloom; as she toddled on across the dirt floor she was not aware of a dark, shadowy patch ahead of her until her feet tripped over a loose wire at its edge and she tumbled headlong.

At that moment Joe Beef, rummaging up-stairs in an old, tightly packed box, heard a scream and a snarling roar. The former chilled his blood and the latter set it on fire. He sprang down the short staircase, snatched a short hatchet from the corner of the bar, and dashed for the pit. In he leaped. Somewhere in the bottom, under the feet of the two big brutes, lay the child. The feeble light struggling in through the clear-story windows was cut off by the edge of the pit, and in the black shadow of the muddy bottom he could not, at first, see anything. Ah! there it was! two great, hairy forms above it! He threw himself upon them as he had often thrown himself upon fighting, struggling men. They rose at him. The blade of the hatchet tore into the male bear's chest; another blow clipped his ears, and the third crashed through his skull. The brute fell in the mud. Joe Beef stood there with the broken helve in his hand! With a roar of fury the she bear reached out at him. He struck her with all his might upon the head, but she closed in; her jaws snapped; she bit clear through his shoulder; but Joe, fighting to get free, tore himself away. The she bear caught him now, and the blood from a deep gash in his head trickled down into his eyes and blinded him. The great animal became the devil incarnate; again and again she ripped, slashed, and slammed him back against the earth; with another squealing roar she fastened

her teeth in his chest, but once more he tore her free. He got a hold beneath her fore legs, and used all his crushing strength against hers; then he stumbled and his heel touched the child.

Now it was that all the savage power of his mighty strength rose within him. He broke out of the death-clutch. Bracing himself against the sides of the narrow pit, he sprang at the she bear's throat. She squared up again on her hind legs, her flat, snarling head towering above him. The muscles of his back cracked as his great fists closed on her matted gorget. He tripped her, and the two rolled over. A second later, Joe Beef's knee was on her chest again and his mighty hands closed tighter and tighter, with a grip of steel. She tore at his stomach with her hind feet, but the man was too quick for her and leaped astride of her shaggy breast-bone, with his thumbs sunk against her windpipe, he gathered power with every crunching wrench, the power that came from his corded forearms and his massive back.

There came a choking rattle in the brute's throat; her breath was being slowly, but surely, shut off as a valve cuts the steam from an engine.

Minutes passed. Joe felt her shake with a convulsive shudder beneath his knee.

Without releasing his grip he looked about him. The child lay to the left and behind him; her eyes were closed; she was huddled where she had fallen in a heap against the wall. Joe Beef tried to rise, but he could not. It was with difficulty that he could release his hands from the bear's throat, but at last he started to crawl toward the child.

The pit swam round him; he felt as if he had fallen in the waters of a whirlpool. The bodies of the bears passed him a dozen times, and the child's white frock flashed behind him as if swept in a mill-race.

Then a voice rang through the roar in his ears, faintly. "Bon Dieu! Bon

Dieu!" it cried, and a little man tumbled down from above. Something snapped, the pit went black, and he knew no more.

An hour later Monsieur le Docteur Chabonnet, followed by the priest, opened the door of the disordered parlor suite and came down the narrow stairs. Below him at the end of the flight, the barroom was crowded with sobbing, staring women and silent men, who shook their heads and waited.

"What hope for the little one?" asked a score of throats in hoarse whispers.

"She is not touched," said the doctor,

gravely rolling down his sleeves; "it was the shock; she is sleeping."

"And Joe Beef?" whispered the room-full; "it is well with him?"

"Ah! Mon Dieu!" sobbed a woman hysterically.

Doctor Chabonnet paused. Then with some effort he looked up. The room was hushed.

"I regret, my friends, but it was impossible," he said softly. "Monsieur Leboeuf has passed away."

Father Ignacio said nothing—but a smile—it may have been of triumph, played about his lips.

## THE QUESTION OF OUR SPEECH\*

BY HENRY JAMES

I am offered the opportunity of addressing you a few observations on a subject that should content itself, to my thinking, with no secondary place among those justly commended to your attention on such a day as this, and that yet will not, I dare say, have been treated before you, very often, as a matter especially inviting that attention. You will have been appealed to, at this season, and in preparation for this occasion, with admirable persuasion and admirable effect, I make no doubt, on behalf of many of the interests and ideals, scholarly, moral, social, you have here so happily pursued, many of the duties, responsibilities, opportunities you have learned, in these beautiful conditions, at the threshold of life, to see open out before you. These admonitions, taken

together, will have borne, essentially, upon the question of culture, as you are expected to consider and cherish it; and some of them, naturally, will have pressed on the higher, the advanced developments of that question, those that are forever flowering above our heads and waving and rustling their branches in the blue vast of human thought. Others, meanwhile, will have lingered over the fundamentals, as we may call them, the solid, settled, seated elements of education, the things of which it is held, in general, that our need of being reminded of them must rarely be allowed to become a desperate or a feverish need. These underlying things, truths of tradition, of aspiration, of discipline, of training consecrated by experience, are understood as present in

\* Address delivered to the graduating class (young women) at Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, June 8, 1905, and here printed with the restoration of a few passages omitted on that occasion.

any liberal course of study or scheme of character; yet they permit of a certain renewed reference and slightly ceremonial insistence, perhaps, on high days and holidays; without the fear, on the part of any one concerned, of their falling too much into the category of the commonplace. I repeat, however, that there is a prime part of education, an element of the basis itself, in regard to which I shall probably remain within the bounds of safety in declaring that no explicit, no separate, no adequate plea will be likely to have ranged itself under any one of your customary heads of commemoration. If there are proprieties and values, perfect possessions of the educated spirit, clear humanities, as the old collegiate usage beautifully named them, that may be taken absolutely for granted, taken for granted as rendering any process of training simply possible, the indispensable preliminary I allude to, and that I am about to name, would easily indeed present itself in that light; thus confessing to its established character and its tacit intervention. A virtual consensus of the educated, of any gathered group, in regard to the *speech* that, among the idioms and articulations of the globe, they profess to make use of, may well strike us, in a given case, as a natural, an inevitable assumption. Without that consensus, to every appearance, the educative process cannot be thought of as at all even beginning; we readily perceive that without it the mere imparting of a coherent culture would never get under way. This imparting of a coherent culture is a matter of communication and response—each of which branches to an understanding involves the possession of a common language, with its modes of employment, its usage, its authority, its beauty, in working form; a medium of expression, in short, organized and developed. So obvious is such a truth that even at these periods of an especially excited consciousness of your happy approximation to the ideal, your conquest, so far as it has proceeded, of

the humanities aforesaid, of the great attainable amenities, you would not think of expecting that your not having failed to master the system of mere vocal sounds that renders your fruitful association with each other a thinkable thing, should be made a topic of inquiry or of congratulation. You would say if you thought about the point at all: "Why, of course we speak in happy forms; we arrive here, arrive from our convenient homes, our wonderful schools, our growing cities, our great and glorious States, speaking in those happy forms in which people speak whose speech promotes the refinements (in a word the success) of intercourse, intellectual and social—not in any manner in which people speak whose speech frustrates, or hampers, or mocks at them. That conquest is behind us, and we invite no discussion of the question of whether we are articulate, whether we are intelligibly, or completely, expressive—we expose ourselves to none; the question of whether we are heirs and mistresses of the art of making ourselves satisfactorily heard, conveniently listened to, comfortably and agreeably understood."

Such, I say, is the assumption that everything must always have ministered to your making: so much as to stamp almost with a certain indecorum, on the face of the affair, any breach of the silence surrounding these familiar securities and serenities. I can only stand before you, accordingly, as a breaker of the silence; breaking it as gently, of course, as all the pleasant proprieties of this hour demand, but making the point that there is an element of fallacy—in plain terms a measurable mistake—in the fine confidence I impute to you. It is needless to make sure of the basis of the process of communication and intercourse when it is clear, when it is positive, that such a basis exists and flourishes; but that is a question as to which the slightest shade of doubt is disquieting, disconcerting—fatal indeed; so that an exceptional inquiry into the case is

then prescribed. I shall suggest our making this inquiry altogether—after having taken it thus as exceptionally demanded; making it rapidly, in the very limited way for which our present conditions allow us moments; but at least with the feeling that we are breaking ground where it had not hitherto, among us, strangely enough, been much broken, and where some measurable good may spring, for us, from our action.

If we may not then be said to be able to converse before we are able to talk (and study is essentially, above all in such a place as this, your opportunity to converse with your teachers and inspirers), so we may be said not to be able to "talk" before we are able to speak: whereby you easily see what we thus get. We may not be said to be able to study—and *à fortiori* do any of the things we study *for*—unless we are able to speak. All life therefore comes back to the question of our speech, the medium through which we communicate with each other; for all life comes back to the question of our relations with each other. These relations are made possible, are registered, are verily constituted, by our speech, and are successful (to repeat my word) in proportion as our speech is worthy of its great human and social function; is developed, delicate, flexible, rich—an adequate accomplished fact. The more it suggests and expresses, the more we live by it—the more it promotes and enhances life. Its quality, its authenticity, its security, are hence supremely important for the general multifold opportunity, for the dignity and integrity, of our existence.

These truths, you see, are incontestable; yet though you are daughters, fortunate in many respects, of great commonwealths that have been able to render you many attentions, to surround you with most of the advantages of peace and plenty, it is none the less definite that there will have been felt to reign among you, in general, no positive mark whatever, public or private, of an

effective consciousness of any of them: the consciousness, namely—a sign of societies truly possessed of light—that no civilized body of men and women has ever left so vital an interest to run wild, to shift, as we say, all for itself, to stumble and flounder, through mere adventure and accident, in the common dust of life, to pick up a living, in fine, by the wayside and the ditch. Of the degree in which a society is civilized, the vocal form, the vocal tone, the personal, social accent and sound of its intercourse, have always been held to give a direct reflection. That sound, that vocal form, the touchstone of manners, is the note, the representative note—representative of its having (in our poor, imperfect human degree) achieved civilization. Judged in this light, it must frankly be said, our civilization remains strikingly *unachieved*: the last of American idiosyncrasies, the last by which we can be conceived as "represented" in the international concert of culture, would be the pretension to a tone-standard, to our wooing comparison with that of other nations. The French, the Germans, the Italians, the English perhaps in particular, and many other people, Occidental and Oriental, I surmise, not excluding the Turks and the Chinese, have, for the symbol of education, of civility, a tone-standard; we alone flourish in undisturbed and—as in the sense of so many other of our connections—in something like sublime unconsciousness of any such possibility.

It is impossible, in very fact, to have a tone-standard without the definite preliminary of a care for tone, and against a care for tone, it would very much appear, the elements of life in this country, as at present conditioned, violently and increasingly militate. At one or two reasons for this strange but consummate conspiracy I shall in a moment ask you to glance with me, but in the mean while I should go any length in agreeing with you about any such perversity, on the part of parents and guardians, pastors

and masters, as their expecting the generations, whether of young women or young men, to arrive at a position of such comparative superiority alone—unsupported and unguided. There is no warrant for the placing on these inevitably rather light heads and hearts, on any company of you, assaulted, in our vast vague order, by many pressing wonderments, the whole of the burden of a care for tone. A care for tone is part of a care for many other things besides; for the fact, for the value, of good-breeding; above all, as to which tone unites with various other personal, social signs to bear testimony. The idea of good-breeding—without which intercourse fails to flower into fineness, without which human relations bear but crude and tasteless fruit—is one of the most precious conquests of civilization, the very core of our social heritage; but in the transmission of which it becomes us much more to be active and interested than merely passive and irresponsible participants. It is an idea, the idea of good breeding (in other words, simply the idea of *secure* good manners), for which, always, in every generation, there is yet more, and yet more, to be done; and no danger would be more lamentable than that of the real extinction, in our hands, of so sacred a flame. Flames, however, even the most sacred, do not go on burning of themselves; they require to be kept up; handed on the torch needs to be from one group of patient and competent watchers to another. The possibility, the preferability, of people's speaking as people speak when their speech has had for them a signal importance, is a matter to be kept sharply present; from that comes support, comes example, comes authority—from that comes the inspiration of those comparative beginners of life, the hurrying children of time, who are but too exposed to be worked upon, by a hundred circumstances, in a different and inferior sense. You don't speak soundly and agreeably, you don't speak neatly and consistently, unless you

*know* how you speak—how you may, how you should, how you shall speak; unless you have discriminated, unless you have noticed differences and suffered from violations and vulgarities; and you haven't this positive consciousness, you are incapable of any reaction of taste or sensibility worth mentioning, unless a great deal of thought of the matter has been taken *for* you.

Taking thought, in this connection, is what I mean by obtaining a tone-standard—a clear criterion of the best usage and example: which is but to recognize, once for all, that avoiding vulgarity, arriving at lucidity, pleasantness, charm, and contributing by the mode and the degree of utterance a colloquial, a genial value, even to an inevitably limited quantity of intention, of thought, is an art to be acquired and cultivated, just as much as any of the other, subtler, arts of life. There are plenty of influences round about us that make for an imperfect disengagement of the human side of vocal sound, that make for the confused, the ugly, the flat, the thin, the mean, the helpless, that reduce articulation, in short, to an easy and ignoble minimum, and so keep it as little distinct as possible from the grunting, the squealing, the barking, or the roaring of animals. I do not mean to say that civility of utterance may not become an all but unconscious beautiful habit—I mean to say, thank goodness, that this is exactly what it *may* become. But so to succeed it must be a collective and associated habit; for the greater the number of persons speaking well, in given conditions, the more that number will tend to increase, and the smaller the number the more that number will tend to shrink and lose itself in the desert of the common. Contact and communication, a beneficent contagion, bring about the happy state—the state of sensibility to tone, the state of recognizing, and responding to, certain vocal sounds *as* tone, and recognizing and reacting from certain others *as* negations of tone:

negations the more offensive in proportion as they have most enjoyed impunity. You will have, indeed, in any at all aspiring civilization of tone, a vast mass of assured impunity, on the wrong side of the line, to reckon with. There are in every quarter, in our social order, impunities of aggression and corruption in plenty; but there are none, I think, showing so unperturbed a face—wearing, I should slangily say, if slang were permitted me here, so impudent a “mug”—as the forces assembled to make you believe that no form of speech is provably better than another, and that just this matter of “care” is an affront to the majesty of sovereign ignorance. Oh, I don’t mean to say that you will find in the least a clear field and nothing but favor! The difficulty of your case is exactly the ground of my venturing thus to appeal to you. That there is difficulty, that there is a great blatant, blowing dragon to slay, can only constitute, as it appears to me, a call of honor for generous young minds, something of a trumpet-sound for tempers of high courage.

And now, of course, there are questions you may ask me: as to what I more intimately mean by speaking “well,” by speaking “ill”; as to what I more definitely mean by “tone” and by the “negation” of tone; as to where you are to recognize the presence of the exemplary rightness I have referred you to—as to where you are to see any standard raised to the breeze; and, above all, as to my reasons for referring with such emphasis to the character of the enemy you are to overcome. I am able, I think, to satisfy you all the way; but even in so doing I shall still feel our question to be interesting, as a whole, out of proportion to any fractions of an hour we may now clutch at; feel that if I could only treat it with a freer hand and more margin I might really create in you a zeal to follow it up. I mean then by speaking well, in the first place, speaking with consideration for the forms and shades of our language, speaking with a con-

sideration so inbred that it has become instinctive and well-nigh unconscious and automatic, as all the habitual, all the inveterate amenities of life become. By the forms and shades of our language I mean the innumerable differentiated, discriminated units of sound and sense that lend themselves to audible production, to enunciation, to intonation: those innumerable units that have each an identity, a quality, an outline, a shape, a clearness, a fineness, a sweetness, a richness; that have, in a word, a value which it is open to us, as lovers of our admirable English tradition, or as cynical traitors to it, to preserve or to destroy.

Many of these units are, for instance, our syllables, emphasized or unemphasized; our parts of words, or often the whole word itself; our parts of sentences, coming in *for* value and subject to be marked or missed, honored or dishonored—to use the term we use for checks at banks—as a note of sound. Many of them are in particular our simple vowel-notes and our consonantal, varying, shifting—shifting in relation and connection, as to value and responsibility and place—and capable of a complete effect, or of a complete absence of effect, according as a fine ear and a fine tongue, or as a coarse ear and a coarse tongue, preside at the use of them. All our employment of constituted sounds, syllables, sentences, comes back to the way we say a thing, and it is very largely by saying, all the while, that we live and play our parts. I am asking you to take it from me, as the very moral of these remarks, that the way we say a thing, or fail to say it, fail to learn to say it, has an importance in life that it is impossible to overstate—a far-reaching importance, as the very hinge of the relation of man to man. I am asking you to take that truth well home and hold it close to your hearts, setting your backs to the wall to defend it, heroically, when need may be. For need will be, among us, as I have already intimated, and as I shall proceed in a moment,



though very briefly, to show you further: you must be prepared for much vociferous demonstration of the plea that the way we say things—the way we “say” in general—has as little importance as possible. Let the demonstration proceed, let the demonstration abound, let it be as vociferous as it will, if you only meanwhile hug the closer the faith I thus commend to you; for you will very presently perceive that the more this vain contention does make itself heard, the more it insists, the sooner it shall begin to flounder waist-high in desert sands. Nothing, sayable or said, that pretends to expression, to value, to consistency, in whatever interest, but finds itself practically confronted, at once, with the tone-question: the only refuge from which is the mere making of a noise—since simple noise is the sort of sound in which tone ceases to exist. To simple toneless noise, as an argument for indifference to discriminated speech, you may certainly then listen as philosophically as your nerves shall allow.

But the term I here apply brings me meanwhile to my second answer to your three or four postulated challenges—the question of what I mean by speaking badly. I might reply to you, very synthetically, that I mean by speaking badly speaking as millions and millions of supposedly educated, supposedly civilized persons—that is the point—of both sexes, in our great country, habitually, persistently, imperturbably, and I think for the most part all unwittingly, speak: that form of satisfaction to you being good enough—isn't it?—to cover much of the ground. But I must give you a closer account of the evil against which I warn you, and I think none is so close as this: that speaking badly is speaking with that want of attention to speech that we should blush to see any other of our personal functions compromised by—any other controllable motion, or voluntary act, of our lives. Want of attention, in any act, results in a graceless and unlighted effect, an effect

of accident and misadventure; and it strikes me in this connection that there is no better comprehensive description of our vocal habits as a nation, in their vast, monotonous flatness and crudity, than this aspect and air of unlightedness—which presents them as matters going on, gropingly, helplessly, empirically, almost dangerously (perilously, that is, to life and limb), in the dark. To walk in the dark, dress in the dark, eat in the dark, is to run the chance of breaking our legs, of misarranging our clothes, of besmearing our persons, and speech may figure for us either as the motion, the food, or the clothing of intercourse, as you will. To do things “unlightedly” is accordingly to do them without neatness or completeness—and to accept that doom is simply to accept the doom of the slovenly.

Our national use of vocal sound, in men and women alike, *is* slovenly—an absolutely inexpert daub of unapplied tone. It leaves us at the mercy of a medium that, as I say, is incomplete; which sufficiently accounts, as regards our whole vocal manifestation, for the effect of a want of finish. Noted sounds have their extent and their limits, their mass, however concentrated, and their edges; and what is the speech of a given society but a series, a more or less rich complexity, of noted sounds? Nothing is commoner than to see, throughout our country, young persons of either sex—for the phenomenon is most marked, I think, for reasons I will touch on, in the newer generations—whose utterance can only be indicated by pronouncing it destitute of any approach to an emission of the consonant. It becomes thus a mere helpless slobber of disconnected vowel noises—the weakest and cheapest attempt at human expression that we shall easily encounter, I imagine, in any community pretending to the general instructed state. Observe, too, that the vowel sounds in themselves, at this rate, quite fail of any purity, for the reason that our consonants contribute to the

drawing and modeling of our vowels—just as our vowels contribute to the coloring, to the painting, as we may call it, of our consonants, and that any frequent repetition of a vowel depending for all rounding and shaping on another vowel alone, lays upon us an effort of the thorax under which we inevitably break down. Hence the undefined noises that I refer to when consonantal sound drops out; drops as it drops, for example, among those vast populations to whose lips, to whose ear, it is so rarely given to form the terminal letter of our “Yes,” or to hear it formed. The abject “Yeh-eh” (the ugliness of the drawl is not easy to represent) which usurps the place of that interesting vocable makes its nearest approach to deviating into the decency of a final consonant when it becomes a still rather questionable “Yeh-ep.”

Vast numbers of people, indeed, even among those who speak very badly, appear to grope instinctively for some restoration of the missing value even at the cost of inserting it between words that begin and end with vowels. You will perfectly hear persons supposedly “cultivated,” the very instructors of youth sometimes themselves, talk of vanilla-r-ice-cream, of California-r-oranges, of Cuba-r-and Porto Rico, of Atlanta-r-in Calydon, and (very resentfully) of “the idea-r-of” any intimation that their performance and example in these respects may not be immaculate. You will perfectly hear the sons and daughters of the most respectable families disfigure in this interest, and for this purpose, the pleasant old names of Papa and Mamma. “Is Popper-up stairs?” and “Is Mommer-in the parlor?” pass for excellent household speech in millions of honest homes. If the English say throughout, and not only sometimes, Papa and Mamma, and the French say Papa and Mamman, they say them consistently—and Popper, with an “r,” but illustrates our loss, much to be regretted, alas, of the power to emulate the clearness of the vowel-cutting, an

art as delicate in its way as gem-cutting, in the French word. It is not always a question of an r, however—though the letter, I grant, gets terribly little rest among those great masses of our population who strike us, in the boundless West perhaps especially, as, under some strange impulse received toward consonantal recovery of balance, making it present even in words from which it is absent, bringing it in everywhere as with the small vulgar effect of a sort of morose grinding of the back teeth. There are, you see, sounds of a mysterious intrinsic meanness, and there are sounds of a mysterious intrinsic frankness and sweetness; and I think the recurrent note I have indicated—fatherr and motherr and otherr, waterr and matterr and scatterr, harrrd and barrd, parrrt, starrrt, and (dreadful to say) arrrrt (the repetition it is that drives home the ugliness), are signal specimens of what becomes of a custom of utterance out of which the principle of taste has dropped.

If I speak as to these matters of tone, I may add, of intrinsic meanness and intrinsic sweetness, there is also no doubt that association, cumulation, the context of a given sound and the company we perceive it to be keeping, are things that have much to say to our better or worse impression. What has become of the principle of taste, at all events, when the s, too, breaks in, or breaks out, all unchecked and unchided, in such forms of impunity as Somewheres-else and Nowheres-else, as A good ways-on and A good ways-off?—vulgarisms with which a great deal of general credit for what we good-naturedly call “refinement” appears so able to coexist. Credit for what we good-naturedly call refinement—since our national, our social good nature is, experimentally, inordinate—appears able to coexist with a thousand other platitudes and poverties of tone, aberrations too numerous for me to linger on in these very limited moments, but in relation

to which all the flatly-drawing group—gawd and dawg, sawft and lawft, gawne and lawst and frawst—may stand as a hint. It is enough to say of these things that they substitute limp, slack, passive tone for clear, clean, active, tidy tone, and that they are typical, thereby, of an immense body of limpness and slackness and cheapness. This note of cheapness—of the cheap and easy—is especially fatal to any effect of security of intention in the speech of a society, for it is scarce necessary to remind you that there are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from the facing, the conquest of a difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get mere looseness. In the one case the maintenance of civility of speech costs what it must—which is a price we should surely blush to hear spoken of as too great for our inaptitude and our indolence, our stupidity and our frivolity, to pay.

I must invite you indeed to recognize with me, at whatever cost to any possible share in our national self-complacency, that we encounter in all this connection a certain portent in our sky, a certain lion in our path, complications duly to be reckoned with; encounter them in the circumstance of the *voice* of our people at large, our people abundantly schooled and newspapered, abundantly housed, fed, clothed, salaried and taxed—which happens to fall on no expert attention, you may easily note, as the finest or fullest or richest of the voices of the nations: this, moreover, least of all among our women, younger and older, as to whom in general, and as to the impression made by whom, the question of voice ever most comes up and has most importance. The *vox Americana* then, frankly, is for the spectator, or perhaps I should say for the auditor, of life, as he travels far and wide, one of the stumbling-blocks of our continent—having no claim to be left out of account in any

discussion of the matter before us. It remains, for the moment, this collective vocal presence, this preponderant vocal sign, what a convergence of inscrutable forces (climatic, social, political, theological, moral, “psychic”) has made it and failed to make it: so that I shall ask you to let it stand for you thus as a *temporarily-final* fact—to stand long enough to allow me to say that, whatever else it is, it has been, among the organs of the schooled and newspapered races, perceptibly the most abandoned to its fate. That truth about it is more to our purpose than any other, and throws much light, I am convinced, on the manner in which it affects and afflicts us. I shall go so far as to say that there is no such thing as a voice pure and simple: there is only, for any business of appreciation, the voice *plus* the way it is employed; an employment determined here by a greater number of influences than we can now go into—beyond saying, at least, that when such influences, in general, have acted for a long time we think of them as having made not only the history of the voice, but positively the history of the national character, almost the history of the people.

It would take thus too long to tell you why the English voice, or why the French, or why the Italian, is so free to strike us as *not* neglected, not abandoned to its fate; as having much rather been played upon, through the generations, by a multitude of causes which have finally begotten, in each of these instances, as means to an end, a settled character, a certain ripeness, finality, and felicity. I cannot but regard the unsettled character and the inferior quality of the colloquial *vox Americana*—and I speak here but of the poor dear distracted organ itself—as in part a product of that mere state of indifference to a speech-standard and to a tone-standard on which I have been insisting. The voice, I repeat, is, as to much of its action and much of its effect, not a

separate, lonely, lost thing, but largely what the tone, the conscious, intended, associated tone, makes of it—and what the tone that has none of these attributes falls short of making; so that if we here again, as a people, take care, if we take even common care, of the question, for fifty years or thereabout, I have no doubt we shall in due course find the subject of our solicitude put on, positively, a surface, find it reflect and repay the enlightened effort. We shall find that, while we have been so well occupied, the vocal, the tonic possibilities within us all, grateful to us for the sense of a flattering interest, of the offer of a new life, have been taking care, better care, excellent care, of *themselves*. The experiment, absolutely, would be worth trying—and perhaps not on so formidable a scale of time either. We see afresh, at any rate, into what interesting relations and ramifications our topic opens out—if only as an illustration of what we may do for ourselves by merely *raising* our question and setting it up before us. With it verily we raise and set up the question of our manners as well, for that is indissolubly involved. To discriminate, to learn to find our *way* among noted sounds, find it as through the acquisition of a new ear; to begin to prefer form to the absence of form, to distinguish color from the absence of color—all this amounts to substituting manner for the absence of manner: whereby it is *manners themselves*, or something like a sketchy approach to a dim gregarious conception of them, that we shall (delicious thought!) begin to work round to the notion of.

I should also not fail to remind you, for keeping all things clear, that I refer here not specifically, in fact not directly at all, to our handling of the English language as such—even though wonderful enough the adventure may be to which, in our so unceremonious, so simplified and simplifying conditions, we are treating that ancient and battered but still nobly robust and at the same

time tenderly vulnerable idiom. I am not doing so, because this matter of the use and abuse of our mother-tongue would be another theme altogether, in spite of its close alliance with the question before us. Yet I cannot wholly forget that the adventure, as I name it, of our idiom and the adventure of our utterance have been fundamentally the same adventure and the same experience; that they at a given period migrated together, immigrated together, into the great raw world in which they were to be cold-shouldered and neglected together, left to run wild and lose their way together. They have suffered and strayed together, and the future of the one, we must after all remember, is necessarily and logically the prospect or the doom of the other. Keep in sight the so interesting historical truth that no language, so far back as our acquaintance with history goes, has known any such ordeal, any such stress and strain, as was to await the English in this huge new community it was so unsuspectingly to help, at first, to father and mother. It came *over*, as the phrase is, came over originally without fear and without guile—but to find itself transplanted to spaces it had never dreamed, in its comparative humility, of covering, to conditions it had never dreamed, in its comparative innocence, of meeting; to find itself grafted, in short, on a social and political order that was both without previous precedent and example and incalculably expansive.

Taken on the whole by surprise, it may doubtless be said to have behaved as well as unfriended heroine ever behaved in dire predicament—refusing, that is, to be frightened quite to death, looking about for a *modus vivendi*, consenting to live, preparing to wait on developments. I say “unfriended” heroine because that is exactly my point: that whereas the great idioms of Europe in general have grown up at home and in the family, the ancestral circle (with their migrations all comfortably pre-

historic), our transported maiden, our unrescued Andromeda, our medium of utterance, was to be disjoined from all the associations, the other presences, that had attended her, that had watched for her and with her, that had helped to form her manners and her voice, her taste and her genius. It is the high modernism of the conditions now surrounding, on this continent, the practise of our language that makes of this chapter in its history a new thing under the sun; and I use that term as the best for expressing briefly ever so many striking actualities. If you reflect a moment you will see how unprecedented is in fact this uncontrolled assault of most of our circumstances—and in the forefront of them the common school and the newspaper—upon what we may call our linguistic *position*. Every language has its position, which, with its particular character and genius, is its most precious property—the element in it we are most moved (if we have any feeling in the connection at all) to respect, to confirm, to consecrate. What we least desire to do with these things is to give them, in our happy phrase, “away”; and we must allow that if this be none the less what has really happened in our case the reason for the disaster resides in the seemingly overwhelming (for the time at least) forces of betrayal. To the American common school, to the American newspaper, and to the American Dutchman and Dago, as the voice of the people describes them, we have simply handed over our property—not exactly bound hand and foot, I admit, like Andromeda awaiting her Perseus, but at least distracted, dishevelled, despoiled, divested of that beautiful and becoming drapery of native atmosphere and circumstance which had, from far back, made, on its behalf, for practical protection, for a due tenderness of interest.

I am perfectly aware that the common school and the newspaper are influences that shall often have been named to you, exactly, as favorable, as positively and

actively contributive, to the prosperity of our idiom; the answer to which is that the matter depends, distinctly, on what is meant by prosperity. It is prosperity, of a sort, that a hundred million people, a few years hence, will be unanimously, loudly—above all loudly, I think!—speaking it, and that, moreover, many of these millions will have been artfully wooed and weaned from the Dutch, from the Spanish, from the German, from the Italian, from the Norse, from the Finnish, from the Yiddish even, strange to say, and (stranger still to say) even from the English, for the sweet sake, or the sublime consciousness, as we may perhaps put it, of speaking, of talking, for the first time in their lives, *really* at their ease. There are many things our now so profusely imported and, as is claimed, quickly assimilated foreign brothers and sisters may do at their ease in this country, and at two minutes' notice, and without asking any one else's leave or taking any circumstance whatever into account—any save an infinite uplifting sense of freedom and facility; but the thing they may best do is play, to their heart's content, with the English language, or, in other words, dump their mountain of promiscuous material into the foundations of the American. As to any claim made for the newspapers, there would be far more to say than I can thus even remotely allude to; it will suffice, however, if I just recall to you that contribution to the idea of expression which you must feel yourselves everywhere getting, wherever you turn, from the mere noisy vision of their ubiquitous page, bristling with rude effigies and images, with vociferous “headings,” with letterings, with black eruptions of print, that we seem to measure by feet rather than by inches, and that affect us positively as the roar of some myriad-faced monster—as the grimaces, the shouts, shrieks, and yells, ranging over the whole gamut of ugliness, irrelevance, dissonance, of a mighty maniac who has broken loose

and who is running amuck through the spheres alike of sense and of sound. So it is, surely, that our wonderful daily press *most* vividly reads us the lesson of values of just proportion and just appreciation; lights the air for this question of our improvement.

The truth is that, excellent for diffusion, for vulgarization, for simplification, the common schools and the "daily paper" define themselves before us as quite below the mark for discrimination and selection, for those *finer* offices of vigilance and criticism in the absence of which the forms of civility, with the forms of speech most setting the example, drift out to sea. Our case is accordingly not that we should indulge in jealousy, in care, less than other communities, but that we are the community in the world who should precisely most indulge in them. We should rather sit up at night with our preoccupation than close our eyes by day as well as by night. All the while we sleep the vast contingent of aliens whom we make welcome, and whose main contention, as I say, is that, from the moment of their arrival, they have just as much property in our speech as we have, and just as good a right to do what they choose with it—the grand right of the American being to do just what he chooses "over here" with anything and everything: all the while we sleep the innumerable aliens are sitting up (*they don't sleep!*) to work their will on their new inheritance and prove to us that they are without any finer feeling or more conservative instinct of consideration for it, more fond, unutterable association with it, more hovering, caressing curiosity about it, than they may have on the subject of so many yards of freely figured oilcloth, from the shop, that they are preparing to lay down, for convenience, on kitchen floor or kitchen staircase. Oilcloth is highly convenient, and our loud collective medium of intercourse doubtless strikes these new householders as wonderfully resisting

"wear"—with such wear as it gets!—strikes them as an excellent bargain: durable, tough, cheap.

Just here it is that I may be asked, meanwhile—or that you are likely to be asked in your turn, so far as you may be moved to make anything of these admonitions—whether a language be not always a living organism, fed by the very breath of those who employ it, whoever these may happen to be; of those who carry it with them, on their long road, as their specific experience grows larger and more complex, and who need it to help them to meet this expansion. The question is whether it isn't either no language at all, or only a very poor one, if it hasn't in it to respond, from its core, to the constant appeal of time, perpetually demanding new tricks, new experiments, new amusements of it: to so respond without losing its characteristic balance. The answer to that is, a hundred times, "Yes," assuredly, so long as the conservative interest, which should always predominate, remains, equally, the constant quantity; remains an embodied, constituted, inexpugnable thing. The conservative interest is really as indispensable for the institution of speech as for the institution of matrimony. Abate a jot of the quantity, and, much more, of the quality, of the consecration required, and we practically find ourselves emulating the beasts, who prosper as well without a vocabulary as without a marriage-service. It is easier to overlook any question of speech than to trouble about it, but then it is also easier to snort, or neigh, to growl or to "meow," than to articulate and intonate.

With this hint, for you, of the manner in which the forces of looseness are in possession of the field, you may well wonder where you are to meet the influences of example and authority, as we can only call them, my failure to undertake to indicate some attesting presence of which would leave me in such sore straits. Well, I grant you

here that I am at a loss to name you particular and unmistakable, edifying and illuminating groups or classes, from which this support is to be derived; since nothing, unfortunately, more stares us in the face than the frequent failure of such comfort in those quarters where we might, if many things were different, most look for it. When you have heard a fond parent remark, in jealous majesty, to a conscientious instructor of youth, that there is no call for "interference" with the vocal noises of a loved son or daughter whose vocal noises have been unmoderated and uncontrolled since the day of birth, and that these graces quite satisfy the sense of the home-circle; and when, to match such an attitude, you have heard an unawakened teacher disclaim responsibility for any such element as the tone-element and the voice-element in the forming of a young intelligence; when you have been present at such phenomena you will not unnaturally feel that the case is bewildering, feel yourselves perhaps even tragically committed to a doom. Cling, none the less, always, to a working faith, and content yourselves—if you can't encounter complete pleasantly-speaking companies, in any number—with encountering, blessedly, here and there, articulate individuals, torch-bearers, as we may rightly describe them, guardians of the sacred flame. It isn't a question, however, so much of simply meeting them as of attending to them, of making your profit of them, when you do meet them. If they are at all adequate representatives of some decent tradition, you will find the interest of a new world, a whole extension of life, open to you in the attempt to estimate, in their speech, all that such a tradition consists of. Begin to exercise your observation on that, and let the consequences sink into your spirit. At first dimly, but then more and more distinctly, you will find yourselves noting, comparing, preferring, at last positively emulating and imitating.

Imitating, yes; I commend to you,

earnestly and without reserve, the imitation of formed and finished utterance wherever, among all the discords and deficiencies, that music steals upon your ear. The more you listen to it the more you will love it—the more you will wonder that you could ever have lived without it. What I thus urge upon you, you see, is a consciousness, an acute consciousness, absolutely; which is a proposition and a name likely enough to raise among many of your friends a protest. "Conscious, imitative speech—isn't that more dreadful than anything else?" It's not "dreadful," I reply, any more than it's ideal: the matter depends on the stage of development it represents. It's an awkwardness, in your situation, that your own stage is an early one, and that you have found, round about you—outside of these favoring shades—too little help. Therefore your consciousness will now represent the phase of awakening, and that will last what it must. Unconsciousness is beautiful when it means that our knowledge has passed into our conduct and our life; has become, as we say, a second nature. But the opposite state is the door through which it has to pass, and which is, inevitably, sometimes, rather straight and narrow. This squeeze is what we pay for having revelled too much in ignorance. Keep up your hearts, all the same, keep them up to the pitch of confidence in that "second nature" of which I speak; the perfect possession of this highest of the civilities, the sight, through the narrow portal, of the blue horizon across the valley, the wide fair country in which your effort will have settled to the most exquisite of instincts, in which you will taste all the savor of gathered fruit, and in which perhaps, at last, *then*, "in solemn troops and sweet societies," you may, sounding the clearer notes of intercourse as only women can, become yourselves models and missionaries, perhaps a little even martyrs, of the good cause.



A TURN IN THE ROAD NEAR AVRANCHES

# A MOTOR TRIP THROUGH NORMANDY

By KIRKE LA SHELLE

It has come to pass that there are automobiles in all parts of the world, ranging from the noisy machines of an ancient vintage to the perfected, silent affairs of latest model. But in the matter of automobiles, Paris is to all other cities as is Mirza Murad Ali Beg's book to all other books. And having reached Paris I speedily fell a victim to the "new car" fever. It was a 19 horse-power, and I bubbled over about it to an artist friend, who had just come up from a tour through Spain.

He rose to it like a trout to a fly. "Great," he said. "Now I'll tell you what. Of course you're going to try it out. And you can't beat a run out to Mont St. Michel. It's the most picturesque place in the world."

I had long wanted to go to Mont St. Michel, and as there is no mode of travel like motoring, it was quickly arranged.

An expert automobilist—an American resident in Paris—agreed to go along as an insurance against breakdowns, and Madame made the fourth.

Then the usual thing happened. On the day we planned to start, the carriage builders—well, when we finally left our hotel in the Rue Daunou, we had just two days to our credit. And the trip to Mont St. Michel and back figured up 550 English miles.

We left the Bois de Boulogne and started up the Suresnes hill at five o'clock in the afternoon and narrowly escaped arrest at the hands of an excitable





THE MARKET PLACE, ALENÇON

gendarme who thought our speed excessive. Inasmuch as the car had no number and no one had a driver's license, we felt easier when we had passed the danger zone.

I had provided myself with numerous touring maps, and it was my business to be pathfinder. This looks easy enough on the map, but the first town you strike dispels that idea. We rattled into Versailles, and the multiplicity of streets that confronted us made the map a poor, vague counselor. So we came to a stop at the entrance to the palace where Louis

XVI and Marie Antoinette met their downfall at the hands of the mob, and I asked the guard at the gate the road to St. Cyr, which was the next town on our route. I returned to the car to hear the artist saying to the expert:

"But can't we stop fifteen minutes?"

"Not if we want to get to Mont St. Michel and back."

And we went on, the artist talking to Madame about the palace and its royal occupants.

We stopped to fill the water-tank at Dreux and were all ready to start when I missed the artist and Madame. They were dragged back and got aboard. The artist protested.

"Aren't we going to look around a little?" he asked. "This town's a genuine old one. Goes back to Roman times. The original Gauls used to meet here once a year and have fine doings. Besides, the Duc de Guise and the Prince of Condé fought to a finish here, to say nothing of——"

"We've got to get to Verneuil for dinner," I responded, and we started.

We found the Hotel de Commerce located on the great public square at Verneuil, sentineled on the east by a magnificent old church. At the other end of the square an open-air show of rustic simplicity was beginning.

"We must get to Alençon to-night," said the expert, so it was necessary to take in a full supply of gasoline and water and oil up all round.

When we had finished, we found the artist and Madame at dinner.

"This is fine," the artist said. "The English and French had a run-in here in 1424. There are three or four places I want to visit in the morning."

"We're going to Alençon right after dinner," I said.

"We are! I thought——"

"Can't make Mont St. Michel unless we do. You want to go there, don't you?"

"Of course I do, but——"

We left Verneuil in the last stages of twilight to run fifty miles to Alençon. The road stretched straight ahead of us to the west, and before we knew it we whizzed through L'Aigle, where already every house was dark. Then Ste. Gauburge was passed, and then Le Merlérault, just beyond which our road turned to the south. We had traversed over twenty-five miles without meeting a cart or other vehicle, and the roads were without a rut or ridge.

The headlights threw a noble light, but the speed was so great that objects revealed by them were passed almost as soon as seen. We had just come down

a hill at terrific speed, when a huge something seemed to rise out of the earth to bar our path. The expert cut off the engine and jammed down the brakes, but he had to go around the object at that, and it was as big as a house. He accomplished it by a quick dodge, and as we passed it we saw that it was a load of hay which some peasants had left standing overnight, directly in the roadway. Our hearts were still fluttering when we reached the Hotel de Grand Cerf in Alençon and parleyed regarding the garage and its whereabouts with the concierge who appeared at an upper window.

We had planned an early start the next morning, but one is always optimistic the night before. It was near nine o'clock when the expert despaired of my ever waking unaided and sent some one to call me. And it was not until 11.15 that we were ready to start. The artist and Madame had had an hour to look around the town, and the artist was happy.

"Corking old town," he said, "and a



THE CHATEAU NEAR PREZ-EN-PAIL

square that's great. You want to see Notre Dame. It's immense. What? Can't! Oh, *all right*."

So we started, our first stage being Prez-en-Pail. The machine went like a breeze and the morning was heavenly, and before we knew it we were rushing upon Prez-en-Pail. Then Couptrain was reached, and the expert decided to press on to Domfront before taking on fuel and water and having a light luncheon. This stop pleased the artist.

"Geel!" he said. "I'm glad we're going to stop there. Domfront is one of the real old ones. Old William the Conqueror captured it in the eleventh century, and after that there was a constant scrap over it for five hundred years. Gabriel de Montgomery, the Huguenot leader, took refuge there. He was the chap who was careless enough to kill Henry II in a tournament, you know. I wonder how he squared it. Got to be mighty careful how you play with kings."

The town of Domfront is on a hill with a ruined castle on the top of a rock, and after a bite to eat the artist wanted to visit this picturesque spot. But the expert proceeded to start the engine, and the artist capitulated, growling.

"I *know* it's an automobile trip," he said, "but it isn't necessarily a shoot-the-chutes, is it? That old castle is the place where the Pope tried to fix it up between the King of England and Thomas à Becket. I could give you an imitation of the king saying 'Nixey-nix' if you would go up there."

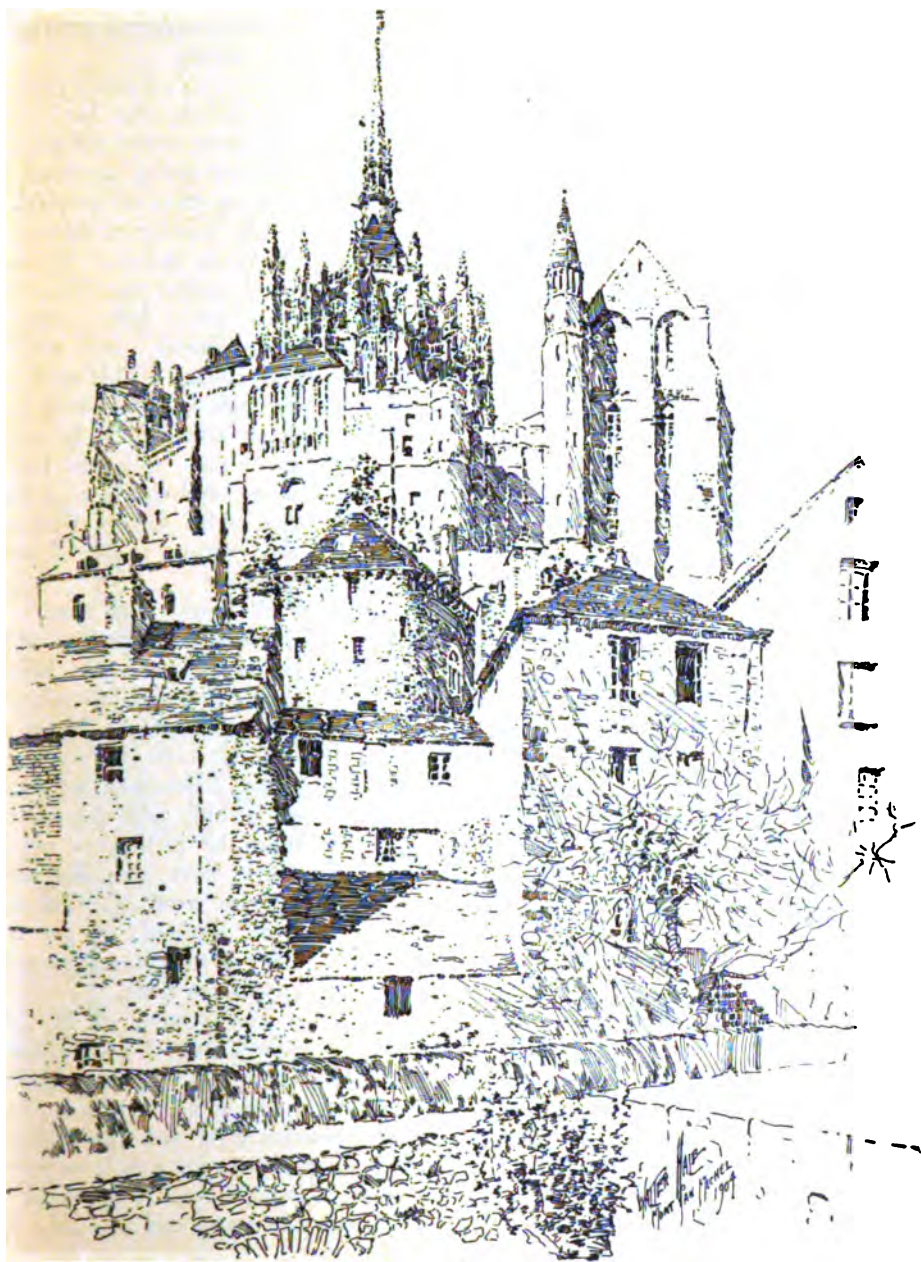
But it was no use, and we were off for St. Hilare, a distance of twenty-six miles. We whizzed through the long, principal street of this town, slowing up only for the central portion and for sharp turns on hills, and headed for Pontorson, which meant Mont St. Michel, as it is the nearest town of consequence on the mainland and only a quarter of an hour away.

As we turned off the main road toward the sea, we ran through one of the quaintest villages we had seen, the route

flanked by low stucco houses with heavy thatched roofs that melted softly into the landscape and invited to reposefulness and peace. In a few moments we came to the sea and skirted it till we reached the beginning of the dike and saw Mont St. Michel, crowned with its noble abbey, at the end of the raised pathway. It was a magnificent sight, and we paused for a full, satisfying view before plunging into the town. Of course we had to leave our car outside on the dike. The streets are mere pathways and are mostly stone stairways, up the rock at that. We found the famous Madame Poulard, smiling and amiable—a remarkable woman and a handsome one, though time has silvered her hair somewhat—and arranged for one of her omelets, which we consumed gratefully along with other things. Also we climbed to the parapet and skirted this extraordinary old fortress. But when we again reached the dike, we paused for another look at the picturesque pile which came into being because Archangel Michael appeared to the good Bishop of Avranches and bade him build it. And we wondered if it was because of this holy origin that it was the only stronghold in Normandy which was able to resist Henry V of England. Its checkered career, now monastery, now prison, now devastated, now restored, has led it at last to government ownership, and it is safe and loved.

We had planned to go by Granville on the coast, but concluded to take a more direct route by way of La Haye, and by so doing traversed one of the most picturesque parts of Normandy, the towns being a mere dozen of thatched houses, and the hills precipitous and innumerable. As we labored up the motor-testing grade approaching Coutances, the artist said:

"Now *here's* a town to look over. It was fortified in the third century, if you please, by old Mr. Constantius Chlorus, from whom it derives its name, though where the connection comes in between



THE ABBEY, MONT ST. MICHEL



the two is a running broad jump from where I sit. The English held it for thirty years, too. It's got a fine Gothic cathedral, and Ruskin says the towers offer the earliest example of the real blown-in-the-bottle spire. You can see clear to St. Malo and the Isle of Jersey from this tower, and it's me to take a peek in the morning."



THE MAIN STREET, MONT ST. MICHEL

We had just stopped in the courtyard of the Hotel de France at this point, and as we left the car the hotel attendants asked if they should put it up for the night.

"No," said the expert; "we must get on after dinner."

"Oh, very well," said the artist, and bolted to take a photograph of the cathedral before it had grown too dark, Madame accompanying him.

There was much to do to prepare for a long night run, it being desirable to reach Caen before sleeping, and the expert and I were very busy for an hour, at the end of which time the wanderers returned. I heard the artist saying:

"I don't want to be a Cook's tourist any more than anybody else, but to go chasing through these bully old places without seeing anything is nothing short of criminal."

On leaving Coutances, we were warned by the hotel porter that the road was very hilly, almost mountainous, for nearly forty miles. This took us through St. Lô and to Bayeux, after which, he said, the fifteen miles to Caen were—and the kiss on the tips of his fingers, with an airy gesture, spoke of perfection.

We found it all true.

Having stopped to refill the reservoir with lubricating oil, we found we couldn't start the engine—couldn't turn the starting-crank. However, we were on a hill, and the expert used the incline to get a spark from the magneto and we were off. But we were destined to get an echo of that starting-crank crankiness later.

• The streets of St. Lô were thronged with soldiers

and a fair of some sort was in progress. Banners were strung across the streets, and the peasant girls and the soldiers were making merry for a mile or more along the thoroughfare. I expected a growl from the artist and listened. It came.

"Think of jamming along through a town like this without ever a howdy-do! Why, Charlemagne himself fortified this town, and I reckon it dates back to the



THE ROAD THROUGH COUTANCES

time when Hall was hanged in Troy—or was it Schenectady? And Louis XI, who never separated from anything without the application of a crowbar, gave this town a job lot of stained-glass windows for the cathedral, as a reward for its standing off the Bretons in 1467. Those windows are right here still. And we go shooting through the place as if it were Hoboken. Disgusting, I call it."

But the expert's head was hunched down between his shoulders, and as we cleared the town he took the hills like a cup-racer, his eyes fixed on the road ahead in the glare of our headlights.

As we drew out of the town of Bayeux, we entered upon one of the straightest, finest roads in all France, and we were the only moving thing on it. And we did move. We made the twenty-four kilometers in twenty minutes—a rate of forty-five miles an hour.

However, Caen was sound asleep, and its size made it the more confusing. Some one had told the artist that the hotel for automobilists in Caen was the Hotel d'Angleterre, and to find it at night was the problem. Finally we found a late pedestrian and asked him. He gave us a direction which we tried to follow, but with no result. Two or three times we did this, but the hotel was still elusive. At last we ran across a young man, accompanied by a young woman, and asked him. He knew where it was, and we induced him to take our little hands in his and lead us to its door. The couple got in the car, and then the expert inadvertently touched the electric button which stops the engine. We all got out and pushed, our new-found friend assisting, and presently we got the engine going. And, strange as it may seem, we reached that coy hotel. But the expert ran past it, and, in reversing his speed to run back, bunglingly pressed that button again. And again we pushed. It was a very narrow entrance to the courtyard and a narrow street besides, and involved some backing and starting. And during this, the expert

stopped the engine three times. On the last I heard the artist mutter "Lobster!" As for me, I was breathless from pushing. Besides, I was so glad to get to a sleeping stage that I didn't care.

I was still very shy of sleep when I came down in the morning and found the expert, with the hotel men, at work on the motor. When we were all ready to depart, we couldn't start the motor, tug as we would at the starting-crank.

"It's cold and a bit stiff," said the expert, and he went away and returned with a giant hotel porter, who declared himself able to start anything. He tried until his muscles bulged, but all to no purpose, and as he gave it up I heard the artist say:

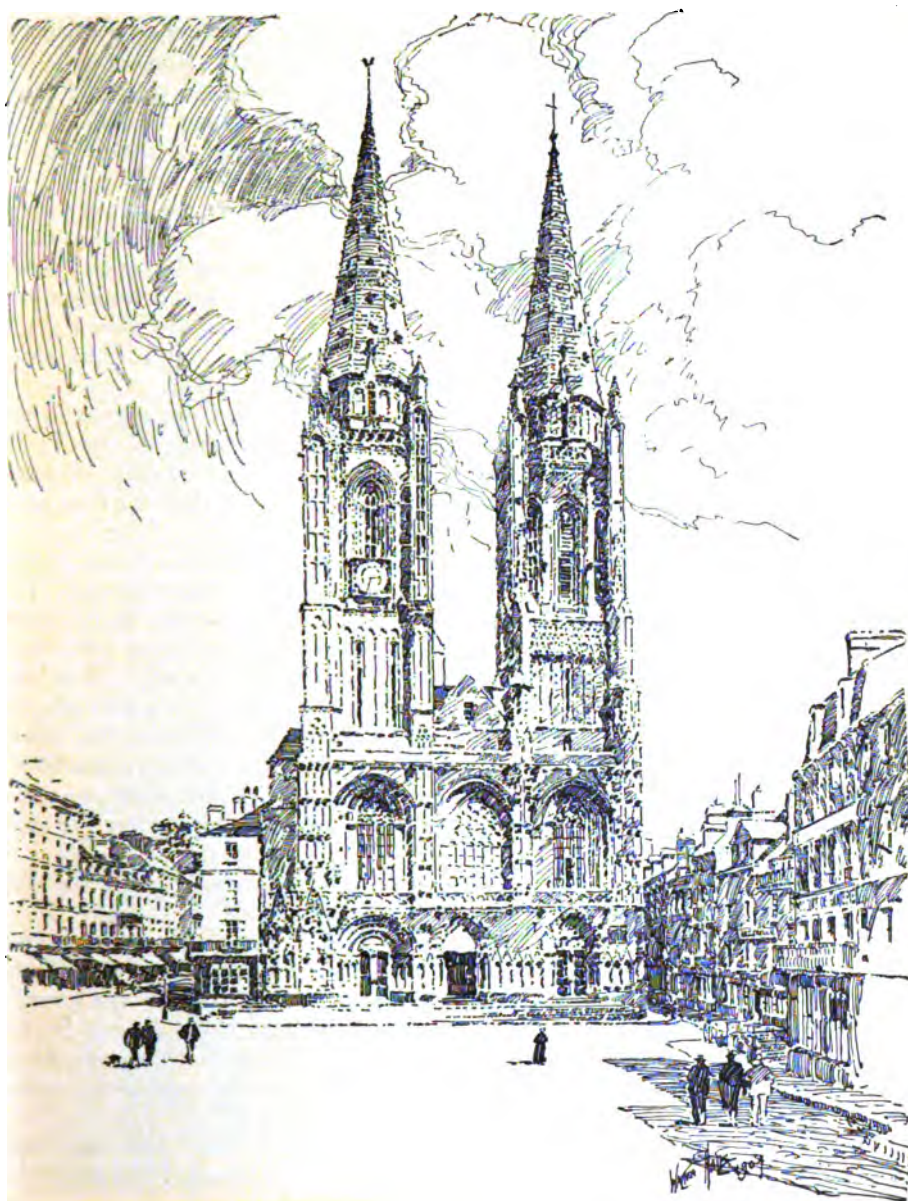
"Start a motor! He couldn't start a fire."

By this time it was almost noon and we had to shamefacedly push the car out of the courtyard and into the crowded street and through the town for several blocks, before that necessary spark was obtained. Audience! We were better than a circus to the good people of Caen; but we were all happy when at last we got away. Even the artist was cheerful, for during the morning he had gone out and seen the beautiful churches and imagined he witnessed Charlotte Corday's departure for Paris, there to kill the infamous Marat. Also he thought of Beau Brummel's death here and tried to find his grave in the cemetery.

Once under way, the machine seemed ashamed of the trouble it had made us and rushed along at a forty-mile clip as amiably as one could wish. I was busy with the road map, picking out the turns in the road, but the artist, who had read George Ade, remarked several times that it "seemed like a mighty purty country." Anyway, we rolled into Lisieux in such a short space of time that the twenty-seven miles seemed like a joke.

The expert discovered that we needed lubricating oil, somebody having neglected to fill the reservoir at Caen, so we pulled up at a supply shop.





THE TWIN TOWERS OF ST. LÔ

The artist disappeared, replying to the information that he could only have ten minutes, with a "Right O, old chap," and I forgot him until we were ready to start. Then we waited ten minutes more, tooting the horn for him. Presently he appeared.

"My old friend Ruskin," he burred, as he climbed into the tonneau with Madame, "declares the south door in the cathedral here one of the most quaint and interesting in Normandy. Handy old boy, Ruskin. I'd have overlooked that door but for him. But I was onto



the Lady Chapel all right. What? Don't know about the Lady Chapel? Well, Mr. Bones, the Lady Chapel was built by the Bishop of Beauvais, one of Joan of Arc's judges, to sort of square himself with his conscience for making a bonfire of the lady. Our old college chum, Henry II, of England—same boy who was killed in a tourney—ran over here one summer's day in 1154 and whiled away the tedium by marrying a lady who had nothing else to do."

Before his prattle had ceased, we were speeding along the country highway headed for Evreux, where we were to lunch. This was a run of thirty-five miles, and we rolled into the courtyard of the Hotel Cheval Blanc, otherwise the White Horse Inn, feeling quite ready for luncheon. The tables were set on the veranda of the hotel, with foliage and flowers all about, and we had just established ourselves in an inviting corner, after putting the machine in the garage and ordering a full supply of gasoline, oil, and water, when the man came to tell us we had a puncture in a rear wheel.

"That's all right," I said; "put in a new inner tube. There are four under the back seat."

I noticed the expert fidget a bit, but thought nothing of it until the man returned.

"Il n'y à pas de chambres d'air," he said.

"What! No inner tubes?" I exclaimed, looking at the expert.

"I forgot them," he confessed weakly. "Anyway, it doesn't matter. We can get one here."

Luckily we could, and did, and luncheon proceeded without a jar.

"I don't care much for this common-or-garden town," said the artist, as we finished. "They had a chance to make a good town of it, but threw it away. Only four and a half miles from here is the ancient Roman town of Mediolanum Aulercolum, and they might just as well have built this town there on historic

ground as here. Anyway, there's nothing here but a church that is a patchwork of the periods. None of those for me. I want mine clean strain, with my friend Ruskin's brand on 'em. This hotel is nice, though. 'Seems like a mighty purty country.'"

Leaving Evreux we wound up a wonderful hill, with criminal short turns in it, and after climbing it for the better part of a mile, we thanked our stars that we hadn't encountered it down grade on one of our night runs. The artist summed up the situation:

"Would have had our names in the paper 'among those present' sure."

Presently, in my capacity of pathfinder, I announced that the next town was Mantes.

"Mantes!" said the artist, suddenly sitting up. "Say, I'm for that. I've been waiting for Mantes. It was there that William the Conqueror fell from a horse and killed himself. Now you know all these other boys are only six-spot high to old William the Conq. He was the goods, with his name blown in on the bottle, and I want to see the place where he got his. How far away is it?"

But I had been examining the map more closely.

"We don't go to Mantes," I said. "Our road lies along this side of the river a couple of miles from the town."

"No Mantes? No William? No fall from horse? From—effects—of—which—died?" plaintively queried the artist.

"Not this time!"

"Don't mind *me*!" said the artist sarcastically, and buried himself in his robe, disgusted.

Along here we began to see speed signs in the villages. Most of them read "12 Kilometers," but several were "8 Kilometers," or five miles, and one I saw which read "6 Kilometers," or three and three-fifths miles. These regulations were so much more unreasonable than the American automobile speed laws, that we elected to regard them as



THE TOWER OF ST. PIERRE, RUE ST. JEAN, CAEN

having been born of a spirit of facetiousness; and as one good joke deserves another, we paid small attention to them.

As we bumped along through the streets of St. Germain, something suddenly went wrong, and the expert stopped the car. When I put the usual query, the expert smiled blandly.

"Now this is something nice," he said. "It's a chain off."

We got it on again, of course, and our hands grimy from oil and graphite into the bargain, but the expert here proved himself but a clay idol, for he didn't know how to shorten the chains, and before we had gone half a mile, the other chain pulled off. It seems that the chains on a new car always stretch, and ours had grievously overdone it. We simply crawled along over the bumpy roads, pulling off a chain every few minutes and then fighting it on again. As last, after a weary while, we turned into the Avenue de la Grande Armée and approached the Porte de Neuilly. The rough road continued clear to the

gate and kept us all worried until we had reached the gate and we saw the octroi guards. We were in no mood to dismount and have our gasoline measured for taxes, for it was almost seven o'clock and we were tired and hungry.

Suddenly an inspiration seized me. I delved in my coat pocket for the receipt I had obtained two days before, in leaving Paris by the Suresnes gate, and handed it to the guard without a qualm. He gave it a cursory glance, said "Bien!" and we entered Paris.

We ran the machine into the garage at exactly seven o'clock, having been an even fifty hours covering five hundred and fifty miles, out of which must be taken the sleeping, dining, and working time.

The next day I met a friend who knew of our run.

"Fascinating country," he said. "Quaint old towns, wonderful churches, picturesque villages, and picture-book people. Isn't it glorious?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I didn't see it."

## ABSENCE

By HELEN A. SAXON

When thou art absent and the grieving day  
Hath lost its wonted radiance, I take  
For solace all thy looks and ways and make  
Them rainbow messengers from thee to stay  
The lonely, lingering hours, and as I lay  
My gloom amidst thy sunshine, there awake  
Both memories and hopes that often break  
To little songs that bear me company.

And then upon me there will sometimes steal  
Those incommunicable thoughts that start  
The rivers of the heart, until I feel  
The sudden tremulous rush of all thou art,  
And in the fulness of it once more kneel  
In reverence at the threshold of thy heart.

# OLD DIBS' GOLD

BY  
LOYD OSBOURNE



## PART II

One afternoon from the bench I heard them raise a cry of "*Pabi, Pabi,*" and I run out of the coprah-shed where I was weighing, to see a schooner heading in. She was a smart-looking little vessel of fifty or sixty tons, and she come up hand over hand, making a running mooring off the settlement. Tom and I was waiting for her in a canoe, Old Dibs meanwhile climbing into the attic, and dropping the trap-door, with "*Under Two Flags,*" and a lamp, to support the tedium. That was getting to be routine now, and his last words were to buy all the books and papers we could lay our hands on, and not forget Sarah's list of stores she was out of. Bless my soul, he was always mindful of them things, and it was always cart blanche in the trade-room for anything she fancied.

Well, we climbed aboard, and they told us she was the Sydney pilot-boat *Minnie*, under charter to two gentlemen aboard who had an option on one of Arundel's guano islands. They had struck a leak in their main-water-tank, and were in for repairs, and filling up fresh.

Tom and me got more of a welcome than seemed quite right, captains usually being shortish with traders till the gaskets are on—but in this case it was all so damn friendly that I nudged Tom and Tom nudged me. We all trooped below to have a drink in the cabin, and the

two guano gentlemen were introduced to us, and likewise another they called their bookkeeper. All three of them were hulking big men, very breezy and well-spoken, with more the manner of recruiting sergeants soft-sawdering you to enlist, than the ways of people high up in business. Mr. Phelps, who took the lead, did several things to make me chew on, and he shivered over his "*H's*" like he had been brought up originally without any. He was so genial, that if you had any money in your pocket you would have held on tight to it, and taken the first opportunity to get out. And his big hearty laugh was altogether too ready, and his manners too free, and when he clapped me on the back I felt glad to think Old Dibs was tight in his attic, and his tree in good running order.

"Very little company hereabouts?" he asked, filling up our glasses for the second round.

"Nothing but us two," says Tom.

"My wife's father is somewhere down this way," volunteered Mr. Phelps.

"You don't say," says I, nudging Tom again under the cuddy table.

"A fine old gent," went on Mr. Phelps, "but he met misfortunes in the produce commission business, and had to get out very quiet."

"Too bad," said I.

"It grieves my wife not to know where he is," continued Mr. Phelps,

"she being greatly attached to her father, and him disappearing like that; and she told me not to grudge the matter of fifty pounds to find him."

"There's a lot of room in the South Seas to lose a produce commission merchant in," says I.

"Here's a likeness of him," says Mr. Phelps, taking a photograph out of his pocket, while four pairs of eyes settled on Tom and me like gimlets, and there was a kind of pause when pins drop.

"A very fine-appearing old gentleman," says I, starting in spite of myself when I saw it was a picture of Old Dibs!

"Give us a squint, Bill," says Tom, taking it out of my hands as bold as brass. And then: "I've seen that face somewhere; I know I have! Lord bless me, wherever could it have been?" And he looked at it, puzzled and recollectful, me holding my breath, and the rest of them giving a little jump in their seats.

Tom brought his fist down on the table with a blow that made the glasses ring.

"It was on the *Belle Brandon*," he cried out, very excited. "A stout old party, fair-complected, who played the flute!"

"That's him!" cried Phelps, half-starting from his chair.

"I reckon he must be up Jaluit way," said Tom coolly, "Captain Cole being bound for the Marshalls at the time!"

I could feel them shooting glances all around us.

"It's remarkable your friends here doesn't remember him," says the one they called Nettleship, indicating me with the heel of his glass.

"I didn't happen to get aboard the *Brandon*," says I. "What was I doing, Tom? I disremember."

"That was when you was laid up with boils," says Tom, as ready as lightning.

"So it was," says I.

"You didn't happen to pass any talk with him?" asks Mr. Phelps of Tom.

"Nothing particular," says Tom.

"Even a little might help us," says Mr. Phelps. "See if you can't remember?"

"Oh! he said he was looking for a quiet place to end his days in," answers Tom.

"I wonder that this here island wasn't to his taste," says Mr. Nettleship, with a quick look.

"Oh! it was," says Tom unabashed, "only Captain Cole broke in and said he knew a better."

By this time nearly all our heads were touching over the table, except the one they called the bookkeeper, who had run for a chart.

"Did he call the island by any particular name?" inquires Mr. Phelps.

"I think he said Pleasant Island," says Tom, "because I mind the old gentleman saying it must be a pleasant place with such a name, and I said I had been there, but the holding-ground was poor."

The bookkeeper laid the chart on the table, and the captain found Pleasant Island with his thumb.

He was about to say it was a ten days' run leeward, when he broke off sudden with "ouch" instead, being kicked hard under the table, and pretending it was the beginning of a cough instead.

"I'm looking for a change of weather at the full of the moon," remarks Tom, "and you'd be wise to take this good spell while it lasts."

I guess Tom overdid it this time, and I gave him hell for it when we went ashore, for I saw the change on Phelps's face, and that he suddenly suspicioned Tom was playing double.

"Business comes first," he says, rolling up the chart, "and though I would like to find him, just for my poor wife's satisfaction, I can't go wild-goose-chasing all over the Pacific for a woman's whim!"

Tom was beginning to feel that he had overdone it, too, and roused more suspicion than he had laid; so he thought to make it up by losing interest in Old Dibs, and what was Fitzsimmons doing





*"Josefo held a service afterward to rub it in."*

now, and was it true that John L. had retired from the ring? But he didn't seem to recover the ground he had lost, and I judged it a bad sign when we went up the companion for Phelps to say, kind of absent-minded, that he'd go two hundred and fifty pounds for his father-in-law, alive or dead—raising it to five hundred as we dropped over the side.

We pulled first to Tom's house, so as to divert suspicion, and from there I went along by myself to tip off the news to Old Dibs. When I had given the knocks agreed on, three sets of four, he drew back the trap, and asked very cheerful how I had made out with the books and papers.

"Good God, man, they're here!" says I.

"Who here?" he asks, incredulous.

"A whole schooner of detectives from Sydney," says I. "They say they're buying guano islands, but there's already five hundred pounds out for you, dead or alive!"

His great fat hand began to shake on the trap.

"Never you mind, Mr. Smith," I says reassuring. "Tom will be due here at midnight, and then we'll run you up your tree!"

But that didn't seem to soothe him any, and he quavered out he would be better where he was. But I said they'd rummage the whole island upside down before they were done, and all he had to do was to lay low, not worry, and let me and Tom handle the thing for him.

He reached down his hand through the trap, and I shook it, he saying: "God bless you, Bill—God bless you!" And then it went shut, and I heard him blow out the lamp.

The next step was to take my old girl into the secret, she being a Tongan, as I've already said, and as true as steel. She didn't say much, but I guess it would have done Old Dibs good to have seen her eyes flash, and the way her teeth grit, and how quick she was to

understand her part—which was to pack his clothes in camphor-wood chests under a top-dressing of trade. Old Dibs made no bones about giving her the keys, while I took it on myself to tell Iosefo the enemy had arrived, and he'd better move about the village warning everybody of the fack. It was well I did so, for Phelps and Nettleship and the rest come ashore soon afterward, with their pockets full of trifles for the children and the girls, and they strolled about the settlement, stopping to rest and drink coconuts in the different houses. Phelps had brought the photograph along, and showed it right and left, asking if they had ever seen anybody like that. I guess some of them would have cried out if it hadn't been for the pastor joining the party, like he wanted to do the honors of the island, telling the natives beforehand about the photograph, and shooting off the children when they come too close to it. The whites probably thought he was talking what nice folks they were, for he had a kind of bland missionary way of talking, though he was really calling them the sons of Belial, and saying how the person who gave Old Dibs away would have his house burned and go to hell!

The pastor did yeoman's service that day, and at sundown they all went back to their ship, very grumpy and dissatisfied, returning no wiser than when they'd come. Iosefo held a service afterward to rub it in, and the king spoke at it, and likewise the chiefs, and so in our different ways we all pulled together for the common good. They had quite a jollification that night on the schooner, singing songs and playing some kind of a hurdy-gurdy on deck, and the sound of it come over the water very pleasant to hear. I sneaked off in a canoe toward ten o'clock, to make sure it wasn't a blind, but there was no misdoubting what they were up to. They were all drunk, and getting drunker, and I couldn't but think what a poor, tipsifying set of sleuths they were, and how

different from Sherlock Holmes, in the book. I lay for nearly an hour under their quarter, to hear what I could hear, and all I got was the odds and ends of some dirty stories, and once being very near spit on the head.

When I got back to the station, there was Tom to meet me, it being eleven now, and the village fast asleep. We overhauled the gear to make sure it was all in order, Sarah making up a basket of provisions for the old man, together with his tooth-brush, comb, panjammers, blanket, a demijohn of water, and a bottle of gin. She said he had eaten no dinner, groaning and carrying on awful, wanting her to shoot him with his pistol and end it all. But he seemed to have pulled himself together by the time we were ready, for he let himself down from the attic quite spry, and made us all laugh by the remarks he passed. But one could see he just forced himself to do it, and his face looked powerful haggard and flabby in the lantern-light, and he moved queer on his legs, like a push would have sent him over.

I had a little two-wheeled truck that I used about the store to run bags of shell about in and coprah, and on this we put the treasure, eight bags of it, each one as heavy as could be lifted comfortably. Old Dibs insisted on cutting one open, and serving us out a double handful each, not forgetting a share for Tom's wife as well as mine, and saying, "Take it, and God bless you, my dear, kind friends!" We dropped it into my tool-chest, and threw the key on the floor of the bedroom, meaning to divide up equal later on.

We rigged a sort of rope harness to the truck, giving Tom the handles to steer by, while Old Dibs, Sarah, and me did tandem in front. The boatswain's chair and the coil of Manila rope were lashed down on the load, as well as the basket of provisions, Sarah carrying the demijohn in her hand, Old Dibs the gin and "Under Two Flags," while I led the way with the lantern.

My, but we must have made a queer sight as we plowed through the darkness, Tom bearing down on the handles and fighting to keep the truck on an even keel, Old Dibs grampus along as wheeler, and Sarah and me tugging like battery mules! Of course everybody knows that gold is heavy, but when you run into the hundred thousands it becomes pig-iron-heavy, cannon-heavy, house-and-lot-and-barn-heavy! It nearly pulled the hearts out of us to keep that truck moving, specially in the sand before we struck a harder going.

I thought time and again it was going to prove the death of Old Dibs. He was always laying down in his harness like a done-up Eskimo dog in the pictures, and having to be fanned alive again! But when we'd propose to cut him out, he'd say no, and stagger to his feet, showing a splendid spirit of cart-horsing ahead till his poor old breath came in roars.

It was a thankful moment when we got to the tree, where me and Tom, after a spell of rest, jumped in together with a will. It was no slouch of a job to get that tackle in position, the block being iron-shod and heavy, the rope inch-Manila, and the night as black as the pit of Tophet. Tom went aloft first, with a coil of light line, having to feel his way for the place we had marked with the handkerchief, and threatening more than once to come down quicker than he had gone up! The handkerchief had rotted off, or blown away long since, and it bothered Tom not a little to find where it had been. But at last he did so, dropping his line for the lantern, according to the plan we had arranged beforehand, so as to avoid all shouting and noise. When he had placed the lantern to his satisfaction, the line came straggling down again for the block and the gear to make it fast with, and when this was done, the inch-Manila went up and everything was ready.

It showed how well Tom and I had thought it out, that there wasn't a single

hitch, except for the lantern blowing out and Tom having no matches, I going up to see what was delaying him, and having none neither. Well, we changed places, Tom being a heavier man to pull, and I remaining aloft to handle the freight as it came along! They made the boatswain's chair fast below, and sent her up with the first load—two bags of coin—getting it on a level with the platform by the lantern marking the place. I stood on the platform and had no trouble in yanking the stuff in; and this went right along like a mail steamer, till it was all up, and it came Old Dibs's turn.

But he just took one look at the boatswain's chair, and said "nit," laying down on the ground when they tried to persuade him into it, and rolling over and over in desperation. We argued over him for an hour, and it seemed all to no purpose, he refusing to budge an inch, saying he weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, and was better off in the attic.

Time was running away on us, and me and Tom got tired of saying the same things over and over, and always getting the same answers, and finally we lost our tempers, and said we'd go home. Then he said he'd come home, too, and we said no, we had washed our hands of him. Then he said he was only a poor old man and would blow his brains out, and we said he might if he wanted to. Then, when we had gone about twenty paces, he came lumbering after us, saying, "For God's sake, stop," and swearing he would go up peaceful, and make no more trouble.

We tied him in like a baby in a high-chair, I going up to receive him, while my wife and Tom laid on to the rope with a yeo-heave-yeo under their breaths. All the fight had clean gone out of him, and the only thing he did was to squeal a little when he bumped against the trunk, and tried to fill up with air to make himself lighter. But he reached the top all right, and I landed him very



careful, he squatting down on the floor and saying, "Oh, my God!" I was too busy clearing away and letting the block down to Tom, for me to hear much else he said, but when I was through and went to take a last look at him, he seemed quite snug and contented, and glad he had come. He shook hands very grateful, looking for me to come back the following night and report, I to make an owl signal like we had agreed on previously.

I wished him happy dreams, and come down, all three of us setting out for home with the truck and the gear, my wife in a tantrum at our having threatened to desert Old Dibs when he acted so cowardly. Tom made it worse by saying the Kanakas were losing all respect for whites, and if *he* was married to a Tongan, and was spoken to like that, he'd quit, by gum, that's what *he'd* do! Then she said it would serve me right if she went away in the schooner with the white men, and I would never see her again. And I said, "Oh, dear, but I'd feel sorry for the white man that got you." Then she said she'd give all the gold Old Dibs had made her a present of to be back home in Tonga—and then I said I'd gladly add mine to hers. And when Tom added his, I thought we were in for a race war!

We all got back pretty cross and tired, but a little beer put heart in us, and I pulled her down on my knee and said she was the only girl in the world, and that I wouldn't trade her for a ten-ton cutter while Tom counted out the money Old Dibs had given us previous, and said we were all a pack of fools, and that he was as fond of Sarah as anybody. So peace descended like a beautiful vision, and there was four hundred and forty dollars for each of us, with a twenty over that we tossed for, and engineered to let Sarah win. Tom said we might shake hands on a good night's work, and went home in high spirits, jingling his money in a bandanner.

It wasn't long after breakfast the

next morning when I heard a great stamping and tramping out in front, and there, if you please, was the whole schooner party, Phelps, Nettleship, the bookkeeper, and the captain. They had thrown off the mask now, and Phelps had a warrant a yard long for the apprehension of Runyon Rufe, which he read aloud to me, while the others listened with their hats off like it was church.

"I thought you gentlemen were in the guano business," says I, when he had finished.

"We're in the Runyon Rufe catching business," says Mr. Phelps, very genial, "and we trust you will not oppose the officers of the law in the exercise of their functions."

"I don't want to oppose anybody when it's four to one," says I, equally genial, "though may I make so bold as to inquire who is Runyon Rufe and what's he done?"

"Never heard of Runyon Rufe," says Nettleship, like it was George Washington or Alfred the Great.

"Here it is better than I can tell it," said Mr. Phelps, handing me a printed proclamation.

#### TEN THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD

RUNYON RUFÉ, Banker and Company Promoter, wanted for gigantic frauds in connection with the Invincible Building Society, the Greater London Finance Syndicate, Suburbs Limited, and other undertakings. Fled to the United States, where he had previously put by sums aggregating two hundred thousand pounds; resisted extradition; forfeited his bail; was traced to Portland, Oregon, and thence to Penrhyn Island, South Pacific, where all clues as to his whereabouts were lost.

Aged sixty-three; height, five feet nine inches; imposing appearance; weight, fifteen stone and over; fair complexion; brown eyes, with bushy, gray eyebrows; scanty gray hair; of a plethoric habit, and with a noticeable hesitancy of speech. When last seen was well supplied with money, and was heard declaring his intention of making his way

toward the lesser-traveled islands of the Pacific Ocean.

The above reward, in whole or in part, will be paid by Houghton & Cust, No. 318 George Street, Sydney, New South Wales, on receiving information that will lead to the arrest of the said Runyon Rufe.

Traders and others are cautioned against harboring the fugitive or aiding and abetting his escape from the officers of justice.

I read it three times and then handed it back.

"Show me where to sign," says I.

"We have to go through the disagreeable formality of searching these premises," said Mr. Phelps, disregarding my joke, "and if you have no objections we shall begin now!"

"And suppose I *did* have an objection?" I asked.

"We'd search them just the same," said Mr. Phelps grinning.

I was in two minds what to do. But I noticed the bookkeeper's lip was cut, and there was dried blood on Mr. Nettleship's knuckles, and it didn't seem good enough. I saw they had begun on Tom first, and that decided me to take water with my formality.

"Walk in," says I.

They didn't wait for a second asking, and a minute later were poking and rummaging all through the place. They thought I might have hid him somewhere, and turned over everything to that end, not opening as much as a chest or pulling out a single drawer. It wasn't much pleasure to look on and see them doing it, but I had to take my medicine—and it was common sense to appear cheerful about it. They crawled into all kinds of places, and backed out of all kinds of others, and tapped the walls to see if any was hollow, and turned over sacks of pearl-shell and coprah, and sneezed and swore and burrowed and choked, till at last Mr. Phelps really found something, and that was a centipede that bit him! This brought them all out on the front veranda again, where I had to pre-



*"When me and Tom had rigged up the chair again we found we had a sick man on our hands."*

tend I was sorry, which I was—for the centipede!

I asked what they were going to do next, and they said, "Get aboard and bathe it with ammoniac"; and I said, "No, I meant about Runyon Rufe"; and Mr. Phelps he give me a wicked look, and said that they'd lay him by the legs before long, together with a few white trading gentlemen, maybe, to keep him company; and I said, "Oh! dear, I hope that isn't any insinuation against present company"; and he said, "the present company might put the cap on if it fitted them"; and I said, "if he couldn't

keep a civil tongue in his head he had better get off my front stoop"; and he said, "he wouldn't demean himself by bandying words with a beachcomber," and went off, sucking his hand, with the others crowding around him, and asking him how it felt now.

I suspicioned there had been a leak somewheres, and was surer than ever when Tom came around with his eye bunged up where Nettleship had hit him. And it certainly looked black that they made no appearance of moving, raising an awning over the quarter-deck, and bringing up tables, and swinging hammocks like it was for a week. The pastor had told Tom that one of the children had reckonized Old Dibs's photograph, and clapped his hands before he could be stopped, crying out: "Ona, Ona!" the name Old Dibs went by among the Kanakas.

We put in a pretty anxious day, for they began a systematic prowling all over the island, obviously dividing out the territory and doing it simultaneous. That night they set a watch on my house and Tom's, the news coming in from Iosefo, who had spies out watching them! It was regular wheels within wheels, and I couldn't but wonder how poor Old Dibs was faring up his tree, waiting and waiting for us to come.

The next day they prowled harder than ever, this time the crew joining in, mate, cook, cabin-boy, and four hands. Like was natural, they made me and Tom's first—the crew, I mean—and we both had the same happy thought, square-facel! The mate went off with only three drinks in him, taking the cabin-boy with two, but the rest of them sucked it in by the bucket, and the furthest any of them got away was a hundred yards, and him with a bottle in his hand. They were a pretty ugly crowd by nightfall, refusing to go back to the ship when ordered, and roaring and yelling about the settlement to all hours. The after-guard still kept tab on me and Tom, however, and so yet

another night passed without our daring to make our date with Old Dibs. But in the morning they lost all patience, rounding up the crew with handspikes, and all going off to the schooner with half of them in irons. Phelps and Nettleship helped to get up anchor themselves, and toward nine o'clock we had the blessed sight of their heels, beating out of the lagoon against a stiff trade.

It was hard to have to wait the balance of the day doing nothing, for we might need the tree idea again, and it would have been a mug's game to have given away the secret to the Kanakas. Tom and me both felt considerable rocky, besides, from having drunk so much gin with the schooner's people, for though we had held back all we could and had tipped our glasses on the sly, we couldn't seem too behindhand in whooping it up with them. But we were dead dogs now all right, and the main part of breakfast and dinner was the buckets of water we poured over each other's heads! It was what you might call a very long day, and it seemed like the sun would never set, for we were both of us in a sweat about Old Dibs, and more than anxious how he had made out.

Then sundown came, and dusk, and night itself, and still another long spell for the Kanakas to go to sleep, which it seemed as though they never would. Yes, a long day, and a long, long evening, and it was like a whole week had passed before we stood under the tree and owly-owled to Old Dibs.

It was a mighty faint answer he gave back, and when me and Tom had rigged up the chair again we found we had a sick man on our hands. The exposure had nearly done for him; that, and the fear of being caught, and all the water having leaked out of the demijohn, which he had stood on its side the better to hide it. He was that weak he could hardly sit up, and was partly off his nut, besides, wanting to telephone at once to Longhurst, and mixing up Tom with the Public Prosecutor!

He would put his poor old trembling hand across his forehead like he was trying to wipe all this away, saying, "Is that you, Tom Riley?" And, "Bill, Bill," like that! It was no easy matter to get him down, for he almost needed to be lifted into the boatswain's chair, and couldn't as much as raise a little finger to help himself or hold on, and once we nearly spilled him out altogether. Fortunately, my old girl had brought some hot coffee in a beer bottle, and this was just like pouring new life down his throat. Our first business was to get him home and tuck him in, returning and making a second trip of the treasure, and winding up all serene about two in the morning, with Old Dibs sitting up in bed and eating fried eggs.

When Iosefo reported next morning Old Dibs paid him a hundred dollars and dispensed with his services, saying that though he'd always be glad to see him around as a friend, he had no more call to keep him sitting on the chest. This made Tom and me feel good, for it showed he trusted us now, which he had never quite done before. In a day or two he was almost as lively as ever, out in the graveyard playing on his flute, and attending to church work on committee nights the same as before.

But there was a big change in him for all that, and me and Tom got it into our heads that he wasn't going to live very long, for he had that distressed look on his face that showed something wrong inside. He used to run on talking to himself half the night, and once he burst in to where I was asleep, saying he had seen me at the treasure-chest, prizing off the lid, and what did I mean by it? After having lived together so long and comfortable, it wasn't very pleasant to see him going crazy on us—and going crazy that way—being suspicious we meant to rob and kill him, and all of us being in a conspiracy. He told the pastor he was afraid of his life of Tom and me, and if it wasn't for Iosefo he would be fearful to stay in my house a minute;

and he told Tom *he* was the only friend he had; and then said the same to me, warning me against Tom and Iosefo, saying they were at the winder every night trying to break in! And all this, maybe, on the very self-same day, the three of us comparing notes and wondering where it was all going to end.

It ended sooner than any of us expected, for one morning when Sarah went to take him his coffee, his door was locked, and for all our hammering we couldn't raise a sound. I broke it in at last, expecting that he'd rise up and shoot me, and dodging when it went inward with a crash. But there was nobody to shoot, the room being stark empty, and the only thing of Old Dibs his clothes on a chair. We were at a loss what to do, and waited for half an hour, thinking he might turn up. Then, real uneasy in our minds, we went out to look for him. He wasn't anywhere near the house or the beach, and as a last resort we went across the island to the graveyard, thinking perhaps he had taken it into his head to have a before-breakfast tootle on the flute. We found him sure enough in the middle of the graveyard, but laying forward in his old crimson dressing-gown, stone dead.

Yes, sir; cold to the touch like it had been for hours, and holding a blackened lantern in his poor old fist—dead as dead—face down in the coral sand. We rolled him over to do what we could for him, but he had passed to a place beyond help or hurt. I went back for Tom in a protuberation, saying: "My God, Tom, what do you think's happened—Old Dibs's dead in the graveyard!" I guess the old man had never been so close to Tom as he had been to me, boarding in my house and almost a father to me and the wife, for Tom took it awful cool and asked almost the first thing about the money.

"You and me will divide on that," he says.

"Sure," I says, "but that can stand over till afterward, Tom."

"Stand over, nothing," he says, very sharp; and with that we both set off running for my house.

It was a jumpy thing to enter that darkened room, with the feeling you couldn't shake off that Old Dibs was peering in at us and that every minute we'd hear his footstep, everything laid out just as he had last touched them, and almost warm, even to his slippers and his collar and the old hat against the wall. But it made no more difference to Tom than if it had been his own hat, and he tramped in like a policeman, saying, "Where is it, Bill?"

"In one of them two camphor-wood chests," says I.

He lifted up one of them by the end and let it fall ker-bang.

"Not here," says he.

"Try the other," says I, with a sudden sinking.

He let that crash, too, and turning around, looked me in the face.

"Good God, Tom!" said I.

"Just what I suspected all along," said Tom, as savage as a tiger. "He's made way with it!"

We didn't stop to speak another word, but rummaged the whole room upside down.

"He's buried it," says Tom, savager than ever, "and what kind of a son of a gun was you to let him?"

"It was none of my business," says I.

"None of your business?" he repeated, screaming out at me like a woman. "To have a quarter of a million by the tail and let it go? You might have been slatk about your own half, but it was a swine's trick not to keep track of mine!"

"He can't have taken it very far," I said.

"Not far!" yelled Tom, making an insult of every word I said. "Why, what was to prevent him lugging away a little this day and that, till the whole caboodle was sunk in a solid block! What do you suppose he was doing with the lantern, you tom-fool? Planting it,

of course, planting every dollar of it, night after night, while you were snoozing in your silly bed!"

"If it's anywhere it's in the Kanaka graveyard," says I. "I'll go bail it's within ten feet of where we found his dead body."

"Did you stake the place?" says Tom.

I was ashamed to tell him I hadn't even thought of the money, being struck all of a heap, and always powerful fond of Old Dibs.

"It would serve you right if I made you dig up the whole graveyard, single-handed," said Tom, "and if you had a spark of proper feeling, Bill Hargus, you'd fall on your knees and beg my parding for having acted like such a damned ninny!"

I would have answered him back in his own coin if I hadn't felt so bad about it all, and rattled, besides. I had punched Tom's head often and often, and he had punched mine; but I was staggered by the money being missing, and the loss of it just seemed to swallow up everything else. Somehow, it had never seemed *my* money till then, and the more I felt it mine the more galling it was to give it up. Tom relented when he saw how cut up I was, withdrawing all the hard things he had said, and going on the other tack to cheer me up. He said he was just as big an ass as I was, and came out handsome about its being both our fault, and how it didn't matter a hill of beans anyway, for we'd soon get our spades on to it. It stood to reason it couldn't be far away or buried very deep, and a little fossicking with an iron ramrod would feel it out in no time.

Well, we gave Old Dibs a good send-off, Tom and me making the coffin, and we buried him in a likely place to windward of the Kanaka graveyard. Tom wouldn't have him *inside*, for fear the natives might chance on the treasure themselves, and we put a neat fence around the place, with a priming and two coats of white paint, and a natty

gate to go in by with brass hinges. The whole settlement turned out, Iosefo outdoing himself, and the king butting in with an address, and everything ship-shape and Bristol fashion, as sailors say. We didn't have no flowers, and the whole business was sort of home-made and amateur, but Sarah made up for the lack of them by pegging out the grave with little poles and streamers, which gave quite a gay look to it and fluttered in the wind, very pretty to see.

Then Tom and me started in our digging operations on a checker-board plan, very systematic, with stakes where we left off, working by night so as not to rouse the natives' ill-will. Or, I ought to have said, two nights, for I guess we didn't cover up our tracks sufficient, and they got on to it! We discovered this in the form of a depitation of chiefs and elders, who give us warning it had to stop ker-plunk. They said they wouldn't allow their graveyard torn up, and altogether acted very ugly and insulting. Tom and I had to sing small and put in a holiday neither of us wanted, for the Kanakas had the whip-hand of us and I never saw them so roused. Tom at first tried to carry it off with a high hand, informing them that he was a British subjeck, by God, and was they meaning to interfere with a British subjeck? But I couldn't see how that gave him any right to dig up Kanaka graveyards for money that didn't belong to him, and so I smoothed them down and outtalked Tom, saying it shouldn't happen again, and I was glad they had mentioned it!

We waited a few weeks for the storm to blow over, and then begun again, this time more cautious than before by a darned sight. We thought we were managing beautifully till the next day when we went out fishing in Tom's boat and come back to find both our stations burned to the ground, and all our stuff stacked outside the smoking ruins, higgedly-piggedly!

This was getting it in the neck, and

we saw we were beat. We ran up a couple of little shacks and settled down to ordinary trading again with what good spirits you can imagine. We didn't even dare walk on the weather side of the island, lest they'd carry out their next threat, which was to shoot us; and the only revenge we had was raising prices on them and monkeying with the scales, winning out in both ways. But it was a poor set-off to a quarter of a million of cold coin where almost we could lay our hands on it, and if there was in the whole world a human being more blue and miserable than me, it was Tom Riley! Then, to make matters worse, the whole thing was common property now, the Kanakas knowing as much as we did and more, and the news was passed along to every ship that came—all about Old Dibs and the money in the graveyard. You might be surprised the natives didn't take a leaf out of our book and dig it up for themselves, but you'll never really civilize a Kanaka if you try a thousand years, and they wouldn't have turned up their dead grandmothers and fathers and aunts for all the gold in the Bank of England—being sunk in superstition and slavishly afraid of spirits and the like.

We had to sit with folded hands and pretend to be pleased, while every ship that called had to take its whack at the graveyard! First it was the *Lorilie*, getting off scot-free with only a taboo; then it was the *Tasmanian*, with a bullet through the captain's leg; then the cutter *Sprite*, with concussion of the brain! I never saw the Kanakas drove so wild, till at last when there was a ship off the settlement they'd set an anchor-watch on the graveyard and do sentry-go with guns loaded.

Then one fine day a French schooner from Tahiti ran in, unloaded sixteen men armed with rifles and carrying pickaxes and spades, who marched across the island singing the "Marseillaise," and proceeded to take up the

whole place! The natives rallied with everything they could lay their hands on, from Winchesters to fish-spears, and my, if they didn't chase out them Frenchmen at the double! They got away, leaving one dead and carrying three, making a bee-line for the beach, the schooner covering their retreat with a blazing Nordenfeldt. They were in such a hurry to be gone that they cut away their moorings with an ax, and I had the privilege, later on, of buying their anchor, second-hand, for ten dollars in trade!

The natives got wilder than ever after this, and were almost afraid to die, lest they'd be dug up again and their bones cast to the winds. From being the most orderly island in the Pacific, Manihiki slumped to be the worst; and it got such a name that ships were scared of coming near it; and once when Tom and me went out in a whale-boat toward a becalmed German bark, hoping to raise a newspaper or a sack of potatoes, they opened fire on us and lowered two boats to tow away the ship! Tom and me got mixed up in the general opinion of the place, which was stinking bad and what they called a pirates' nest, and an English man-of-war came down special to deport Tom. I never was so glad in my life to be an American, for though the captain gave Tom what he called the benefit of the doubt, they fined him two hundred and fifty dollars and slanged him like a nigger.

The last straw was the visit of a French man-of-war that opened broadsides on us without warning, and then landed and burned the settlement, including everything me and Tom owned in the world, except the clothes we stood in and the cash we snatched on the run. This was on account of the "outrage" on the Tahiti schooner.

Tom said the island was becoming a regular human pigeon-shoot, and wondered where the lightning would strike next; and we both grew clean sick of it and in a fever to get away. There was

not even the temptation of Old Dibs's treasure to keep us now, for the natives all got together and heaped up the graveyard solid with rock, to the level of the outside walls, and floored the top with cement six inches deep, putting in a matter of a thousand tons! It was as solid as a fortification, and pounded down, besides, with pounders, like a city street, and if ever there was money in a safe place and likely to stay there undisturbed, I guess it was Old Dibs's!

It was a happy day for Tom and me when the *Flink* dropped anchor off the settlement, and we patched it up with the captain to give us a passage to the Kingsmills to begin the world again. It had always lain sort of heavy on my wife that we hadn't put up a name over Old Dibs's grave, and now that we were going away with that undone she reproached me awful. You see, I had promised her something nice in the marble line from Sydney, and kept putting her off and off in the hope she'd forget it. She had been remarkably fond of the old fellow, as, indeed, so was I, and she said it was a shame to go away forever with this unattended to. I didn't have no time for anything fancy, nor the ability neither, but as the ship lay over for a couple of days I made shift to please her with a wooden slab. We went over and set it up about an hour before we sailed, and for all I know it may be there yet. Some folks might kick at the inscription, but he had always been mighty good and kind and free-handed to us, and you must take a man as you find him. This was how it run:

SACRED  
TO  
THE MEMORY  
OF

RUNYON RUFE  
BANKER AND PHILANTHROPIST  
ERECTED  
BY  
HIS SORROWING FRIENDS

# AN OLD PLAYBILL

REMINISCENCES

BY BARTON HILL

*Mr. Barton Hill, who is now writing his reminiscences, is descended from a family of players, and has associated with prominent members of his profession for a busy lifetime. This article, the first chapter of his autobiography, carries us back, as if by the glance of an eye, to times and men that have grown to be traditions. Mr. Hill made his first appearance on the stage in 1835, and on May 2d, 1905, played in the benefit performance of Madame Modjeska in New York.*

Looking through a file of old playbills of the Covent Garden Theater, London, that are to be seen in the library of "The Players," Gramercy Park, I find the names of my father and mother—Mr. and Mrs. C. Hill—as members of the company that played there over seventy years ago. I was turning the pages when I happened upon the printed cast of "The Stranger," in which appears, in the dramatis personæ: "Mr. Charles Kemble as *The Stranger*; Miss Helen Faucit as *Mrs. Haller*; *Count's Son*, Master Hill." This bill bears date of February 10, 1836, but further examination gave a previous date, October 23, 1835, as my "first appearance on any stage," when Mrs. W. West was the *Mrs. Haller* to *The Stranger* of Mr. Kemble. The play was given four times with Mr. Kemble, and twice that season—May 18 and 28, 1836—with Mr. W. C. Macready and Miss Faucit in these characters. So I used to insist, in fun, that I was supported by these great actors, inasmuch as I had to be rescued by *The Stranger* from drowning in the river.

My earliest remembrance (professional, one might call it?) is being taken by my mother to the stage door of Covent Garden Theater, carried up to her dress-

ing-room, and costumed to appear in the play of that evening, then put into my street clothes and left to rest and sleep on a sort of improvised shake-down of wraps and what-nots underneath her dressing-place till the play was over. This must sometimes have been in the room of the principal coryphees, for I can distinctly recollect (and I was too young then to dream of fairies) visions of décolleté damsels pirouetting and gamboling on the long table in the middle of the room where the costumer had placed their dresses. On leaving for home my dear mother would buy, at the first stand she found, a couple of "baked 'taters all 'ot!" for me to carry, one in each hand, to keep my fingers warm, and then I was allowed one to eat before going to bed.

At about that time my sister and myself were taken to the Royal Surrey Theater, Blackfriars, one night, to appear as the Children in the Wood in the drama of that name, on which occasion Mr. T. P. Cooke, the original *William* in "Black-Eyed Susan," had volunteered the part of *Walter* (also his original part, I think), it being the night of my father's benefit.

We always remembered that night;



the sea of heads in front (father was stage manager, and the house was crowded), the "property" roast goose, with slices of penny buns skewered into the goose to be carved off for us to eat, and *Walter's* threat to the villain to "blow out his brains with the carving-fork" if he interfered with our dinner (a "gag" not in the book). I remember nothing more of our child appearances in London, but my father having taken the management of the Cheltenham and Gloucester theaters, Gloucestershire, England, it was here that I, as a child, first met with a young man, then known as Lee Morton, but famous afterward as the gifted author and actor, Dion Boucicault, or, as he wrote his own autograph in February, 1842, in a letter to my father (which letter I possess), Bourcicault—omitting the "r" later in life.

From my parents I learned how they came to hear of him in the spring of 1837: This young man, Lee Morton, was constantly begging my father to give him some part, however small, to appear in, and, if he succeeded in it, an engagement to follow. My father gave him the part of *Tressel* in "Richard III" (the part in which Edwin Booth made his first appearance on any stage, at the Boston Museum, September 10, 1840, to his father's *Richard III*).

How far the young man succeeded as *Tressel* I do not know, but some weeks later a performance was given—"Under the Patronage of Lieut.-Colonel Pym" (I remember the bill announcing it distinctly)—when Massinger's "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was given, the part of *Sir Giles Overreach* "By a Young Gentleman of this City." The performance

was quite a success, and it turned out that the *Sir Giles* was the *Tressel* of some weeks before. Mr. Lee Morton was engaged at once and soon after became a protégé of my father's, who thus came into correspondence for some few years with this young man's guardians, legal advisers of the celebrated English clergyman and writer—Dr. Dionysius Lardner, who, as is known, eloped with the wife of an English officer, afterward married her, and in 1840 settled down in Paris.



ANN RUSSELL HILL

As *Smike* in "Nicholas Nickleby"

At just about this time Lee Morton became known as D. L. or Dionysius Lardner Boucicault, or Bourcicault.

In the spring of 1837 my father leased the Theater Royal Brighton in Sussex, so we all moved to that city in June, Mr. Lee Morton traveling with us, and stopping over in London to witness the coronation of Queen Victoria in June of that year.

I remember well the magnificence of

that procession and also that, as Her Majesty came to reside at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, I had many opportunities of seeing her and of riding over the Downs (at, of course, a respectful distance) after the young Queen before her marriage.

Soon after the opening of the season my father presented Mr. Lee Morton to the Brighton public as *Sir Giles Overreach* for a few nights, and then as *Rory O'More*, in Samuel Lover's dramatization of his own novel—his first appearance on the stage in an Irish character, in which line of parts he afterward became so world-famous. He did not play again at that time, but devoted himself earnestly to dramatic writing, and in due course of time handed my father the manuscript of his first effort—a three-act comedy. My father was so well pleased with it that he offered

to produce it if certain changes that he pointed out as essential should be made, but the young author, most fortunately, as it happened, declined to make them, and my father then advised him to take the "Royal Mail" at once for London (the London and Brighton Railroad was not completed till about a year later), and offer his comedy to the managers of

the best metropolitan theaters, to whom he would give him letters of introduction. He did so without loss of time. I remember well accompanying my father to see him off—happy with youthful hope—his manuscript and letters in the old-fashioned carpetbag of those days, that I was carrying for him; the guard tossed it on the roof of the "Royal Blue" coach, and he clambered to the box seat

beside George Gilbert, the famous crack "whip" of the London Coach. How well I recall my sorrow as I witnessed his departure! I was very fond of him; he had driven me to school; he had taught me my first moves at chess; had forgiven my too frequent confiscation of his pet cigars, and had made me *particeps criminis* in his extravagance, that my dear mother would constantly scold him for, but to no purpose, for upon receipt from his guardians of his quar-

terly allowance, he would bring home the choicest and most expensive imported fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats. I say "home," for he lived with us at Rutland House, Marine Parade. Mother would scold and scold, and at last refuse to touch them; so did my sister, Rosalie, but I, having "no compunctious visitings of nature" to "shake my fell purpose,"



HELEN FAUCIT

As *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons"

would help him to fill us "top full" of these luxuries.

He was a handsome youth, and generous to a fault.

But to return to the three-act comedy: Boucicault—as he must henceforth be known—on reaching London, wisely selected the Covent Garden Theater for his field of action, and through my



T. P. COOKE  
As *Long Tom Coffin*

father's letter of introduction obtained an interview with Mr. Charles Mathews, the stage manager and the then recently married husband of Madam Vestris, the lessee; he was at once promised an early perusal and careful consideration of his manuscript, and given the freedom of the theater before and behind the curtain in the interim. The consequence of which followed as a matter of course: he immediately fell, a willing victim, at the feet of the celebrated Mrs. Nesbitt, the adored of the London public, and, among the members of the company, to whom he was presented, found an instant friend and companion in John Brougham. Both of them Dublin-born,

Boucicault some ten years the younger, they were kindred spirits and lodged in the same house.

Soon afterward, manager and author met to talk over the cast and arrange the first reading to the company, and, to his amazement, Boucicault found that his idol had not been given the part of *Grace*. Mr. Mathews explained that, as there were only two female characters in the piece—*Grace Harkaway* and *Pert*, her maid—his wife, Madam Vestris, must be the *Grace*, adding that he regretted there had not been a third part written which he could have given Mrs. Nesbitt. Without a moment's hesitation Dion Boucicault obtained permission to withdraw his three-act piece for a few days that he might think out what might perhaps be done, and hurried to his lodgings to work night and day until, in an incredibly short space of time, he returned with—not his three-act manuscript, but a five-act comedy, the part of *Lady Gay* to be given to Mrs. Nesbitt, the character of *Dolly Spanker*, her husband, also added. The delightful racy business which these changes brought about was perfectly arranged, and, as a crown, the title of the work was given as "London Assurance." Thus to a boyish infatuation we owe the creation of *Lady Gay Spanker*.

The "Century Cyclopedia of Names" gives the date of Boucicault's birth as "December 26, 1822"; if so, he was but a month or two over fourteen years old when he appeared as *Sir Giles Overreach*, which one may well misdoubt. It also states that "Mr. John Brougham claimed a share in the authorship of 'London Assurance,'" but I had from Mr. Brougham's own lips (for I knew him intimately) that he claimed only the friendly suggestions of an expression or piece of comedy business here and there.

In my father's Brighton company I recall Frederick B. Conway, Thomas Hailes Lacy, Miss Cooper (Mrs. Lacy), W. H. Harrison, afterward the noted

operatic tenor; Mrs. Clifford, his wife; Mrs. Coleman Pope, Miss Vining, and others, and, among the stars, William Farren, the elder James W. Wallack (the father of Lester Wallack), Frederic Lemaitre, Charles Kean, James Sheridan Knowles, and I forget if there were more, but remember an incident, or, rather, an accident, of the Knowles engagement, when, as *William Tell*, in his own play of that name, he was to shoot an apple from his son's head. His arrow unfortunately struck one of the scenery "wings," bounded up into the flies, and fell at his feet at the moment that my sister, Rosalie, rushed on as *Albert* with another arrow through the apple! The effect can be imagined—to me it was great fun. Charles Kean produced Sir Bulwer Lytton's then new plays, "*The Lady of Lyons*," "*Richelieu*," and "*Money*," in addition to his Shakespearian list, including "*Hamlet*" and "*Macbeth*." I only recall Frederic Lemaitre in his great performance of *Robert Macaire*, when, escaping from the gendarme, he would leap into the orchestra, followed by the officer, scramble up the center aisle to the upper stage box, have a fearful struggle in plain sight of the excited audience, and end by throwing *Sergeant Loupy* out of the box on to the stage, and as the act-drop descended on the picture the *Macaire* and the *Loupy* would accept the applause from the box, the fallen gendarme being a dummy!

In 1838–39 my mother was so successful as *Jack Sheppard* and *Poor Smike* in the dramatic versions of the Ainsworth and Dickens novels, that she was invited by provincial managers to "star" in their companies in those plays, my father as *Blueskin* and *Mantolini* on those occasions. Meanwhile my sister and myself remained at school, and our brother Robert left his school at Cardiff, Wales, to rejoin us. I can only recall the opening of the London and Brighton Railway, the marriage of Queen Victoria, and the Rowland Hill penny post-

age excitement as holidays, when—in 1840—our parents left Brighton for America, under engagement to the managers of the Park Theater, New York City. Messrs. Holmes and Walton, members of the company, assumed the management till the lease expired, and we children were placed in charge of our uncles Benjamin and Samuel, in the city of London. Our parents sailed for the United States of America, and I became "a printer's devil."

Let me now hark back to the days of my apprenticeship to my uncle, S. G. Fairbrother, and happy days they were.



MRS. NISBETT IN "ZARAH"

He was considered the foremost theatrical job printer of London at that time, printing the bills, playbills, posters, tickets, cards, and all the other necessary work for eleven of the principal theaters in that great city on both sides of the Thames, Surrey and Middlesex. His extensive offices were at 31 Bow Street,



MADAM VESTRIS

directly opposite the Covent Garden Theater, and running up a court that turned into Russell Street close by the Drury Lane Theater—indeed, I think it was known as Russell Court—and, on Bow Street, it was midway between the “Garrick’s Head,” of Baron Renton Nicholson of “Judge and Jury” fame, and the still surviving Bow Street Police Station. The twenty-six compositors had worked so long together that, when haste was required, they would divide the yards of “copy” into “takes,” with the result that the crowded double-crown “board-bill” seemed the work of one man. For the large posters (sometimes a 24-sheet double-crown size, for walls), my uncle would carve the letter blocks himself, the M and W often taking up a sheet and a half, and these types were packed away into what the men called the “skittle-alley,” sorted as to their shapes—“fat,” “condensed,” “italic,”

etc., and the care of this was among my duties—for Uncle Sam had promised to accept me as an apprentice if my parents consented, and I worked my hardest to learn composition or presswork in every form, and became “a printer’s devil” of first rank to my intense delight, rushing off to theaters miles away whenever sent with proof or for copy, without thought of fatigue or heed of weather—working in the pressroom every other night till about four in the morning, feeding the hand-power press (the “Hoe” press was not known then), with the sole hope to win Uncle Samuel’s approval, and so far in this did I succeed that when my father came from America to take us three children back with him on his return, my uncle joined with me in persuading him to yield to my request, and I was left behind while Rosalie and Robert sailed with father



MR. FAIRBROTHER

Prompter at Drury Lane Theater



the way up the Victoria Road, but always in perfect good humor and enjoyment. I always tried my best to make him walk under a ladder, but never once succeeded; no matter how many "wee drappies" he had taken—and they were never so very many, I imagine, and always "wee"—or whatever the condition of the street or pavement, under that ladder he would not walk, try as I might, so I would give up the effort as we laughed our way home to Bow Street, Covent Garden, where—Aunt Sarah having gone to bed long before—Cousin Walter was sitting up to let us in. Then came the getting Uncle Sam up five flights to the top landing, where the bedrooms were. We would tackle him fore and aft—one pulley-hauling, the other boosting, and uncle calling out: "Stop, stop! young thieves, stop!" and then we would rest a while. Once, when resting half-way up, he said, taking deep breaths: "Talk of the patience of Job!—Job never climbed up five pair of stairs!" Another night, when we had reached the top, he opened his bedroom door, waking his wife up with the remark: "It's just gone eleven, dear!"—(it was about 3 A.M.). But in all this—at all times, never was he out of temper; always full of fun and of perfect good nature; it was

no wonder we loved him, and loved his wife, our dear aunt Sarah, too.

The afterward, the time of my departure, came sooner than I then had any idea of—but not before I had served out the time of my apprenticeship—nor until I had learned a trade and earned the

right to pursue it. But I had made myself so well acquainted with the details of dramatic printing that—in the early spring of 1844—when the "great actor," as he was called, Samuel Phelps (a printer himself, by the way, in his early life), assumed the management of the "Royal Sadler's Wells Theater, Islington," in conjunction with Mrs. Warner, the equally celebrated actress, and, associated with them Mr. Warner as treasurer and Mr. Greenwood as acting manager—my uncle



SAMUEL PHELPS

Samuel gave the sole charge of the printing for this important organization into my hands without let or hindrance, and the consequence was that I was in attendance almost every day and night, generally till the close of the morning rehearsal or evening performance, becoming, of course, so interested in the routine of the rehearsals, as well as the perfect performances of their plays at night, that—I caught the infection, and soon became the most stage-struck of "printer's devils" that ever haunted the

pit of a patent London theater. I had witnessed many of the Drury Lane productions by Mr. Macready and his company of the first actors of those days, for gallery tickets were given to my uncle on opening nights at all theaters that he printed for to help the applause, and the Sadler's Wells stock company having been selected by Mr. Phelps at the close of the Macready season, it was merely a transfer of location to my mind, and, to quote from "The Story of Old Sadler's Wells," by Michael Williams, "The literary world made a point of being present on every 'first night' at 'the Wells,' and no higher compliment could well have been paid than the one by Macready, in a letter to Chief Justice Pollock, in 1856: 'I believe we must look for the drama, if we really wish to find it, in that remote suburb of Islington'"; and an eminent critic of the day—Henry Morley, of the *Examiner* (the editor of Boswell's "Life of Johnson"), wrote: "Shakespeare's plays were always *poems*, as performed at Sadler's Wells." Thirty-one of those poems were produced by Mr. Phelps during his management of that theater, from May 27, 1844, till March 15, 1862—eighteen years—and during his first and second seasons, I was in attendance upon him almost every day and evening, either for copy or for correction of the proof—instructed to wait in the front of the house till he was ready to receive me, and permitted in the "pit" (nowadays "orchestra") seats till sent for, listening as intently to every word of those Shakespearean rehearsals as any one of his company—drinking in, as it were, each intonation, and at night, during long runs of successful plays, unconsciously, almost, memorizing the language. There could, therefore, be but one result—the longing, some day, to join the dramatic profession and become, if I could, an actor. I spoke of this to Mr. Henry Marston, a prominent member of Mr.

Phelps's company, and the *Iago* to his *Othello*; when I told of my desire, I remember his walking, arm in arm with me, by the banks of the "New River" for almost an hour, till I was sent for by Mr. Phelps—urging me, as a father might have urged his beloved son, to abandon all thought of the stage and to stick to Uncle Samuel and printing. But it was useless; the die was cast; my mind made up. I determined to forsake my own uncle Samuel Glover, to disregard the advice of my friend Samuel Phelps, and to seek out another "Uncle Sam" beyond the ocean, in whose dominions I was anxious to begin the new life that I longed for.

So, in the early spring of the year 1846, having duly served my indentures (the seventh year being given at that time, *ex gratia*, to a London apprentice), my uncle consented, quite willingly, to my departure for America, and, with the fifty dollars—ten pounds sterling, I think it was—that my father had sent him for the purpose, purchased for me an "intermediate cabin" ticket for my passage from London Docks to New York City Harbor, on the "Good Ship *Wellington*, Captain Chadwick, Commander," rather than let me make the voyage in the steerage, as I had proposed to do, but, bless him, he wouldn't let me! Moreover, he had bought me an outfit for the voyage of new suit of clothes, new hat, boots, shoes, "sou'wester," and, for stormy weather, a horse guardsman's old military cloak that he had bought somewhere at second-hand for me, and that I devoted to the lady fellow passengers on board with great success; while his good wife—dear Aunt Sarah, God bless her—completed the outfit with shirts, socks, etc., on which she and her daughters had worked for weeks. Of what lay before me in America I had no inkling. But no one who ever embarked in search of fortune bore with him better wishes or heartier Godspeed.

(To be continued.)



# THE FICTION OF OUR FOREIGN TRADE

BY HAROLD BOLCE

America's great tariff wall, behind which prosperity and politics have enjoyed a memorable reign, is about to be bombarded by the German Empire. Will Uncle Sam, to avert war, hoist the white flag over our commercial stronghold? There is a growing confusion of tongues over the tariff. The Iowa heresy, promising to become a national shibboleth, is greatly disturbing to the orthodox defenders of protection. But the temper of dominant statesmanship at Washington forebodes prolonged battle with our great European competitor. Reciprocity is not written with a big stick. There are no federal symptoms of surrender, and unless Congress realizes the world-wide issues involved, we shall undoubtedly accept the challenge of the Teuton.

America is thus on the eve of what will probably be the most formidable commercial conflict in history. The greatest protectionist country of Europe is mobilizing the trade forces of the Old World to blockade our faltering commercial advance on that continent. Already beating us commercially in South America, Germany is planning by treaty bargaining with Latin republics to Germanize tariff walls around them. It is also laying the foundation for German dominance of interior transportation. The watchword is preferential right of way for German merchandise and discrimination against American cargoes. Germany's world-policy is for the open door—for Germany.

Yet this aggressive European power is merely doing what it believed America had planned to accomplish. Its

far-reaching commercial campaigns have been quickened by the alarm that the United States, emerging as a world-power, had inaugurated a trade invasion of the nations. That apprehension has stalked through German legislation for five years, resulting now in a new and formidable tariff wall, blazoned with defiant ultimatums to America.

American jubilation is in a measure responsible for Germany's uncontained ambition. We have bill-posted the world with advance notices of our commercial conquests abroad. Many of our otherwise level-headed eighty millions have been beguiled by the pleasing flamboyance of the picture. It is not strange, therefore, that all Europe, and particularly Germany, has been stricken with the fear that the United States was about to become the traffic manager of the earth.

A more groundless delusion has perhaps never before taken possession of the imagination of nations. With our exports of manufactures to Europe decreasing at the stupendous rate of millions for half a decade; our total trade with the southern half of our own hemisphere a record of colossal failure; crowded out of our own colonial harbors in the far Pacific; and now boycotted by the Mongolian Orient—and all because of our absorbed attention to vastly greater opportunities in our own continental expansion—we are credited with flooding the reluctant earth with our cargoes. And the manufacturing nations of Europe are shuddering at the shadow of the "American Peril."

Recent visits of German trade ex-

perts to the United States have intensified the European fear that America is planning to capture the world's markets. These German delegations, hailing from a pent-up empire whose total area in Europe is five or six times smaller than the farm land of the Southern States alone, have been gravely impressed when brought face to face with our continental proportions. They have discovered America. They have learned that our great traffic requires several million cars, and that our railway mileage exceeds the combined trackage of the German Empire and the rest of the world.

The fact that our incredibly great commerce virtually ends at our shore lines, and that single German steamship companies operate a greater transoceanic tonnage than is comprised in the entire American merchant marine, has been overlooked. The potential possibilities of America as a world-trader has so alarmed Germany that the manufacturers of that empire have been warned not to divulge the methods of their business and the chemical processes of their industry to prowling American consuls—whose ambitious monographs on foreign opportunity travel with careless assistance to the capacious American waste-basket. It has not occurred to Germany that the poor American economist or consul with nothing to export and with probably not half a dozen shirts to his name is wasting his energies in pointing out opportunities abroad to the American manufacturer grandly occupied in consigning shirts by the train-load to our own continental markets.

If the eighty million American people were confined to the strip of States east of the Alleghanies, we should probably have a greater foreign trade than we have to-day. We would need it. That is one of the secrets of Germany's striking commercial expansion. Bismarck told that empire that it must export either merchandise or men. It has,

since Bismarck's day, triumphed over France as a trading nation. In fact, its exports of finished products are nearly twice the volume of America's.

Germany foresees in awakened America the one great obstacle to worldwide success. With our Monroe doctrine around the whole Western world, our tariff wall shutting out Atlantic cargoes, our canal to connect the two leading oceans, and our twelve hundred miles of frontage, exclusive of Alaska's, on the vast waterway that leads to the Orient, we present to Germany the spectacle of a power entrenched to outmarshal Europe in the contest for the markets of the American hemisphere, and to distance every nation except Japan in the race for the vaster opportunities of the Pacific. The American Peril would doubtless assume a new meaning in Europe if Germany would take time to compute that the Island Kingdom's agricultural area, which is the basis of a nation's strength, is so infinitesimal that it could be increased one hundred per cent. and then dropped into Lake Superior without disturbing navigation on that waterway!

#### AMERICA'S NEW INTERNATIONAL RÔLE

Hitherto the tariff intrigues and the political ambitions of alien lands have not entangled us. And so long as we carried raw materials to the factories of our competitors we were welcome. In the vast structure of international traffic, Europe has been the skilled artisan. America has carried the hod! The other nations on the top of the growing edifice "did all the work." But we have carried such a vast quantity of raw material to the mills of Germany and other European countries that our loyal reviewers, impressed by the bulk rather than by the character of our business abroad, have glorified our crude labors as evidence of manifest American trade destiny, and the fallacy has grown into a fixed, patriotic faith at home and a

terrifying bogy abroad that we have begun to dominate the commerce of the world.

Whether or not America as a maritime nation is rubbing from its binoculars the dust that has dimmed our foreign outlook ever since our merchant marine began its almost incredible decline, we find new problems as well as new opportunities rising in every direction beyond our shores. Europe, and especially Germany, is wisely aware that the genius of industrial America, backed by unlimited forests, mines, and harvests, will triumph in ultimate world-struggles for trade supremacy. In the mean time, however, the exporting nations, spurred by our boasting, are capturing the commercial prizes which should be ours.

Up to the much prophesied but undetermined future when we are to awaken to pressing need of foreign outlet, conditions might have continued quietly to America's disadvantage abroad and to the enrichment of our rivals but for Germany's drastic tariff legislation, that has now confronted America with a new and startling issue, world-wide in its magnitude.

Whether we choose reciprocity or retaliation to solve our impending commercial issue with Germany, a revolutionary era will be inaugurated in our entire foreign-trade policy. If to safeguard our present commerce with Germany and to avert a multitude of collateral issues with other powers, we grant reciprocal concessions to that empire, most of the trading nations will demand similar favors. Our commercial treaties with most of the countries of Europe, South America, and Asia would soon have to be recast. If such an international tariff reconstruction did not shake American prosperity to its foundations, it would at least transform the whole fabric of our political economy. Peace with Germany, if desirable, will call for a readjustment of our traffic with a greater portion of the world. The program, therefore, before

America, even if it chooses peace, is complex and interminable.

If, on the other hand, we choose war, we shall be plunged forthwith into a conflict that may be disastrous to both Germany and ourselves. The mandate has authoritatively gone forth from the American Cabinet that we shall invoke our grim customs law of reprisals if Germany discriminates against us. That is exactly what that empire expected would be our policy, and the Reichstag made provision for meeting it. Our merchandise is to be excluded by a tariff one hundred per cent. higher than even the new duties, which in themselves promise to be prohibitive. If that does not kill American trade in Germany, a final surtax equal to the value of the goods themselves will be imposed. Moreover, Germany will not wait for us to resort to retaliation. If we extend to any nation in the world more favorable terms than we grant to that empire, it will put into operation its tariff machinery designed to crush our German commerce. Serious as such a contest must inevitably be, it is inconsequential compared with the probable demoralization of our trade with South America and Asia, where our opportunities are now vastly greater than they could possibly be in the German Empire. These nations, less committed to their tariff traditions than America is, will readily be dragooned into making reciprocity treaties with Germany. Withholding such concessions from the United States, they would thus array themselves on the side of our commercial enemy. It is obvious that Germany, through its new trade program, is about to disturb the commercial peace of the world.

Our path, either to peace or war, plainly marks out for America a new, untried, and dramatic rôle in international traffic. We are being forced to active leadership on the world's commercial firing-line. It makes little difference whether that is the result of

our emergence as a world-power since the Spanish War, our jubilant chorus over our fancied trade invasion of other lands, the aroused ambition of our rivals, or that indefinable destiny which for more than a century has made for American expansion. Perhaps all these causes and others have contributed to open to America the unprecedented opportunity to determine within the coming months whether the world is to have commercial peace or war. Whichever path we choose leads around the earth, and brings us to the business department of all nations. It is impossible for America to dodge the issues that Germany has provoked.

I must amend the foregoing statement. It is within our power to forego our foreign opportunities and shirk our part in promoting international commercial progress. It would be by abandoning the whole enterprise of foreign trade and retiring behind our big wall. And the fate that has overtaken all hermit nations would settle upon the Republic.

#### OUR ACTUAL TRADE WITH GERMANY

Our impending clash with Germany will, like the Chinese boycott, compel Americans to consult the actual record of our foreign commerce. We have boasted with such serene confidence of our trade invasion of Europe that it is now imperative to get down to facts, if we would properly appraise the significance of a contest that might destroy a large part of that commerce. The Boston Chamber of Commerce at a special meeting held June 19th to inaugurate a movement pledged to reciprocity and tariff revision declared that the attitude of Germany, "our second largest foreign customer," calls for American reciprocity. To that end the Boston organization earnestly indorsed the "reported intention of President Roosevelt to call a special session of Congress for the immediate revision of the tariff."

They who dwell upon the importance of reciprocity to solve the present crisis repeat the impressive total of 214 million dollars' worth of goods sold to Germany by the United States in 1904. But over 109 millions of that was for raw cotton, which will continue under the new tariff to enter Germany free, as the textile industry of the Fatherland would be annihilated if it excluded the American raw supply. Thus, from the standpoint of the Southern plantations, more than fifty per cent. of the thunder in the German war cloud is empty sound!

Other American products Germany must have. That empire has been electrified, and needs American copper. It took eleven million dollars' worth last year, and has put copper on the free list in the new tariff. Millions of dollars' worth of rosin and turpentine, of furs and fur skins, of oil-cake and phosphates will be exported from the United States to Germany and will be burdened with no German duty. Altogether American merchandise to the value of more than \$131,000,000, as disclosed by the official record of 1904, is in such demand in the German Empire that it will continue to pour unhindered through that country's ports of entry. Moreover, Germany's merchant ships will sail eagerly across the Atlantic to make certain of such supplies. Germany is reaching out to equip South America and Asia with electric light and power, and it needs greater quantities of American copper every year. Its great need of American raw cotton will be realized when it is known that Germany in a single year sells more cotton manufactures abroad than the United States, at our present rate of export, will ship to all Europe in the coming half century!

Germany's new tariff has been the inspiration of the agrarians. The plan is to encourage German agriculture. Therefore, it needs American phosphates to replenish its acres and American oil-cake to feed to its herds. Hitherto America has kept the factories of

Germany busy and given the industrial multitude of that empire a full dinner-pail. Now Germany, making the laudable attempt to stock its own larder, must send to us for material to fertilize its soil. That is the only material change in the program, so far as our trade with Germany alone is concerned.

In addition to this 131-million-dollar volume of free goods from America to Germany, no discrimination has been made in the new tariff against our tobacco, bacon, fresh apples, cotton-seed oil, typewriters, sewing-machines, machinery, and builders' hardware. In the case of tobacco, the duty has not even been raised. On the other commodities the tariff will be higher than formerly, but in the commercial treaties thus far made by Germany, no concessions have been granted by the empire in regard to these articles. We shall have only Germany itself to compete with in these goods, and there is no American outcry against that. Our tobacco trade, amounting in value to five million dollars, which will not be affected by the new tariff, and our trade in the other commodities, amounting to eight million, which will not be discriminated against, make a total of \$144,000,000 worth of merchandise which must be deducted from the grand total of \$214,000,000 before we can intelligently discuss the menace to our German trade.

With Germany alone, seventy million dollars will cover the loss which a commercial war will cause. He who regards it in itself a big sum, speaking nationally, has a feeble grasp of the astounding proportions of our traffic.

In a former article I have called attention to the remarkable fact that a single day's commerce in America, counting only one handling of goods, is valued at upward of \$60,000,000. Thus our home market, say from Friday morning to Saturday noon, is worth far more to us than all the commodities which a

war with Germany would exclude from that empire in a year.

Another graphic illustration of the comparative paltriness of our exports to Germany (aside from cotton, copper, phosphates, etc., which that nation has no intention to exclude) is presented if we compare our failures with our German trade. Last year the amount involved in American failures exceeded 150 millions. In our pulsating success we were wholly unconscious of the loss. Prosperity credited it to profit and loss and straightway forgot the entry. The record, in fact, is now unknown save to the gloomy statistician. Yet that ignored and inconsequential loss exceeds the value of two years of exports of all the merchandise from America which Germany's new program of international discrimination will affect!

To reach sane and candid conclusion regarding the value of our foreign trade and the respective merits of revision and retaliation in our tariff relations with the nations, it is necessary to grasp the staggering figures of our domestic consumption and prosperity. Last year about five billion dollars' worth of marketed products made the farmers of America so prosperous that an estimated loss of 300 millions caused by predacious insects was too trifling to be the basis of complaint. Yet if our impending war with Germany should be prolonged for twenty years, the loss sustained in those two decades through the exclusion of our breadstuffs from Germany, basing the total on the record for the fiscal year 1904, would be no greater than the cost of the banquet enjoyed every season by the weevil, the grasshopper, and the Hessian fly in the prodigal farm region of America.

The loss, therefore, that the United States would suffer, if the war should be confined to Germany, would be insignificant. The American Beef Trust would be the chief loser. On the other hand, Germany's loss as a result of an American embargo against its

merchandise would be far greater than ours. Aside from raw cotton we export less to Germany than we buy from that empire. It sold us more than 109 million dollars' worth of goods in 1904, most of them consisting of finished products. Moreover, Germany's loss would be distributed among numerous small industries, and would, therefore, be more poignantly felt by the people of that country. Of America's seventy millions loss, sixteen millions would be borne by the Beef Trust, and ten millions by the Standard Oil Company. The striking difference in the character of the commerce of the two countries will be evidenced by the record that we buy four million dollars' worth of toys from the Fatherland. The sleigh-bells of the German Christmas would ring far less merrily if war cost that empire the American market.

Although it is an official, undebatable fact, published monthly by the United States Government, that Germany would lose more than we would in a commercial contest, the popular delusion in America is that we have forced a great traffic upon the German Empire, that war will mean its exclusion, and that the loss will be a staggering blow to our prestige and prosperity as an exporting nation. Even otherwise progressive economists are citing the totals of our exports to Germany, heedless of the fact, very disturbing to most of the current argument on the question, that by far the greater bulk of our merchandise will continue under the new tariff to enter the empire free. Chambers of commerce in many American cities, carried away by the reiterated exaggerations regarding our foreign commerce in general, are basing anxious memorials upon the fallacy that Germany is about to shut the door upon raw materials indispensable to the industrial vitality of that empire!

Inasmuch as Germany would suffer far more than America in a trade war confined to the two nations, it may well

be pondered why that empire is provoking the conflict. Its new tariff, which is substantially a declaration of commercial war upon America, has not been hastily devised. It was not written in caucus. For five years the best statesmanship of the empire, reenforced by two thousand practical trade experts, has been perfecting the revolutionary commercial program. If Germany can break down our tariff barriers, it will undertake to pour its wares upon us and share the incomparable harvest of a field whose traffic, as has been stated in previous articles, is of greater value by fully one hundred per cent. than the imports into all the nations of the earth combined. Failing in that program, Germany, by its sliding tariff, will be able to get from most of the trading nations concessions which the United States, with its inflexible customs system, will be unable to secure.

#### THE QUESTION OF TARIFF REVISION FORCED UPON US

Every argument made hitherto for or against tariff revision is obsolete in the face of the new international issue confronting America. The declamation that has been effective behind our big wall will have no influence upon the world-policy of our aggressive European competitor. We can shut Germany out of the United States, but we cannot shut her out of South America, Oceanica, and Asia. Already, through Danish channels, Germany has secured a strategic trade base in the Caribbean. Our competitor is fortifying its holdings in the Orient, and taking alert advantage of the anti-American movement in the Chinese Empire. In South American capitals Germany has schools, societies, credit agencies, banks, and hundreds of importing firms. Daily papers published in German circulate in South America. It is building South American piers and railways and establishing new steamship routes to Latin-American ports. In our

own Philippines, German cement (at our expense) is laying the foundations of the new civilization which is placing the bulk of its general business in the hands of Europe.

Germany knows the value of the import trade of awakening countries. Germany will supply or secure for these lands the outlet they need for their products, and will carry them in German merchant fleets. In return it will, as stated, secure tariff favors denied to the United States.

It is generally assumed that America is reaching a point in our productive career where foreign markets will be indispensable. If that be true, it is obvious that we must get down to a business basis with our prospective customers. It would be impossible for any country to buy indefinitely from us, unless we afforded, in turn, an outlet for some of its products. There must be cargoes in both directions to give shipping its essential vitality.

Some economists and statesmen are not convinced that we need foreign markets, or that we need them sufficiently to warrant us in opening our tariff doors to our competitors.

At present we consume ninety-eight per cent. of our factory output. Of the pitiable two per cent. that goes abroad, a large proportion consists of copper, kerosene, iron, and steel—products which are not perishable, whose values are not changed by the passing styles, and which America would ultimately consume, if the world did not need them. But that is a circumscribed view to take of our foreign opportunity.

It is true that our actual exports of finished products are absurdly insignificant. Nevertheless, the American delusion that we have secured a great commerce abroad is so firmly established, and it is so generally believed that this mythical trade is partly the foundation of our unprecedented prosperity, that serious derangement of our foreign trade in competitive wares, infinitesimal

as it is, might easily produce industrial depression throughout the United States. In large measure, this fallacy is responsible for the tariff worshiping in America. By the aid of that protecting wall we have been able not only to build up an incredibly vast industrial nation, but we have managed to sally forth with one and one-half billion dollars' worth of cargoes per annum to the far ports of the world. That is the substance of the stand-pat philosophy. Our manifold and prosperous activities behind our tariff barricade are undeniable, but the rest of the picture is overdrawn. For example, our shipments of raw material to Germany to enable that nation to wrest from us the markets of South America does not represent on the part of the United States a high order of international trading.

For many years the United States has ignored the opportunity to dominate the textile trade of the world. The nations last year imported more than 600 million dollars' worth of cotton goods, most of them manufactured from our raw supply, yet America exported less than thirty-four million dollars' worth, the bulk of that going to China. It is not an imaginary mutton that beckons the dog out of the fable of Æsop and the statesman-humorist!

The safeguarding of our present foreign trade does not call for drastic tariff changes. If we were Algonquin Indians and raised cotton and wheat we could sell it. The spectacle of civilized, progressive America, the richest and most ingenious nation the world has known, engaged in carrying raw stuffs to the factories of Europe and calling that unskilled performance a triumph of industrial enterprise is little short of an international farce. It has been a frequent boast that our bulky foreign trade is the result of our protection policy. If the tariff is in reality responsible for the character of our commerce abroad, the statesmanship that tacks on that wall reciprocity notices to

the nations will perform an enduring economic service to America.

Within the past fifty years the commerce of the whole world has grown amazingly. Steam traffic transformed the trade of all modern nations. In this awakening of the earth, America has taken a lead, so far as the exploitation of our own continent is concerned, but our share of international trade, while it has almost kept pace with our boasting, has been largely the outcome of the alertness of other nations in quest of our raw supplies. It has been suction from Europe, rather than propulsion from America, that has carried our incredible tons of material across the Atlantic.

Neither Germany nor a combined Europe against us would ever seriously disturb the bulk of our export trade, so long as we hold a monopoly of needed raw material. There is but one thing that will take our crude materials out of international traffic: we may awaken to our matchless opportunity, ship our raw products to our own mills, and then engage in active competition on a scale worthy of this nation in supplying finished articles to the world.

It is confidently believed in many parts of America that we are already moving in that direction. If so, we shall without research realize the magnitude of the problem which Germany's tariff antagonism has created.

We shall find German reciprocity with other nations blocking our advance in all lands.

The import trade of South America, now amounting in value to nearly half a billion annually, we shall not be able to secure, unless we compete with Germany in making tariff terms to these southern republics. Moreover, it is more than likely that in many instances we shall have to negotiate with Germany itself, as has been indicated above. If America is to become a world-power in commerce as well as in name, we must do something more than patrol our tariff wall.

The following utterance in Berlin,

recently reported to the State Department at Washington, is an interesting disclosure of German apprehension and German purpose in South and Central America:

"Now that Roosevelt has been reelected, a fight for the conquest of South and Central American markets will be continued with redoubled energy by Americans. German interests are first of all injured thereby. Germany has every incentive to energetically defend her present position in the markets of Central and South America. What can we do to ward off the American attack?"

There is some justification for the German alarm, but not much, for America, although it has had the trespass sections of the Monroe doctrine rewritten and posted conspicuously around the hemisphere, has made little organized effort to profit by its overlordship. The River Plate Association, however, just formed, indicates that the United States will not long be blind to the fact that the southern republics are buying more modern manufactures from our rivals than we export to all Europe.

But what we are slowly beginning to perceive, Germany has been keenly conscious of for years. While we have been preaching our political gospel to the powers, thrifty Germany has been taking up the South American collection.

#### THE COMING AMERICAN SPIRIT

Our tariff, which has been regarded as sacred as the jasper walls around Paradise, should not be studied altogether from the inside. The political economy that was gospel a generation ago may not be inerrant to-day. Barges with mules as motive power crawl along the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, yet a valid argument in Congress for the construction of that waterway was that it would afford a speedy means of conveying the decrees of state to the people of Kentucky! In some of our national policies to-day we are handicapped by



our failure to emerge from the point of view of our steamless forefathers.

Finding that in spite of our policy of excluding men from Asia and merchandise from Europe our exports to both continents were increasing, and unmindful of the fact that the bulk of those cargoes represented more the enterprise of our rivals than our own, we imagined that the nations would rejoice over our arrival with finished products. But the annual sight of our fifteen-billion-dollar catalogue of manufactures has startled the nations. All continental Europe, with the exception of little Holland, has been barricaded behind walls in replica of our own. We are in the midst of a trade war with Russia; Switzerland is arrayed against our merchandise; Austria-Hungary, where we had an open door, is following the lead of Germany. In fact, most of Europe, like China, is stirred by anti-American trade sentiment.

Germany has seized a great opportunity. We are the only trading nation that does not see the handwriting on our tariff wall. Germany has forced treaties granting to it commercial advantages over us. Seven of the countries of Europe are already in the reciprocal alliance.

We can continue to show that our railway tracks, if put end to end, would build a track from the earth to the moon, with fifty thousand miles left over for sidings and terminals, but that will not get us foreign trade.

A fact of the greatest importance, and one which may lead to an issue more critical than anything involved in a trade war with Germany, is that in Uncle Sam's dictionary of diplomacy the expression "the most favored nation" has a meaning far different from the construction Europe places upon it. He who would clearly comprehend the intricate problems presented in our contest with Germany, and possibly with a large portion of the world, should give study to this disturbing phrase. In our

trade treaties this expression was defined, but all the countries of the Old World extract, even from the definition, a meaning America refuses to read into the paragraph. A semicolon in Boston led to a great litigation. Three words in international covenants may disturb the peace of continents.

By our interpretation of the favored-nation clause, other nations enjoying trade treaties with us embodying that expression might secure like rates if they gave us the same concession yielded by Germany.

European nations, on the other hand, have held that any tariff favors given by us to one country should be forthwith extended to all "favored nations," without further negotiation.

The radical difference between America's and the Old World's definition of what a "favored nation" is—a divergence of meaning so grave that it is constraining the United States to renounce its treaties with nations who insist upon applying their own interpretation—is about to serve a unique and dangerous purpose in Germany's daring campaign. She is about to apply to us, to our disadvantage, our own definition of the term, and to give Europe the benefit of the larger, or looser, meaning.

The American Government will, it is believed, insist, and with no note of indecision in its diplomacy, that if Germany grants to all of our competitors the concessions it yields to any one of them, it cannot, when it comes to dealing with the United States, employ our more specific method. We are willing that Germany should apply the American system in Europe, or the European system in America. That empire's world-policy, so far as it concerns the United States, must be uniform. If, as is now indicated, Germany attempts to give a double meaning to the favored-nation term, it will, in all probability, before this tariff war is over, receive some instruction in the unequivocal American interpretation of the square deal.

# WHAT THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY DOES FOR TUSKEGEE STUDENTS

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

The question has been asked me: "What do students at Tuskegee read?" It is not difficult to tell what books our students read, because our library at Tuskegee is small, the students have very few books of their own, and the library records show just what books are drawn and what are in demand.

It is somewhat more difficult to say what are the natural tastes and inclinations of our students as regards literature, or to determine the real literary needs of young men and women who have the history and home life that these students have had. It must be remembered that many of these boys and girls come directly from plantations. Many of them have had the most meager education, such as they have been able to pick up in the country school in a term of four or five months a year. Many of them have only the very vaguest notion of what they are going to do when they reach here. Not having known what the companionship of books is, they are overwhelmed when they are first turned loose in a library of 10,000 volumes. It has been our policy to open our shelves to all students and to allow them to wander about at will among the books.

Our students have, moreover, another difficulty not so easy to make clear to men and women who have been reared in the centers of civilization, where books and newspapers have become a part of the common necessities of life. Some of them come from regions into which few newspapers find their way. The knowledge of the world that an ordinary school-

boy absorbs in the schoolroom, on the street, and in the home, they do not have. Hence, books which require some knowledge of the world and its people fail at first to interest students, and are more or less unintelligible to them.

During the long period of childhood the mind of the average American boy is fed on "Mother Goose" stories, then Andersen's "Fairy Tales" or the old Norse and German folk stories, and later the story of King Arthur or the ancient legends of Greece and Rome. During all this period of childhood so important in its influence upon the future man or woman, our Negro children have little literature, and nothing that in any way takes this place except the anecdotes their parents tell them of slave days, or old "conjure" stories in which the superstitions and traditions of the African life are mingled with incidents and memories of plantation days. With such a preparation, it is not strange that students, although they may have learned to read fairly well, find the library at first a strange and unfamiliar world.

This accounts for the fact which our librarian, Mr. Charles W. Wood, has noted, that the students do not care for the ordinary boys' books of adventure and travel. These books presuppose a knowledge of the world, an independence of action, a self-assertiveness that the Negro students do not often possess. The colored boy has few experiences to which these tales appeal, and no aspirations that respond to them. We observe with no little satisfaction, however, that

old classic tales like the King Arthur legends or the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey are markedly popular with our students. These epic tales, large and simple in outline, are easy for them to understand and appreciate. To counteract the influence of bookless homes, it has been the practise of our librarian to get the children of our neighborhood together in a corner of the library Saturday afternoons and tell them fairy stories. He finds that older students seem quite as interested in these tales as the children and often gather on the edge of the circle to listen.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a very popular book, particularly with the young women, who read it for its historic interest. Like so many other books written about Southern life, even those written by Negroes themselves, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is addressed to white readers rather than to colored people.

The Negro race in America has at this time little literature of its own. The aspirations and point of view of the colored people have found expression in the Negro melodies and hymns, and these, I take it, are of permanent and lasting value.

The writings of Paul Laurence Dunbar and Charles W. Chestnut come nearer, perhaps, than any others to a definite expression of the feeling and attitude of the Negroes. This explains why a story like Mr. Chestnut's "The House Behind the Cedars" should have become so popular among the students. Dealing with one of the many problems that grow out of the relation of the races in the South, it interests because it puts in the form of a story some of the experiences and traditions that have been handed down from slavery days.

The "Life of Lincoln" is one of the most popular books in the library. It is, in fact, so popular that although we have three or four copies, it is hard to keep one on the shelves. The students are so fond of it that they carry it away and forget to bring it back. We knew, of

course, when we left the book-shelves open to all the students that some of the books would disappear, but the advantage of the open shelf more than offsets the occasional loss of a book.

One fact worth mentioning, as indicating the purpose with which students come to Tuskegee, is that all books which in any way encourage self-help, thrift, and industry, or books which pretend in any way to give practical advice, are exceedingly popular. There are a number of such books in the library, and I find they are always in demand. Our students are able to buy very few books, but in going through their rooms one finds that the Samuel Smiles self-help series of books, on Duty and Thrift, vie with the Bible in popularity.

I have spoken here mostly of the students who come to us directly from the plantations; they have had most meager advantages. The older students very soon form the habit of reading the daily news, and magazines published by Negroes are in great demand. A good many students read the technical magazines which concern their trades, and when they have time, they read either the classics, books to which their attention has been directed by their teachers, or they read the popular novels which they see advertised in the magazines and newspapers. Our students are ambitious to learn, to become acquainted with the world of civilized men and women, a world from which they have for so long a time been entirely shut out, and our library is an important aid in accomplishing this end.

The most popular books of the quarter were: "The Marrow of Tradition," "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "The Life of Washington," "The Life of Franklin," "Alice in Wonderland," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Paradise Lost." And the appeal of hero-worship and pride of race to the minds of our students is shown by the popularity of biographies of men of achievement in the Negro race.

# CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

Such satisfaction as comes from feeling that perhaps we are better than some of our neighbors has been bestowed upon us this last six months in particularly lavish measure. Following the drastic exposition of what ought not to be in the conduct of municipal affairs, as illustrated by the stories from St. Louis and Minneapolis, and the conscientious effort of Miss Tarbell to record the misdeeds of the parent of all the trusts, and concurrent with the stentorian outcries of Thomas Lawson, has come the discussion of tainted money, the overwhelming tale of Philadelphia's popular rebellion against boss rule and civic corruption, and the eventful and distracting story of the Equitable Life.

A reasonable modesty need not constrain us to admit that, except for the mercy of Heaven in keeping our feet in other paths, we might have been boodlers in St. Louis, or political "yeggmen" in Philadelphia. About the dishonesty of the crimes planned and backed with such determination in those and other cities, there was nothing particularly perplexing or obscure. Men of ordinary capacity for distinguishing right from wrong know offhand that it is felonious for a legislator to sell his vote. In both cities it was not a case of good men making mistakes, but of dishonest men going as wrong as they could, and finally being forcibly driven away from their plunder.

But in some of the business misdemeanors of which we hear so much, the case is not the same. There seems to be in progress a readjustment of morality and conduct to new conditions and new demands. Mr. Rockefeller once ex-

pounded to his Bible class the maxim that it was every man's Christian duty to make all the money he honestly could. Something like that used to be considered every ordinary man's ordinary duty in old times. He was not to bury his talent in a napkin, but to put it out where it would breed. That is well enough when a man has one talent, or two, or five, but when he has a million talents is the same rule to hold? The million-talent men have become so numerous in our time and country that we have had to consider what the consequences will be if they are all to continue to go in as heartily as ever for acquisition and accumulation. The unrestricted compounding of the talents of those who have very much seems to conflict with the reasonable increase of the talents of the rest of us, and so we have made laws against various combinations, and the favoring of the strong in sundry particulars at the cost of the weak. New laws involve new offenses, and it is with these newly invented misdemeanors growing out of laws not yet fully interpreted and not enforced, that names of men still reputable are connected. So Mr. Paul Morton is called a lawbreaker for doing what every railroad man did and thought he had to do at the time, and what, I suppose, most of them are doing still.

The size of transactions seems to make a difference, too. There is a growing sentiment that when a modern capitalist attains to such dimensions that, like Van Amburgh's celebrated boa-constrictor, "he can swallow an elephant as easy as a toad," he ought to put some definite voluntary restriction on his swallowing capacity. He must not swal-

low everything, even though it is in plain sight. If opportunity is too comprehensive he must school himself to neglect some part of it. Now it is revolting to the spirit of the practised accumulator whose heart is in his game to neglect any part of any business opportunity, unless it is a very small one. A good part of the fault with our lately honored fellow citizens who managed the Equitable Society was that they lived somewhat too fully up to an opportunity that gradually grew to be extraordinarily large. None of them admits having done anything unlawful, or has been convinced as yet that he did so. That is the detail about the Equitable matter that is peculiar. The newspapers, as I write, give results of a new investigation every week and roar for more, and talk of suits, prosecutions, indictments, "drastic measures," and Sing Sing. A stranger might be excused for thinking that the Equitable Board must have been recruited from the rogues' gallery. Not so. Its membership could hardly be matched in New York for solvency, respectability, and social and commercial distinction. Not one of the directors seems to have suspected he was a rogue, or does yet. Those who were directly responsible for the proceedings which have excited most censure seem to have believed, and to have been advised, that they were doing nothing unlawful or improper, but were simply taking reasonable advantage of a particularly bountiful opportunity. Most of them, no doubt, were amazed, like Clive, at their own forbearance. But when everything finally came out, these gentlemen were suddenly brought up against a standard of responsibility that was radically different from the one they had been using. They had been acting as friends of Mr. Hyde or Mr. Alexander, holders of the stock that controlled the company, and they had proceeded on the idea that the ownership of the stock carried with it an equitable right to substantial remuneration. Suddenly they were told, and told

with convincing emphasis, that no one had any rights in the company but the policy-holders. They had paid Mr. Hyde \$127,000 in salaries. His stock could lately have been sold for a sum that would bring in an income nearly double that amount, and actually was sold for \$2,500,000, which might easily be made to yield \$127,000 a year. His salaries were not excessive if they represented interest on the value of his stock. There were great abuses in the Equitable. It needed overhauling from top to bottom, and needed it badly. But the men who managed it have got more mud thrown at them than their moral condition warranted. They acted on the assumption that the stock was worth something, and that the ox ought not to be muzzled when he treads out the grain. The courts will probably sustain them in both contentions. None of them will go to Sing Sing or to any place less agreeable than Tuxedo. That any of them can be successfully sued seems very doubtful. But the Society can never again be run as they ran it. A new standard of conduct has been set up for directors of life-insurance companies. The opportunity which is to be offered them in the future is of a much nobler quality than that which they have enjoyed in the past. Heretofore their chance has been a chance to enrich themselves while encouraging economy and saving habits in the policy-holders. Hereafter, it would seem, it is to be a chance to enrich the policy-holders and themselves acquire frugal habits. This is splendid work for rich men who already have enough to live on. Such men have been Equitable directors in the past. Let us hope that the work will be equally attractive to them in the future. *Noblesse oblige* is an old idea; *richesse oblige* is a newer one. Perhaps it has as yet a stronger hold on the popular imagination than on capital, but there are great responses to it from some of the minds that should be most concerned, and there are those who think

it is destined, in our country, to a great development.

Some one who was saying handsome things the other day about the American effort to carry education into the Philippines spoke of those islands as showing "innumerable stages of civilization, from the savagery of the Igorrotes upward." To be sure. But for that matter all countries can show civilization in a good many stages, and even the land familiarly spoken of by Americans in the Philippines as "God's country" can make a reasonably comprehensive showing of them.

And what are the boundaries of civilization as we Americans exhibit it? Who is at the bottom? Who is at the top? Where does Newport belong? Where Boston? Where Chicago? Is it not an interesting—and hazardous—subject for discussion? Is our lowest stage of civilization represented by negroes, Indians, or trust magnates?

I hear of a university professor who seems to be investigating this question of the relative civilization of Americans in something like a systematic fashion. He has been traveling about the country, up and down, far and wide, visiting schools and putting questions to school children. I have only heard one of his questions, which is this: If not yourself, whom would you rather have been? The younger school children, turning this question over in their minds and answering it out of their restricted knowledge and experience, usually answer "Father," "Mother," "Uncle Bill," "Aunt Sally"; nominating some one whom they know. The older scholars, with a wider range of choice, make a different selection, answering: "George Washington," "Mike Murphy," "Theodore Roosevelt," "Lincoln," "Rockefeller," "Carnegie," "General Grant," "William Hearst," or some other character out of history made or making. According to the age at which the scholars show the larger knowledge of the world they live in, and according to the choices

that they make, this investigator rates the standing of the community which they represent. If the scholars of one town show at nine an average of intelligence and mental scope as high as the scholars of another town at eleven, that gives a clue that seems both definite and trustworthy to the relative standing of the two places in intelligence and civilization. When the professor tabulates and discusses the results of his itinerant studies, there should be some interesting reading.

I have heard that the community that stands (or lately stood) highest in his list is Springfield, Massachusetts, and that one cause, out of several, that he found for its high rank was its advantage in being the seat of publication of one of the most civilized newspapers in the United States. Let that paper's faults be what you will, and quarrel with its opinions at your will, there is no doubt that it is intelligent and civilized in a high degree as compared with American newspapers in general. It seems safe to say that in our country, at least, where the relation between the newspapers and the public is so intimate, the status of civilization in any community may be pretty closely estimated by the newspapers of that community. The relation of the total circulation of newspapers of all sorts to the population of a country is in itself a measure of literacy. The quality of the various papers circulated in a given territory and the sizes of their various constituencies are very significant of the status of civilization in such territory. But, of course, newspaper statistics would not tell the whole story, and, of course, there would be widely different interpretations as to the story they did tell.

Newspapers told the story not long ago of an architect who undertook to build a country house for a lady and gentleman. He made elaborate plans at great expenditure of time, but somehow the enterprise fell through. Then he sued his clients for his pay. In the course of

the suit it was alleged, and denied, that the lady client swore at the architect. What that had to do with the merits of the case I don't know, nor whether the fact was established or not, but it was the incident that made the deepest impression on the frivolous mind of the public. Whether a lady ought ever to swear need not here be discussed, but granting that swearing, even in moderation, is an objectionable habit, may it not be conceded that if a lady has contracted that habit, there is a great deal to be said in palliation of the incivility of swearing at an architect?

I would like to know what the general experience of architects is, and whether they will not, as members of a profession, admit that they are usually sworn at, or sworn to, by customers who dare to take that liberty. I do not suggest, of course, that architects merit any special execration. The trouble is not with them but with the calling they follow. Why is it that the horse-dealing trade is in such disrepute that folks generally take it for granted that any unknown man, and most others, will cheat them, if he can, in a horse trade? Horse dealing is a very large and important business, and plenty of honest men are engaged in it. What ails its repute?

The trouble is that horses are such very uncertain wares. Horse buying is as much a lottery as marriage. Nobody knows *all* about any horse. The best any dealer can do is to give his honest opinion of a horse he sells, and that opinion may be wrong in some vital particular, or may be too optimistic, or may be discredited the next day by the irresponsible malignity of the horse in suddenly falling sick, or developing a brand-new defect.

It is a good deal so with architects. They deal with a great troop of uncertainties. They undertake to sell something that does not exist, for a price they cannot specify beforehand, to a customer who has (usually) only a vague idea of what he wants, or what he ought to

pay for it, or when he may reasonably expect to get it. And such ideas as the customer has are not fixed, but vary in their details from day to day. Until the architect has made his plans and the customer has approved them he cannot tell certainly what will satisfy his customer, and until he has made his specifications and got bids on them he cannot tell what the cost will be. He can guess, just as a horse dealer can guess. If his guess turns out a great deal too low, of course the customer swears, if he has that habit; and then comes the work of cutting down the plans to bring them within sight of such a sum as the customer hopes he can raise.

Of course the plans are not ready when promised. It is an architect's necessary privilege to be late with his plans, but only experienced customers allow for that. If the plans ever reach a builder and work is begun, a new set of uncertainties intervene. The builder is an inconstant quantity. It is his necessary privilege to go slower than the customer expects, and to find it necessary to charge for extras not included in the specifications. For all the builder's indispensable uncertainties and delays, as well as for his human delinquencies in the execution of his contract, the customer blames the architect. Add to all the rest that the average customer instinctively denies the right of an architect to have any job on hand but *his* job, and that most customers instinctively consider it a waste of good money to pay for plans which they have ordered but have concluded not to use.

Is it not clear, then, that for a customer to swear at an architect is a reasonable discharge of emotion, and is it not absurd that the allegation that an architect's customer burst gently into such relief should make any figure at all in a lawsuit? It was asserted in the suit I spoke of that the lady in the heat of discussion called the architect "a damned architect." Well, well! Was that all? What do architects expect?

# A WORD FROM THE NEW PUBLISHERS

It seems only just and proper to discuss with those who have supported THE BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE so long the ways and means of making it at least as good a magazine as it has been. To do this properly, you, as a reader and supporter of the periodical, have a right to know the whole story—and from the beginning. Here it is:

A huge publishing house, like the Appletons', with its varied publications—more varied than those of any other publishing house in the world—with its novels, essays, medical books, histories, Spanish literary works, Spanish school books, encyclopedias (three of them), its educational books, its art books, its subscription books, its *éditions de luxe*, and so on—such a house manifestly, in order to complete its universal significance, must have a magazine. That was the starting-point.

ALL this was evident some time ago. But what kind of a magazine? That was not—and frankly *is* not—so evident. It was easy to buy a magazine. There are a lot of them for sale, always. It was only a question of detail to secure one on fair terms, considering all sides of the question. The first difficulty was to secure one that would, in its history and ideals, fit the history and standards of the old Appleton house. That was not so easy. Should it be a ten-cent magazine? Should it be a twenty-five-cent magazine? Should it be a magazine of *belles-lettres*, or should it go into the questions of the hour? Should it deal with timely topics, or never touch upon timeliness? Should it have fiction, and if so, what kind—short, or long, or both? These were just a few of the preliminaries.

It is for the purpose of deciding these questions, and many others like them, that the publishers of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE want your help. Any publisher who thinks that he can make a successful magazine by himself is sadly mistaken. No periodical can meet with success without the assistance of its readers. They pay for it because they want to read it. After them come the advertisers, who pay for the advertisements because they discover that the public is reading it. Let us acknowledge the fact at once, then, that the ideal magazine is one in which the readers help the publishers to shape its policy. We want your assistance, therefore, in helping us to decide what APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE shall be, what it shall stand for, and what shall be put into it, month by month.

IT MAY INTEREST you to know what has been the history of this magazine. The first number was published in January, 1903. It is therefore two and one-half years old. In that time a great deal of money has been spent in making the periodical and in bringing it to the attention of the public. In that time the circulation of the magazine has steadily increased without any break, except, of course, that during the Autumn months of each year more copies have been sold than during the late Spring months. Month by month the circulation of the magazine has materially increased over the corresponding month of the year before. Here, then, is a twenty-five-cent magazine—which, after mature consideration, seemed to us to be the price at which an illustrated periodical owned by the Appleton house should be sold—a magazine which has the advantage of



APPLETON'S  
BOOKLOVERS  
MAGAZINE



PUBLISHED BY  
D-APPLETON & COMPANY  
NEW YORK

*more!*



# CREAM of WHEAT

*A boy's "more"  
at table is a most  
welcome word.*

**Cream of  
Wheat**  
*tempts the ap-  
petite, pleases  
the palate and  
nourishes the  
body.*

*A delightful breakfast  
A dainty luncheon  
A delicious dessert*







*Drawn by Henry Hunt.*

*"From the shadow . . . sprang two men, long brown rifles leveled."*

—Page 324.

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1905

NO. 3

## TWO ARGONAUTS OF MOLA

BY MARY H. PEIXOTTO

THE agent from Naples had lately been recruiting in the wilds of Calabria and even in remote Sicily, filling the ears of the coast fishermen, as well as the goatherds of the mountains, with glowing stories of fortunes to be picked up in cities of the New World.

"And indeed," so reasoned Antonio, "his stories must be true, for have I not seen Americans in Taormina and are not all of them rich? They stay at the best hotels; they buy freely in the shops; they always drive in two-horse carriages and fling soldi to the boys in quantity. If only I had what one of them spends in a season, how happy all of us could be!"

But with these temptations came the thought of his happy life at home—of days spent quietly fishing in the cove; of his wife on the door-step watching the sunset on the Calabrian coast; mornings with Sarebba seated beside him as he mended his nets. And the new land, what was it like? To be sure, the agent said its cities were all palaces and gar-

dens; its fields yielded crops of unheard-of richness; the trees of its orchards sagged with fruit; its mountains teemed with huge treasures of gold and silver—truly a wonderful land, fairer than Sicily ever could be. His little savings would pay his passage and Beppo's, too, for that matter, but the wife and Sarebba must stay at home.

Beppo in no way shared his father's perplexity. To his boyish mind the agent told but half the truth, and he surrounded the lurid tales with an even brighter golden halo of his own. In the end his enthusiasm prevailed and decided the wavering father.

Then came days of anxious waiting—days when the mother deserted her door-step that the gossips might not see her tears as she patched the well-worn shirts and trousers; days when Sarebba knitted a great red shawl to muffle her father's neck in that cold new world; days when Beppo was the envy of every lad in Mola—and silent evening meals with the





*"Watching the sunset on the Calabrian coast."*

thoughts of separation so soon to come. It was a morning in March when Antonio hurriedly kissed his wife good-by and, taking Beppo by the hand, hastened down the village street past the fountain where the gossips, filling their amphoræ, flung words of cheer at them.

Out of the gate the whole wide sweep of the sea lay before them—the blue Ionian Sea that laves the shores of Greece, of Corfu, of Tarentum, and of Syracuse. No confines to the azure vault of heaven, no limit to the horizon, no bar to the breath of Æolus as he softly sighed his parting word upon their

cheeks! How they drank in the air; how buoyant their tread as, with hope now high, they picked their way downward among the asphodels, the aloes, and the hedges of fichidindia! All the Greek within them sprang to life at the touch of this warm springtime. In the cove there below Antonio had always kept his boat, and how often had he lifted his eyes to see his little Beppo, in a bright red shirt, playing under the olive-trees and waving to him.

Half-way down to Giardini, a turn of the road disclosed old Ætna's flanks, dark, forbidding, terminating in her evil



*"Mornings with Sarebba seated beside him as he mended his nets."*



*"His little Beppo, in a bright red shirt, playing under the olive-trees."*

breath, and near them a shepherd playing his Pan's pipes.

"*A rivederci, amico mio,*" Beppo cried. "I'm off to America."

"Well, God speed you and a quick return. Don't forget your pipes."

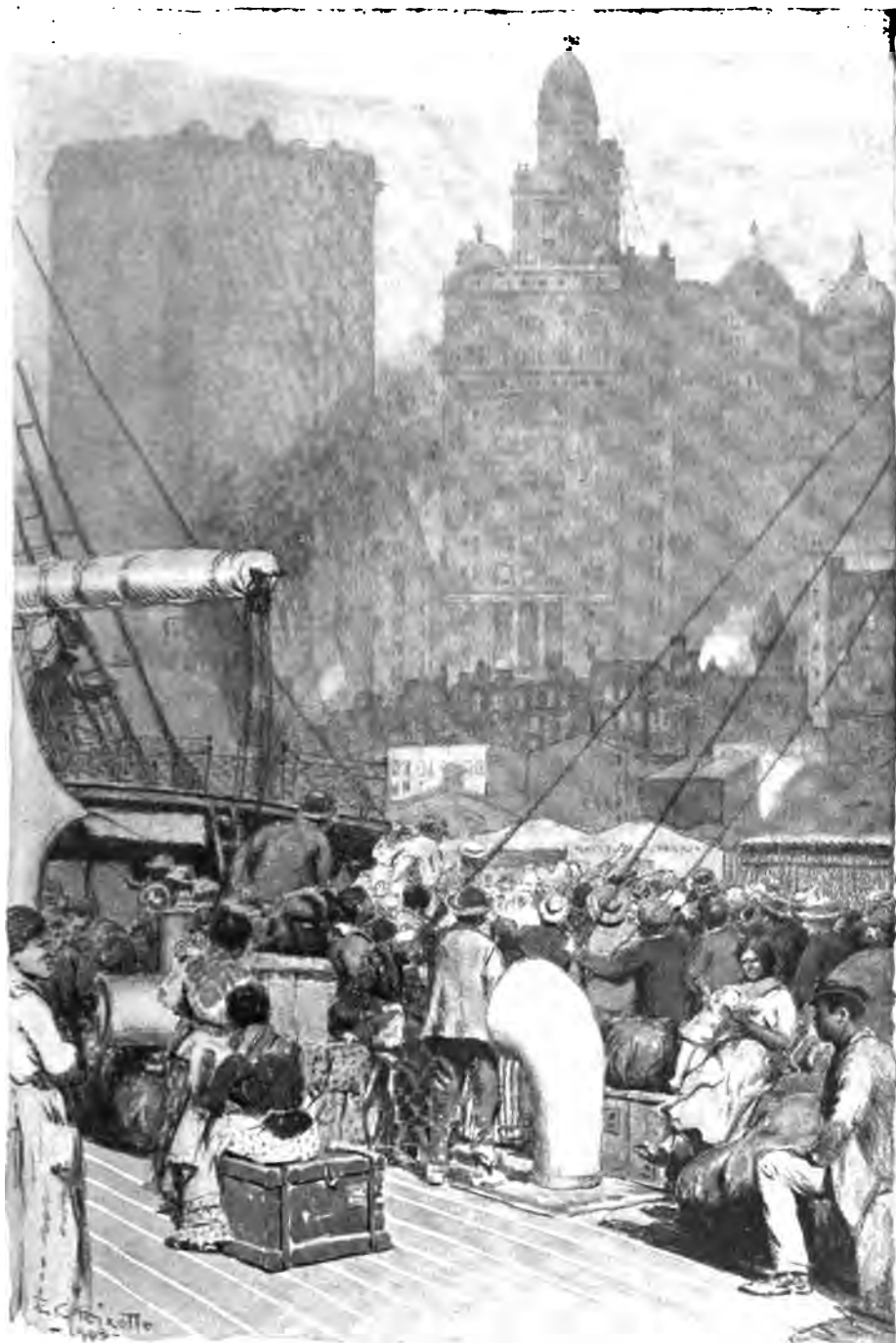
Late that afternoon, the lagging train brought them to Palermo, where two friends piloted them down the crowded Macqueda to the Quattro Canti. Father and son, with bundles under their arms, stood bewildered in this hub of Sicily's proudest city and gaped at the huge marble statues of its four baroque façades, so lifelike did they seem. How the place teemed with life; with crowds of well-dressed men and women; with policemen, with push-cart venders, cabs, and wagons, through all of which men ran crying, "*Giornale,*" "*Mattino.*"

"Surely," thought Beppo, "nowhere could there be more life than here."

Next morning, wandering down the Corso to the Piazza Marina, they stumbled upon an imposing building, with before it a vast crowd of people—poorly dressed, many with legs bound up in thongs, unkempt, with bundles in their arms or carried upon their shoulders—hundreds of them, men, women, and children. What could it be—a fire, a riot? No; for there was no excitement in the throng, but on the contrary a feeling of depression seemed to hang about them. Above their heads, a sign, bearing the Cross of Savoy, soon told the story: fellow steerage-passengers, Argonauts like themselves.

On shipboard Beppo soon made himself a favorite. As became a boy of spirit, he chose for his associates the men of swagger, notably a fellow of perhaps thirty-five, dressed like a doubtful gentleman and looking to the boy's eyes as





*"Gray, gloomy, and forbidding, stunning the senses with their myriad rows of windows."*

though he should have been above on the promenade deck. His overcoat, light in color, was of a well-worn fashion; the red satin tie that illumined his rather dull skin was pierced by a golden horseshoe, and a heavy gold chain crossed his fancy waistcoat. His trousers of glossy texture, striped in black and blue, were of such showy pattern as to determine Beppo when rich to possess just such a pair. Pietro Malga was a handsome fellow

ingly. And later when Beppo drifted into the dance, singing at the top of his voice and shuffling his feet in twinkling delight, so contagious did his music become that the whole ship's steerage joined in the whirl, and the galley as well, brass-buttoned stewards heeling and toeing with white-capped cooks; scullery boys dwarfing themselves to two feet high and clapping their hands while the country lads and black-eyed lasses



*"There, opposite, he read the sign for which he sought."*

withal, a Neapolitan by birth but proud of America as his country of adoption.

Antonio, ever a cautious father, warned his son against such companionship, but the striped trousers still held sway during the entire voyage. When Beppo drew forth his pipes and played "*Al Mare*" or "*Perche, Perche,*" Malga's naturally sweet voice dominated all others, and he would clap the lad upon the shoulder, nodding approv-

bowed and scraped, twirled and whirled in the merry reel of the Tarantella.

On the morning of the fourteenth day land was sighted—a low sandy coast just distinguishable. Over the iron bulwarks a wooded hillside appeared, and Pietro showed them an American flag flying.

As they slowly steamed up the harbor, Beppo, tiptoeing upon a mass of baggage, caught sight of an enormous figure, a giantess of bronze; and on the other



*"Antonio found he peddled best in Wall Street."*



*"He peered through its golden arch."*

side he spied another wonder: a thread held up by other threads, leaping from shore, to shore over huge vessels; and what a mass of boats—tugs and their tows, barges and schooners of unfamiliar rig, ferries puffing and whistling as they passed, crowded to their rails with

passengers; great ships setting out for sea, and smaller ones, all white, with decks on decks of windows, starting up the rivers! Over the *Livorno's* prow slowly rose the city.

"What hills!" thought Beppo; "steeper than the Monte Veneri."

But no, they were not hills; for as the ship approached the shore, low buildings lined the docks, with behind them higher ones, then others higher still, and so in a great crescendo—gray, gloomy, and forbidding, stunning the senses with their myriad rows of windows!

A few hours later a little knot of steerage passengers left the Battery Park and started up Broadway. What a tightening of the heart-strings as they plunged into that awful street! Here were no alleyways lost in a turning or in a flight of steps; no tree-shaded squares in which to catch their breath, but a dark gorge drenched in black shadows.

The Quattro Canti like New York! Those statued house-fronts like these overpowering façades whose cornices reached to the very heaven, shutting out the light of day and throwing the street into a dull and gloomy shadow! And the crowd, pushing, jostling, crushing this stray band of emigrants in their slow progress! Each street-crossing became a problem: to avoid the horses, the wagon-wheels, the clanging cars.

To a burly policeman Antonio, leading the little group of emigrants, showed a bit of paper on which was written the address of the *albergo* in which he was to lodge. The guardian of the law kindly but firmly hustled them all, cackling and frightened, like a parcel of hens, aboard a Broadway car, with instructions to set them down at Third Street.

But now Antonio found that Beppo was not with his party. Crushed in the car, he could only pray that the boy would remember the address. At least he was going to an Italian inn where there would doubtless be a *pergola* and a *giocco di bocce*.

The father with his convoy turned into West Third Street. Dodging the wagons and the packing-cases of the wholesale houses, they reached West Broadway. Here new terrors awaited them. The Elevated thundered above their heads, choking them with escaping steam. Antonio stumbled over an ash-barrel, dis-

turbing a surly dog who greeted him with a growl; but joy fell upon his spirit, for there, opposite, he read the sign for which he sought: *Biasi, Ristorante*.

There, too, he found his Beppo and Pietro Malga in good company over a glass of wine. The boy's black eyes fairly snapped with enthusiasm: "*Quella citta!* What a place of marvels! What adventures in the crowded streets!"

Poor Antonio went to bed that night with a heavy heart. Was this the New York of his dreams? Were these rushing, hurrying crowds of the same race as those idlers at Taormina? And how could a poor fisherman make his way in this aggressive city; how could he, a child of sunshine, keep life alive in these somber shut-in streets?

All through the scorching summer months Antonio with a gang of Italians was ditch-digging for the rapid transit. His wages, enormous compared to his Sicilian earnings, reconciled him to the abhorrence of his task. But the ditch with its perspiring, elbowing mob; the stench of gas from the numerous pipes that threaded the earth like worms; the noise of the steam drills, of the electric cars that sped by none too cautiously; the daily hairbreadth escapes from carts and horses' hoofs, added to the insolence of the Irish boss and the importunities of the labor agitators, were more than he could bear. In September he broke down and lay wretched and ill in a miserable room in Bleeker Street.

All this time Beppo was lively as a lark. With a bootblack's outfit he made five soldi for every pair of shoes he shined. And what pride to his manhood, for only *men* were bootblacks in Sicily!

Washington Square, round the corner, became his haunt. He delighted in its shady trees, its cool avenues, and its teeming summer life. English came quickly to his tongue. He picked up acquaintance with all the boys about, and during slack hours was a leader at "craps" round Garibaldi's statue.

Beppo always had a few greenbacks to

send home to the mother in Sicily, and when Antonio asked how he earned so many at blacking boots, Beppo would answer with a wink, "Oh, Pietro helps me."

About this time a ray of sunshine came to the tired father in the shape of a letter from home—a big square letter written for the untutored wife by the public scribe of Mola and placed within an envelope, sealed on the back, Italian fashion, with the postage-stamp. Its tidings were good tidings and chiefly of Sarebba, who was growing apace and had a lover in the mason, Pietro Selvatico. "But do not mind," it went on; "she shall not marry till you come home." Ah, but it seemed far off, "till you come home"!

When he got out again, it was with the firm determination to be his own boss if possible. For several days he carried hope with him, then tried chance and failed, and finally, though it was a blow to his pride, took some savings and, buying a hawker's cart, began to peddle oranges. At least their bright color recalled the kerchief on Sarebba's head and took him to his native land where golden apples of Hesperides droop over every garden-wall.

Beppo was never to be seen in the evenings, and his father often wondered where he went. When he did catch a sight of his son it was with a pang that he always found him at Malga's coat-tails.

Antonio found he peddled best in Wall Street. He grew to know the messengers and clerks; and he built up quite a trade.

But with November came icy blasts down the narrow streets, drafts sucked in by tall buildings. He put on coat upon coat—all the clothing he possessed—and bound his head in the red scarf that Sarebba had knitted for him; but despite all this his warm Sicilian blood thickened in his veins. He hated to give up, for he was laying by a snug little sum with the thought of Sarebba's wedding.

One morning he was awakened by

the heavy breathing of his roommates. Looking over to their beds where they lay under a pile of coats and trousers, it suddenly occurred to him that this was Christmas morning. Beppo was already gone. No vending in Wall Street that day. A shiver ran over him as he recalled the icy blasts and snow of yesterday, and gathering up the covers round his neck he closed his eyes in comfort for one last late doze. A cloud of incense enveloped him and he heard the droning of the village priest; his wife knelt beside him with Sarebba and Beppo. Before them lay the *presepe*—the Child in a golden glory and the Kings laying their gifts at His feet. Voices pealed in a Christmas hymn, above them Beppo's high and clear.

He waked to find the boy beside him.

"*Padre mio*, this is Natale. I have good news for you. *Vede*, you must go back to Mola. Where you have saved a hundred lire, I have saved a thousand. Look, here is Sarebba's dowry. Go, take it to her with your love. This new world is for us young fellows. You are too cautious; you liked not Malga, yet Malga will make my fortune.

"Listen. He tells me I have a fine voice. He owns the Marionetti in Macdougall Street. For weeks I have been helping him. I recite *Orlando*, *Rinaldo*, *i Paladini*. Now some grand *signori* came down last night to see our show. It was *drolatico*, amusing. They liked it; the *signora* will pay me *cento* dollars for an evening at her house. . . ."

One afternoon in early spring Antonio climbed the hill to Mola. How his heart thumped as he neared the town-gate and peered through its golden arch to see the familiar picture he had dreamed of in his exile: the women and children were gathered round the well, chatting and gossiping and filling their pitchers. With a cry of joy, there on the second step, he recognized his Sarebba, tall, lovely, and graceful, balancing her amphora on her head.

# THE HOLD-UP

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

"YOU are mighty poor company, Bruce. I'll tell you that!"

"I am planning to leave you for a few hours, Jimmy, my child: you will then be more appreciative of my social charms."

"Where are you going?"

Bruce fussed around getting his gun in order, and hummed softly to himself.

"Well, don't tell if you don't want to."

"I do want to tell, James. It is eating into me that I can't do it, but I don't know."

Jim grunted and lit another cigarette.

"Your mother hates to have you smoke those things, Jim, and that's four since breakfast."

"I'm going to tell her that you left me alone and I was driven to smoke. You're a nice uncle for a parent to trust her only son with. You've had a grouch on ever since we started. I bet that girl in Portland turned you down."

Bruce was examining his gun.

"Didn't she, eh?" persisted Jim.

"Well," said Bruce, laying down the gun and proceeding to rummage in the tent, "technically speaking, I think perhaps one might say she did." He brought out a pair of boots and eyed them with disfavor. "You spilled something on these," he asserted.

"What'd you scrap over?" said Jim.

"Oh, something important. Ibsen, I think. Good-by, James. I'll be back by bedtime. You can wash the dishes."

"I think not," said Jim, rolling another cigarette.

Some hours later, Jim having lunched

on the best of the tin stores, and more or less cheered by the fact that he had added his lunch dishes to the unwashed pile, strolled down toward the deserted road through the woods. He had it in mind to go over to Interdale and take a train for most any place, but he decided that it was too far to walk, so he sat and thought upon the heartlessness of Bruce.

"And I fried the pancakes too! That's his gratitude! I'm blamed glad that girl said she couldn't use him." He kicked the log before him, and a little black snake appeared for an instant on the lookout for a safer lodging. Jim brightened to fleeting interest. "Bruce isn't stuck on snakes any," he murmured as he procured a stick. "I'll catch you, little snakelet, and put you to sleep in uncle's shoe. Come, little wayward one!" He knelt and peered and poked. "Come out, I say! I won't hurt you. Think how cunning you'll look in uncle's shoe. Come out of there! Oh, of course! Even the snakes go out of their way to be disobliging. I wish I'd gone to Interdale. What's that, I wonder?" His mournful and disgusted eye had caught a glimpse of motion through the trees. "By Peter! It's a woman! Now did you ever!—walking along as unconcerned as if she owned the timber. I wonder what'd she think if I ambled down and met her. Bruce says I'm afraid of women. Bruce is a liar. Wonder what she would say if I spoke to her—probably tell me it was her busy day. Maybe she'd





*"I bet that girl in Portland turned you down."*

scream and— Geel" Jim had an inspiration. He drew his soft hat low over his eyes. He pulled his sweater up over his chin. He sunk his head down between his shoulders and practised the swagger of the tough young man on the stage. Then he took another reconnaissance. She was coming on with an independent step and apparently quite uninterested in the woods. She had the appearance of a summer boarder strayed into the country too early.

"She'll scare all the easier," soliloquized Jim. "I hope she doesn't faint away. Now she'll be around that bend in about two minutes." He crept cautiously down to the road, elate with the situation, and when the intended victim was a rod away he stepped out into sight and stood motionless. The pedestrian gave a start and her eyes grew big. For the briefest second she hesitated. Then she came on without any perceptible perturbation.



Jim was disgusted. Wasn't it possible for any one to do the proper thing in these wilds? First Bruce, and then the snake, and now this woman! Why didn't she stand still and tremble? The idea of the heroine of a pastoral hold-up stepping calmly up to the highwayman! How was he going to reassure a damsel who didn't appear to know that she needed reassuring? She looked her part so well too. She was appropriately picturesque in a big black hat, and when she held up her gray cloth skirt she displayed silken ruffles and patent-leather boots. She carried her gloves in one hand, and on the other Jim caught the glitter of a diamond. She was very near him, looking quite unmoved by his proximity. Jim cleared his voice and spoke gruffly. "I will trouble you for that ring."

The effect was an instant and gratifying.

"Oh, no, not the ring," she implored. "Take my purse!" She endeavored with nervous haste to loosen the chatelaine that hung at her belt, while Jim, approving of the turn of affairs, stood waiting, his attitude one of courtly ease, his eyes wearing a daredevil, Rupert of Hentzau expression. "I hope to heavens she can't unfasten that chain," he thought. "What could I do with the thing?—aw, thanks!" She was holding the purse at arm's length—the hand with the ring she kept behind her.

Jim dangled the chatelaine carelessly on his finger, as one to whom silver purses were as naught, and planned the next step. "I will not take the ring, since you prize it so highly," he reassured her, with as much of a merry-knight-of-the-Greenwood smile as he could show in the strip between his hat-brim and his sweater. It was his first opportunity to do any reassuring.

"Oh, thank you," she murmured, and would have passed on, but Jim was not minded to lose his diversion; anyway, he could not let her go without her purse. He moved in front of her.

The girl stepped out to go around him.

He found it necessary to make a hasty movement to get in front of her again. She repeated her movement. So did he. "This side-stepping is liable to get undignified after a while," he thought. "Now what would Robin Hood have done under these circumstances?"

"Er—" said James huskily; "I'll take a kiss too."

It was a cool green duskiness where they stood, but the young woman, looking up, startled, could see the blush that overspread all visible portions of the highwayman's face. She ceased her attempt to go by him.

"Very well," she said quietly.

Jim had naturally counted on protests and pleadings. His heroes had always had to be very gallantly persistent and courteously reassuring. He wished they had this girl to deal with. Such prompt acquiescence would disconcert any outlaw. She appeared to be waiting.

"Would you rather give up the ring?" he suggested hopefully.

"No," she said calmly. "I do not mind kissing you. You look like a nice boy."

That was a speech to greet the ears of a desperate knight of the road. James stepped closer with a fierce look and laid a masterful hand on her arm. She looked up at him expectantly.

"Have you any other trinket?" he muttered.

"No, I have nothing more."

"It's up to you, Jimmy," murmured the highwayman to his sinking heart. He tightened his grasp on her arm. He looked sternly down into her eyes, which were the kind one could look a long way into. He looked far enough down to discover something. She was counting on his not daring to do it! That settled it—he bent his tall young head, and touched her cool soft lips.

According to Jimmy's reckoning, it was some time before the surrounding objects became stationary. The girl was standing before him, her eyes down-

cast. His mind still went in circles, refusing to act. The girl stole a look at him.

"How cruel you are," she said. Her voice was very low and trembled. Jimmy felt like a brute. He opened his mouth to reassure her. Here was an opportunity at last, but his mind wouldn't stop whirling long enough to settle on the opening word. The Held-up slanted another glance at him. "Why did you choose to be a highwayman?" she said.

"What would Robin Hood have done?" asked Jimmy weakly of his waltzing brain. He pulled himself together. With a courtly gesture he motioned her to a seat on a log at the edge of the road. She obeyed, still with downcast eyes, and he followed and stood before her.

"I was not brought up to such a life," he began. His voice was low and thrilled with a bitter under cadence. "I remember well the great stone house where my childhood was passed." The listener's attitude betrayed her intense interest, though her eyes were on the pine-needles at her feet. "My father died!" Here he introduced a throaty effect. "There was, it seems, an older brother long supposed to be dead. He returned! He turned me out of my childhood's home." He waited a little, thinking some pitying exclamation would be appropriate, but none came. "You would not think to see me here"—bitterly—"in this guise, that I am an English—"

"Oh, my dear!" she cried. "Not English! Think of your accent!"

"Say," said Jim, after a pause and a chagrined stare, "which of us is telling this story?" Then he grinned slowly in response to her twinkling eyes. "You're the most disrespectful person I ever held up," he said.

She laughed out. She had a delightful laugh, but somehow it implied that she considered Jim very young. She looked very young herself sitting

there with the big black hat in her lap and the scraps of light that got through the trees falling on her ruffled brown hair and smiling face.

"Did you know all the time?" demanded Jim.

"Not until you blushed," she said.

"I think I will kiss you again," said Jim.

"I think you will not," she returned. "Too much kissing is bad for children. Sit down here and tell me the true story."

"There isn't any true story," said the ex-highwayman somewhat sulkily, "only my uncle and I are camping up here in the woods."

"The same uncle?"

"No, another one, and he has been gone the whole day and left me with nothing to do but the dishes. Not but what he might as well be gone. He is no good when he is around."

"But why do you go camping with such an objectionable uncle? I should think even the other one would be preferable."

"He was busy with the estate," said Jim.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, "with such a choice of uncles."

"Well, Bruce is usually a decent enough chap," acknowledged Jim, "but somebody did him a mean turn and he has sort of done the melancholy recluse act since."

The young woman was poking at the pine-needles with her umbrella. It was a little while before she spoke.

"Some man?" she said.

"No," said Jim. "You'll break that, won't you?"

She was digging away at the ground as if she planned getting in a crop of early vegetables. Jim's eye, calculating the resisting power of the blue silk thing, fell on the tortoise-shell handle, on which a name was engraved.

"May I see that?" he said, nodding toward it.

She turned it so that he could see. He bent over to read it—"Eleanor



*"James stepped closer . . . and laid a masterful hand on her arm."*

Roberts." "Eleanor Roberts!" he repeated. "Why! You're the girl!"

She tried to return his look composedly, but she did not make a great success of it.

"And you threw Bruce down for some old duffer!"

She sat up straight and stared indignantly at him.

"What?" she said.

"Well, I asked Bruce what you scrapped about and he said Ibsen!"

She sank back and shook with laughter.

"Forgive me!" she begged the amazed and insulted James. "I— You see the nervous strain of a hold-up——"

"I guess the nervous strain was on the other side," said Jim, relaxing in spite of himself. He stared at her, half angry, half enjoying. "Anyway, I got something out of this," he said.

"The purse? But you gave it back."

"I don't mean the purse." He sat silently looking at her. "I'm not going to tell Bruce that you are here," he said suddenly. "Bruce gets everything."

"Oh, no, please don't tell him," she assented. "I am going to-morrow."

"What did you come for?"

"I like the country in the spring."

"Then why don't you stay?"

"I can't!" She looked sideways at his downcast face. "Shall I help you do the dishes?" she said.

The gleam in Jim's eyes became overcast with suspicion.

"That is," she added, "if we won't be disturbed."

"Oh, we won't be disturbed." He got up and stood looking down at her. "It is quite a ways, and, anyway, you don't look as if you ever ought to work."

"Thank you!" she laughed. "I love to work, and especially do I adore dishes. Just let me fasten my purse since you are sure you don't want it." She smiled and held out her hand. "Come on, my bold highwayman," she said.

"Hallo, Kid, you must have had a change of heart."

Bruce looked at the immaculate camp. The difference was plainly visible despite the fading light.

"No! a change of help," responded the kid. "I can't be expected to keep a place up entirely unaided. But give me a little decent help and——"

"Who has been here?"

"A lady."

"A lady! Who was she? I hope you treated her cordially. Your manner when I left was a trifle reserved."

"I did pretty well," said Jim, with a faint grin.

Bruce was rummaging among the tents. "Where are my shoes?" he demanded.

"They are in the tent," responded Jim. "It is no place for shoes, right along with the bacon." This idea had only been recently acquired.

"Speaking of bacon—" began Bruce. "Well, if it isn't already in the skillet and the coffee in the pot! Now this touches me. Who was the lady?"

"Kill anything?"

Bruce paused in his occupation and gazed severely at his nephew.

"Are you going to tell me who the lady was?" he inquired distinctly.

"I want to tell you, Bruce. It's eating into me that I can't. But for your soul's good, I'm not going to. If we can keep up your interest now for a little while until you get past this period of melancholy, all may yet be well."

But Bruce was picking up something he had stumbled over on the grass. "How'd this umbrella get here?"

"Oh, thunder!" said Jim. "Here, I'll take it."

"No, you won't. You aren't usually so keen about waiting on your old uncle." He took it to the firelight and bent to read the name on the handle.

"Was she here, Jim?" he said.

"Can't you read?" growled Jim.

"Where is she staying?"

"I don't—oh! Atterbury's. But she's leaving to-morrow. Where are you going?"

"To Atterbury's."

"Looking like that? Say, Bruce—" He hesitated as to whether he would tell Bruce that he had kissed her. His smooth cheek flushed. If it would make any impression, he would tell it, but it was borne in upon him convincingly that Bruce wouldn't care a rap. His youth lay heavy upon him.



THE PALACE AND MONUMENT IN THE SAXON GARDENS, WARSAW

## POLAND IN RUSSIA'S HOUR OF TRIAL

By LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

"**W**ARSZAWA," shouted the guard as we steamed into a beautiful white city, splendidly lit by electricity and gridironed closely by tram lines.

"Are all large Russian cities as handsome as this?" I asked my seat companion.

"This is not Russia," he said, "this is Poland."

And there you have the whole matter, after nearly two centuries of the "benevolent assimilation" of Pan-Slavism.

The Government on the Neva may designate "Królestwo Polskie," the old kingdom of Poland, as the Province of the Vistula, and deny that the Poles exist as a national force, but this same Government finds it necessary to keep a garrison of 200,000 troops (Russians and Cossacks) to overawe a city of 800,000 people, and, somehow, the guns of the citadel are turned, not toward the German frontier, the only point from

which a foreign enemy could be expected to come, but toward the streets and shops of the third most populous town of the empire. Approaching Warsaw from the Vistula, one may see where the city has built its defenses—toward the East. Thence came the enemy, the Mongol, the Russian.

If you draw a circle about the entire continent, you will find that the former Polish capital is the geographical center of Europe. It is now one of the busiest, liveliest cities of Europe, and it is destined in the future to become one of the great world-centers of population. The completion of the trans-Siberian railroad brings Asia to the very door of Europe, and Warsaw is that door. The newly constructed line ends at Moscow, but Warsaw is the real western terminus. Moscow, more than half Asiatic, belongs to an eastern, Byzantine civilization. Warsaw is Latin, Occidental, the first



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WARSAW

great European city on the steel arteries of trade that throb between Berlin and Vienna, St. Petersburg and Moscow. Besides being a distributing point for what Asia wants to send to Europe, she is a great manufacturing center. She makes sugar, leather, cotton, wool, iron, gold and silverware, and shoes for the rest of the continent. She sends more than half a million dollars' worth of beet sugar alone every year to America.

The outlying neighbor of Warsaw, Łódź, known as the Polish Manchester, is fast gaining on its English rival. Its thousands of spindles turn out cotton for the world. The boll comes on cars from north of Samarkand—what Americans know as Siberia. Almost all of Łódź's half million people help turn it into useful fabrics for the Czar's empire. The industrial and commercial impulse which has characterized the Russia of the present is, perhaps, nowhere more strikingly evident than in what was the old kingdom of Poland, and particularly in Warsaw, still the capital, the head of the race, as Cracow is the heart. Warsaw helps distribute the overland trade from the East. In her shops, whose clerks speak Polish, Russian, French, and German, and sometimes English, is every variety of product direct from the Orient.

In Warsaw the Pole is at home. He and he alone is the citizen. In society, in life generally, the Russian is nothing. He is bourgeois. The Pole is the aristocrat. In Germany, and, to a degree, in Austria, the Pole belongs to a stage of civilization—political at least—which is inferior. In Russia he is the representative of culture, of the superior race, and even his military master confesses it.

Within the Russian Empire dwells the marrow of the Polish nation, the Polish aristocracy, and that industrious middle class which has become rich. There are ten million Poles pinned to Russia by bayonets, is the way a Warsaw

Pole recently summed up the so-called success of the Russification process.

Suppression of the Polish language, persecution of the Catholic religion, tariff discriminations, and a thousand other persecutions have only made the Pole more patriotic. Poland has long ceased to have a separate political existence, but its people will always remain a distinct, individual, and resistant people. The "Polish question" is ever-present at every European council. The Pole remains one of the most persistent national types in Europe.

How much these Poles have suffered and are suffering day by day! The old royal palace, in front of which the recent massacre of strikers occurred, is weighted down with tragic, agonizing memories. On the great balcony, to the right of where the Russian sentinel now treads day and night, Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last Polish king, looked out upon the square along the Vistula, and saw Marshal Suwarow cut the throats of 30,000 Poles. Here, in 1863, 50,000 Russians camped and made "order" by firing with cannon on men and women who knelt in the snow and sang the national hymn. During my visit to Warsaw some months ago, I tried to enter and look over this palace, but found it so full of Russian soldiers that visiting was exceedingly difficult, even with an official pass. On coming out of the courtyard, I found my way across the square barred. A Russian army corps, including 4,000 Cossacks, and the famous mounted infantry regiment organized by Alexander III, was returning from a review preparatory to leaving for the seat of war in the East. The force of Cossacks looked formidable enough. Each man carried an 18-foot lance, resembling one of the celebrated Cromwellian pikes; a short sword with a wicked, half-Turkish crook to the blade; a long carbine; and the infamous Cossack whip, the most formidable of the four.

The detachment stopped directly in



THE PALACE IN THE PARK LAZIENKI, WARSAW



front of the monument in the palace square, erected to the memory of Zygmunt III by his son, Ladislaus IV. In Zygmunt's reign, the inscription says further, Moscow was captured by the Poles and Prince Ladislaus proclaimed King of Muscovy. All this reminds one that Philaret, the father of the first Romanoff, was carried a prisoner to Poland and kept there for nine years, for refusing to acknowledge Ladislaus as king. I recalled this fact again when I stood in the Red Square, in front of the Kremlin, in Moscow, and read beneath the great group of statuary in its center: "To the memory of the Aristocrat and the Peasant who, in 1613, saved Russia from the Poles."

You cannot emancipate yourself from politics in Poland. It is a country forcibly subjected and you feel it when walking in the streets and in the fashionable hotels. As soon as the language edict was passed, the Poles began to study Polish as never before. This edict the Poles have resisted passively until the Czar has ordered its repeal in Lithuania. Quick to seize their advantage, they have already begun to teach Polish in some of the schools, and the largest railway system—the Vienna, Lódz-Kalish—has, within a few weeks, decided to use only the Polish language in the transaction of business. Persecution has developed the resources of the Pole. The energy which is denied outlet into politics and public life, is devoted to trade, manufacture, science, art, and literature, in all of which the Poles excel.

Though Poles are denied many of the rights accorded to other subjects of the empire, and, as Poles, are not permitted to rise higher than a certain rank in the army, the influence of Polish thought and enterprise is stamped ineffaceably on Russia. In his first book on Siberia, George Kennan praised the Czar for the progress and development he found in the southern part of that vast Asiatic province. He did not then know that most of the civilizing work he saw was

due to the industry and culture of the Polish exiles sent across the Urals in the reign of the Empress Catharine. Poles have everywhere contributed to the advance of Russia. To serve the empire officially in Poland would compromise a Pole's patriotism. But outside of the kingdom many Poles are in high positions. The vice-president of the Manchurian railroad is a Pole. The leading civil and military engineers on the Siberian and Manchurian railroads are Poles. All the directors of the railroad are Poles. The directors of the Russo-Chinese Bank are Poles. Coal for the whole Siberian and Manchurian Railroad is furnished by Poles—who are owners of immense coal-mines near Cheremchowo and about Irkutsk. The chief of motive power of the railroad in Irkutsk is a Pole. The chief of the railroad works in Irkutsk also is a Pole. The Russians call Poland a burden, but it has meant riches and industrial expansion to the empire.

It must be admitted that the Imperial Government is very liberal and progressive in its commercial policy when this is for the benefit of the entire empire. New businesses are often exempted from taxation till they are on their feet, and everything is done to build up the trade possibilities of the empire. And, despite the discriminations against them, up to the breaking out of the war the Poles were thriving commercially. The Poles are increasing faster than the Russians. Towns which thirty years ago had a Russian population of 20,000 and a Polish population of 10,000, now number 50,000 Poles and 30,000 Russians.

A prominent Polish officer who served under Kuropatkin through the campaign of Liao-Yang, and afterward managed to escape to this country, insists that the large proportion of Poles in the far East has been the result simply of the distribution of the different army corps rather than of any special intention on the part of the Imperial Government. The system of the Rus-

sian Government has been to put the Poles in regiments far from their native land, in order that there might be no fear of their participation in any national movement. So they were sent out to the regiments in the provinces beyond Baikal, into Siberia, and Turkestan, and, later, to Manchuria. The Russian officers of Polish nationality having no chance of advancement while in Polish provinces, preferred to be attached to the regiments in Asiatic Russia. About a year ago, when General Rostkowski, a Pole and a Catholic, was appointed by General Kuropatkin as General Intendent of the whole Russian army, he filled many high positions with Poles—five Polish generals were taken prisoners at Port Arthur. The chief of Admiral Alexieff's general staff was Colonel Zyliniski, a Pole. When the war came, only the Asiatic regiments were called, as being the nearest. All these factors contributed to the high figure of fifty-seven per cent. of Poles in the Russian army in Manchuria during the first months of the war.

The attitude of the Poles in the war has in reality been absolutely correct. They have rioted against mobilization. But so have Russians. The Poles have no greater dislike for the war than the Russians themselves, although their industries are hurt more by it. As long as they wear the uniform and belong to the army of the Czar, to whom they have sworn to be faithful, they passively fulfil their duties, but not one of them, even though he may have the opportunity by rank or chance, ever presents any individual ideas which could successfully be put in practise by the army. They only obey orders. A few of them desert, just as the Russians, Kurds, Cossacks, Finns, and Jews do.

The Russian Poles all dream of a resurrected Poland. There is a party among them which favors reconciliation with the Imperial Government and the Russian people, as the only solution of the problem. This faction has a jour-

nalistic organ in St. Petersburg—subsidized, the irreconcilables declare, by the Government. A number still dream of independence. But, for the present, the great mass would probably be contented if governed constitutionally. The Conservatives would be inclined to accept a *modus vivendi* with Russia, on the basis of being given exactly the same treatment as the Russians. The Moderate Liberals desire some degree of autonomy, with the recognition of their language; while the Radicals demand the absolute reestablishment of Poland as an independent state. The Pole is not submissive by nature, like the Russian. He is a democrat and believes thoroughly in representative government. By the terms of the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, which gave Russia her largest share of Poland, the Czar promised to give the Poles a constitution (in place of the one Suwarrow deposited in the Kremlin as "a trophy taken from the enemy"). He did, but when the Poles revolted against the oppression of 1831, it was abolished.

The recent sanguinary riots in Warsaw, in Łódz, and elsewhere through "the kingdom," as Russian Poland is known, are economic and industrial—not political. But they may at any moment become political. The war has wrought untold injury to Poland. As the great working section of an empire, Poland has been almost prostrated not only by the stoppage of trade, but by the loss of the productive labor of her sons who have gone to fight Russia's battles. There are labor riots all over Russia, but they are more serious in Poland.

The labor laws in force in "the kingdom" were devised by Russians to meet the requirements of labor in Russia proper, which are entirely distinct and different from those in Poland. In Russia, strikes constitute a crime, and concerted action on the part of labor against capital is called conspiracy. Labor unions, such as we understand

them here, are compelled in Russia to take the form of illegal secret societies, and these naturally develop revolutionary tendencies that are fostered by the socialistic element in western Europe. In fact, the relations between labor in western Europe and in Poland have become so close that the Polish working classes have determined to submit no longer to what they describe as the intolerable tyranny of Russia's labor laws, which leave them completely at

sciousness. Hence, the Poles are not yet united, although they are rapidly becoming so. In the second place, Russia, having only one foreign war on her hands, and this at the other end of Asia, is not yet sufficiently weakened. If the war were in Europe, with possible complications, it would be different. Moreover, Prussia, partner of Russia in the dismemberment of the Polish republic, would not permit a revolution of the Russian Poles. Austria, also, is massing



THE PLACE CHATEAU ROYAL AND COLUMN OF ZYGMUNT III,  
WARSAW

the mercy of their employers. This is the chief cause of the recent labor riots at Warsaw and in most of the industrial centers of Poland.

Polish patriots here—in the lack of information from Poland—think the present moment is not a fit one for a Polish revolution. In the first place, the whole of the Polish community has not yet been educated up to the point of revolting. Thanks to the demoralizing tendency of the Government schools, there are a number yet without national con-

sciousness. Hence, the Poles are not yet united, although they are rapidly becoming so. In the third place—and this in consequence of their knowing their unpreparedness for a revolt—the desire of the Poles at the present moment is to work, in common with the Russians themselves, for the overthrow of Russian autocracy, under which there is no chance for their national development.

The Poles are not likely to revolt just now. A rebellion of Poland at a time when the Russians themselves are making demands upon the Czar for the

ordinary rights of man would interfere materially with the work of the latter, for, in the event of a Polish uprising, having for its object the tearing away of Russia's Polish provinces, all Russians would, in the name of patriotism, bury party distinctions and unite under the Czar's banner to suppress the rebellion. If the Poles sympathize with the movement in Russia to overthrow the autocracy, it is not because it would be easier for them to wrest their independence from constitutional Russia, but because, under a constitutional Russian administration, it would be easier for them to breathe and live—their shackles would be loosened somewhat. What the Polish patriots want just now is a few years of peace under at least a semi-European government—even though it be such as that under which they live in Prussian Poland—in order to educate all their countrymen up to a national consciousness. Then will the Polish people present the solid front of an enlightened, homogeneous, patriotic race, and Europe will see its value as a buffer state between Teuton and Slav. When complications with the Teutonic powers are threatened, it sends shivers down the back of the war office in St. Petersburg. As Captain Mahan has pointed out, Russia is always menaced on the one flank by Germany, and on the other, 6,000 miles away, by Japan. The reality of danger from the latter is now being pressed home to Russia with terrible force. What if, now or in the near future, the splendid army of the Kaiser should be

set in motion? Poland is the European door to the Russian Empire, and it should be much better for the house if that door were not so willing to be opened. In a Russian-German quarrel, the Pole would be almost sure to benefit.

The chief reason alleged for the dismemberment of Poland by the three adjoining empires was that the ruling classes in those empires feared to have so near them the influence of a national unit so democratic as Poland. Now conditions are changed. The times point to a considerable democratizing of Russia, Germany, and Austria. The three partitioning powers thought to crush out the Polish national sentiment as well as the Polish language. They have signally failed in both attempts. The very democratic influences that the three despotisms sought to avoid by the dismemberment of Poland have after all permeated their peoples from French, British, and American as well as Polish sources. The old object for partitioning Poland is no more. In fact, dismembered Poland presents much more of a problem than independent Poland possibly could, on account of its revolutionary propaganda. The Poles are learning their lesson. They will not raise the White Eagle yet. But they are an indestructible ethnic unit which must be reckoned with, and, in one respect, they are like the Bourbons. They forget nothing. Their day of reckoning will come. The opportunity may find them ready.



# A DIVISION OF SIN

BY HUGH PENDEXTER

"I HOPE she'll git it," lamented Deacon Phlbry, tapping a cream biscuit on the head and gazing gravely at his gray-haired spouse. "Ye see, it's like this. Either Mellie Peevy draws that silk dress, or else we'll all be in the lunatic asylum."

"I know," assented his wife in a weary monotone. She was a small, faded woman, whose forehead was always marked by three querulous wrinkles. "She was in here yesterday and almost prayed she might git the prize. She's gitting awfully tiresome."

"Abigail Bunker had no business," growled the deacon, "to go to her and solicit her money. The Lawd knows she's hard up enough without paying fifty cents for the chance of drawing a black silk dress in any Ladies' Auxiliary fair."

Mrs. Phlbry gave the tea-strainer an impatient flirt and straightened in her chair; for she was one of the mainstays of the auxiliary and now believed she detected something cynical in the tone of her husband. "Well, I dunno where the Sunday-school would git new books, or the Good Templars fixings for their hall, if it wasn't for the auxiliary," she replied a bit sharply. "We git up a fair every year and raise money, not for ourselves, but for others. It don't seem jest right, Elnathan, to throw it in my face because Mellie Peevy wants to be sure of drawing a prize. I'm sure the dress is well worth risking fifty cents for."

"I ain't blaming you none," he mol-

lified, with proper emphasis on the pronoun and finding the cream biscuit especially to his taste. "It ain't that, Sophronia. It's this cussed lust for gold——"

"Elnathan!" admonished his wife, adding another wrinkle to her collection of irritability. "Gold?"

"I mean silk dresses," he apologized meekly. "Heretofore, Mellie Peevy, as decent a widow as ever lived, planning and scrimping, has managed to keep along on Caleb's pension. Then Abigail asks her to take a chance on the silk dress, and she does. Why, she's so worked up over it that she'll be buying lottery tickets next, or trying to pass counterfeit money."

"For land's sakes, hush!" whispered his wife. "Here she comes now."

And the creaking of the screen door in allowing a portly woman of worried demeanor to enter drowned the deacon's groan. "D'ye think, Mrs. Phlbry, Number 21 is a lucky number?" asked the newcomer nervously, unheeding the salutation of welcome and fumbling with the clasp of an ancient reticule. "I almost wish now I'd taken 22."

"The best way," soothed the deacon, "is to be prepared for the worst and not expect to git nothing. Why, I've put money into a dozen of 'em schemes and never drew nothing but a bedquilt. And as I wasn't there when that was drawn they drew it over again and the stage-driver got it."

"Don't ye think I stand any chance?" implored Mrs. Peevy, locking and open-

ing her fat fingers rapidly. "I dreamed last night I was going to git it with 22."

"If you had two tickets you'd stand twice as much of a chance, of course," declared Mrs. Phlbry, whose keen eye never failed to detect any possible advantage that might accrue to the Ladies' Auxiliary. It was her Moloch and to it she was prepared to sacrifice even the deacon himself.

But the deacon viewed it without any sentiment and his blue eyes lighted with apprehension as he hurriedly swallowed his biscuit and declared, "Ye stand jest as much show with one ticket as ye do with a dozen. Them that win, I understand, are them that take it cool and smiling like. No use of worrying and fretting."

"Wal," mused the widow sadly, "I've had a pretty tough time in life and I've never had a black silk. If Caleb had lived it would have been different. But he up and died jest as I was seeing my way clear. Poor soul! if he had lived another year I could have worn one to his funeral. And I know I shall never have one if I don't git this. It seems almost a sin I can't be sure of it. I vum! if I thought 22 would win I'd go and git Abigail to swap."

"The fish pedler's wife took 22," informed Mrs. Phlbry, frowning at the preserves. "Now, I kinder had an idea that 23——"

"But is there any way a person could be sure?" cried the widow, again exploring the limited possibilities of the black bag. "If I was anywhere near sartin I'd change my ticket."

Mrs. Phlbry, whose eyes had glinted with Ladies' Auxiliary avarice as they traversed the lean reticule, now snapped in irritation as she explained: "There ain't no swapping allowed. If you kinder feel in your bones that 23 is to win, why, buy it. Of course, there are them that think 21 is a unlucky number." And her thin lips were pursed dubiously. "Men come of age, you know, when they are twenty-one," she added.

The deacon, who had followed all this with perturbation sinking creases in his generous face, now ran one perplexed hand through his scanty thatch, and coughing apologetically to his wife, said: "There ain't no knowing what number will draw the blamed contraption. Anyway, Mellie, ye can't afford, no more than I can," and he reddened and frowned at his wife's air of surprise, "to invest any more money in that kind of speculation. Ye only git six dollars a month widow's pension and ye mustn't do it."

Mrs. Phlbry fairly corrugated her brow as she listened, and at last, with a little, dry "ahem!" a danger signal, accompanied by a sharp tap of her foot, she refuted this expression roundly; for, in her opinion, everything should be subservient to the coffers of the auxiliary. Divers persons who had bought from one to a dozen chances in some drawing and, at the last moment, had felt an unconquerable desire to take another number were cited, and in each instance, almost, the last number purchased was the prize winner.

"It would almost seem," she concluded, "that your dreaming of Number 23 was a warning to buy it."

"Never knew the Lawd took a hand in lottery games," snorted the deacon.

"It was 22, not 23, I dreamed of," explained Mrs. Peevy anxiously. "And that's gone." And she sighed deeply. "Of course, if you know 23 is going to draw it I'd risk another half dollar."

"If she was sartin she'd be planking down her own money," suggested the deacon, a grim smile illuminating his heavy features, while a kindly light beamed on his small spouse as he remembered her only desire was to increase the total of profits and that she would as quickly beguile an extra fifty cents from him as from the widow.

"Don't put in another penny," he urged, pushing his chair from the table, and then pausing to reach over and appropriate a preserved plum.

Mrs. Phlbry made no reply, but looked her disfavor as Mrs. Peevy's hands quit the reticule to be abjectly folded in her ample lap.

"It seems hard," persisted the widow, as if the drawing had already been accomplished and another had carried off

the city and keeps her supplied with all that kind of truck. But if I was sure that 23 would——"

"Wal, it won't," decided the deacon, standing before the black fireplace and picking his teeth with a pin. "Mellie, I jest know it won't."



*"Does Number 19 seem lucky to you?"*

the prize. "It seems pesky hard that I should live all these years without a black silk. Once I put in ten cents to guess on the number of beans in a bottle, and old Miss Rollins won by three beans. The prize, I remember, was a set of towels, and her son runs a laundry in

"Then I might as well give it up," she sighed, rising to go. "I hoped you two would kind of have an inkling how it was going." And she passed slowly to the door. "Wal, good night, both. If I really thought 23 would——"

"It won't," repeated the deacon firm-

ly, looking at the moon-faced clock to avoid his wife's reproachful stare.

"Then I'll let it be as it is," decided Mrs. Peevy listlessly, walking in dejection to the end of the porch. Then she called back anxiously: "Does Number 19 seem lucky to you?"

"It's been took," cried the deacon, completely drowning his wife's encouraging note, while with one brawny arm he clasped her slim waist and swept her from the floor to hold her a prisoner. "It's been took and it's the unluckiest one of all and won't win nothing," he continued, still restraining his wife and observing her futile endeavors to escape with a huge chuckle.

"Reminds me of when I was young and coltish," he mollified, at last standing her on her feet when there was no possibility of her overtaking the perplexed speculator.

"You oughter be ashamed," she spluttered, smoothing her hair and switching off to the kitchen. But her faded cheeks had stolen a bit of pink, and the deacon knew he was forgiven.

Truth was, Mellie Peevy's hopes of drawing the black silk dress had ruffled the placidity of more than one household. It was the second time she had ever trifled with chance, and the possibilities of the venture loomed vast before her. Ill prepared to dabble in even the Ladies' Auxiliary stock-market, she was tasting in this plunge all the zestful anticipation, accentuated with painful inquietude, of the amateur gambler. It had always been her passion to wear a black silk, and she had been thwarted from a girl up. Some might desire a larger farm, or a new set of buildings, but in the deepest depth of her longings she knew the amiable rustle of a black silk would compensate her for the lack of all else.

So, not only had she aired her fears to the Phlbrys, but had also lingered, swamped with apprehension, in the homes of many another of the members of the auxiliary; until the town began to

discuss the matter seriously and find the chief point of interest in the coming fair to pivot on this one particular prize drawing. And here and there a shrewd housewife, depending on fate to continue ignoring the luckless widow, paid her money and took a number, trusting that she would be the instrument chosen through which the lesson would be taught, providing Providence found it advisable to chasten Caleb Peevy's relict further. Several of the men gravely wagered five-cent cigars in the general store on the result. And when Mrs. Peevy learned of this she gave up hope. She felt that with public expectation so thoroughly against her, its very impetus would preclude success.

But in accepting defeat before it was meted out she bewailed her lot bitterly and retailed her story from house to house. Miss Bunker, the innocent cause of all this agitation, finally examined her own scanty purse and, after sorrowfully shaking her head, called on Mrs. Peevy to restore the fifty cents.

"I've decided," she said wearily, "to give you back your money and take the ticket myself. Folks say I'm to blame for getting you to buy the ticket."

At first Mrs. Peevy's eyes glistened with gladness as she asserted: "It would have been more neighborly in you, Abigail, I'll admit, perhaps, if you hadn't coaxed me to buy. Of course, every half dollar counts to me. If it had been anything else but a black silk I wouldn't have listened. If it had been diamonds, or a—a—a bicycle, I'd have laughed at the idea. Wal, I'll be glad to git my money back. Every one says I can't git the dress. Of course, it ain't exactly fair to take my money, Abbie, when you know I won't win. I vum my money comes hard enough without my frittering it away. I'll git the ticket. Mebbe, you'll be more lucky with it than I've been. If it had been any number but 21 I'd hesitate before taking my money."

"I don't see how any one can tell



ahead what number will draw the dress," remonstrated Miss Bunker testily, now that she saw she must purchase one of the pieces of pasteboard. Then she added desperately: "I knew a man once that had a ticket in something—no, he was going to buy a ticket in something, and changed his mind. And the very ticket he was going to buy won the prize."

"Sha'n't you give up!" gasped Mrs. Peevy, removing her hand from the plaster of Paris kitten and turning on her visitor. "Won!"

Miss Bunker nodded grimly and gingerly held out two quarters between her worn glove tips. "Here's your money," she added icily.

Mrs. Peevy drew down her broad face in pitiable indecision and breathed heavily. "If I only knew," she mumbled, "that that is always the way with tickets one wants to give up, I'd keep it. Do you think it will draw the dress?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mellie! If it does and I hold it the dress will be mine," cried Miss Bunker impatiently, clinking the money defiantly together.

"Of course," sighed the widow, again caressing the kitten, under which Number 21 was concealed, "I can't expect you to take it back on the condition that if it wins it's still mine. I dunno, I'm sure. I jest wish I did know whether it would win or not. Now, Abigail, honestly, do you know of any ticket more likely to win than 21?"

"Land sakes, Mellie, what a question! Of course no one knows. Do you want the money?" demanded Miss Bunker, exasperated over the suspense.

Mrs. Peevy opened and closed her red palm spasmodically for a few seconds, but at last declared, "I—I guess, Abbie, I'll keep the ticket. O dear! I wish I knowed what was best? What do you think is best? But there! if I let it go, it's sure to win. That man you's talking about—was he drawing, or losing a chance to draw a black silk? You

don't know? Wal, let me see. I'll—No, I'll keep the ticket."

"I've done all I can," announced Miss Bunker, as conscience pricked a bit. Then sweeping to the door and looking much relieved, she further compromised with herself by adding: "You can't never say I wasn't ready to do all I could."

"Abbie," Mrs. Peevy cried after her. "You don't mean by that that you know it won't win, do you? I guess I'll take my money! There! she's gone, and it sounded rather nasty. Oh, I wish I did know! I'll go and ask Elder Tomper." And snatching up her shawl she hurried to the elder's house, still believing that somewhere and somehow it could be demonstrated, either yea or nay.

The elder received her kindly and listened to her plaint complacently. Lingerer on the edge of life, possessed of much worldly gear, he was prepared to view his neighbors' petty troubles with a certain broad philosophy that found expression in platitudes and an abundance of good advice.

"It's all vanity, Mellie," he reassured. "Look at me. What do I care for fine feathers? Would I be any happier for 'em?"

"Land sakes, Elder! you can have what you want, and of course you miss the fun of wanting it. Now, I'll never be satisfied on this side of the grave until I can go to church and set beside the Pugley sisters and outrustle all of 'em with a new black silk."

"Wanting things," he continued gently, waving one tremulous, black-veined hand in deprecation, "is jest a habit. Git rid of the habit and you won't want 'em."

"I can't be a Christian Science when it comes to black silks," she expostulated. Then, as she dwelt more fully on his words, she snapped: "And as for not wanting things by jest exercising will power, I guess your son, John, would never have left the trenches before Petersburg alive if my Caleb hadn't be-



*"Whenever they met it plainly accused him."*

lieved he really wanted a drink of water and give it to him. I snum! if I was slaughtered in the trenches and they come to me and asked, 'Mellie, what do you want? Water?' and if I was dying o' thirst and could have only one thing, I'd gasp: 'Bring me a black silk.' But there, I don't suppose you know any more'n the rest of 'em whether I'll draw or not."

"I'll confess, Sister Peevy," said the elder as he hobbled to the gate with her, "I think it sounds lucky. Of course an unlucky number might win, but 21 sounds lucky. If ye want to swap it for the money——"

"No! no!" She shuddered. "You couldn't wear it and that's why it would be your luck to draw it."

Thus it was due largely to Mellie Peevy's ticket and the uncertainty attached thereto that the Ladies' Auxiliary fair was patronized beyond all precedent on the last night. The rumor during the day that she had sold her ticket threatened to reduce the attendance to the minimum. But when she was seen jealously carrying the old reticule to the hall at an early hour the neighbors knew she had not given up the fight, and thirty minutes after her arrival the crowd began to pour in.

The committee cunningly held back the drawing for the last event; but throughout the evening the widow sat bolt upright, oblivious to the program of recitations and vocal numbers, with eyes only for the table of prizes. The large package in brown paper was undoubtedly it, and she studied it hungrily. To think so thin a wrapper could contain so much happiness!

"Will Deacon Phlbry please step forward?" asked one of the committee, and the deacon, surprised and flustered, squeaked his painful way to the small platform, where his new boots caught the rays from two kerosene lamps and discarded them in halos. He was informed, after he had stood motionless for what seemed to him to be several years, that the committee wished him to draw from a hat the lucky number designating the owner of the black silk dress. The first number selected would win. It had been arranged that Elder Tomper was to pass up the hat, filled with numbers, and as he performed his part in the ceremony he looked in Deacon Phlbry's eyes to be miles away; exactly as if the deacon were gazing through the big end of a telescope.

The deacon grasped the head covering mechanically, but as he glanced down his gaze was caught and held by the numerals "21." They seemed to fill the whole hat, to fill the whole hall, and he knew they were too heavy to be lifted. He panted for fresh air as he realized it was time to shake the hat above his head, and instantly the number diminished down to the size of a pin-head—it was being eliminated altogether. The slightest jar would shift it to the bottom.

But, he reasoned dumbly, if it were dexterously slipped under the sweat-band, like that; and the hat shaken, like that; and the free hand raised and dipped into the receptacle, like that, where the ticket invitingly thrust itself forth—like that—it would all be very simple.

Then with a jolt he realized what he had done. The widow was weeping spasmodically and hugging her treasure to her bosom. The people were cheering wildly, as though a verdict of "Not guilty" had been returned, with a public favorite in the dock, and Miss Bunker was snapping her eyes in chagrin. The deacon blindly passed the hat and its burden of forlorn hopes to the elder and staggered down from the platform and out of the hall into the night.

"Well, she got it," gasped Mrs. Phlbry, after running to overtake him. "And we cleared \$186."

From that hour life lost its cheer for the deacon. As the days passed and he became used to associating with his own conscience, he had to give himself credit for committing his first offense almost unconsciously. If he had been familiar with the theory of hypnotism he would have attributed his deception to the widow's hungry, all-compelling eyes. But knowing naught of this he puzzled his wife by murmuring in the dark hours of slumber-time, "And to think cussedness should crop out in me so late in life!" He had sold himself for one black silk dress pattern. He had deliberately betrayed his trust because the hat had a sweat-band.

At last he decided he must confess to some one—not to his wife—but to some one who had known him and his wholesome life from youth up. He would tell all to Elder Tomper, his senior in years, his friend for more than half a century. It was hard, cruelly hard, and once the disjointed recital was completed the deacon hung his head and kept his kindly, honest eyes glued to the carpet.

"If she hadn't pestered me so!" he groaned in self-defense. "I got so I dreamed of her drawing that measly dress. When I was working in the hay-field the very swish of my scythe was a rustle from that pattern. It'll break her heart if she learns she didn't draw it fair. It's religion to her. I'd rather

buy every woman in a town a gown. But what can I do without eternally disgracing myself?"

The elder cleared a curious sob from his throat and made a queer noise in his venerable beard. Then in a soft, hushed voice, he belittled the fraud and explained it as an all-conquering impulse, something done in a dream—maybe he was actually in a dream—there were such things as waking dreams—and concluded by cautioning secrecy. "It won't do no good to let any one know how you—you——"

"Fell?" suggested the deacon, miserable in spirit.

"Not exactly that," denied the elder, knitting his brows; "for you weren't tempted. Can't fall unless ye're tempted. I guess it was a little of the old Adam in ye that has been waiting for years and years to peep out, and on that night, for the first time, found ye napping. However, don't say nothing to nobody."

As this was in accord with the deacon's inclination, despite the twinge of conscience, he left his friend with the load slightly lifted from his heart. It was not fully removed, but it seemed as if the elder were boosting on one side and easing him of its weight a bit. Jethuel Tomper was usually correct, and even the minister was glad to often follow his advice. Yet as the summer melted into the glories of autumn and as the deacon occasionally met Mrs. Peevy, rustling triumphantly in the black silk, he sorrowed and wondered how he ever came to do it. The dress itself was a perpetual menace to his peace of mind. Wherever they met it plainly accused him, and each rustle loudly proclaimed: "He-cheat-ed-for-a-wid-ow-He-cheat-ed—" He refrained from attending church whenever he could find an excuse.

It was not until two months after Elder Tomper died, when the decedent's son had returned from abroad, that the will was opened and read. Dea-

con Phlbry was designated as executor; but it was two codicils that created the comment—for their provisions were unusual even in unique charity. Codicil one, dated the day after the auxiliary fair, provided:

I herewith instruct my executor to set aside from my estate such a sum as will provide yearly, for a period of ten years, an income that will be sufficient to purchase one black silk dress pattern, said pattern to be the property of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the said auxiliary to offer aforesaid pattern as a prize by such methods as may be deemed best by said auxiliary's committee in holding its yearly fair.

But codicil two caused even a greater ripple of pleasant speculation, for this read:

I hereby change codicil one of my last will and testament so as to read that the term of the black silk dress trust fund shall terminate on the death of my executor, Elnathan Phlbry, and shall be sufficient to provide only one-half of a black silk dress pattern, on condition that my said executor shall provide for the other half. If he should refuse to provide for one-half of said pattern, codicil one is hereby revoked.

"And here is a letter for you, Deacon Phlbry, found in the decedent's effects and marked 'Personal,'" said the lawyer, passing over a missive.

The deacon opened it jealously, and found scrawled therein:

DEAR ELNATHAN: That woman drove me crazy, too. I prepared the tickets for the hat and slipped in fifteen extra ones, numbered 21. After you called on me and told me all, I drew up codicil two, as I thought you would want to divide the sin. It will cost us about ten dollars per year, each.

JETHUEL.

"I shall be pleased to carry out the provisions of codicil two," observed the deacon, with a great sigh of relief.

As he walked home he met the black silk, rustling louder than ever, but no accusation emanated from its folds.

# THE FLIGHT OF THE RIVER BELLE

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

FOR a mile and a half along the St. Louis River front steamboats overlapped one another like the scales of a fish. Jet-black columns of pitch-pine smoke from a forest of twin chimneys rose into a canopy which obscured the sun. The rattle of drays over the cobblestones, the rumble of trucks on the wharves, the bawling of mates, the singing of the black roustabouts, the altercations of jostling hack drivers, the cries of newsboys and bootblacks—these combined into an inferno of noise which fairly stunned the ear.

The *River Belle* was one of the big side-wheeler queens of the Mississippi. After repeated warnings from the brass bell on her forward hurricane deck, to quicken tardy passengers and shorten protracted farewells, she threw off her moorings, cautiously disengaged herself from the tangle of boats, backed out into midstream in a graceful curve of foaming water, reversed her engines with an ostentatious jangle of bells, and straightened down the river. From stern to stern there was a vast fluttering of handkerchiefs along the starboard railings of the hurricane and boiler decks; glasses were leveled for a last glimpse of friends on shore; a few tears were shed. The voyage to New Orleans had begun.

Then, and not till then, did a handsome young man in immaculate linen and faultless broadcloth, with a freshly lighted cigar in his mouth, emerge from his room in the texas, quietly ascend the pilot-house companionway, and take the wheel from his "cub." For this was in

the golden age of steamboating on the Mississippi, when a "kid-glove" pilot received three or four hundred dollars a month, and exercised a power as despotic as that of a sultan of Morocco.

Bushrod MacGowan was not only a "kid-glove," but he stood at the head of his class. Cool, apparently without nerves, he had never had an accident, although acknowledged as the most daring pilot on the river. Where other pilots—and good ones too—tied up for the night, in low water, "Bush" would plow serenely along in the dark, chatting with any visitor who drifted into the pilot-house, or reciting "Paradise Lost," if alone, while with an easy quarter-turn of the wheel now and then he safely directed the throbbing vessel, mile after mile, between the manifold foes which lurked in wait for her beneath the turbid waters. Thus on the *River Belle*, where he had now had a berth for a year, it had come to be a legend, from cabin-boy to captain, that he could cross a bar on a streak of dampness, or shut his eyes and shave the snails from a hidden snag.

The *River Belle* had been the scene of a number of dramas, both tragic and romantic; and her present trip bid fair to add to her record, though as yet only two on board were in the secret. Two years before, MacGowan had accepted the wheel of the *Bessie P.*, a vessel second in size and elegance only to the *River Belle*. Bessie Powell, the captain's motherless daughter, had given her name to the boat; and, as she spent

much of her time aboard, it happened, quite naturally, that she one day gave her heart to her namesake's matchless pilot.

For some months the course of this true love ran smooth; then one day the irascible Meshach Powell and his haughty pilot had a quarrel. The latter instantly resigned and accepted a position on the *River Belle*, the hated rival of the *Bessie P.* Captain Powell swore a mighty oath, shut his daughter up in a convent in St. Louis, ostensibly to finish her education, and forbade her ever again to mention the name of Bushrod MacGowan. Possibly the high-spirited girl never did mention her lover's full name again; but it is certain that she wrote him letters, and regularly received, in the convent parlor, a very dear cousin of hers whose visits curiously coincided with the round trips of the *River Belle*. Thus matters went for a year, until MacGowan tired of making love incognito watched by a Sister Marian or a Sister Dolorosa; and on this last trip he had brought matters to a crisis.

As soon as the boat was under way Captain Hogg entered the pilot-house. MacGowan ordered his cub to the texas for a pitcher of lemonade.

"Well, did your nerve hold out?" at once asked the grizzled veteran.

"It did. She agreed yesterday that we might as well be married now as ever. So—" He paused as a clumsy ferry-boat paddled out from shore, evidently with the impudent intention of running across the bow of the *River Belle*; then, reaching for the whistle-rope, he blew a deep, warning blast which awoke melodious echoes from shore to shore. "So she left the convent this morning, on receipt of a telegram announcing the serious illness of her aunt in Sainte Genevieve. If nothing has gone wrong, she will be waiting for us at Catlin's Landing to-night."

"The little darling!" exclaimed Captain Joe. "And where will you be spliced?"

"Right here on the *Belle*, if you have no objections."

"Objections!" snorted the other. "I wouldn't let you be married anywhere else. Where'll you pick up your preacher?"

"At McConnellsville. An old school-mate of mine."

The old man chuckled in anticipatory delight over the discomfiture of his ancient enemy.

"Bush, you've got more nerve than a bunch of bull pups. It isn't every young fellow that would defy that hawk-billed, fire-eating old pirate which an inscrutable Providence called to be that sweet girl's father. When he hears what you've done, his red whiskers will smoke. I'd give one of the *Belle's* wheels, in the middle of a busy season, to be the man to break the news to him. But look out that he don't shoot you, boy!" he added more seriously.

The big side-wheeler swept majestically down the muddy stream, past Jefferson Barracks, with its flags and cannon; past picturesque bluffs, one of which was crowned with the white, steamboat-like mansion of Captain Powell; past wooded islands, desolate banks of clay, lush fields of corn, solemn forests, limitless stretches of swamp, and bayous which had once been channels of the fickle river. Wood-yards, which fed the furnaces of the great fleet of steamboats that then plied the Mississippi, were scattered thickly along the banks. Now and then there hove into view a lonely little landing, with a tumble-down shack for a warehouse, and a knot of lank, clay-colored, slouch-hatted natives, gathered to see the boat go by. At rarer intervals came the towns at which the *River Belle* thought it not beneath her dignity to land.

The usual number of venturesome passengers gradually edged into the pilot-house, in spite of the fact that they violated a United States law hanging in plain sight on the wall. With fascinated admiration, they watched the operation

of the bell-pulls which controlled the great engines below; the rope which turned loose a sonorous, far-reaching blast; and the wheel which the big boat obeyed as humbly as an ox obeys its goad. Yet the real center of interest was the pilot himself, the man to whose skill and courage they had entrusted their lives, and who knew the twelve hundred miles of river between St. Louis and New Orleans better than most men know their back yards—both up and down, by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, and no light, in high water, low water, and all waters between.

MacGowan was known as a sociable pilot, but to-day not even the comeliest of the young women could attract his eye or draw from him more than monosyllabic replies. His personal affairs filled his mind; and, in addition, the river was very low, requiring the closest attention. He read it as a man reads a book. A snag whose top just showed above the water, and which, probably, not another soul aboard the boat saw, told him that he would find only seven feet of water at the Yellow Jacket crossing, twenty miles below. He stored that fact in his memory, alongside the other fact that his boat was drawing, with her present load, six feet aft and six and one-half forward. The submerged roots of an old cottonwood told him that he could still safely cross the bar at Ackley's and save half a mile, *provided* he could strike and follow a depression in the bar so narrow as to allow him a margin of only about five feet on either side for miscalculation. Ordinarily, such a risk would not be justifiable; to-day he would take it, for he would have to tie up at dark; and to reach Catlin's Landing and his sweetheart before that time it would be necessary to pare off every possible rod.

Now he held the flagstaff on the whitened skeleton of a sycamore until his prow was within thirty feet of a line of pretty, sparkling ripples; then he jammed down the wheel with all his

strength, standing upon the spokes. The boat reeled like a drunken man, came slowly about, and the larboard wheel missed the ripples by two feet. Doubtless the young men in the pilot-house thought he was "showing off" for the benefit of the girls. But beneath those innocent-looking ripples, dancing like fairies in the sunlight, lay a bluff reef whose hungry maw would have crunched the hull of the *River Belle* as a dog crunches a bone. Yet had MacGowan turned fifteen seconds sooner, he would have shelved his boat upon a bar, where she would have stuck as helpless as a turtle on its back.

At the next crossing, however, he plowed straight through just such a line of ripples and came to no harm. How did he tell that the last was only a wind-reef? Because he knew the river. And even if he had not known the river, he could have told a false reef from a true one, although he could not have explained the difference to his mystified cub. It was a matter of instinct.

In spite of his care, however, it was nearly nine o'clock of a muggy, starless night before the *Belle* reached Catlin's. The boat should have tied up an hour before, for in this part of the river, in the present stage of water, navigation after dark was an exceedingly ticklish operation. MacGowan, therefore, though his watch expired at eight o'clock, was still at the wheel—because the hazardous run was being made in his interest, he explained to the other pilot, to save his feelings, but in reality because Captain Hogg would not have felt easy with anybody else at the wheel.

Catlin's was a landing seldom favored by the presence of a big boat like the *River Belle*. In the pitchy darkness there was nothing to mark its location except a blurred point of light, exactly like scores of others which they had passed, shining faintly from farmhouse windows, and which an untrained eye could not have determined to be on the bank or a mile back of it. Therefore,

when the boat, without whistle or bell, began to come about, for no apparent reason, and headed straight for the opaque bank, there was a ripple of excitement among the passengers. Even "Baldy" Lane, the first mate, stepped to the railing of the boiler deck and peered curiously into the darkness.

About the same time, however, Captain Hogg appeared on the forecastle below, woke half a dozen black roustabouts with a few well-directed kicks, and ordered them to make ready to lower the stageplank. Then bells clanged sharply in the engine-room; the jarring of the engines ceased; the great side-wheels stopped their thunderous churning, and the floating city drifted smoothly and noiselessly toward the yellow will-o'-the-wisp on the bank—but without the aid of which Bush MacGowan could have found the landing quite as easily. For a moment there was no sound but the lonely lapping of the water on the shore. Then the bells clanged again; the wheels slowly reversed until the boat's headway was checked; Captain Joe sprang upon the stageplank, ran out to the end of it with a lantern, and bawled out, "Lower away, all!" Amid the creak of pulleys the great plank was swiftly dropped.

A deck-hand applied a match to the bundle of inflammable pitch-pine slivers in the torch-basket; a yellow flame shot up with a crackle; and into the circle of light thus formed the passengers saw a slender, girlish figure, clad in a light summer coat, advance with a quick, firm step, grasping her skirts with one hand and a small leather bag with the other. She relinquished the latter, with a faint smile, to the captain's extended hand; and then, though the stage was already dragging and bumping over the rough bank, and several hundred pairs of curious eyes were focused on her, she passed down to the forecastle, with a foot as sure as a sailor's.

Following the captain, with daintily drawn skirts, she picked her way through

the barrels of oil and sleeping roustabouts, mounted the steep companionway to the boiler deck without touching the hand-rail—a feat performed by few women—slipped with modestly averted eyes through the gaping crowd, and passed on up a second companionway, steeper and narrower than the first, to the captain's cozy quarters in the forward end of the texas. The room was just beneath the pilot-house, and as she entered she lifted her dark eyes for one fleeting glance upward; but in the gloom even the great wheel was almost invisible, and the man behind it entirely so.

"He's there, all right!" observed the captain, who seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, as he dragged forward an easy chair. He could see now that she was pale, and as she slipped out of her pretty coat she looked so femininely delicate that the old bachelor's heart was touched. "Those are his feet that you hear. They are not a yard and a half from your head. And they'll be still closer, I reckon, ten seconds after we tie up at Heronville. I'd let him come down now, but you know we can't spare Bush on a dark night, in low water. This will be your room to-night, Miss Bessie. You needn't object. Those are my orders, and orders must be obeyed. I suppose you've had supper."

"No," said she hesitatingly. "But I don't care for any. I thought the *Belle* would surely get here by six o'clock—that's what Bushrod said—so I left Yancy at four. It's an hour and a half's drive. But I had some apples in my bag, and——"

"Apples!" cried the captain. "For supper! Hog feed, my child, hog feed. No wonder you are pale. What you need is a cup of coffee and a fried chicken, and you shall have them, by Jupiter! Just allow old Kink twenty minutes for the job."

Left alone, Bessie turned the key in the door, removed her hat, extracted a comb and brush from her bag, and let her hair tumble in a thick, dark mass



down her back. After completing a hasty toilet—but not forgetting to anoint her lips with a drop of the perfume which Bush had once brought her—she drew from her bosom a letter which she had received that morning, just before leaving the convent. It was from her father, and she read it for the third or fourth time with fast-falling tears.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she murmured. "I am so sorry, I am so sorry! But I cannot give him up, even for you!"

Her eyes were still brimming when Bushrod, having landed the *Belle* at Heronville, entered.

"Crying, dear!" he exclaimed, stroking her hair and touching her lips, once, twice, thrice, slowly, lovingly, almost reverently, with his own.

"Yes," she confessed, with a satisfied little sigh, laying her head upon his shoulder—a hard, muscular shoulder, peculiarly developed by his work at the wheel. "It has been such a long, hard day for me, and I am so tired. And I have just been reading a letter that I got from papa this morning."

"Poor little girl! Did you have any trouble in getting away?"

"No. But, dearie, I don't believe I'm a good liar. I think Sister Marian suspected something. I saw her in close conversation with Father Oates before I left. Then, when I got to Yancy, the station agent told me that the *River Belle* had never been known to stop at Catlin's, and in his opinion never would. I couldn't tell him why I knew that she would. The man who drove me over also declared that she wouldn't stop; and couldn't if she wanted to, on account of the low water. So I began to worry about that, although I knew, darling, that you knew the river better than he—or any one else," she added, with a touch of pride.

"Then, when the boat didn't come at six o'clock, as you said it would, and it began to get dark, the man was positive that she had tied up for the night, and kept urging me to go back to Yancy. I

fairly had to beg to make him stay, although I began to fear, by that time, that he was right, for I know how low the river is. And so three dreary hours passed, with no sound but the frogs, and his incessant chewing and spitting. Bush," she interpolated, with a mischievous laugh, "I think that man must have chewed up a whole plug of tobacco while we waited—he was so nervous. Then, at last, just as he was declaring that he wouldn't wait a minute longer, the *Belle* rounded the bend. I knew her in an instant, and my heart began to throb. 'Yes, that's her,' said he sourly. 'But she'll never stop.' And when she had swept down the stream until nearly opposite us, looking so grand with all her lights, but without whistling or showing a sign of stopping, he added crossly: 'There, blast it, young leddy, I done told you so!' My heart was in my throat. I feared that you had run by the place in the darkness; and then—oh, darling—I thought you might have *forgotten*! But just then the boat began to turn in a great, beautiful curve; and I jumped up and clapped my hands and cried, 'God bless dear old Bush!' Honey, I don't know what he thought of me!"

"Crazy, probably," said he, smiling into her bright, lovelit eye and brushing her brow with his lips. "But we don't care."

He did not tell her that Father Oates was a passenger on the *Belle*—a fact which had roused his suspicions at supper, when he first saw the priest. But when a darky in an immaculate white apron entered the room, with a folding table under his arm, followed by another immaculate darky, with a tray which emitted a most appetizing odor, MacGowan excused himself with the intention of looking up Captain Hogg. That gentleman had just mounted the companionway, and evidently in haste, for he was breathing audibly.

"Yes, he's a spy!" burst out the old man, scarcely waiting for MacGowan to finish. "He went ashore with his car-

petbag as soon as we tied up. He had paid his fare to Cairo, and that made me still more suspicious. So I put Eddy Kerslake on his trail. Eddy has just got back and reports that the first place the priest struck out for was the telegraph office. Now, if I'm a prophet, that means that the *Bessie P.*, who is somewhere on the Ohio, will make the quickest trip of her life to Cairo, and try to intercept us between here and there. If she does, it means a fight. My boy, I'd advise you to take the lass ashore and have the knot tied right here in Heronville, to-night."

Bushrod shook his head. "I can't do it. I can't get a license to-night. Besides, even if the priest succeeds in reaching Captain Powell by wire, I think we can beat the *Bessie P.* to Cairo."

The *River Belle* cast off her moorings at the first gray light of dawn, almost as soon as the birds were awake, and Bush MacGowan had been at the wheel two hours when Bessie Powell first opened her eyes in Captain Hogg's capacious berth, and for a moment wondered where she was. But the navigation was slow and vexatious owing to the numerous soundings required, and it was nearly two o'clock when they swung into Cairo—after making sure that the *Bessie P.* was not among the fleet of boats at the wharves. The freight here was always heavy; and though the streaming roustabouts worked like beavers under the mate's Gatling-gun fire of profanity, it was four o'clock before the last cask was aboard and the lines thrown off. As the boat straightened down the river, Captain Hogg heaved a sigh of relief. But the next instant he was flying up the pilot-house companionway, three steps at a time.

"Bush! Your glasses! Look!"

Both MacGowan and his sweetheart faced in the direction of the captain's pointing finger. Up the Ohio, perhaps two miles away, was a steamboat, at that distance apparently standing still.

But her tremendous speed was made clear to the gazers' practised eyes by the vast cloud of smoke which hung above her and the height of the snowy wave in front of her prow.

"No need of a glass, Captain Hogg," said Miss Powell. "That's the *Bessie P.*" But in spite of her steady voice she drew closer to her lover and laid a hand upon his arm. MacGowan's lips set in lines she had never seen there before—lines which half frightened her.

"She's coming like a tornado," observed the captain. "But by the time she gets out of Cairo——"

"She'll never land at Cairo," cut in MacGowan. "Captain Powell is out for bigger game. I don't suppose he has picked up a pound of freight or a passenger since he got that priest's message. We are in for a race. The *Bessie P.* is light and we are heavy; but if she beats us it will be the first time in her life—begging Bessie's pardon here." He turned and put his lips to the speaking-tube. "Give us a full head of steam, Billy, and the quicker the better," said he, in a low voice.

The engineer, who was in the secret, was not slow to respond. Almost instantly an inky, funnel-shaped cloud of smoke leaped from each tall chimney; the slight shuddering motion communicated by the engines to the upper works became more pronounced until, in a short time, the fringe of prisms around the pilot-house lamp began to tinkle. From behind the swiftly turning wheels shot out a yeasty, hissing, turbulent current, swifter than a mill-tail, and discolored with sand and mud in the shallow places. From either side of the cutwater a crested breaker trailed obliquely away until, far behind, it set an occasional solitary skiff or scow to bobbing like a cork, and finally dashed itself to pieces on the shore.

For an hour the *River Belle* bowled downstream at a magnificent speed, but one which made Captain Hogg shiver as he thought of the snags, bars, and reefs

which, at that stage of water, must have all but grazed the keel. The passengers, sniffing a race in spite of official efforts to keep the secret, were gathering on the hurricane deck in increasing numbers, talking excitedly, and gazing up the river. The only sign now of the pursuing vessel, owing to the crooked course of the stream, was a distant cloud of smoke. Yet that cloud was steadily drawing nearer, as at least three people on the *River Belle* were painfully aware.

"Passenger for Kelso's," announced the second clerk, thrusting his head in the pilot-house with a grin. He foresaw the effect of his words.

"Damn Kelso's!" roared Captain Hogg, with a face like a thunder-cloud.

"Beg pardon, Miss Bessie! But I wouldn't stop at Kelso's now for the President of the United States. I'll stand a damage suit first. Go explain the situation to the man, and if he has the sporting blood of a white rabbit he won't ask us to stop."

The passenger for Kelso's—a fat whisky drummer, in a silk hat—burst into the pilot-house a moment later. He may have lacked sporting blood, but he certainly had an abundance of another kind, and for a moment he and the captain had it hot and heavy.

"Will you go ashore in a rowboat, with a nigger?" finally asked Captain Hogg, as a compromise.

"Certainly I will," answered the other, with unexpected amiability. "There's nothin' short about me. I don't want to break up this match. I just got to get off at Kelso's—that's all."

A boat was lowered. Just above Kelso's the *Belle's* wheels slowed a little, so that the wash might not swamp the smaller craft, and a few seconds later the erstwhile irate passenger was gaily waving an adieu with his bandanna handkerchief to the couple in the pilot-house.

"I don't care if the nigger does sell the boat and skip before we get back," murmured the captain, in better humor.

But his brow soon began to cloud

again with thoughts of Catfish Island, then one of the most dreaded passes between St. Louis and New Orleans. At the head of the island was a bluff reef. Opposite the end of this reef was a great submerged rock known as the Turtleback. Steamboats had to pass between these through an opening scarcely six feet wider than the *River Belle*. Obviously, to attempt to slip through the jaws of such a death-trap as this, after dark, in low water, would have been enough to convict a pilot of insanity.

"I reckon we'll make Catfish in time to get through, won't we?" observed the old man. He tried to speak unconcernedly, but his anxiety—greater, apparently, than either MacGowan's or Miss Powell's—betrayed itself in his voice.

Before MacGowan could answer, a chorus of exclamations from the hurricane deck made the occupants of the pilot-house turn their heads. At the upper end of a straight reach of the river, less than a mile away, the *Bessie P.* was just rounding the bend.

"We'll try hard enough," answered MacGowan doggedly.

His face was pale. The prospect, in his private opinion, of reaching Catfish Island before dark was not only very bad; but there was more than an equal chance of the *Belle's* being overhauled before that time by the *Bessie P.*, which was slowly but surely outfooting her old rival. But MacGowan was one of those rare men whom the prospect of defeat only stimulates to redoubled efforts, and he handled the *River Belle* as few boats on the Mississippi had ever been handled before. All his skill at the wheel and all his knowledge of the river were brought into play. To save every possible foot, he took the most desperate chances, crossing bars and reefs upon which he might easily have stuck, missing snags by a handbreadth, and giving the boat a full head of steam in the deepest and swiftest water, although it sometimes necessitated reining her

around sharp turns with a suddenness which made her timbers crack.

Captain Hogg, thinking only of the humiliation of being overhauled by Meshach Powell, looked on this reckless running as indifferently as if he hadn't a penny's worth of interest in the boat, although he owned every stick in her. MacGowan's steering partner, who ordinarily slept, or lolled below with a cigar, when off his watch, was now in the pilot-house—not steering, or even suggesting, but helping to throw the wheel, and now and then chuckling to himself at some pretty but daring stroke which only a pilot could appreciate. The two cubs stood near, wide-eyed, stunned by repeated violations of every principle of piloting which had been hammered into their brains. As a result of all this fine work, the *River Belle* held her own and passed Coleman's at half past six o'clock, with a decidedly improved prospect of reaching Catfish with enough light left to make the perilous passage. But even while Captain Hogg was heaving a sigh of relief, a mere hatful of vapor in the southeast began to expand with the swiftness of the genie in the "Arabian Nights." In less than five minutes the heavens were overcast, and a low, sullen rumble of thunder was heard. The light that was left could hardly last ten minutes longer.

When the head of Catfish Island came into view, an unnatural twilight had fallen; the broad bosom of the Father of Waters presented an oily appearance, shot with an uncanny, greenish, phosphorescent glare; and the faces of the passengers, in the reflection of this light, looked a sickly yellow. The big boat, however, still rushed along with unabated speed, throbbing like a thing of life. Pitch-black funnels of smoke, veined with sparks and tongues of flame, still boiled angrily from her chimneys, and merged themselves with the low pall of clouds above.

MacGowan had peremptorily called for a cigar ten minutes before, but he

still held it unlit between his clenched teeth. Bessie Powell, who knew enough of steamboating to understand the tremendous chances they were taking, stood close to him, with a white face, now peering into the dark and uncertain waste of waters ahead, through which her lover's brain and arm alone could safely guide them; now turning her dark, flashing eyes upon her father's boat, only a short half mile behind, and ablaze with a myriad of what seemed triumphant lights.

"Bush, it's all over," said Captain Hogg despairingly. "The old walnut's the last thing left to tie to." It was not customary for captains to suggest landings to first-class pilots; and even as he mentioned the walnut Hogg felt the absurdity of imparting such a piece of information to Bushrod MacGowan. But they had already passed two favorite tying-up places, and the old man was getting tremendously nervous.

"I am not going to tie up," answered MacGowan quietly. "I am going to run the island."

For the first time in hours he withdrew his eyes from the watery road ahead, and gave his superior a steady, fearless glance. The old man leaped to his feet, ashen-faced. The two cubs suddenly sat down to still the trembling in their knees. Even MacGowan's partner, daredevil that he was himself, looked embarrassed. Bessie Powell, familiar from babyhood with the river and its dark deeds, gave a cry of alarm.

"Do you forbid it?" asked MacGowan, almost inaudibly.

Again he glanced at his superior, in a significant, mysterious way. The captain saw and understood; still he stood speechless for a moment, wavering between the desperate chance and his faith in the matchless skill of his pilot. Then the latter won.

"Yes, Bushrod, my boy, I forbid it," said he huskily.

MacGowan, with the ghost of a smile, turned back to the wheel. Bessie, how-



*"She passed . . . with a foot as sure as a sailor's."*

ever, understood the by-play, and knew that her lover was simply assuming legal responsibility for the hazard to which he was about to subject the *River Belle* and her human freight. Indignant at Captain Hogg and frightened for the man she loved, she seized the latter's arm.

"Bushrod, you must not!" she cried beseechingly. "Think of the lives which are at stake! Papa can only keep us apart for a little while at the worst! Oh, please, please, darling, don't!"

"Bessie, if you love me, take your hand off my arm!" said MacGowan, almost sternly. "Yours is one of the

lives at stake. How many chances do you think I would take on that?"

There was no time for further parley. Indeed, it was already too late to do anything but go ahead, for the boat was almost upon the bluff reef which stretched diagonally out from the Missouri shore, toward the Turtleback. The faint ripple which marked the presence of this reef was now invisible, of course; but MacGowan found it as a man finds his mouth in the dark, turned the *Belle* into the current which set along the face of the reef, and then stopped the engines. The current could be trusted—rather, must be trusted—the entire length of the

reef, every inch of it, and not an inch beyond. At the proper instant, it was necessary to pivot the boat—that is, set her back on one wheel and forward on the other, which effected a turn altogether too sharp for rudder alone—and then go ahead at full speed.

If the operation was performed exactly right, if the pilot's calculations as to feet and seconds were faultless, a boat the size of the *River Belle* would then glide smoothly through the gate, with her starboard wheel sucking the clay from the tail of the reef, and the wash from her larboard wheel scouring the granite surface of the Turtleback. If the operation was *not* performed right, if the pilot's calculations were erroneous to the fraction of a yard or a minute—well, that was a contingency which steamboat men preferred not to discuss. Skeleton hulls, far beneath the turbid flood, rusty boilers choked with silt, and catfish swimming down saloons where once revelry and beauty reigned, are not pleasant things to talk about.

The single sharp bell tap which stopped the engines meant nothing to the passengers—unless it were to delude the more timid ones into the belief that the race was over. But on the little official world aboard the boat it had an electrical effect. The engineer braced himself for the quick work which he knew must follow. On the forecandle the negro roustabouts stopped their crap-shooting and lined up along the starboard rail. A cabin-boy appeared on the boiler deck in his white apron, and strained his eyes into the gloom. "Kink" Jefferson, the cook, stepped to the door of his galley with a dressed chicken in his hand, shook his turbaned head ominously, and muttered to himself. The first mate ran up to the hurricane deck, glanced at the pilot-house to make sure that some lunatic had not taken possession of the wheel, tried to assume a careless look when he saw MacGowan, and passed over to the starboard rail. A moment later the second mate came up,

glanced at the pilot-house, started, and also passed over to the rail. Then came the purser—the first clerk—the second clerk—and finally the bootblack. To have *said* anything, even though threatened with destruction, would have been a gross breach of steamboat etiquette; and these gentlemen, who had the greatest respect for MacGowan, did not even wish to be understood as having come to look. Hence their careless attitudes.

The big boat, strangely still and lonesome without the throb of her engines, continued to drift. No one spoke. Now and then a noiseless, tremulous shimmer of lightning briefly lit the surface of the water, and revealed the faces of the passengers in a ghostly way. The muffled chorus of the frogs sounded louder and louder as they neared the island; and at last the hollow gurgling of the water through the tangled roots along the low shore became plainly audible. Still the *River Belle* drifted on, as helpless, apparently, as a water-soaked log. On and on, until the projecting stageplank began to brush the willows; until the frogs, taking alarm, suddenly shut off their hoarse pipes; until the heart of the waiting engineer below began to thump with an unwonted fear; until Bessie Powell pressed her bosom to keep it from bursting. Then Captain Hogg, with the sweat streaming down his temples, could stand it no longer, and forgot himself for the first time in his life.

"Great God, man, give her steam, give her steam!" he cried hoarsely.

MacGowan, apparently, did not hear. He continued to stand as motionless and as silent as a figure cut in stone. Not even a muscle of his face changed. As Bessie, with fascinated eyes, watched him, so straight and manly, standing there so quietly between three hundred souls and eternity, with one hand on the wheel and the other on the bell-pull, a flood of love and admiration, not unmixed with awe, suddenly welled up in her breast, and brought proud tears to her eyes. Not even his little finger,



*"He continued to stand as motionless and as silent as a figure cut in stone."*

standing out by itself from the wheel, showed a tremor.

Then his right hand quickly shot down. A faint jangle of bells followed far below. A shudder passed through the boat. The splash and thunder of the wheels arose. The leviathan slowly swung about; for an instant there was a heart-breaking suspense, during which Captain Hogg breathlessly waited for the crash of demolished timbers; then the *Belle* steadied herself and forged ahead as smoothly as if all the waters of the Mississippi were beneath her keel.

"Hadn't you better slow her up a little now, Bush?" asked the captain, respectfully, as he mopped his face. His weakness of the moment before had humiliated him. "We're safe now."

"Don't delude yourself," answered MacGowan grimly. "Captain Meshach Powell will never confess himself afraid to do with a light boat what I have done with a heavy one. He'll run the island too."

The captain looked incredulous, but Bessie Powell moved to the rear of the pilot-house, as anxious now, almost, for the safety of her hot-headed father's boat as she had been for Captain Hogg's. And sure enough, the *Bessie P.*'s lights shortly assumed the diagonal position which indicated that she was now taking her turn at the dangerous trick of drifting along the face of the reef. Then, after a little, the steam shot up from her escape-pipes, though their hoarse cough was drowned in the noise of the *River Belle*'s own furious exhaust; she straightened until only her front lights were visible; and a moment later it was evident that she, too, was safely through the gate.

"Now we are in for it," observed Captain Hogg glumly. "But take her through the tree-tops, if you want to, Bush. I'll not squeal again."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when MacGowan, who had been glancing behind every second or two, rang the slow signal, to every one's amazement, threw his cap to the ceiling, and let out an exultant yell. Captain Hogg and Bessie looked at him as if fearful that the recent strain had unsettled his reason. Then he pointed at the pursuing boat.

"He's holding too far to starboard! In twenty seconds he'll be on the bar, hard and fast!"

Even while they watched, leaving the *River Belle*, in their excitement, to nose her own perilous way through the intricate pass, the *Bessie P.*, now scarcely four hundred yards behind, mysteriously lost her headway, listed her chimneys at an angle of ten degrees, and came to a dead stop. Captain Hogg leaped out on the texas deck and emitted a whoop of derision which was certainly heard by the chagrined and fuming captain of the stranded vessel.

"He's your daddy, girl," cried the old man, "but I hope he'll stick there till you are Mrs. Bushrod MacGowan."

"Not much doubt of that," observed Bush. But he cast a sympathetic glance at Bessie. "The first thing we'll do, on getting to McConnellsville, will be to send for the Rev. J. C. Birdsell, if he is not already on hand. The next will be to despatch a tugboat to pull the *Bessie P.* off the bar. She can't be injured."

Bessie gave him a grateful glance. When they were left alone, a moment later, she wrapped her arms tightly about his neck and laid her lips to his cheek.

"Darling, you are as good as you are brave!"

"Look out, or you'll rattle the pilot!" said he mischievously.







SQUAWS AND BRAVES FORMING FOR THE PARADE

## THE GREAT SIOUX FESTIVAL

BY REX E. BEACH



**T**HIS Fourth of July saw the last great Sioux celebration. Hereafter, according to Chief Stinking Bear, the Indians will have a white man's holiday.

It seems a pity, for a more picturesque affair is inconceivable. Picture a houseless, treeless, grass-green plain, guarded by rolling hills and barren buttes, within the shelter of which is a giant circle of tepees, three miles around, the smoke of a thousand camp-fires bluing the wondrous air of a South Dakota summer, the distant prairies dotted with nervous ponies, belly deep in their grazing, while at your feet rages an army of charging, screaming ochre-painted centaurs, bedecked with the

barbarous treasures of a whole red nation, each and every one togged out like a cozy corner. Picture not one day of this, but a week, for Mr. Lo is a gregarious party, loving pleasure with all the intensity of his nature, and so impatient that he begins his festival during the last days of June, overrunning as far as the agent allows. When he has celebrated all his ceremonials, given away his choicest treasures, gnawed his dog ribs clean, and danced blisters on his feet, he folds up his tent and steals away, beginning on the morrow to save and plan for the following Fourth.

In the earlier times it was customary for the tribe to give to some individual a bag containing a red penny. This was done amid ceremonies on the last day of the festival, and the recipient thereof became obligated to give monthly feasts



*"Eventually the little one is stripped even of his beaded clothes."*

during the following year, collecting from his fellows moneys and merchandise for the next fête. The ways of the white man are contagious, however, and human nature is weak. How could such a one resist the splendors of neighboring stores? White bank presidents go wrong, a million dollars' worth at a time. Instead of buying hypothetical bushels of wheat, base rumor has it that Mr. Indian often used his trust funds to buy real calico of pleasing hue and certain alluring liquids which softened the general harshness of affairs. Now, therefore, a number of red pennies are distributed each year, the receivers of which form a committee, whose members check each other. The Government is striving to stop this custom, for it is not unusual that the holders of the symbol go ingloriously broke in providing food and wassail for the rest.

Generosity is not confined alone to these few. At each blowout gifts by wholesale are distributed, entire wagon-loads of food, yards of cloth, precious bead work, and horses galore being given away, the donors refusing to stop until they have presented all they have of value, and are utterly cleaned.

The writer arrived at the field on July 1st, about thirty miles from the railroad, and wishing to mix as thoroughly as possible camped among them. This was made possible by the hospitality of a white trader, who had established a stand on the fringe of the circle, so we rolled down our blankets together, an ice-cream freezer at our feet, a tub of lemonade at our heads, and a case of assorted crackers bringing up the right wing. Amid such hardships one with a strong constitution can last indefinitely.

"What is going to happen?" was asked of a mixed blood.

"Oh! lots of things. We'll have a big feast—fine things to eat."

"What will you have that's extra fine?"

"Oh! *everything*. Rice, and prunes—and—" But he paused there speechless in the glory of such anticipation.

Each morning the braves assemble in the hollows without the encampment, and at early daybreak charge forth from the mists, falling upon the camp as was the early custom, while yet sleep drags at the eyelids of the unwary; a yelling, befeathered horde streaming out of the dawn in a thunder of hoofs and a crackle of carbines. It is a wondrous stirring sight to see these stern-faced warriors loom through the grayness and tear past in the glory of full war-paint, whipping eagle feathers, and clinking gear. As they bend and rock and yelp upon their foaming ponies one instinctively crouches low, feels for the rifle-hammer that should be under his thumb, and notes his muscles stiffen and twitch

while he mentally shouts to the women and children who ought to be cowering at his elbow.

On around the great circle they go, to break up finally for breakfast, as the sun peers inquiringly into the valley.

It is the contrast of the old and new which smites one so ridiculously at first. A painted spring-wagon standing at the tepee door and a rawhide tom-tom pounding, while a squaw in war-paint and blue silk skirt stoops over a camp-fire, cooking dog soup which will be topped off with ice-cream from the traders' stand! An energetic white man had toggled up a fearfully and wonderfully constructed merry-go-round, rope guyed and rickety, operated by a flea-bitten nag. Around this gathered braves sitting their horses in the dignity of bronze statues, gazing with solemn eyes at the machine while the thin-voiced proprietor barked the delirious pleasures of his enterprise:

"Come on, boys. Hit 'er up. Only a nickel a ride. Have a ride, have a ride, have a ride. Only a nickel," and these



*"Everything strewn about to make the greatest show."*

men, in whom is the fighting blood of the old Sioux war chiefs, and to whom perfect horsemanship is a habit, climbed down from their prancing ponies to mount the tottering, painted wooden horses of the machine. Verily, great is the way of the white man!

In the morning it is customary to have sham battles, reproducing scenes of old, and no children ever entered into their sports half so heartily as these unsmiling aborigines. They play the game fairly from the youngest on his barebacked, stiff-legged colt to the wrinkled men who fought with Sitting Bull. When one is wounded he does not dismount and lie down on a soft, dry spot; he reels and pitches from his horse, hitting the ground with whatever part of him is nearest, and in a way to make the most realistic stage fall look like a girl dropping a lace handkerchief.

In the center of this mile-wide arena is a smaller circle about one hundred yards in diameter, surrounded by a shelter of boughs. A high medicine-pole, peeled and bare except for the brush on its tip and the packets of "medicine" attached midway, is reared in the center. Here in the shade, the concourse gathers after the races and spectacles of the morning, while sundry dances and ceremonies are performed.

The old men group themselves to smoke, passing their three-foot stone pipes from right to left, each holding the quill-decorated stem loosely between his lips, inhaling till the smoke percolates outward through ears, nose, and pores. There is used but one pipe to each group, and with it goes an elaborately worked beaded bag of arm's length, the sight of which brings water to the mouth of a curio-seeker. For tobacco ("kinnikinnick" they call it), common natural leaf tobacco, is cut up and mixed with the inner bark of willow-trees. The bowls of these huge pipes are very small, and each smoker carries a carved stick to ram down the charge as it burns. When the pipe has gone from lip to lip, and

reaches the end of the row, it is passed rapidly back to the first man, who takes a few puffs and deals to the left again.

The men seem to be great story-tellers, talking as they smoke, either in a tone of voice which for modulation and music might be copied by a society woman, or by means of a sign language which is quite remarkable. I gathered that this latter is widely understood among the various nations, for I witnessed a Sioux brave talking to a group of Arapahoes and Cheyennes, who had journeyed north from the Indian Territory to witness the fête, while two Winnebago men, who had come from far Wisconsin, nodded understandingly from another part of the circle. These men were separated from each other by fifty yards of chattering, dancing redskins, yet with lightning motions the old Dakotah told his finger story to the strangers.

The women squat about, talking or combing their hair, while the papooses on their backs stare with unwinking, uncomplaining silence at the scene; their elder brothers and sisters wriggling about in utter unrestraint. I do not recall hearing a baby cry during my stay with the tribe, and this is the more remarkable from the fact that the elders exercise no authority over them to speak of. Handkerchiefs are unknown, and the untended nose is a concomitant of youth.

In the circle about the medicine-pole are held dances, the most common being the "Omaha." Each dance has its characteristic music, and is accompanied by beating drums and singing of a kind. In fact, such great dancers are these people, that circular lodges are built in each district of the reserve where they gather twice a month for the "Omaha." That they do not dance and feast themselves to death is due to the agent who allows only this bimonthly celebration. In this dance only the men participate, although there are many wherein the squaws take part.

In the old sun dance it was a practise



*"The father walks about shouting the names of the recipients."*

to prepare by fasting and then to slit the flesh of the breast and fasten through the wounds rawhide thongs leading up to the top of the medicine-pole. To show his bravery the dancer whirled and circled about the mast, throwing himself backward in his endeavors to tear out the cords by the weight of his body. Children's ears were pierced similarly. But all this has been stopped for some years by the Government.

Certain esoteric rituals are observed, of whose significance even the younger Indians seem ignorant. Witness the horse dance. In this, four naked, painted braves led an army of warriors around the three-mile circle of tents, pausing now and then for harangues, at last reaching a solitary tepee where, with arms on high, amid chants, they circled about four times, dismounted and entered, to smoke with a chief who had not appeared at all to those outside. Meanwhile the crowd surrounded the tent, sitting their horses silently, until the old man emerged and made oration, stalking majestically around inside the

ring of horsemen. None of the young men could tell me the significance of this, and the old ones would not.

Another, more easily interpreted, representing the issue and home-coming of a defeated war party. A bush was planted in the prairie some yards in front of the master of ceremonies, who, by the way, wore a cross upon his breast made from pounded coins, said to be very old. As they rode out each warrior struck the bough with his rifle. In the distance a pantomime battle was fought, other horsemen on racing steeds circling about the party. The only one to return was a footman, cautiously picking his trail, eyes to the ground, low-crouching, and Winchester in hand. Coming to the bush, he paused long, gathering his clues, and then came into camp, where the chief with the silver cross gave him a blanket and filled a pipe. No word was said, the entire audience maintaining breathless silence. Having smoked, the scout could not lie, an Indian told me, and thereupon he recounted his tale of battle and defeat.

Many old warriors live again the stories of their great fights, half in pantomime, half in song or story, whipping imaginary horses, shooting, charging, and being shot, while about them squats the circle of silent listeners, drinking in the glory that has departed from the Sioux.

All these days of preparation are merely limbering up for the Fourth. During the night before, they dance and sing, while the strange Indian smells of a great encampment help, with the weird throbbing of tom-toms and the wailing of squaws from the distant tepees, to form an impression hard to forget. The myriad tents glow from the lights within like a great necklace of fire-flies hidden in the mountain grasses. Outside in the darkness the men gather about their drums, each with a stick, the squaws surrounding them shoulder to shoulder. They sing nasally to the beat of the drum, and jiggle in their tracks, the only motion being a slight bending of the knees. All is in perfect rhythm, and done to a strange measure which ends with a sudden yipping chorus. In the lodges the old men smoke and feast and tell stories, while the voids above are lighted by streaming rockets and the air shakes to the roar of giant firecrackers exploding unexpectedly at your heels.

This is a warlike people, gathered here in thousands, and yet I did not see a fight in the days that the fête lasted,

nor did I hear a voice raised in anger. Quite a commentary on the customs of the civilized and peace-loving whites, where at a city picnic ambulance horses are foundered, and the casualties are those of a storming party.

Entering a tent one day to escape a shower, I found an Indian stretched upon his blankets smoking the ubiquitous

cigarette. In a corner crouched a slatternly squaw rustling something to eat from two lard cans. Outside the flap was tied a skunk awaiting the time when he should be killed and dished up, making his presence gloriously known, while a youngster, with a very unblown nose, indulged his equestrian strainings by riding a battered trunk. It was a poverty-ridden camp, but the rain fell in sheets,



*"Verily, great is the way of the white man!"*

so I apologized for my intrusion. The buck lay on his bed quite indifferent to me, and to the water which streamed over him through the thin drilling above. Another fellow entered and they talked about me in grunts. What wealth of expression a grunt conveys. I prefer to know the worst about myself, and would rather the slanders were in English than to have imagination color them, but efforts to converse were useless, and my pleasantries evoked only an unwinking stare which betokened utter ignorance of the language. Thereupon I tried signs with no better result and gave up. After I had remained half an hour longer, and proved to be not a bad sort,



*"The women squat about talking."*



"Now is prepared the *pièce de résistance*."

and incurious to a degree, the first man unexpectedly broke his silence.

"Why do they call the Fourth of July 'Independence Day'?" he said in perfect English.

My explanation was incoherent, but I mentioned a war with Great Britain.

"Oh, yes! I have been there. London is a fine city," he remarked, reminiscently.

Then up spake the other brave from where he squatted with the dripping rain streaking his war-paint.

"I like Paris better."

I gasped.

"Archibald was born in Berlin," said the female sphinx at the lard pails, turning to indicate the child, who grinned at me toothlessly from his barebacked trunk.

"Which do you prefer?" they asked.

"It has stopped raining," I said, "and I must be going."

Later it transpired that one was a Carlisle graduate, and all had been abroad with Buffalo Bill.

The dawn of the Fourth brings with it the greatest of morning charges, and the wildest joy to all but the canine heart. Tails droop, and howls of melancholy sadden the air, for this is the day of the dog. Flour, lard, sugar, and such speechless delicacies as rice and prunes have been distributed during the past days, and now is prepared the *pièce de résistance*, the *chef-d'œuvre*, from the enjoyment of which many will gorge till they split their skins. Fires are built, pots filled, and squaws sally forth club in hand. I saw seven dogs killed for one fire, the method of execution depending upon the weapon handiest. Most were beaten to death, although some were stunned by a blow, then a rope fastened about their necks, at the ends of which squaws pulled, till the poor things were strangled. Two old hags secured a twenty-foot tent-pole, and knocked a pup down, then laid it across his neck, and stood on the ends of the pole, stepping toward the middle, until their weight choked it to death.





*"It is quite de rigueur to eat with the naked hands."*

The carcasses are thrown on the fire, till the hair is burned off in a measure, then hacked up and put into the pots just as they are. It is not uncommon for a dog to get up and walk off the pyre, but he does not get far. This cruelty seems not to arise from any particular brutality in the squaws, only from an indifferent callousness and a primitive way of doing things.

Services start early in the bower today, for there are many things to distribute. The big "give-away" tepees which, through the week, have stood in a clean circle, inside of the rim of dingy tents, are taken down by the squaws, lugged out across the plain, and erected around the green shelter, to be filled with presents. Wagon-loads of grub and merchandise, bales of multicolored cloth, and armfuls of bead work are spread out upon the grass. They are not piled up. Indeed no. The bolts of clean calico are unrolled and spread out in the dirt, and everything strewn about to make the greatest show. Generosity

should be advertised. Elaborately caparisoned horses with bank-notes fastened to mane or bridle are tethered to the medicine-pole, and others are turned loose for him to catch who can. Such ones are frightened, till they rush madly about snorting and kicking, then finding their way out on the prairie are pursued by mobs of yelling riders, under a cloud of whirling lariats. One man announced that he had tethered a mare and colt at the agency four miles away, and they would go to him who reached them first. So away went a group of horsemen, vanishing across the prairie like wraiths.

Many parents have their children donate all they own, bringing the youngster into the bower clad in gorgeous war-bonnets and weighed down with beaded buckskin. The little one stands thus in the midst of his heaped-up treasures while the father stalks about shouting the names of the recipients. As a person is called, he rises, walks into the center, takes his present, shakes hands solemnly



*"One who fought with Sitting Bull."*

with the donor, and returns to his place. When the category of friends has been exhausted, a general grab is often called, and the old hags, who have hovered close by, rush in and seize whatever they can. Eventually the little one is stripped even of his beaded clothes, till he stands in pitiful bare legs, then old men come forth and pluck from his war-bonnet the eagle feathers, one by one, till he is robbed entirely of his plumage.

Meanwhile the feasting begins. The dogs are done now, and borne out across the prairie by the squaws, while acres of blackened pots appear. It is quite *de rigueur* to eat with the naked hand, except of the canine soup, which is handled with horn spoons. And now joy is unconfined. Although no reason save a sentimental one exists why the dog of commerce should not be of the diet, yet it exercises an astonishing effect upon the appetite to see a puppy's head smiling at you from a stew.

Midway of the prairie a cow was tied. She was fat, matronly, and possessed of that dignity which bespeaks a gentle mind and simple character. About her a horde of horsemen gathered, late in the afternoon. Here was something I wished to see, so I wormed my way into the press. Of all these thousands, every one rides, and a footman is rare enough to cause a commotion. Let him bear a camera, and he is a curiosity. Not only that, but he is in danger of being trampled by the ranks of riders, who stampede hither and yon in solid phalanx, the ponies crowding till they are carried from their feet.

Patient surprise was in the dark eyes of the cow, as ropes were passed around her bust—the word does not seem right—and he who would was invited to ride.

"Very tame sport," I thought, as I focused, for she had gone to grazing again. When no one volunteered, I marveled. Evidently these men scorned such cripple's work, and there was a joke in it somewhere. It was a squaw's game. At last a man dismounted, shook off hat

and coat, and cinched up his belt. I marveled more, for he had been pointed out as the best rider on the reservation, and had busted broncos for Mr. Cody in most of the great cities of the world. I stood near the cow while she munched her grass and flapped a fly from her ear. Then one large and liquid eye winked. Yes, she winked at me understandingly, and I began to wonder if this was the common or garden cow of the East, or if perchance the blood of Texas ran in her veins.

The Indian approached and leaped to her back like a cat, winding his fingers into the rope surcingle.

Never before had I seen an atavism, to recognize it. That cow became a raging demon. Her eyes narrowed to ominous, steely slits, I am quite sure, her eyes flattened back, and she bared her teeth in a grin of diabolic fury. The peaceful and agricultural lines of motherhood left her frame, while her architecture became that of a dragon in a fit. She swore horribly, in a coarse bass voice, leaped like an antelope, wriggled like a snake, side-stepped like a pugilist, and the champion bronco buster soared through the air aspread, landing between his shoulder-blades with the cough of escaping breath. Eventually the beast was ridden, but a finer bit of cowmanship I have never seen, nor more wonderful ground and lofty tumbling.

With sports of this character come foot- and horse-races, more dances and feasting, and finally, when the agent thinks enough celebration has entered into the aboriginal system to last it for a year, the Indians quietly disperse, scattering to their six districts.

The Sioux will never fight again. The buffalo have gone forever, and so has departed war from the Indian. Under the care of the Government he is growing into citizenship, very slowly, to be sure, but some day he will arrive and be not only self-supporting but self-respecting.

The effect of white blood is so strong that the line of demarcation between

mixed and full breeds is as cleanly defined as though they were of a different race. The former are the property owners, coming into wealth in certain instances, progressive, and profiting by the ways of the whites, although on festival days they don head-dress and war-paint, reverting to the guise and customs of their red forebears. The latter cling stubbornly to all that was their own, are indolent and itinerant, and the Government has many problems to solve concerning them. Of late, work has been furnished on the roads. Theoretically, this teaches a degree of industry, but for months at a time it takes the Indian away from the homes which we are striving so patiently to make him found. There is no word in his language for "home." Hundreds of thousands of dollars are

spent in his schools where attendance is compulsory, but the system appears to be largely an educational misfit.

One cannot force a rose to bloom by pressure of the thumb. A sea-lion can be taught to juggle with lighted torches, and so also much useless and inapplicable knowledge may be choked down the Indian, but he forgets it straight-away. He forsakes his college and clean linen for the tepee and the dog-soup festivals, while the boarding-school girl lays aside her commencement gown and kid shoes of high heel for the shawl, the moccasin, and the food upon the floor. From outward appearance or mode of life, it is impossible to tell the Carlisle man of football prowess from the penniless, soapless, full-blood rover with a vocabulary of "How."



*"Old warriors live again the stories of their great fights."*

# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FORTUNES OF WAR

WHAT the strange maid meant to do I did not know, but I knew what lay before me now. First I flung aside the curtains of her bed, tore the fine linen from it, burrowing in downy depths, under pillow, quilt, and valence, until my hands encountered something hard; and I dragged out the pistol-case and snapped it open. The silver-chased weapons lay there in perfect order; under the drawer that held them was another drawer containing finest priming-powder, shaped wads, ball, and a case of flints.

So all was ready and in order. I closed the case and hurried up the stairway to my room, candle in hand. Ha! The wainscot cupboard I had so cunningly devised was swinging wide. In it had been concealed that blotted sheet rejected from the copy of my letter to his Excellency; nothing more; yet that alone was quite enough to hang me, and I knew it as I stood there, my candle lighting an empty cupboard.

Suddenly terror laid an icy hand upon me. I shook to my knees, listening. Why had he not denounced me, then? And in the same instant the answer came: *He was to profit by my disgrace; he was to be aggrandized by my downfall.* The drama he had prepared was to be set in scenery of his own choosing. His savant fingers grasped the tiller, steering me inexorably to my destruction.

Yet, as I stood there, teeth set, tearing my finery from me, flinging coat one way, waistcoat another, and dressing me with blind haste in riding-clothes and boots, I felt that just a single chance was left to me with honor; and I seized the passes that Sir Henry had handed me for Sir Peter and his lady, and stuffed them into my breast-pocket.

Gloved, booted, spurred, I caught up the case of pistols, ran down the stairs, flung open the door, and slammed it behind me.

Sir Peter stood waiting by the coach; and when he saw me with his pistol-case he said: "Well done, Carus! I had no mind to go hammering at a friend's door to beg a brace of pistols at such an hour."

I placed the case after he had entered the coach. Dr. Carmody made room for me, but I shook my head.

"I ride," I said. "Wait but an instant more."

"Why do you ride?" asked Sir Peter, surprised.

"You will understand later," I said gaily. "Be patient, gentlemen;" and I ran for the stables. Sleepy hostlers in smalls and bare feet tumbled out in the glare of the coach-house lanthorn at my shout.

"The roan," I said briefly. "Saddle for your lives!"

The stars were no paler in the heavens as I stood there on the grass, waiting, yet dawn must be very near now; and indeed the bird's chorus broke out as I set foot to stirrup, though still all was dark around me.

"Now, gentlemen," I said, spurring up to the carriage-door. I nodded to the coachman, and we were off at last, I composed and keenly alert, cantering at Sir Peter's coach-wheels, perfectly aware that I was riding for my liberty at last, or for a fall that meant the end of all for me.

There was a chaise standing full in the light of the tavern windows when we clattered up—a horse at the horse-block, too, and more horses tied to the hitching-ring at the side-door.

At the sound of our wheels Mr. Jessop appeared, hastening from the cherry grove, and we exchanged salutes very gravely, I asking pardon for the delay, he protesting at apology; saying that an encounter by starlight was, after all, irregular, and that his principal desired to wait for dawn if it did not inconvenience us too much.

Then, hat in hand, he asked Sir Peter's indulgence for a private conference with me, and led me away by the arm into a sweet-smelling lane, all thick with honeysuckle and candleberry shrub.

"Carus," he said, "this is painfully irregular. We are proceeding as passion dictates, not according to code. Mr. Butler has no choice but to accept, yet he is innocent of wrong intent, and has so informed me."

"Does he deny his marriage?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, most solemnly. The lady was his mistress, since discarded. He is quite guiltless of this affront to Sir Peter Coleville, and desires nothing better than to say so."

"That concerns us all," I said seriously. "I am acting for Sir Peter, and I assume the responsibility without consulting him. Where is Mr. Butler?"

"In the tap-room parlor."

"Say to him that Sir Peter will receive him in the coffee-room," I said quietly.

Jessop impulsively laid his honest hand upon my shoulder as we turned toward the tavern.

"Thank you, Carus," he said. "I am happy that I have to deal with you instead of some fire-eating, suspicious bullhead, sniffing for secret mischief where none lies hid."

"I hear that Lady Coleville is come to stop the duel at any cost," I observed, halting at the door. "May we not hope to avoid a distressing scene, Jessop?"

"We must," he answered, as I left him in the hallway and entered the coffee-room where Sir Peter waited, seated alone, his feet to the empty fireplace.

"Where is Lady Coleville?" he asked, as I stepped up. "She must not remain here, Carus."

"You are not to fight," I said smiling.

"Not to fight!" he repeated, slowly rising, eyes ablaze.

"Pray trust me with your honor," I replied impatiently, opening the door to a servant's knock. And to the wide-eyed fellow I said: "Go and say to Lady Coleville that Sir Peter is not to fight. Say to her——"

I stopped short. Lady Coleville appeared in an open doorway across the hall, her gaze passing my shoulder straight to Sir Peter, who stood facing her behind me.

"What pleasantry is this?" she asked, advancing, a pale smile stamped on her lovely face. I made way; she stepped before me, walking straight to Sir Peter. I followed, closing the door behind me.

"Have I ever, ever in all these years counseled you to dishonor?" she asked. "Then listen now. There is no honor in this thing you seek to do, but in it there lies a dreadful wrong to me."

"He offered insult to our kin—our guest. I cannot choose but ask the only reparation he can give," said Sir Peter steadily.

"And leave me to the chance of widowhood?"

Sir Peter whitened to a deathly hue; his distressed eyes traveled from her to me; he made to speak, but no sound came.

"This is all useless," I said quietly, as

a knock came at the door. I stepped back and opened it to Walter Butler.

When he saw me his dark eyes lit up with that yellow glare I knew already. Then he turned, bowing to Lady Coleville and to Sir Peter, who, pale and astounded, stared at the man as though the fiend himself stood there before him.

"Sir Peter," began his enemy, "I have thought——"

But I cut him short with a contemptuous laugh.

"Sir Peter," I said, "Mr. Butler is here to say that he is not wedded to his Tryon County mistress—that is all; and as he therefore has not offended you, there is no reason for you to challenge him. Now, sir, I pray you take Lady Coleville and return. Go, in God's name, Sir Peter, for time spurs me, and I have business here to keep me!"

"Let Sir Peter remain," said Butler coldly. "My quarrel is not with him, nor his with me."

"No," said I gaily, "it is with me, I think."

"Carus," cried Lady Coleville, "I forbid you! What senseless thing is this you seek?"

"Pray calm yourself, madam," said Mr. Butler; "he stands in more danger of the gallows than of me."

Sir Peter pushed forward. I caught his arm, forcing him aside, but he struggled, saying: "Did you not hear the man! Let me go, Carus; do you think such an insult to you can pass me like a puff o' sea-wind?"

"It strikes me first," I said. "It is to me that Mr. Butler answers!"

"No, gentlemen, to *me*!" said a low voice behind us—the voice of Elsin Grey.

Amazed, we turned, passion still marring our white faces. Calm, bright-eyed, a smile that I had never seen imprinted on her closed lips, she walked to the table, unlocked the case of pistols, lifted them, and laid them there in the yellow lamplight.

"Elsin! Elsin!" stammered Lady Coleville; "have you, too, gone mad?"

"This is *my* quarrel," she said, turning on me so fiercely that I stepped back. "If any shot is fired in defense to me, I fire it; if any bullet is sped to defend my honor, I speed it, gentlemen. Why"—and she turned like a flash upon Sir Peter—"why do you assume to interfere in this? Is not an honest man's duty to his own wife first? Small honor you do yourself or her!—scant love must you bear her to risk your life to chance in a quarrel that concerns not you!"

Astounded and dumb, we stood there as though rooted to the floor.

She looked at Butler and laughed; picked up a pistol, loaded it with incredible deftness, laid it on the table, and began loading the other.

"Elsin! Elsin!" cried Lady Coleville, catching her by the waist; "what is this wild freak of yours? Have you all gone mad to-night?"

"You shake my hand and spill the powder," said the Hon. Miss Grey, smiling.

"Elsin," murmured Walter Butler, "has this fellow Renault poisoned you against me?"

"Why, no, sir. You are married to a wife and dare to court me! There lies the poison, Mr. Butler!"

"Hush, Elsin!" murmured Lady Coleville. "It was a mistake, dear. Mr. Butler is not married to the—the lady—to anybody. He swears it!"

"Not wedded?" She stared, then turned scarlet to her hair. And Walter Butler, I think, mistook the cause and meaning of that crimson shame, for he smiled, and drawing a paper from his coat, spread it to Sir Peter's eyes.

"I spoke of the gallows, Sir Peter, and you felt yourself once more affronted. Yet, if you will glance at this——"

"What is it?" asked Sir Peter, looking him in the eye.

"Treason, Sir Peter—a letter—part of one—to the rebel Washington, written by a spy!"

"A lie! I wrote it!" said the Hon. Miss Grey.

Walter Butler turned to her, amazed, doubting his ears.

"A jest," she continued carelessly, "to amuse Mr. Renault."

"Amuse *him*! It is in his own hand!" stammered Butler.

"Apparently. But I wrote it, imitating his hand to plague him. It is indifferently done," she added, with a shrug. "I hid it in the cupboard he uses for his love-letters. How came it in your fingers, Mr. Butler?"

In blank astonishment he stood there, the letter half extended, his eyes almost starting from his face. Slowly she moved forward, confronting him, insolent eyes meeting his; and, ere he could guess what she purposed, she had snatched the blotted fragment from him and crushed it in her hand, always eying him until he crimsoned in the focus of her white contempt.

"Go!" she said. Her low voice was passionless.

He turned his burning eyes from her to Lady Coleville, to Sir Peter, then bent his gaze on me. What he divined in my face I know not, but the flame leaped in his eyes, and that ghastly smile stretched the muscles of his visage.

"My zeal, it seems, has placed me at a sorry disadvantage," he said. "Error piled on error growing from a most unhappy misconstruction of my purposes has changed faith to suspicion, amity to coldness. I know not what to say to clear myself—" He turned his melancholy face to Elsin; all anger had faded from it, and only deepest sadness shadowed the pale brow. "I ventured to believe, in days gone by, that my devotion was not utterly displeasing—that perhaps the excesses of a stormy and impetuous youth might be condoned in the humble devotion of an honest passion—"

The silence was intense; he turned dramatically to Sir Peter, his well-shaped hand opening in graceful salute as he bowed.

"I ask you, sir, to lend a gentle judg-

ment till I clear myself. And of your lady I humbly beg that mercy also." Again he bowed profoundly, hand on hilt, a perfect figure of faultless courtesy, graceful, composed, proudly enduring, proudly subduing pride.

Then he slowly raised his dark head and looked at me. "Mr. Renault," he said, "it is my misfortune that our paths have crossed three times. I trust they cross no more, but may run hereafter in pleasant parallel. I was hasty, I was wrong to judge you. I am impatient, oversensitive, quick to fire at what I deem an insult to my King. I serve him as my hot blood dictates—and I searched your chamber. How can you blame me if I took this lady's playful jest for something else?"

"I do not blame you, Captain Butler," I said disdainfully.

"Then may we not resume an intercourse as entertaining as it was of profit to myself?"

"Time heals—but Time must not be spurred too hard," I answered, watching him.

His stealthy eyes dropped as he inclined his head in acquiescence.

Then Sir Peter spoke frankly, impetuously, his good heart dictating ever to his reason; and what he said was amiable and kind, standing there, his sweet lady's arm resting on his own. And she, too, spoke graciously but gravely, with a gentle admonition trailing at the end.

But when he turned to Elsin Grey, she softened nothing, and her gesture committed him to silence while she spoke: "End now what you have said so well, nor add one word to that delicate pyramid of eloquence which you have raised so high to your own honor, Captain Butler. I am slow-witted and must ask advice from that physician, Time, whom Mr. Renault, too, has called in council."

"Am I then banished?" he asked below his breath.

"Ask yourself, Mr. Butler. And if



you find no reply, then I shall answer you."

All eyes were on her. What magic metamorphosis had made this woman from a child in a single night? Where had vanished that vague roundness of cheek and chin in this drawn beauty of maturity? that untroubled eye, that indecision of caprice, that charming restlessness, that childish confidence in others, accepting as a creed what grave lips uttered as a guidance to the lesser years that rested lightly on her?

And Walter Butler, too, had noted some of this, perplexed at the reserve, the calm self-confidence, the unimagined strength and cold composure which he had once swayed by his passion as a fair and clean-stemmed sapling tosses in tempests that uproot maturer growth.

His furtive, unconvinced eyes sought the floor as he took his leave with every ceremony due himself and us. Dawn already whitened the east. He mounted by the tavern window, and I saw him against the pallid sky in silhouette, riding slowly toward the city, Jessop beside him, and their horses' manes whipping the rising sea-wind from the west.

"What a nightmare this has been!" whispered Lady Coleville, her husband's hands imprisoned in her own. And to Elsin: "Child! What scenes have we dragged you through! Heaven forgive us!—for you have learned a sorry wisdom here concerning men!"

"I have learned," she said steadily, "more than you think, madam. Will you forgive me if I ask a word alone with Mr. Renault?"

"Not here, child. Look! Day comes creeping on us yonder in the hills. Come home before you have your talk with Carus. You may ride with him if you desire, but follow us."

Sir Peter turned to gather up his pistols; but Elsin laid her hand on them, saying that I would care for everything.

"Sure she means to have her way with us as well as with Walter Butler," he

said humorously. "Come, sweetheart, leave them to this new wisdom Elsin found along the road somewhere between the Coq d'Or and Wall Street. They may be wiser than they seem; they could not well be less wise than they are."

The set smile on Elsin's lips changed nothing as Sir Peter led his lady, all reluctant, from the coffee-room, where the sunken candles flickered in the pallid light of morning.

From the front windows we saw the coach drive up, and Lady Coleville, looking back in protest, enter; and after her Sir Peter and Dr. Carmody, with his cases.

"Come to the door and make as though we meant to mount and follow," she said quietly. "Here, take these pistols. Raise the pan and lower the hammers. They are loaded. Thrust them somewhere—beneath your coat. Now follow me."

I obeyed in silence. As we came out of the tavern door Lady Coleville nodded, and her coach moved off, passing our horses, which the hostlers were bringing round.

I put Elsin up, then swung astride my roan, following her out into the road—a rod or two only ere she wheeled into the honeysuckle lane, reining in so that I came abreast of her.

"Now ride!" she said in an unsteady voice. "I know the man you have to deal with. There is no mercy in him, I tell you, and no safety now for you until you make the rebel lines!"

"I know it," I said; "but what of you?"

"What of me?" She laughed a bitter laugh, striking her horse so that he bounded forward down the sandy lane, I abreast of her, stride for stride. "What of me? Why, I lied to him, that is all, Mr. Renault. *And he knew it!*"

"Is that all?" I asked.

"No, not all. *He* told the truth to you and to Sir Peter. *And I knew it.*"

"In what did he tell the truth?"

"In what he said about—his mistress." Her face crimsoned, but she held her head steady and high, nor faltered at the word.

"How is it that you know?"

"How does a woman know? Tell me and I'll confess it. I know because a woman knows such things. Let it rest there—a matter scarcely fitted for discussion between a maid and a man—though I am being soundly schooled, God wot! in every branch of infamy."

"Then turn here," I said, reigning in, "and ride no more with what men call a spy."

But she galloped on, head set, flushed and expressionless, and I spurred to overtake her.

"Turn back!" I said hoarsely. "It may go hard with you if I am taken at the lines!"

"Those passes that Sir Henry gave you! You have them?"

"Yes."

"For Sir Peter and his lady?"

"So they are made out."

"Do they know you at Kingsbridge?"

"Yes. The Fifty-fourth guard it."

"Then how can you hope to pass?"

"I shall pass one way or another," I said between my teeth.

She drew from her breast a crumpled paper, unfolded it, and passed it to me, galloping beside me all the while. I scanned it carefully; it was a pass signed by Sir Henry Clinton, permitting her and me to pass the lines, and dated that very night!

"How in Heaven's name did you secure this paper in the last nick o' time?" I cried, astounded.

"I knew you needed it—from what you said there in my chamber. Do you remember that Sir Henry left the Fort for a council? It is not far to Queen Street; and when I left you I mounted and galloped thither."

"But—but what excuse——"

"Ask me not, Carus," she said impatiently, while a new color flowed through cheek and temple. "Sir Henry

first denied me, then he began to laugh—and I—I galloped here with the ink all wet upon the pass. Whither leads this lane?"

"To the Kingsbridge road."

"Would they stop and search us if dissatisfied?"

"I think not."

"Well, I shall take no risk," she said, snatching the blotted paper from her bosom—the paper she had taken from Walter Butler, and which was written in my hand.

"Hide it under a stone in the hedge-row—and place the passes that you had for Sir Peter with it!" she said, drawing bridle and looking back.

I dismounted, turned up a great stone, thrust the papers under, then dropped it to its immemorial bed once more.

"Quick!" she whispered. "I heard a horse's iron-shod foot striking a pebble!"

"Behind us?"

"Yes. Now gallop!"

Our horses plunged on again, fretting at the curb. She rode a mare as black as a crow save for three silvery fetlocks; and my roan's stride distressed her nothing. Into the Kingsbridge road we plunged in the white river-mist that walled the hedges from our view, and there, as we galloped through the sand, far behind us I thought to hear a sound like metal clipping stone.

"You shall come no farther!" I said. "You cannot be found in company with me. Turn south and strike the Greenwich road!"

"Too late," she said calmly. "You forget I compromised myself with that same pass you carry."

"Why in God's name did you include yourself in it?" I asked.

"Because the pass was denied me until I asked it for us both."

"You mean——"

"I mean that I lied again to Sir Henry Clinton, Mr. Renault. Spare me now!"

Amazed, comprehending nothing, I fell silent for a space, then turned to

scan her face, but read nothing in its immobility.

"Why did you do all this for me—a spy?" I asked.

"For that reason!" she answered sharply—"lest the disgrace bespatter my kinsman, Sir Peter, and his sweet lady!"

"But—what will be said when you return alone and I am gone?"

"Nothing—for I do not return."

"You—you—"

"I ask you to spare me! Once the lines are passed there is no danger that disgrace shall fall on any one—not even on you and me."

"But how—what will folk say—"

"They'll say we fled together to be wedded!" she cried, exasperated. "If you will force me, learn then that I made excuse and got my pass for that! I told Sir Henry that I loved you and that I was plighted to Walter Butler. And Sir Henry, hating Mr. Butler, laughed until he could not see for the tears, and scratched me off my pass for Gretna Green with his choicest blessing on the lie I offered in return! There, sir, is what I have done. I said I loved you, and I lied. I shall go with you, then ask a flag of the rebels to pass me on to Canada. And so you see, Mr. Renault, that no disgrace can fall on me or mine through any infamy, however black, that others must account for!"

And she drew her sun-mask from her belt and put it on.

Her wit, her most amazing resource, her anger, so amazed me that I rode on, dazed, swaying in the stride of the tireless gallop. Then, in a flash, alert once more, I saw ahead the mist rising from the Harlem, the mill on the left, with its empty windows and the two poplar-trees beside it, the stone piers and wooden railing of the bridge, the sentinels on guard, already faced our way, watching our swift approach.

As we drew bridle in a whirlwind of sand the guard came tumbling out at the post's loud bawling, and the officer

of the guard followed, sauntering up to our hard-breathing horses, and peering up into our faces.

"Enderly!" I exclaimed.

"Well, what the devil, Carus—" he began—then bit his words in two and bowed to the masked lady, perplexed eyes traveling from her to me and back again. When I held out the pass for his inspection he took it, scrutinizing it gravely, nodded, and strolled back to the mill.

"Hurry, Enderly!" I called after him.

He struck a smarter gait, but to me it seemed a year ere he reappeared with a pass *viséed*, and handed it to me.

"Have a care," he said; "the country beyond swarms with cowboys and skinners, and the rebel horse ride everywhere unchecked. They've an outpost at Valentine's, and riflemen along the Bronx—"

At that instant a far sound came to my ears, distant still on the road behind us. It was the galloping of horses. Elsin Grey leaped from her saddle, lifting her mask and smiling sweetly down at Captain Enderly.

"It's a sharp run to Gretna Green," she said. "If you can detain the gentleman who follows us we will not forget the service, Captain Enderly!"

"By Heaven!" he exclaimed, his perplexed face clearing into grinning comprehension. And, to the sentries: "Fall back there, lads! Free way for'ard!" he cried. "Now, Carus! Madam, your most obedient!"

The steady thud of galloping horses sounded nearer behind us. I turned, expecting to see the horsemen, but they were still screened by the hill.

"Luck to you!" muttered Enderly, as we swung into a canter, our horses' hoofs drumming thunder on the quivering planks that jumped beneath us as we spurred to a gallop. Ah! They were shouting now, behind us! They, too, had heard the echoing tattoo we beat across the bridge.

"Pray God that young man holds

them!" she whispered, pale face turned. "There they are! They spy us now! They are riding at the bridge! Mercy on us! the soldiers have a horse by the bit, forcing them back. They have stopped Mr. Butler. Now, Carus!"

Into the sand once more we plunged, riding at a sheer run through the semi-darkness of the forest that closed in everywhere; on, on, the wind whistling in our teeth, her hair blowing, and her gilt-laced hat flying from the silken cord that held it to her shoulder. How grandly her black mare bore her—the slight, pale-faced figure sitting the saddle with such perfect grace and poise!

The road swung to the east, ascending in long spirals. Then, through the trees I caught the glimmer of water—the Bronx River! and beyond I saw a stubble-field all rosy in the first rays of the rising sun.

The ascent was steeper now. Our horses slackened to a canter, to a trot, then to a walk as the road rose upward set with boulders and loose stones.

I had just turned to caution my companion, and was pointing ahead to a deep washout which left but a narrow path between two jutting boulders, when, without the slightest sound, from the shadow of these same rocks sprang two men, long brown rifles leveled. And in silence we drew bridle at the voiceless order from the muzzles of those twin barrels bearing upon us without a tremor.

An instant of suspense; the rifle of the shorter fellow swept from Elsin Grey to me; and I, menaced by both weapons, sat on my heavily breathing horse, whose wise head and questioning ears reconnoitered these strange people who checked us at the rocky summit of the hill. For they were strange, silent folk, clothed in doeskin from neck to ankle, and alike as two peas in their caped hunting-shirts, belted in with scarlet wampum, and the fringe falling in soft cascades from shoulder to cuff, from hip to ankle, following the laced seams.

My roan had become nervous, shaking his head and backing, and Elsin's restive mare began sidling across their line of fire.

"Rein in, madam!" came a warning voice—"and you, sir! Stand fast there! Now, young man, from which party do you come?"

"From the lower," I answered cheerfully, "and happy to be clear of them."

"And with which party do you foregather, my gay cock o' the woods?"

"With the upper party, friend."

"Friend!" sneered the taller fellow, lowering his rifle and casting it into the hollow of his left arm. "It strikes me that you are somewhat sudden with your affections—" He came sauntering forward, a giant in his soft, clinging buckskins, talking all the while in an irritable voice: "Friend? Maybe, and maybe not," he grumbled; "all eggs don't hatch into dickey-birds, nor do all rattlers beat the long roll—" He laid a sudden hand on my bridle, looking up at me with swaggering impudence, which instantly changed into amazed recognition.

"Gad-a-mercy!" he cried, delighted; "is it you, Mr. Renault?"

"It surely is," I said, drawing a long breath of relief to find in these same forest-runners my two drovers.

"How far is it to the lines, friend Mount?"

"Not far, not very far, Mr. Renault," he said. "There should be a post of Jersey militia this side o' Valentine's, and we're like to see a brace of Sheldon's Dragoons at any moment. Lord, sir, but I'm contented to see you, for I was loath to leave you in York, and Walter Butler there untethered, ranging the streets, free as a panther on a sunset cliff!"

His companion, the Weasel, rifle at a peaceful trail, came trotting up beside his giant comrade, standing on tiptoe to link arms with him, his solemn, owl-like eyes roaming from Elsin Grey to me.

I named them to Elsin. She regarded them listlessly from her saddle, and they

removed their round skull-caps of silver moleskin and bowed to her.

"I never thought to be so willing to meet rebel riflemen," she said, patting her horse's mane and glancing at me.

"Lord, Cade!" whispered Mount to his companion, "he's stolen a Tory maid from under their very noses! Make thy finest bow, man, for the credit o' Morgan's Men!"

And again the strange pair bowed low, caps in hand, the Weasel with quiet, quaint dignity, Mount with his elaborate rustic swagger, and a flourish peculiar to the forest-runner, gay, reckless, yet withal respectful.

A faint smile touched her eyes as she inclined her proud little head. Mount looked up at me. I nodded; and the two riflemen wheeled in their tracks and trotted forward, Mount leading, and his solemn little comrade following at heel, close as a hound. When they had disappeared over the hill's rocky summit our horses moved forward at a walk, breasting the crest, then slowly descended the northern slope, picking their way among the loosened slate and pebbles.

And now for the first time came to me a delicious thrill of exultation in my newfound liberty. Free at last of that prison city! Free at last to look all men between the eyes! Free to bear arms, and use them, too, under a flag I had not seen in four long years save as they brought in our captured colors—a ragged, blood-blackened rag or two to match those silken standards lost at Bennington and Saratoga!

I looked up into the cloudless sky, I looked around me. I saw the tall trees tinted by the sun, I felt a free wind blowing from that wild north I loved so well.

I drew my lungs full. I opened wide my arms, easing each cramped muscle. I stretched my legs to the stirrup's length in sweetest content.

Down through a fragrant birch-grown road, smelling of fern and winter-green and sassafras, we moved, the cool

tinkle of moss-choked watercourses ever in our ears, mingling with melodies of woodland birds—shy, freedom-loving birds that came not with the robins to the city—ah, I knew these birds, being country-bred—knew them one and all—the gray hermit, holy chorister of hymn divine; the white-throat, sweetly repeating his allegiance to his motherland of Canada; the great scarlet-tufted cock that drums on the bark in stillest depths; the lonely little creeping-birds that whimper up and down the trunks of forest-trees, and the black-capped chickadee that fears not man but cities—all these I listened to, and knew and loved as guerdons of that freedom which I had so long craved, and craved in vain.

And now I had it; it was mine! I tasted it, I embraced it with wide arms, I breathed it. And far away I heard the woodland hermits singing of freedom, and of the sweetness of it, and of the mercies of the Most High.

Thrilled with happiness, I glanced at Elsin Grey where she rode a pace or so ahead of me, her fair head bent, her face composed but colorless as the lace drooping from her stock. The fatigue of a sleepless night was telling on her, though as yet the reaction of the strain had not affected me one whit.

She raised her head as I forced my horse forward to her side: "What is it, Mr. Renault?" she asked coldly.

"I'm sorry you are fatigued, Elsin——"

"I am not fatigued."

"What!—after all you have done for me——"

"I have done nothing for *you*, Mr. Renault."

"Nothing?—when I owe you everything that——"

"You owe me nothing that I care to accept."

"My thanks——"

"I tell you you owe me nothing. Let it rest so!"

Her unfriendly eyes warned me to silence, but I said bluntly:

"That Mr. Cunningham is not this moment fiddling with my neck, I owe to you. I offer my thanks, and I remain at your service. That is all."

"Do you think," she answered quietly, "that a rebel hanged could interest me unless that hanging smirched my kin?"

"Elsin! Elsin!" I said, "is there not bitterness enough in the world but you and I must turn our friendship into hate?"

"What do you care whether it turn to hate or—love?" She laughed, but there was no mirth in her eyes. "You are free; you have done your duty; your brother rebels will reward you. What further have I to do with you, Mr. Renault? You have used me, you have used my kin, my friends. Not that I blame you—nay, Mr. Renault, I admire, I applaud, I understand more than you think. I even count him brave who can go out as you have done, scornful of life, pitiless of friendships formed, reckless of pleasure, of what men call their code of honor; indifferent to the shameful death that hovers like a shadow, and the scorn of all, even of friends—for a spy has no friends, if discovered. All this, sir, I comprehend, spite of my few years which once—when we were friends—you in your older wisdom found amusing—" She turned sharply away, brushing her eyelashes with gloved fingers.

Presently she looked straight ahead again, a set smile on her tight lips.

"The puppets in New York danced to the tune you whistled," she said, "and because you danced, too, they never understood that you were master of the show. Oh, we all enjoyed the dance, sir—I, too, serving your designs as all served. Now you have done with us, and it remains for us to make our exits as gracefully as may be——"

She made a little salute with her riding-whip—gracious, quite free of mockery.

"The fortune of war, Mr. Renault," she said. "Salute to the conqueror!"

"Only a gallant enemy admits as much," I answered, flushing.

"Mr. Renault, am I your enemy?"

"Elsin, I fear you are."

"Why? Because you waked me from my dream?"

"What dream? That nightmare tentanted by Walter Butler that haunted you? Is it not fortunate that you awoke in time—even if you had loved him?—but you never did!"

"No, I never loved him. But that was not the dream you waked me from——"

"More than that, child, you do not know what love means. How should you know? Why, even I do not know, and I am twenty-three!"

"Once," she said smiling, "I told you that there is no happiness in love. It is the truth, Mr. Renault; there is no joy in it. That much I know of love. Now, sir, as you admit you know nothing of it, you cannot contradict me, can you?"

She smiled gaily, leaning forward in her saddle, stroking her horse's mane.

"No, I am not your enemy," she continued. "There is enough of war in the world, is there not, Mr. Renault? And I shall soon be on my way to Canada. Were I your enemy, how impotent am I to compass your destruction—impotent as a love-sick maid who chooses as her gallant a gentleman most agreeable, gently bred, faultless in conduct and address, upon whose highly polished presence she gazes, seeking depth, and finds but her own silly face mirrored on the surface."

She turned from me and raised her head, gazing up through interlacing branches into the blue above.

"Ah, we must be friends, Carus," she said wearily; "we have cost each other too dear."

"I have cost you dear enough," I muttered.

"Not too dear for all you have taught me."

"What have I taught you?"

"To know a dream from the reality," she said listlessly.

"Better you should learn from me than from Walter Butler," I said bluntly.

"From him! Why, he taught me nothing. I fell in love again—really in love—for an hour or two—spite of the lesson he could not teach me. I tell you he taught me nothing—not even to distrust the vows of men. If it was a wrong he dared to meditate, it touches not me, Carus—touches me no more than his dishonoring hand, which he never dared to lay upon me."

"What do you mean?" I asked, troubled. "Have you taken a brief fancy to another? Do you imagine that you are in love again? What is it that you mean, Elsin?"

"Mean? God knows. I am tired to the soul, Carus. I have no pride left—not a shred—nothing of resentment. I fancy I love—yes—and the mad fancy drags me on, trailing pride, shame, and becoming modesty after me in the dust." She laughed, flinging her arm out in an impatient gesture: "What is this war to me, Carus, save as it concerns him? In Canada we wag our heads and talk of rebels—here we speak of redcoats and patriots—and it's all one to me, Carus, so that no dishonor touches the man I love or my own Canada. Your country here is nothing to me except for the sake of this one man."

She turned toward me from her saddle.

"You may be right, you rebels," she said. "If aught threatened Canada, no loyalty to a King whom I have never seen could stir me to forsake my own people. That is why I am so bitter, I think; not because Sir Frederick Haldimand is kin to me, but because your people dared to storm Quebec."

"Those who marched thither march no more," I said gravely.

"Then let it be peace betwixt us. My enmity stops at the grave—and they march no more, as you say."

"Do you give me your friendship again, Elsin?"

She raised her eyes and looked at me steadily.

"It was yours before you asked me, Carus. It has always been yours. It has never faltered for one moment even when I said the things that a hurt pride forced from me." She shook her head slowly, reining in. I, too, drew bridle.

"The happiest moment of my life was when I knew that I had been the instrument to unlock for you the door of safety," she said, and stripped the glove from her white fingers. "Kiss my hand and thank me, Carus. It is all I ask of friendship."

Her hand lay at my lips, pressed gently for an instant, then fell to her side.

"Dear, dear Elsin!" I cried, catching her hand in both of mine again, crushing it to my lips.

"Don't, Carus," she said tremulously. "If you—if you do that—you might—you might conceive a—a regard for me——"

"Lord, child!" I exclaimed, "you but this moment confessed your fancy for a man of whose very name and quality I stand in ignorance!"

She drew her hand away, laughing, a tenderness in her eyes I never had surprised there before.

"Silly," she said, "you know how inconstant I can be; you must never again caress me as you did—that first evening—do you remember? If we do that—if I suffer you to kiss me, maybe we both might find ourselves at love's mercy!"

"You mean we might really be in love?" I asked curiously.

"I do not know. Do you think so?"

I laughed gaily, bending to search her eyes.

"What is love, Elsin? Truly, I do not know, having never loved, as you mean. Sir Peter wishes it; and here we are, with all the credit of Gretna Green but none of the happiness. Elsin, listen to me. Let us strive to fall in love; shall we? And the devil take your new gallant!"

"If you desire it——"

"Why not? It would please all, would it not?"

"But, Carus, we must first please one another——"

"Let us try, Elsin. I have dreamed of a woman—not like you, but statelier, more mature, and of more experience, but I never saw such a woman; and truly I never before saw so promising a maid as you. Surely we might teach one another to love—if you are not too young——"

"I do not think I am," she said.

"Then let us try. Who knows but you may grow into that ideal I cherish? I shall attend you constantly, pay court to you, take counsel with you, defer to you in all things——"

"But I shall be gone northward with the flag, Carus."

"A flag may not start for a week."

"But when it does?"

"By that time," said I, "we will be convinced in one fashion or another."

"Maybe one of us will take fire slowly."

"Let us try it, anyhow," I insisted.

She bent her head in silence a while.

"Sweetheart," I said, "are you hungry?"

"Oh!" she cried, crimson-cheeked, "have you begun already? And am I—am I to say that too?"

"Not unless you—you want to."

"I dare not, Carus."

"It is not hard," I said; "it slipped from my lips, following my thoughts. Truly, Elsin, I love you dearly—see how easily I say it! I love you in one kind of way already. One of these days, before we know what we're doing, we'll be married, and Sir Peter will be the happiest man in New York!"

"Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" she repeated impatiently; a frown gathered on her brow. She swung toward me, leaning from her saddle, face outstretched.

"Carus," she said, "kiss me! Now do it again, on the lips. Now again! There! Now that you do it of your own accord you are advanced so far. Oh,

this is dreadful, dreadful! We have but a week, and we are that backward in love that I must command you to kiss me! Where shall we be this day week—how far advanced if you think only of courting me to please Sir Peter?"

"Elsin," I said, after a moment's deliberation, "I'm ready to kiss you again."

"For Sir Peter's sake?"

"Partly——"

"No, sir!" she said, turning her head; "that advances us nothing."

After a silence I said again:

"Elsin!"

"Yes, Carus."

"I'm ready——"

"For Sir Peter's sake?"

"No, for my own."

"Ah," she said gaily, turning a bright face to me, "we are advancing! Now, it is best that I refuse you—unless you force me and take what you desire. I accord no more—nothing more from this moment—until I give myself!—and I give not that, either, until you take it!" She cast her horse forward at a gallop, I after her, leaning wide from my saddle, until our horses closed in, bounding on in perfect stride together.

"Carus! I beg of you——" Her voice was stifled, for I had put my arm around her neck and pressed her half-opened lips to mine. "You advance too quickly!" she said, flushed and furious. "Do you think to win a maid by mauling whether she will or no? I took no pleasure in that kiss, and it is a shame when both are not made happy. Besides, you hurt me with your roughness. I pray you keep your distance!"

I did so, perplexed, and a trifle sulky, and for a while we jogged on in silence.

Suddenly she reined in, turning her face over her shoulder.

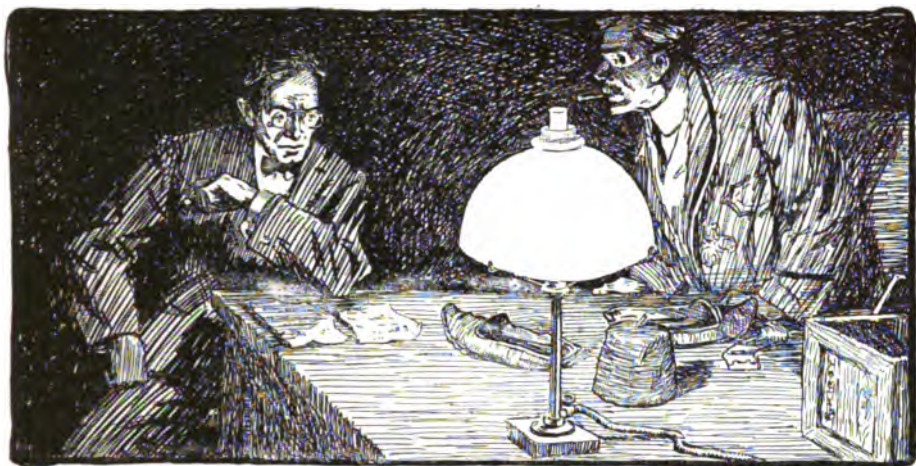
"Look, Carus," she whispered.

A moment later a Continental dragoon trotted into sight around the curve of the road, then another and another.

We were within the lines at last.

(To be continued.)





## THE LEATHER BELT OF LIATSAMI

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

I LIFTED the cover of the wooden box which I had just brought home from the express company's sale and peered within, anxious to learn what my half-dollar had bought. An evasive Oriental odor greeted me as I plunged in my hand and drew forth the contents. A moment later there lay on my desk two red slippers, a fez cap, and a long and heavy leather belt.

Spreading out the junk, I stared at it. The slippers, of Turkish pattern, were badly warped and wrinkled, their soles heavily studded with rusty iron bosses. The fez, both dirty and discolored, betrayed evidences of hard usage. The belt, however, was in far better condition. Its heavy leather was all one marvel of incised arabesques, picked out with brilliant colors which contrasted richly with the bronze buckle. Inside

was a regular nest of deep pockets where anything from the Kohinoor to a king's ransom might have lain concealed, yet which held nothing save two dirty sheets of foreign paper, all scribbled over with crabbed hieroglyphs. I could make nothing of them.

That evening Foley dropped in and I showed him the things. This globe-trotting friend of mine prides himself on being something of a collector and likes to have his opinion asked. He seemed a trifle disappointed at my "bibelots."

"You really paid money for *these*?" he queried, lighting the inevitable greasy black cigar. "Done again, Buck! The belt's not too bad, though—not bad at all, I swear. Pattern looks like Greek stuff. Anything inside? Yes, a couple of letters, Greek, on my word! Let's

have a look—perhaps they may be worth the reading.”

His strong hands were smoothing the crumpled papers. Having laid them on my desk beneath the drop-light he studied them, his black brows frowning intently.

“Curious dialect!” he ejaculated at length. “Not much like book-stuff, but still readable. Written by one Paskopolos, Ephthemias Paskopolos. Well, well.”

“What does the beggar say?” I queried with some impatience. “And why does he send his hat and shoes to unfindable people in New York? What’s it all about, anyway?”

“He dates it from Philiatra, Greece,” replied Foley with deliberation. “He says:

“MY DEAR COUSIN LIATSAMI:

“I hasten to answer your letter. If you go to America, use the enclosed recommendation, addressed to the godfather of my little Georgios, who will give you every aid.

“Now, regarding the money, write me what I am to do. Compliments to Manzourani.

“When you start, write me. I kiss you.  
“EPHTHEMIAS PASKOPOLOS.”

“Well,” I commented, “that’s all Greek to me! Read the other!”

Foley vouchsafed no answer, but brooded over the second letter with firm-set jaw. In a few minutes he began again:

“PHILIATRA, February 7, 1897.

“DEAR HONORED GODFATHER OF MY CHILD:

“It has been impossible for me to get a letter through to you. I suppose you have fallen headlong into *the business*?

“The bearer of this letter, my cousin Liatsami, I recommend especially to you. Any help to him will be as help to me.

“I kiss you with all my heart.

“E. PASKOPOLOS.”

Foley’s frown had become piratical and he had begun to chew his cigar. I knew what *that* meant; nevertheless, his first question startled me.

“Are you certain, *sure*, that no one knows you’ve got these? Not a living soul? Let’s see the box they came in! See here, and here—you never noticed *this*, did you?”

His forefinger traced dim scrawls on the cover, and I read in dubious English: “TO BE HOLD FOR MY ARRIVE.”

“By Jove, Buck!” he ejaculated, “I’ve half a notion these things may prove not exactly desirable. Let me take these things home with me? No, I sha’n’t explain a single thing—not yet! I fancy you’ll find out what they mean, fast enough! Good night; I’m going home to have a good wrestle with this!” And gathering up the letters, my erratic friend was gone.

Three evenings later he called me up by telephone with this characteristic message: “Come over, Buck! History is unfolding and I want you to see her do it.”

When I reached his rooms on Madison Avenue, I found him piping away like mad on his ivory flute, with his throat all swaddled in bandages.

“For Heaven’s sake, Ben!” I ejaculated. “What in the world is the meaning of *those*?”

“Nothing much,” replied Foley, ceasing his improvisation, “only what might have been expected. Foreign gentlemen came in here last night, wanted the letters, tried to perform tracheotomy on me for objecting, made a horrid botch of it—only scratched me. Chalked that on my door too—quite interesting!”

He pointed to the bedroom door where a red chalk circle enclosing a capital “K” stood out boldly.

“The circle—eternity, you know; the K, that’s the Greek *kappa*, stands for Camorra too—that is, the Greek branch of it. *Kamora* they spell it in Greece, you know. Deuced promising situation, I’m sure! Smoke?”

He lighted a cigar, drew the letters from his pocket and spread them on his knee.

"I got the cipher out of these in less than an hour," he continued judicially, "working by the 'kappas,' you know—the foreign chaps gave it all away with their obliging chalk-marks. All we have to do is mark the 'kappas,' count spaces between 'em, substitute Greek letters, and *voilà!* Only a matter of patience, you see!"

He handed me a sheet of paper with three short phrases:

"ANAOROUME TI'N PARASKEVI  
TO VRADI."

"I LAMIA INE EDIKIN SAS."

"KTIPIZETE T'IN DOMOKO."

"Well," I exclaimed impatiently, "what about it? What does it mean? I can't make head or tail of it."

"It means," replied Foley with some pride, "'We have orders to retreat,' 'Lamia is yours,' and 'Attack at Domoko,' and *that* means we have unearthed the real cause of the Greek defeat in their miserable war with Turkey—you remember how soundly they got licked! Lost five thousand men and ninety million drachmæ—no trifle for a poverty-stricken country! Camorra at the bottom of it, probably for pay. Traitors? Of course! Ever hear of a Camorrista that *wasn't*? Now we've got 'em on our trail for fair and Lord only knows what'll be the result! You're a pretty Pandora, aren't you, with your auction-room purchases and your bibelots? Naturally, they want to recover damaging evidences and are going to do it, too, if we don't side-track 'em! It's no case for the police; we must run it ourselves, and I rather think we can. Only you must be discreet and not ask questions at the wrong time. I fancy I've a key to the situation in the person of Liatsami himself, or at least a fellow by the same name, whom I've unearthed from lower Greenwich Street. I'm expecting him this evening, some time before eleven—

remember, you're an artist and I'm engaging a model for you! It's simply surprising, Buck, what a number of useful things a fellow can pick up if he can only talk a few words of an appropriate lingo! Wait on here with me and I promise to show you something worth seeing! By the way, it may interest you to know that I've written to old Paskopolos asking for information. What a time I had with modern Greek! I tell you, it's simply appalling stuff—barbaric!"

For an hour we smoked together. Finally, as the clock was just creeping up to ten, we heard boots upon the stairs, then a knocking at the door.

"Come!" cried Foley, and there entered, hat in hand, a thick-set foreigner, evidently a Greek.

"*Kalimera!*" said Foley. "A fine day."

"*Alithes iné,*" assented the Greek.

"Sit down," continued Foley, waving his hand toward a rocker. "Really must excuse my sore throat, you know. Had an operation a few days ago—*enchi-rissis*—operation—you understand?"

The fellow nodded. It was evident that he knew very little English.

"I say, have you got a card?" queried Foley. "Card, card, like this?" and he held up one of his own.

Our Greek fished in his trousers' pocket and produced a bit of pasteboard. Foley surveyed it with deliberation, then passed it over to me. It read:

ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΟΝ ΚΑΦΕΣΠΑΤΟΡΙΟΝ  
"ΣΠΑΡΤΗ ΚΑΙ ΤΡΙΠΟΛΙΣ"  
Καραγιανός και Λιάτσαμης

"Name's Liatsami, you see—Panagiotis Liatsami—runs a Greek restaurant called 'Sparta and Tripoli.' Go easy, Buck, or you'll spoil everything! Not bad at all, is it, for three days?" Then, turning to the Greek, he put a question or two, and was soon involved with him in a conversation of which I could catch

only the few fragments which he passed along to me in English.

"Says he likes America—never posed before, but would undertake it for fifty cents an hour—been in New York less than a month—worked his way to America on the Mediterranean Line—

"I say, hold on a minute therel Can you get some letters translated for me—*dbinisthe na metapbrasete*, you know?"

He drew the letters from his breast pocket and held them out to Liatsami. One glance did the business.

"*Thee mou!*" (My God!) he wailed,



"There entered, hat in hand, a thick-set foreigner."

business not very rushing in his café, as yet—says he'll begin posing to-morrow, if you like. . . ."

A few more questions and then "*Aphtho iné*, that's all!" said Foley, and the Greek arose to go.

"Goo'-by!" he murmured, backing for the door. His hand already sought the knob when Foley stayed it with another question.

dived through the door and bolted for the stairs. Foley was after him like mad, caught him at the landing, and together they rolled to the bottom, where I heard loud foreign words. The words subsided after a time, as I stood wondering at the top of the stairs, and before long Foley came up for his hat and coat. Deaf to all my questionings, he bade me simply wait till he returned, that is, if I wanted

to hear the rest of the story. I made myself at home with Foley's sideboard and books, and passed a very pleasant evening. He returned at eleven, a smile of satisfaction upon his lips.

When he, too, had eaten, he was ready to talk.

"That old Paskopolos is his cousin—a village notary and about the most miserable old Judas I've ever heard tell of, with his cousinly kisses! Sent the poor chap on that fool's errand and endangered an innocent life all along of his traitorous schemes. Seems to have been the ringleader of that gang of profit-hunters. Glad to say there weren't any profits; the Turks refused to cash up. Even a Turk hates a traitor, I imagine! This Liatsami was induced to carry the letters into the Turkish camp on the pretext that he could get a passport from Edhem Pasha, the Sultan's general, through Turkish territory to Triest, where he had an uncle and whence he was intending to ship for America. Well, Edhem had no sooner deciphered the messages than he gave 'em back to Liatsami and told him to take 'em to Paskopolos again and be damned to him! About that time Liatsami began to wake up to the fact that he was being used rather too freely for his own safety. He didn't dare return, having surmised what his friends were, nor, for some reason best known to himself, did he dare destroy the letters. He could get no passport beyond Zara, and without one he didn't venture to proceed along the coast in Greek costume, so he got some Turkish clothes and shipped the few things he wanted to keep to New York, in a wooden box, addressed to himself, 'To be Held for my Arrive.' Unfortunately, he *didn't* arrive! The cordial Turkos kept him right with them nearly a year, and I imagine he had no sybaritic time of it either. Well, after something like a twelvemonth he slipped out of Zara as a stowaway on the *Citta di Genoa* and was headed at last for New York, where his precious box was growing daily more

and more overripe. But when he got here, nary a sign of his box could he find—express company uncommunicative, of course—and the most he could learn was that it had been sold for charges. Then, on top of it all, he began to receive threatening letters from the Camorra here in New York—Paskopolos had already put the society after him—so now he's in somewhat of a panic. It seems he's set up in business with a good fellow named Karapenos. All he wants is to be let alone; but since that seems an impossibility, I rather think the worm is going to turn, and I shouldn't be surprised if these Camorristas might find things growing hot for them before long. You and I and the police and Liatsami—well, we shall see some fun at any rate, and as for me, I'm going to settle up on my own account a little bill for tracheotomy that's never been paid! The man I owe for that is one Stephanos Melos, partner of another cheerful blackleg named Delyannis. I know where they live too. Now, that's enough for one day, so I'll bid you '*Kali Nichta.*' Lie quiet, and when I want you you'll know it!"

I was awakened one night a week later by a powerful knocking at my door and opened it to Foley and a foreign-looking, silk-hatted gentleman. Foley pushed past me into the room, followed by the stranger. When I had closed the door, he whispered a few words in Greek to his companion, then said aloud:

"Mr. Zygomalas, shake hands with my friend Rineheart. Mr. Zygomalas is secretary at the Greek consulate, you know. Things are happening; Liatsami sent a note this afternoon asking for help—says if we'll meet him we can round up those chaps to-night, and I want you to climb into your rags *instantly*! Now, will you hurry for once?"

In less than five minutes we left the house. Foley's throat was still bandaged, I remarked, though his scarf dissembled





*"He had discovered the death-emblem."*

the wrappings artfully. When we had got fairly away he pressed a loaded six-shooter into my hand.

The hansom veered from Columbus Avenue into Broadway and swung rapidly along down-town. I ventured a couple of questions, which were rebuffed by monosyllables or silence; so I held my peace and let events mold themselves as they would. Foley produced cigars; I did not care to smoke, but the other two lighted theirs. At Madison Square we took Fifth Avenue, and so sped on down to Washington Square. Not until we had passed through it and had jolted into the nexus of roughly paved streets that lie below, did Foley volunteer a remark.

"Buck!" he ejaculated with sudden emphasis, "great things are under way to-night and you must lend a hand to make 'em come out right. I've been having some talk with our friend here, and he's of the opinion that perhaps we can handle matters better than even the

police—no warrants possible, you know—and serve out a little of what you literary folk call 'poetic justice.' *Dhen iné outos, Zygomalas?* Is it not even so?"

"*Outos iné!*" assented the Greek, and added: "When we shall have laid the hand on that Melos and that Delyannis, I conceive this Camorra trouble in our New York shall not soon revive again! Two years I have seek these same men, and now my friend Mr. Folé have set me on their near track. I shall inform the Consul and it shall be very well for Mr. Folé, beside which, I, Zygomalas, thank him!"

"Buck," said the recipient of this flowery peroration, "I want you to stand by me every minute! Here we are and you must be ready for anything. Don't pull that gun until you have to; but when you *do* pull it, *shoot* and shoot just as straight as ever you know how."

Our jehu reined in his steaming nag with a lurch, and out we all piled hastily on the sidewalk of a meandering, dirty

alley. Foley paid the man liberally and bade him wait around the corner. A street light on the other side of the way blazed blue in the spring wind, yet shed fitful rays upon the house-fronts. I made out a badly painted sign in Greek and English:

ΜΕΛΟΣ & ΔΕΛΤΑΝΝΙΣ  
GREEK WINES.

The second story was dark, but on the third a hint of illumination leaked from between fast-closed shutters.

"There, there!" whispered the secretary. "*Eki iné!* There they are! Come, hasten! Let us ascent quickly, my brave friends!" And he started up the steps. But Foley was at the top before him, and was kneeling at the door.

"Let's have a match here!" he commanded, and I lit a bundle of half a dozen to make a torch for him.

"Oh, the devil!" he exclaimed *sotto voce*, "what's the matter with things to-night, anyway? First, Liatsami fails to meet us at the corner, as he promised, and now here I run into a door with two locks! We might waste an hour trying to pick 'em. We'll just have to break the blasted thing in, and rush the place. Alley's quiet as a grave! Buck, you keep that gun handy! Come on, now, all together—one, two, three. . . ."

Before our combined impact the locks tore out; the door, crashing open, slammed back against the wall, and we ran stumbling through a dark passageway and up two villainous flights of stairs, Foley close followed by myself, while the secretary crowded in the rear. The first two stories seemed entirely deserted. When we reached the third I had my revolver in my hand.

Light filtered through a keyhole near the front of the landing. The door was locked, but one kick from Foley shattered the bolt and in we rushed.

Then we stopped short. Foley un-

covered, crossed himself, and muttered a scrap of prayer. The Greek did likewise. As for me, I stood transfixed. Save for a table and one or two chairs the room was vacant. On the rough floor lay the corpse of Panagiotis Liatsami half naked and "staked out" to four spikes driven deep into the planking. Ankles and wrists were cut deep by the cords that stretched the body taut, and hands and feet were all swollen, discolored with imprisoned blood. On his breast, affixed with grease, burned the candle whose light had guided us thither. It showed us great streams and blotches of crimson—red, red, red, everywhere, over the flesh, saturating the clothes, and even stagnating in irregular pools upon the floor.

We drew near. Liatsami had not been dead a great while, for there was still some warmth in his body. His face was contorted and his forehead bore the circle K traced in blood by a hasty finger. An elusive odor of chloroform explained the manner of his capture. His torture had been long, for two other candles had burned themselves out on his breast, charring the flesh. The great number of half-smoked cigarettes that littered the floor, plus an empty Chianti bottle by the window, also pointed to a prolonged session. As for the immediate manner of his death, some half dozen ugly wounds proclaimed the story of the end, when his self-appointed executioners had either grown weary of their sport or had deemed it wise to go.

Foley uttered a cry. He had discovered the death-emblem drawn upon the white-washed wall, and underneath it, stuck upon a nail, a single sheet of paper with the words:

"Greetings from Camorra! Back to Greece! Adieu!"

"Come," said Foley simply, "let's get out of here! This has become a matter for the police—not for us!"

Next afternoon at half past three, our two Camorristas (one minus an eye)

were taken by the Harbor Police from off the Greek tramp steamer *Nicolaos* outward bound for Patras. Melos was sent to the electric chair, and Delyannis got a life sentence. Poor Liatsami was buried by his partner, Karapenos.

About a fortnight later came from the much-kissing Paskopolos an answer to the letter that Foley had written him:

"PHILIATRA, *April 9th.*

"MOST ESTEEMED, HONORABLE SIR:

"I received your letter of March 15th, which I now answer. I have not answered before, because I have been unable to make out your language. Neither can I comprehend who was the writer of the letters you spoke of, nor who it was that used my name. I want to tell you I am totally and absolutely ignorant of the meaning of those let-

ters. I know nothing whatever of any such persons or things as you mention.

"I kiss you hastily.

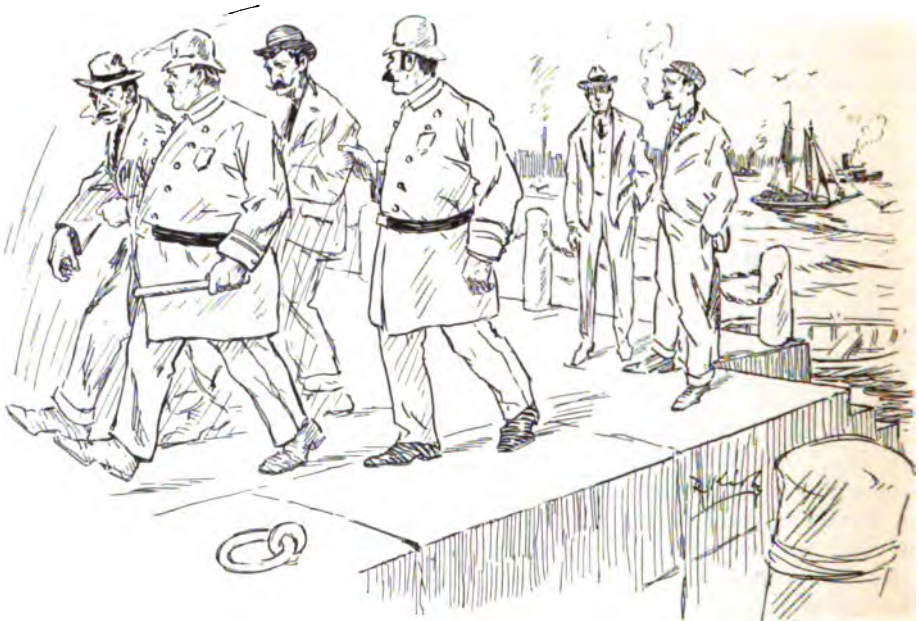
"E. PASKOPOLOS."

Foley laughed as he handed it over with the remark:

"I say, won't he just be surprised, though, in about three days, when the local police gather him in? Zygomalas has cabled. Shouldn't wonder if quite a crowd of 'em got rounded up at the same time! This world's a mighty small place after all, eh, Buck?"

"But after all," I said, "don't you think we've come off rather well?"

"Well?" he queried, almost fiercely. "Did you say *well*? Buck, it's miraculous that you and I are still alive to talk about it."



"Our two Camorristas were taken by the Harbor Police."



# While the Oil Thieves and Their Hirelings Rejoice Over the Supreme Court Decision

**All Kansas is Rallying to the Support of the Great ——— Refineries and Pipe Lines and Work is Crowding Ahead With Renewed Vim and Vigor and Bulldog Determination.**

**The Last Allotment of Stock Was Over-Subscribed in Net Sales \$18,000. Present Allotment of Stock Will Not Last Over Five Days. Telegrams Are Pouring In With Heavy Remittances on Every Mail.**

**STOCK ADVANCES 20 PER CENT TUESDAY, JULY 18. BETTER WIRE YOUR ORDERS.**

*Sample Advertisement of a Wild Cat Refinery.*

## HOW KANSAS WAS "ROLLED"

BY G. W. OGDEN

WHEN a Kansas stockman goes to Kansas City with a "bunch" of cattle, and is deftly estranged from the money resulting from his transactions at the stock-yards, the people at home say he has been "rolled." It is an unenviable distinction in Kansas. And now Kansas is just awakening to the realization that she herself has been "rolled," completely, systematically, unmercifully rolled, by a gang of conspirators as shrewd as any pair of lock-trick men that ever patrolled Kansas City's historic Union Avenue.

It is history now, how Kansas, some few months ago, declared that she was going to drive the Standard Oil Company forth from her domains with staves, the heaviest bludgeon in the uplifted array being the State oil-refinery bill passed by the Legislature last February. This law has been declared unconstitutional by the Kansas Supreme Court, and the sharpers who were responsible for its conception and birth are wrinking their lean sides in derisive laughter. They are saying they knew from the beginning that the law would not stand, that they did not want the State to go into the oil business anyway, that their

desired end has been attained, and, frankly, that the refinery bill was merely a bait swung before the Legislature in the hope that the lawmakers might seize it and drag the men at the other end of the line out of a very bad hole.

Kansas has been tricked, jobbed, bamboozled, and the leather-mouthed rascals who were responsible for it are crowding forward, coatless, perspiring, slouch-hatted, blatant, raking in the proceeds of their shrewdness with both hands. Like croupiers at a forbidden game on an excursion steamer, a game that must cease at the end of the voyage, they are employing the time to the best advantage, standing by their layouts, shouting through page advertisements in the daily papers: "Git in the game, gents; git in the game!"

When the scope and possibilities of the Kansas oil-field were first generally realized by the people of that State two years ago, they dropped everything else. Men of small means and great expectations flocked to the oil-belt from every town and hamlet of the State, secured leases on lands, and went home to organize companies. The fever was on,

and it was an easy matter to get the money. It is not likely that such improbable tales of rapid wealth were ever before recited to prospective stockholders, and it is altogether impossible that more generous promises of large and speedy dividends have ever been made to excite the cupidity of the close and cautious. Few, if any, corporations were formed. The promoters merely collected the money and receipted for it in stock. Every sleek-backed real-estate agent in the length of Kansas, who was gnawing his penholder in an effort to extract nutriment, became the promoter of an oil land developing company. Thousands upon thousands of people put money into the schemes, and the earth trembled under the churning of ceaseless drilling.

The development of the Kansas and Indian Territory fields was, therefore, unprecedented. In a few months' time these fields were producing 75,000 barrels of crude oil a day. The Standard Oil Company was the only purchaser, and the development of the field quickly outran its ability to handle the output. The price of crude oil speedily dropped, and the promoters who had made rash promises felt apoplectic chokings when they began to realize that they would miss the target even farther than they had expected to do. They had not reckoned on such a thing as overproduction in oil being possible, and, when face to face with such a situation, with their promise-puffed investors at home demanding the dividends that could not be paid, they were in a lane where they couldn't even cramp their front wheels and back. Kansas alone was capable of producing from 20,000 to 30,000 barrels of oil daily, and the price had fallen from \$1.37 a barrel to fifty-one cents for the highest grade oil. For the coarser grades there was no market at all!

It is certain that the producers were sincere in the denunciations of the Standard Oil Company which they voiced at that time. They charged that the Stand-

ard had encouraged the development of the field on the promise that it would buy all the output, connect pipes with all wells, and keep them running to the full capacity of their yield. When the price of oil dropped to the point where it would not cover the cost of production, the producers, especially the promoters, set up the cry that the Standard was pursuing its well-known policy of driving them into bankruptcy in order to gain possession of the properties.

How far these charges are true only the Standard itself is competent to answer, but the situation furnished a chink in the wall that confronted the blatant venders, and they were loud in their demands that the State enact laws to protect them. The thousands of people throughout the State who had invested money in the development schemes were willing to saddle the blame for the delayed payment of dividends upon the Standard's back. The uproar was tremendous. Governor Hoch, in his message to the Legislature, January 10, 1905, took up the cry. After discussing the socialistic phase of the proposal, and expressing clearly his objection to socialism, the governor said:

"Rather, therefore, than permit the great monopolies to rob us of the benefits of the vast reservoirs of oil which have been stored by the Creator beneath our soil, I am inclined to waive my objection to the socialistic phase of this subject and recommend the establishment of an oil-refinery of our own in our State for the preservation of our wealth and the protection of our people."

Governor Hoch had, before he became governor, invested a few hundred dollars in an oil-development scheme at Chanute. The moment his recommendation to the Legislature was reported in the daily papers, the promoters again lifted their heads and began trying to drag more capital into their money-devouring enterprises. A new dawn was breaking for them. With a State oil-refinery, they said in their advertise-

ments, a market would be created for all the crude oil Kansas could yield. The developing feature of the situation again enjoyed a brief prosperity. Money once more poured into the pockets of the promoters and stock jobbers, and the enterprising citizen in Chanute with whom the governor was interested began advertising the fact of the chief executive's connection with his company.

A bill appropriating \$410,000 to build and maintain an oil-refinery was introduced in the State Senate, and certain producers who dictated it, and who owned wells in Chautauqua County, saw to it that the bill provided for the establishment of the refinery at Peru. Their wells were located at and around Peru, and the refinery, while it was to be but a small thing, would well take care of their product. The refinery was to be a branch of the State penitentiary, and was to be operated by convict labor. It was designed to handle 1,000 barrels of crude oil a day.

All Kansas howled for the passage of the bill. The schemers in localities where the refinery could not possibly benefit them directly moistened their dry lips. They saw a bigger opening for the milking of the public than ever before. They realized that the refinery bill was their wedge, and that it must be driven through. If the State went into the oil-refining business it must protect itself by laws preventing ruinous discrimination in railroad rates and unjust competition on the part of the Standard Oil Company. "Get the refinery bill through, by all means," was the word that passed through the promoters' camp. "Then inspire a maximum freight law governing the transportation of oil, and a law that will peg down the tentacles of the old, familiar octopus in the matter of competition, and we can all go into the refinery-building business. We have only to point to the immense profits of the Standard Oil Company to inflame the people with the unquenchable thirst for sudden wealth. We'll

land all the deep-water fish that our seines didn't reach in the developing haul, as well as all the little ones that managed to squirm through the meshes."

The bill duly passed the Senate. In the House it met opposition in the person of Stubbs, the Speaker, and there it hung in precarious balance. Stubbs was the close friend of Governor Hoch, indeed, the proud setter-up and plucker-down of governors so far as Hoch was concerned. The best legal authority declared the measure unconstitutional. Stubbs and his supporters said that was bad enough, but it was also socialistic, which was worse. They buttonholed Governor Hoch, and presently Hoch was counseling moderation.

In his message recommending the law, the governor clearly had in mind a competitive enterprise, but after a few sessions with the conservatives, he became possessed of the opinion that an appropriation of \$50,000, to be expended on an experimental plant at Lansing, where the penitentiary is located, would be sufficient. This amount, said the governor, he would consider as a contribution to the cause of commercial independence in the United States, as it would settle the much-debated question regarding the cost of producing refined oil. Let the State determine this point, said he, and then, if it should develop that oil could be refined and sold at a price below that charged in Kansas by the Standard Oil Company, after paying the producer a fair price for the crude product, the way would be open for individuals and corporations to step in and compete.

All this, of course, would mean time, a year perhaps, or two years, and the prospect brought the promoters to their feet. While the State would be experimenting to find out whether or not oil could be refined and sold profitably at a reduced price to the consumer, how were the promoters to get the minds of their investors away from the large bunches of money they had stuffed into the pro-

moters' pockets? No, the governor's suggestion would not do. Clearly, the money-power was at work, imperiling the sacred rights of the great common people. They shouted it, they bawled it, they printed it.

Governor Hoch is an honest man, but he is wired together like any other skeleton office-holder, from the highest to the lowest in our land of party patronage. He had, through his newspaper and on the platform, opposed the corrupt element of the Republican party which had been in control of the State for many years. He was made governor by virtue of a popular uprising against this organized rapacity, and Stubbs was the man who "drafted" him to stand for the nomination against the machine candidate. Stubbs's counsel was weighty, therefore, with the governor, heavier even than the frenzied demands of the rural press, or the promoter-inspired petitions that poured in calling for the immediate passage of the refinery bill. Hoch "teetered." He balanced up and down, touching neither extreme, tantalizing, finally enraging, the locust tribe of promoters that looked to him for salvation.

He was finally pulled down from the fence, flat-footed on the side of the promoters of the refinery bill, pulled down by a bluff that was unique, even in the highly colored chromo of Kansas politics. How the trick was turned, and the day was saved to the promoters, was related by the prime mover in the scheme, shortly after the Supreme Court declared the refinery law unsound.

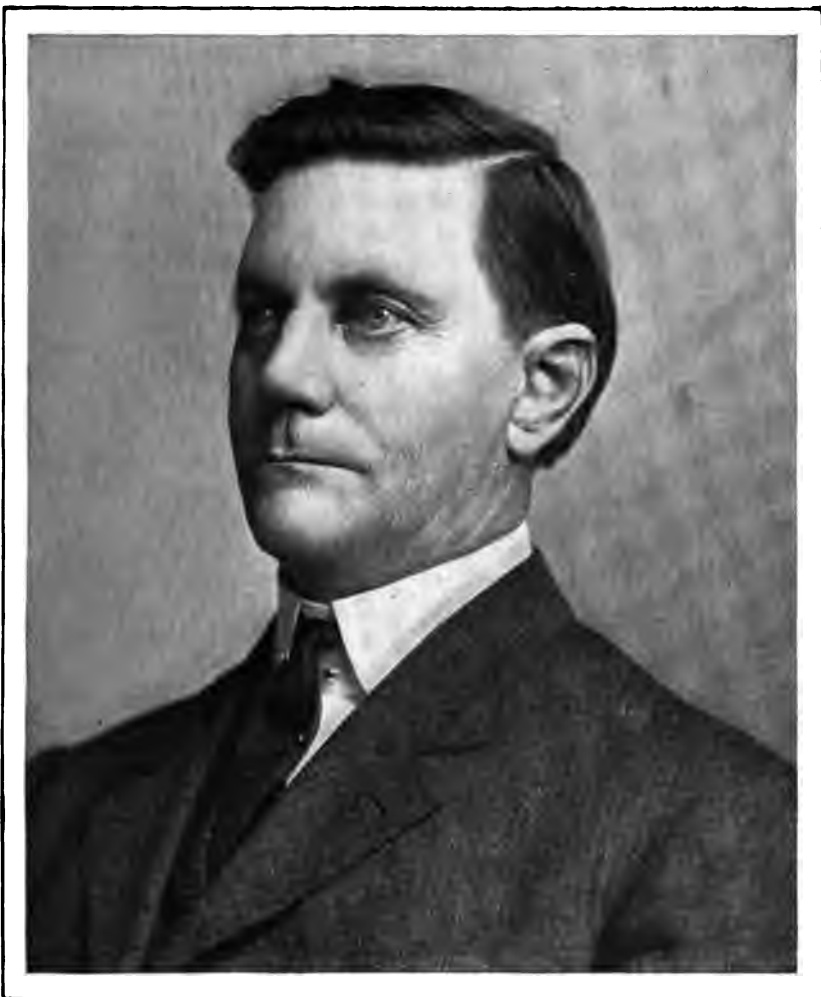
This man has occupied high judicial seats in Iowa and Kansas, was one of the organizers of the now defunct Populist party, and was, in the heyday of that popular movement, one of its chief prophets. He has found a lodgment now outside the swirl of political strife as counsel for one of the wild-eyed, get-rich-quick, make-oil-while-you-sleep refinery projects which sprung into life immediately after the passage of the refinery bill. He is a person of dignified

past, and continually depreciated and apologized during the interview for his present questionable connection. He sat in his bare, hot office with his sleeves rolled up, smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

Just as a man who had been justice of the peace is always hailed as "squire" in Kansas, just as an ex-attorney-general remains "general" all the days of his life, this man was "judge."

"Hoch," said the judge, drawing valiantly on his pipe to get up a head of steam, "is a newspaper man. He don't know anything. The oil situation in Kansas was, and is, most peculiar. Every town of five hundred inhabitants in the State has two or three oil companies, with from two to five thousand dollars capital. This money has been paid in, and put into leases and wells. The Standard began by encouraging the development of the field, with the end in view of such a large output that it could cry 'overproduction,' drive the price down, and force hundreds of these companies into bankruptcy. It figured on a sort of legal confiscation of our wells, and in some measure it was successful. But with such a large representation of the State's population in the oil business, you may be certain most of the influential men of all parties were included. I don't want to rob Hoch of any credit in the originating of the State refinery proposal, but it is significant that there was no party division over it. At the time it was suggested by the governor, the Standard was very busy in the stifling program it had outlined, and we were down on our backs with our tongues lolling out.

"The refinery bill was finally introduced, passed the Senate, and hung up in the House. Imagine our surprise, disappointment, and chagrin when Hoch himself began to back water. Not that we looked to the refinery to take our oil, but because we wanted to drive the State to the point where it must enact the laws we did want, laws that would make refineries we might build as profitable as



GOVERNOR E. W. HOCH, OF KANSAS

the State's. Our influential men went to work to inflame the State. Petitions poured in on the representatives demanding favorable action on the bill, and Hoch was pelted from all sides. But he hung to the fence.

"Then *I* got busy. There are sixty thousand Populists in the Republican party in Kansas, their wool dyed with populism clear down to the hide, and they're in the Republican party because the conditions in this State that were responsible for the Populist movement have been changed. I have known Hoch

intimately many years. He has a terror of populism, so I wrote him a letter threatening to call the old party into life unless he threw his influence on the side of the refinery measure as it stood. I also wrote letters to fifty men who had been active Populists, then in the Republican fold, and in that manner started an endless chain which deluged Hoch, each letter stating that, unless the Republican party should speedily pass the refinery bill, a revival of the People's party would certainly result. By thousands these letters went to Hoch. The old Popu-

listic ghost arose before his eyes, the gathering of the dry bones sounded in his ears, and Hoch got down off the fence. He threw his influence to the bill, and it passed.

"We had no hope of the success of the refinery, because it was plain to us that the law was unconstitutional. In fact, we were better pleased that it was so, because we knew that Peru, and Peru only, would be the one locality to profit to any extent by it, but we knew that if the refinery bill alone passed, without laws to fortify it, the people would say the machine still controlled, that the law was passed as a sop to the public, while the Standard and the railroads cracked the whip.

"Now the State refinery is knocked out, just as we expected it would be, but the laws that were designed to strengthen it remain, and they are unquestionably good. I refer to the maximum freight law and the antidiscrimination act. The refinery bill was our bear-trap, but we would never have been able to get Hoch and the legislature into it without the old Populist specter."

Thus speaks one side of the situation.

The maximum freight law is a provision governing rates for the transportation of crude oil and its products. It forbids rebates and provides penalties for its violation. Under this law it is illegal for any common carrier in Kansas to charge more than ten cents per hundred pounds for transporting oil a distance of 250 miles. It is a graduated scale, ranging from two and a half cents per hundred pounds up, according to distance. The railroads have accepted the law without question.

The antidiscrimination act is designed to prevent unfair competition. It provides that "any person, firm, or corporation, foreign or domestic, doing business in the State of Kansas, and engaged in the production, manufacture, or distribution of any commodity in general use, that shall intentionally, for the purpose of destroying competition,

discriminate between different sections, communities, or cities of this State, by selling such commodity at a lower rate in one section, community, or city, or any portion thereof, than is charged for such commodity in another section, community, or city, after equalizing the distance from the point of production, manufacture, or distribution, and freight rates therefrom, shall be deemed guilty of unfair discrimination."

The penalty for the violation of this act is forfeiture of not less than two hundred dollars for each offense, forfeiture of charter, and ouster from the State.

These laws were enacted a few days after the passage of the refinery bill, and following their approval by the governor, the biggest stock-peddling concerns, formerly in the alleged business of developing the field, began exploiting schemes for erecting refineries. The public pulse again beat feverishly, the public eye once more strained greedily for a sight of the big advantages beyond the to-morrow of the promoters, and the golden tide ran toward the oil-fields. Some business men in the different localities went to work earnestly and built a few small refineries, but they did it quietly. Three of these, two at Humboldt and one at Paola, have been in operation some time, and are making money. Two more legitimate plants are just starting, and several, the first to begin calling on the public for funds to build, are still soliciting the people's money. They are, in all likelihood, as far along as they will ever be, the intention of their promoters from the beginning being far from sincere.

The oil situation in Kansas at present, then, is this: Five independent refineries are now in operation, and several are projected. Some of these are legitimate, but most of them are stock-jobbing concerns that are bound to work incalculable damage to the State. The output of all the independent refineries in Kansas is 1,200 barrels of refined product daily. The consumption in Kansas amounts to probably 5,000 barrels a day.

This is a point upon which so-called experts disagree, but some of the Standard Oil Company's employees place it as low as 2,000 a day. At the most, it does not amount to much in the oil-world in the matter of consumption, but the State is producing 20,000 barrels a day. The manufacturing centers of Kansas, Pittsburg, Cherryvale, Chanute, Iola, and some smaller towns, all use natural gas for fuel. The railroads own or control their coal-mines, and have not adopted oil as fuel in their locomotives. Kansas, therefore, does not give promise of becoming an oil-consuming State for many years, and the sole hope of the independent refineries is in home trade. In Kansas they are protected, but outside its boundaries they cannot compete with the Standard.

Kansas is receiving no benefit from its independent refineries. Entrenched behind the laws the State has enacted for the ostensible protection of its citizens, safe for a time at least from competition, the independent refiners are taking advantage of prices and conditions created by the Standard Oil Company, are trading on sentiment, and charging the same price as their old enemy. The dealers who patronize them are doing so out of sentiment, and because the consumers demand it. These refineries will thrive for a time, but there is a competition against which the law does not shield them, the competition in price of crude oil.

Even now the Standard Oil Company is preparing to crush them. For months it has been getting ready, and in Kansas and Indian Territory it has stored millions of barrels of crude oil which it has bought at, and around, fifty cents a barrel. It is now busy in the Kansas field, which has been practically idle for months, relaying the connections with wells that it petulantly tore out when public sentiment rose so sharply against it last winter. The knowing ones say the Standard will very soon be in the Kansas field again, buying at a price much above

that prevailing at present. It remains to be seen, then, how long sentiment will control the producers. They will sell to the highest bidder, and the Standard will be the highest bidder, and leave the independent refineries to look out for themselves.

The worse phase of the situation is the wildcat refinery schemes, of which there are many. They have done little but collect money, and they will continue doing that until the unsteady props upon which they lean collapse. The writer visited the noisiest of these companies—its office is located at a southeastern Kansas city—and found a youth who has widely advertised himself with the concern, reigning supreme among stacks of registered letters, much-used check-books, and proofs of current advertisements.

This person was a stripling of a worm-like restlessness. His company—judging from his advertisements he is the whole thing—was formerly engaged in collecting money for developing purposes. It was the first to take up the refinery cry, and has done less than any other in the matter of actual work. This concern is capitalized for ten million dollars! and its office force consisted of two pale, listless young women. The company is duly incorporated under the laws—not of Kansas, but of Arizona. Kansas laws require a company incorporating to have twenty-five per cent. of its capital stock paid up.

This young man leaned back in his swivel-chair, hooked his toes around the legs of it, and denounced in poorly feigned intensity of feeling, with shallow veneer of sincerity, the conditions that drove the people of Kansas into the oil-refining business. He was a picturesque young man in his disregard for historical as well as geographical facts.

"No, this ain't a money-making scheme," said he; "we don't expect to make any money, not till we influence other States to pass laws like ours. This here's a sentimental move, that's what

it is. Something's got to break down here, and it's got to be either us or the Standard Oil Company.

"No, we can't compete in other States with the oil-thieves, but we could if they'd be fair. But if they go to giving oil away in other States, we'll campaign 'em, that's what we'll do, campaign 'em. We've got men in this here company that can swing Mezoury, an' we'll send 'em over there an' we'll say, 'Hang a few of your sell-out representatives, an' pass maximum freight laws an' *antidiscrimination* acts,' that's what we'll say."

The young man had risen, and was working his features in an alarming manner. "It's goin' to be a fight," he repeated, "an' a hard one. A man that ain't got a million dollars back of him don't stand no more show than a serf in—" He stumbled in the location of the serf, and hung fire a moment, turning to a map marked "Gas and Oil Belt." Evidently he had not met with the serf in the gas and oil belt, so he jumped overseas. "No more show than a serf in England," he declared with patriotic fervor and fine contempt for the unfortunate bondman.

These people do not bear the stamp of business men, and they do not take kindly the visits of those who ask questions. There is a restrained air of secrecy, a plain desire to cover, to drag out of sight and lock up, something in connection with the concern. Business men all over the oil belt shake their heads gravely when the name of this concern is mentioned. "Stock jobbers," they say, "just doing enough to keep clear of the law, and nobody knows where the money goes."

The advertising bills of this outfit amount to more than \$600 a day. Pages and half pages are used in several big dailies, to say nothing of scores of weeklies, all over the Middle West. It is working the people, not alone of Kansas, but of surrounding States, by a shallow-pated, frothy-mouthed brand of sentimentalism, its argument being a

cross between the bluff of the gambler and the last-chance-for-life medicine man.

As an example, it says, in one of its advertisements, speaking of a person alleged to be in its employ: "He was a former business associate of Tarbell, of the Pure Oil Company in Pennsylvania, who is a brother of Miss Ida Tarbell, the great historian of the oil-trust and its robber managers."

This is drawing sentiment out to a rather indefinite relation, to be sure, but it appears to be the sort of dough-bait for which the fish are gaping. This concern has a daily capacity of two hundred barrels, or will have when the machinery it has installed is running, yet it is projecting its paper schemes clear across the State of Kansas, screaming of its intention of building more refineries, of laying pipe-lines to "navigable waters," and of gathering the oil business of this country, as well as that of other lands, into its hands.

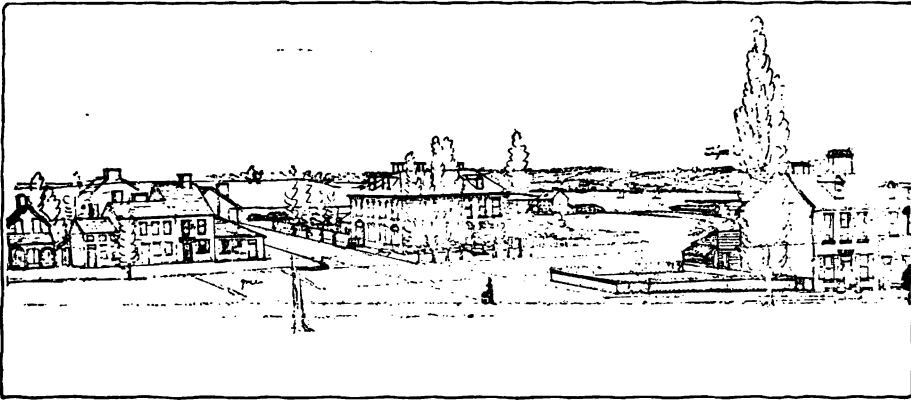
There is a very big screw loose in this concern. It is merely an example of many, and is specifically spoken of here because it is bigger than all the rest combined. It, with the others like it, is taking daily thousands of dollars of the people's money. When the day of accounting comes, there will be nothing to account with. These conscienceless schemers will work more damage in Kansas before their end is reached, than any blight of hot winds, droughts, or edacious insects.

The concern above referred to had in July, according to the restless, squirming youth who is its heart and vitals, more than 1,500 dupes in Kansas alone. He said there were more than a thousand stockholders in other States, and the list was growing daily at the rate of two or three hundred.

"They ain't much to write about now, down here," he said, "but if you'll come back in a year there'll be a story."

And he was right. There will be a story, and it will be a tragedy.





Drawn by B. H. Latrobe

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE IN 1813

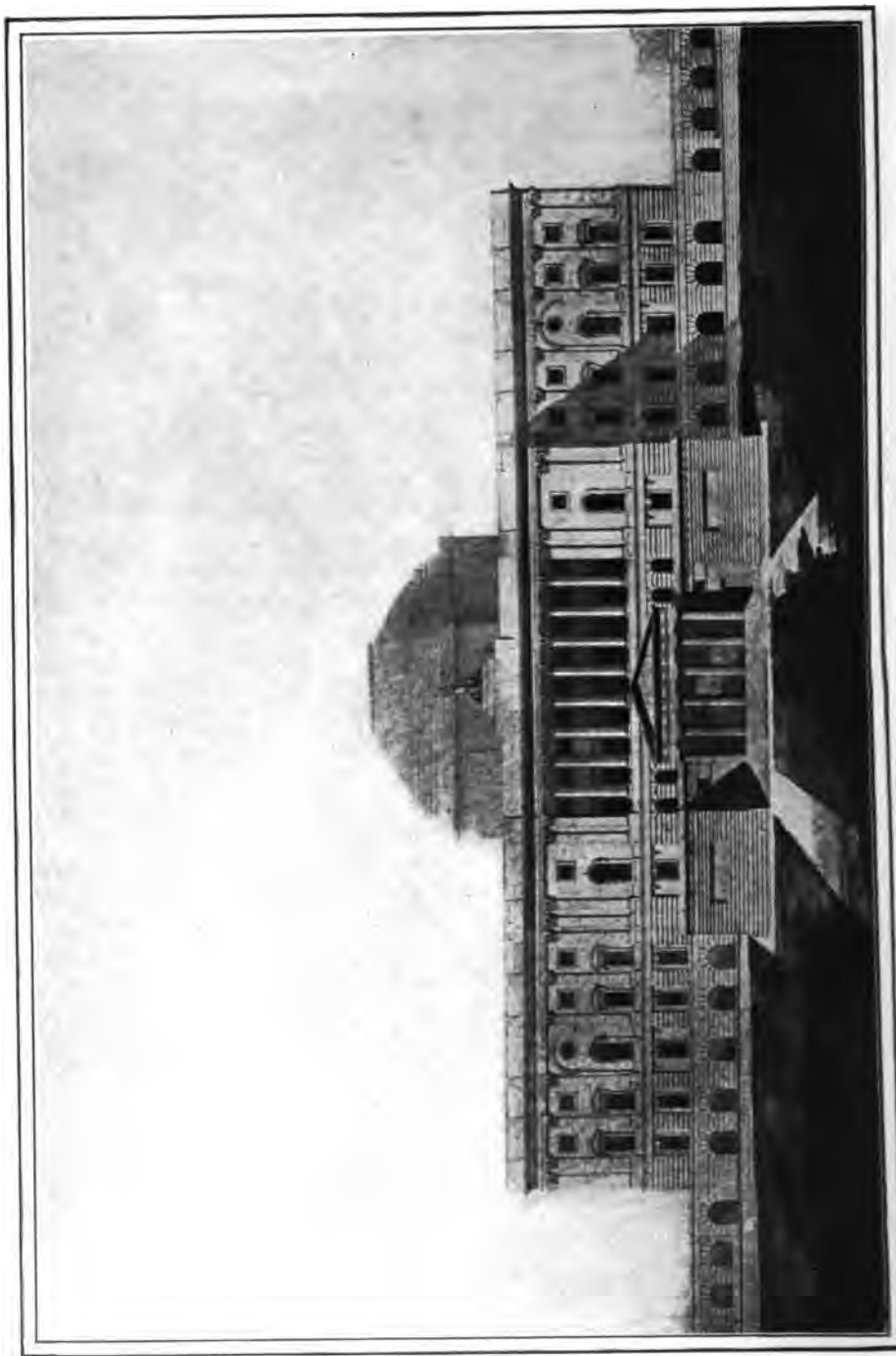
# THE FIRST ARCHITECT IN AMERICA BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE

## NOTES AND LETTERS ON THE ERECTION OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

*Through the courtesy of Colonel Osmun Latrobe there will soon be published a most interesting collection of journals, letters, sketches, and memorabilia of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the founder of the American branch of the family, who came to this country from England in the year 1796. His chief claim to fame lies in the fact that it was under his direction, and from his plans (or the plans of others with his modifications), that the Capitol at Washington was erected. From these journals we get an insight into the character of a versatile and remarkable man. Not only was Latrobe an architect, but he was soldier, civil engineer, philosopher, artist, humorist, poet, and naturalist. He had a wide range of thought, and many standpoints from which he viewed life and judged and recorded developments about him. Observations upon politics, accounts of travels through an unwritten country, interviews with great men, small men, and their wives and families, story and anecdote, criticism and comment, dealing with the years from 1796 to 1820, make these papers not only of historical value, but lively and refreshing reading.*

**T**HE history of two buildings in the Federal City, the Capitol and the President's house, would make a most interesting volume. Many were the difficulties, delays, and vexations connected with their erection, and great the vicissitudes through which they passed. The connection of Benjamin Henry Latrobe with their completion, and the debt that is owed to him for the

final accomplishment and harmonious design, has never been acknowledged or written. At the time that Latrobe became a citizen of the United States, he enjoyed the unique distinction of being the only architect within the borders of the new country—the only man who could lay claim to the knowledge of the art and science of architecture—the only one who had prepared himself by profes-



*Drawn by B. H. Latrobe, February, 1812* WEST ELEVATION OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

sional study and who was competent by his experience and natural gifts to take charge of such a work as was contemplated by the commissioners who had in charge the location of the national capital, its embellishment and departmental buildings.

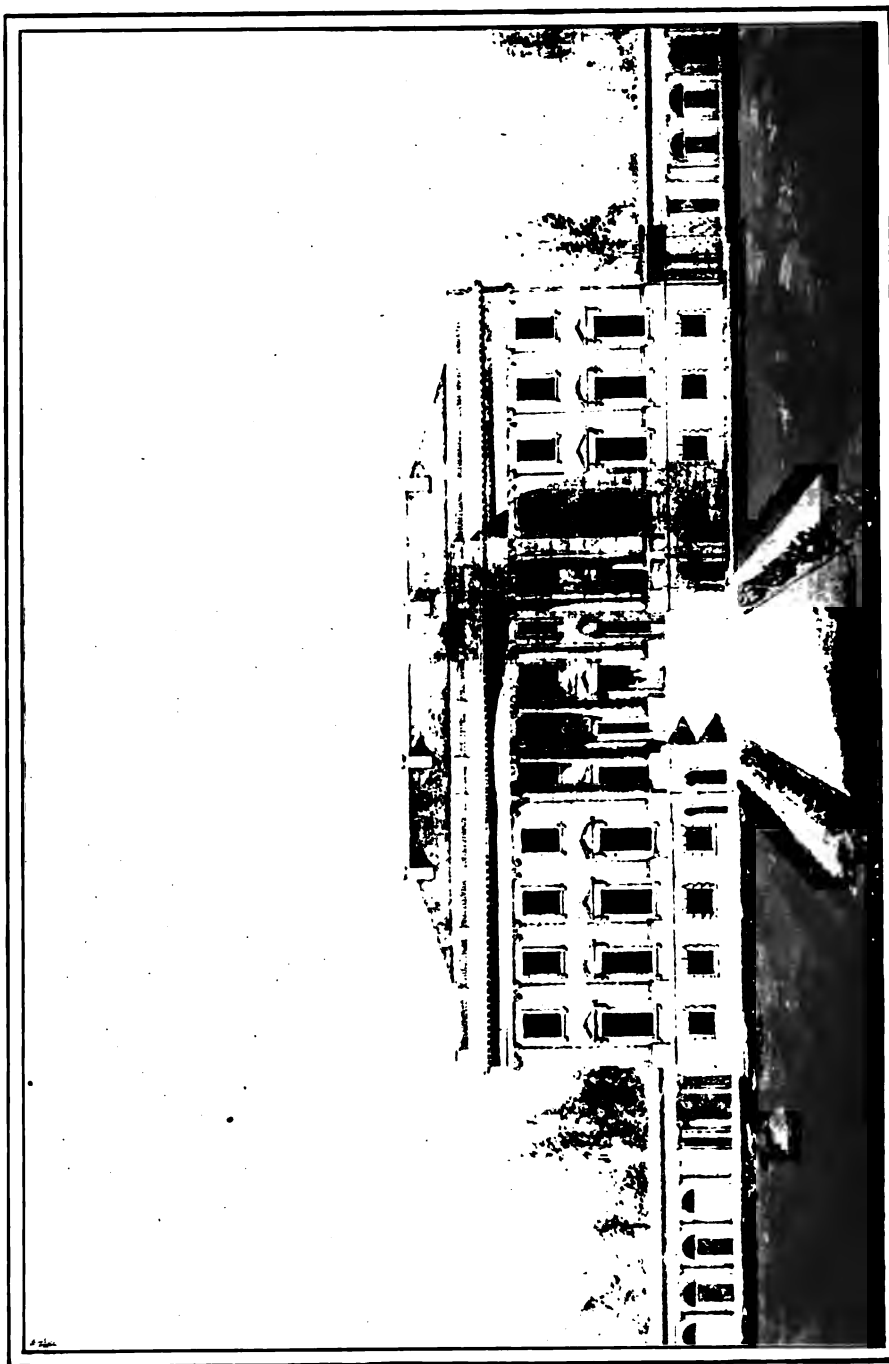
The work had been begun in a haphazard way under the direction of Dr. William Thornton, a man not grounded in the first principles of architectural study, but who possessed, nevertheless, no little ability and, considering the difficulties under which he labored and his small opportunities for study, attainments of no mean order. Dr. Thornton had begun in a more or less desultory fashion the earlier plans. That they had progressed as far as they had before Latrobe was called in to direct the undertaking, was little short of marvelous. Competent workmen it was almost impossible to obtain. Jealousies and political wranglings and the enforced economy made the work of the utmost difficulty.

In his private papers, and in the copies of his correspondence, Latrobe has left a history of his connection with the two buildings that first graced the capital of the United States—the meeting-place of the representatives of the nation and the dwelling of the Chief Executive. He tells in his own words the story of his first meeting with Dr. Thornton, and, although it is but a recital of their many differences, it has, in view of the accomplishment, and the debt now acknowledged to both, a value and interest beyond that of a simple record.

"I was introduced," writes Latrobe, "in 1798 to Dr. William Thornton, then one of the commissioners of Washington City, by William McClure, Esquire, now one of the commissioners of the United States, at Paris. I was then on my way to Philadelphia to take upon me the direction of the Bank of Pennsylvania, and the supply of the city with water. Of course I had no object to solicit in Washington, but stopping there I spent the afternoon with the Doctor. One of

the first subjects introduced was the plan of the Capitol of which he had a ground plan and east elevation. Of the plan I had a copy given me by Volny, and differing from that which has been executed, in some respects, and another by Haller, given me by Mr. Greenleaf. With freedom, but without giving offense, I objected to both plan and elevation exactly on those points which I have since endeavored to correct. And, having taken great liberty in my remarks, I offered to give to the Doctor a drawing in perspective of his design which would convince him, I trusted, of its errors. But he never sent me the necessary materials.

"In the year 1803, I was appointed purveyor of the public building. I called for drawings to guide my operations. The President gave me a plan and Dr. Thornton gave me another. They were copies of each other and both perfectly useless. Neither of them agreed with the work as founded or carried up, and there were no details whatever. In the superintendent's office, no drawings existed. To speak plainly, the design was evidently the production of a man wholly ignorant of architecture, having brilliant ideas, but possessing neither the knowledge necessary to the execution nor the capacity to methodize and combine the various parts of a public work. In some respects the plan, as far as it indicated what it was intended to be, was impracticable, and in almost every way it was so inconvenient and often useless in its arrangement that I despaired utterly of correcting it. However, I gave to it several days of severe study, and then stated to the President that I could not undertake its execution. He consented to alterations, and I proposed consulting Dr. Thornton. The President said it would be unnecessary and would be fruitless. Having in the course of a week, however, formed and reduced to drawing all my proposed alterations, I called on the Doctor, to whom I believed much to be due on the score of delicacy. I procured an interview, in which, after



*Drawn by R. H. Latrobe, January, 1817*

SOUTH ELEVATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE  
Copied from the design of proposed alterations, 1807

much argument and heat, he at last consented to admit my ideas into the plan. But the next day he called on me and, with much irritation and using language offensive and uncivil, he recanted. I began, however, to build, with the consent of the President, agreeably to my own plan, and in the foundations no great alteration was perceptible. The Doctor and myself remained on tolerable terms; however, he was not silent elsewhere, and I found myself assailed on all quarters by members of the Congress that met in 1804, respecting alterations to plan *approved by General Washington*, for upon that point all objection turned. Even the President wished no unnecessary alterations from the plan approved by General Washington to be made. . . . Then the committee met to consider the message on the public building and I was called before them and asked in writing to exhibit the *plan approved by General Washington*.

"Previous to my appearance before the committee I called on Dr. Thornton in order to consult him in regard to my answer. I was received with violent expressions of anger. I was so harassed by despair of executing the work which would do me any sort of credit that I sent in my resignation to the President and begged to decline all further attempt to correct errors which only the utmost latitude, power, and discretion of my office would suffice me. My hopes of success were too deeply rooted in the design not to foresee infinite trouble and vexation of further continuance under the conditions. My resignation was not accepted.

"Some years ago, Dr. Thornton described in a large company the allegorical group which it was his intention, as commissioner of the City of Washington, to place in the center of the Capitol around the statue of the General.

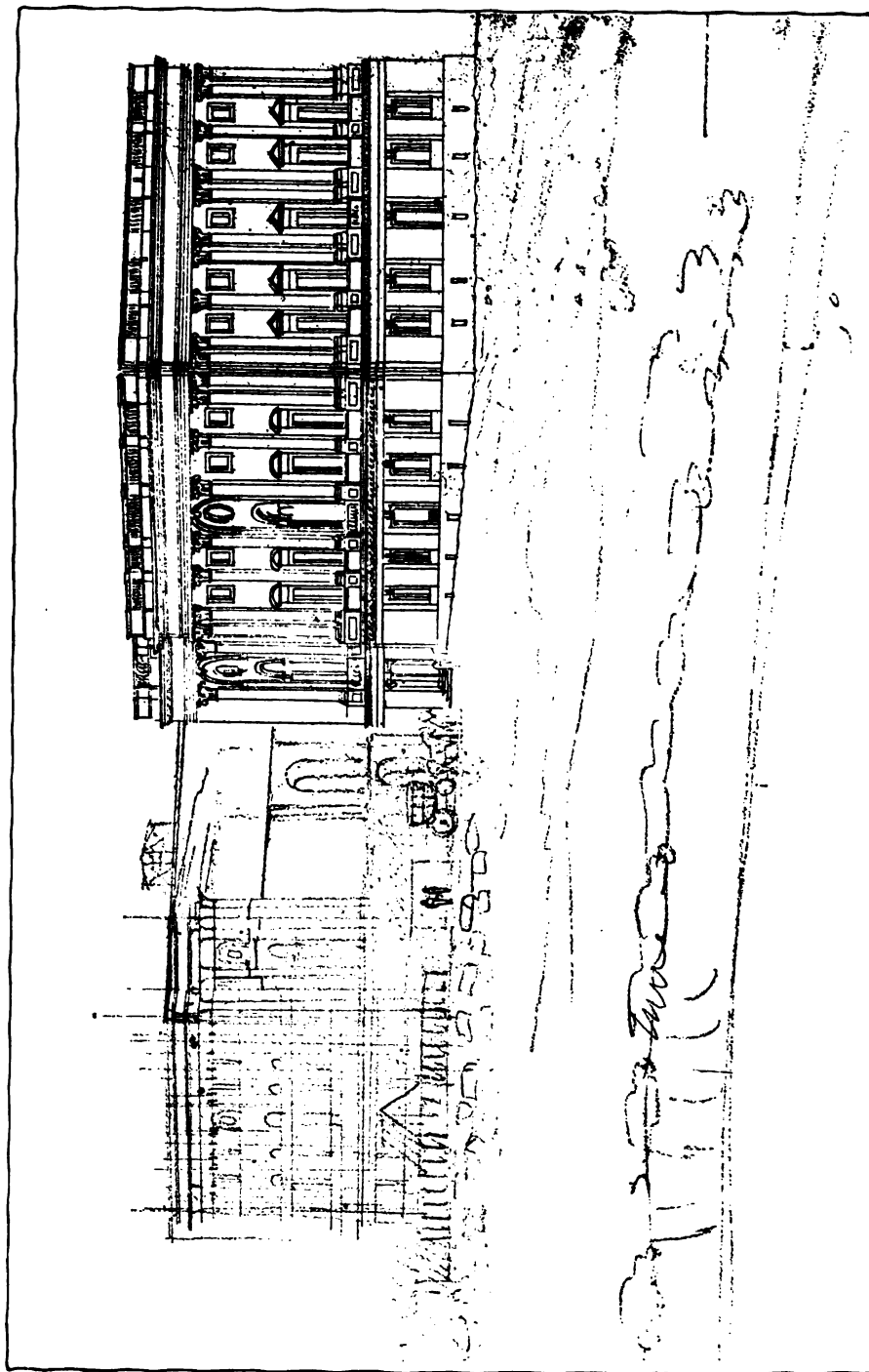
"I would," said he, 'place an immense rock of granite in the center of the dome. On the top of the rock should stand a beautiful female figure to repre-

sent Eternity or Immortality. Around her neck, as a necklace, a serpent—the rattlesnake of our country—should be hung, with its tail in its mouth—the ancient and beautiful symbol of endless duration. At the foot of the rock another female figure, stretching her hands upward in the attitude of distressful entreaty, should appear ready to climb the steep. Around her, a group of children, representing agriculture, the arts and sciences, should appear to join in the supplication of the female. This female is to personify Time, or our present state of existence. Just ascending the rock, the noble figure of General Washington should appear to move upward, invited by Immortality; but also expressing some reluctance in leaving the children of his care.'

"'There,' said he, 'Mr. Latrobe, is your requisite in such works of art; it would represent a *matter of fact*—a truth—for it would be the very picture of the General's sentiments, feelings, expectations in departing this life; regret at leaving his people, but hoping and longing for an immortality of happiness and of fame. You yourself have not ingenuity sufficient to pervert its meaning, and all posterity would understand it.'

"The Doctor was so full of his subject that I was unwilling to disturb his good humor; but I said that I thought his group might tell a very different story from what he intended. He pressed me so hard that at last I told him that supposing the name and character of General Washington to be forgotten, or at least that the group being found in the ruins of the Capitol, the learned antiquarians of 2,000 years hence were assembled to decide its meaning, I thought, then, that they would thus explain it:

"'There is a beautiful woman on the top of a dangerous precipice, to which she invites a man, apparently well enough inclined to follow her. Who is this woman? Certainly not a very good sort of a one, for she has a snake about



Drawn by R. H. Lathrop

UNFINISHED SKETCH OF THE CAPITOL FROM THE EAST

her neck. The snake indicates, assuredly, her character—cold, cunning, and poisonous. She can represent none but some celebrated courtesan of the day. But there is another woman at the foot of the rock—modest and sorrowful, and surrounded by a family of small children. She is in a posture of entreaty, and the man appears half-inclined to return to her. She can be no other than his wife. What an expressive group! How admirable the art which has thus exposed the dangerous precipice to which the beauty and the cunning of the abandoned would entice the virtuous, even to the desertion of a beautiful wife and the mother of a delightful group of children.' I was going on, but the laughter of the company and the impatience of the Doctor stopped my mouth. I had said enough, and was not easily forgiven."

The following is a letter that Latrobe addressed to Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, dated at Washington, February 27, 1804: "To the President of the United States—Dear Sir: I judged very ill in going to Dr. Thornton. He in fact told me that no difficulties existed in his plan but such as were made by those who were too ignorant to remove them. And though these were not exactly his words, his expressions, his tone, his manner and his absolute refusal to devote time to discuss the subject spoke his meaning even more strongly than I have expressed. I left him with an assurance that I should not be the person to attempt to execute his plans, and had I been where I could have obtained immediate possession of pen, ink, and paper, I should have directly solicited your permission to resign my office. I owe, however, too much to you to risk by so hasty a step the miscarriage of any measure you may wish promoted, and I shall devote as before my utmost endeavors to excite the disposition in the committee to which I am summoned to-morrow morning, in favor of the appropriation. In respect to the plan itself it is impossible to convey by words

or drawing to the mind of any one that impression of the practical difficulties in execution which twenty years' experience creates in the mind of a professional man. I fear I have said too much for the respect I owe to your opinion, though much too little for the force of my own conviction. The utmost praise I can ever deserve in this work will be that of *la difficulté vaincue*, and after receiving your ultimate direction, all my exertion shall be directed to gain this praise at least. My wish to avoid vexation, trouble, and enmity is weak compared to my desire to be placed among those whom you regard with approbation and friendship.

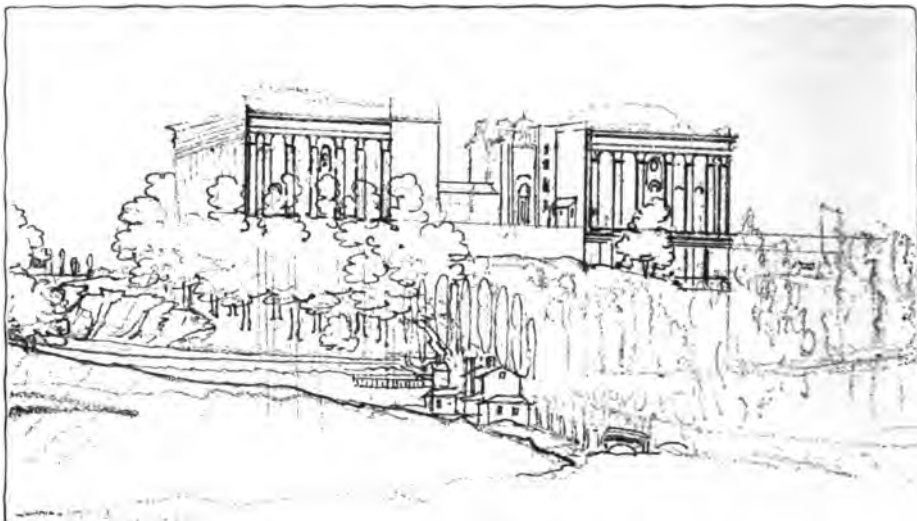
"If you, therefore, under all circumstances, conceive that my services can still be useful, I place myself entirely at your disposal. In order to pass my account it will be necessary to produce a regular appointment from you to my office. May I beg you to give the necessary directions for this purpose. I ought to leave Washington on Wednesday morning. I am, etc."

Commenting upon this letter in his diary, Mr. Latrobe makes this statement:

"In the evening I had an interview with the President when, after much conversation, he appeared convinced of the absurdity of many parts of the first plan and the impracticability of others, and he desired me to transmit to him drawings of a practicable and eligible design, retaining as much as possible the features of that adopted by General Washington."

Some of the conditions under which Latrobe gained the "praise of *la difficulté vaincue*" are illustrated in the following:

"To John Randolph, Esquire—Sir: Since I had the honor of seeing you this morning the report on the debate of the appropriations for the public buildings, as reported in the United States Gazettes, fell into my hands. I am very sensible of the impropriety of noticing, out of the House, anything that has been said by a



Drawn by D. H. Lawrence, May 20, 1823

SKETCH OF THE CAPITOL FROM THE WEST

member in debate, and therefore it would be perhaps more discreet in me to leave the present letter unwritten than ever attempt to obtain its very innocent and respectful object by writing at all in reference to anything you may have said in your speech. But you have been so long known to me and to the public to permit me to doubt your receiving this proof of my confidence in your candor otherwise than it is meant.

"You received my thanks for having expressed your good opinion of my talents with kindness, and I cannot believe that you will refuse to hear an explanation on a point in which I am much more interested—my capacity as a man of business and accountant.

"Nothing has so much injured my utility to the public and to my family as the very prevailing opinion that men who, unfortunately for themselves, are called men of genius, are incapable of the management of money. I unfortunately have undeservedly acquired this nickname, merely because I stand alone in a profession in which there is not room apparently in our country for more than one, and which requires some portion of imagination. It is a mark upon

me the effects of which I feel daily and which keeps me from acquiring the independence which a dull usurer or a dealer in dry-goods can easily and honorably attain.

"It is by many believed that to employ me to design a building is the shortest road to ruin, and when I have been employed it has been under the terrors of calling for that knowledge which could not be had elsewhere but which could not possibly be dispensed with.

"Now it happens, very unluckily, that the professions of architecture and painting are supposed to be of the same grade and require the same sort of head and habits, and that as Stuart, the greatest painter we have ever seen here, was a profligate and a spendthrift, the only architect we know may possibly be just such another. But I am sure the professions—and I hope that the men—are widely different.

"The architect indeed requires all the imagination of the painter. The building exists in his mind before it is sketched on paper, and if the operation of design is the same in other heads as in mine, construction and decoration are obtained so simultaneously that I seldom mate-



rially change the design first elaborated, but when the imagination has done her duty, her aid is no longer wanted, and to a moment of enthusiasm succeeds months of dry mechanical labor in drawing and the more dry and tedious application to it of calculation. When the castle in the air has been made to descend into the office and such construction in writing and drawing shall guide the hard hands and iron tool of the mechanic, imagination is busy only to distract. To execute such a building as the Capitol without relaying a brick or altering the shape of a single piece of timber or a stone, a competent knowledge of eighteen mechanical arts is necessary, a tolerably perfect command of every part of mathematical science and, above all, a very correct mastery of accounts. When these are not combined the architect is a slave to his mechanic: he is either ignorant of or must wink at their deceptions, for fear of exposing his own ignorance. Alteration and experiment must constitute a very considerable portion of his expenses.

"If I should lay before you the accounts of all the buildings in which I have been engaged, I am sure that you would never again pay a compliment to my imagination at the expense of my common understanding. For I could prove that whenever I have committed myself upon an estimate, I have never exceeded it unless great and ordered alterations of the design have been made that induce greater expense.

"In the south wing of the Capitol I can also assert that no alterations whatever have been made during the progress of the work because from the general design to the minutest molding everything has been conceived and drawn by my own labor, and when the work was finished, the measurements of every part have been taken by me personally, the calculations made, the prices determined, the bills made out and sent in my own handwriting into the office of the superintendent. The calculations of the di-

mensions of the plasterers' work alone occupied 128 columns of my measuring book.

"But the truth is that previous estimates have never but once, in 1804, been required of me, and the responsibility of an estimate for such a work as the Capitol will never be courted by me for a salary of \$1,700 per annum, which for several years did not pay the expenditures of my office but left me the honor of presenting my labors to the public.

"In the course of the debate, I am informed, I was by some gentleman supposed to be a contractor engaged to build the Capitol for a limited sum and that if it had exceeded that sum I ought to lose it. I wish I had been such a contractor at the cost of the north wing. I should have put sixty thousand dollars into my pocket instead of being poorer than I was when I undertook the direction of the work.

"I might pass all this over with the very proud but little satisfactory consolation of *virtute mea involvero*. But this will do only for myself, not for my wife and children. That which robs me of reputation robs them of bread.

"The freedom with which I have written is the best evidence of my respect for you. I will, therefore, say no more, but assure you its sincerity."

In view of the recent additions to the White House, it is interesting to note a letter of Latrobe, under date of May 5, 1805, transmitting to the President his drawings of the White House, for they are substantially those carried out almost a century later.

That labor had much the same attitude toward public works in that day as in our own era is indicated in the following letter:

"To the Masons and Bricklayers employed at the Capitol, Washington, June 15, 1805. In answer to a written memorial signed by all of them. The work of Clotworthy Stevenson, Carpenter, formerly employed by the Commissioners and one of the principal speculators.

"I should have sooner noticed your application to me had it not been necessary to make some previous inquiry into the facts which ought to govern my decision upon it.

"Your request that the hours of work may begin only at six o'clock in the morning and end at six o'clock in the evening is founded upon the practise adopted in the erection of the north wing. Whatever circumstances may have rendered this regulation proper at the time, you will, I am sure, agree that it is the duty of every public officer to take care that the public work shall not be performed on worse terms than those that prevail in private business in the same place. Punctuality and certainty of payment render the employment on public work much more advantageous to the workman than any private undertaking, and there cannot, therefore, be any good reason why the public, paying with more punctuality and with more certainty, should also consent to pay more in amount than what may be called the market price of labor. For it is the same thing whether the wages be raised or the hours of labor reduced. It is also necessary that uniformity should prevail in the terms under which the public work is done in different departments. . . . You will therefore perceive, with the best disposition to consult your advantage, these considerations forbid the adoption of the alteration in the working hours at the Capitol to the extent you propose. . . . The plain principle that the public ought not to be placed on worse terms with you than an individual would be must govern the case.

"It is the most unpleasant part of my duty to act contrary to the expectations of men who have so faithfully and in so workmanlike a manner carried on the public work, but while I, in this respect, act agreeably to my conscience and to my instructions, I assure you that I consider your general conduct to be deserving of every encouragement that it is in my power to give."

The architect himself did not have short hours. He writes:

"To the President of the United States, Washington, August, 1807. Dear Sir: My whole time, excepting a few hours now and then devoted to the President's house, is occupied with drawings and directions for the north wing, in the arrangements for which I am pursuing the eventual plan approved and presented by you to Congress the last session and in pushing on the work of the south wing, but I am again almost in despair about the roof. . . . To place Congress at the next session under a leaky roof would be considered almost an insult to the legislature, after what passed at the last session. . . . Your administration, sir, in respect to public works has hitherto claims of gratitude and respect from the public and from posterity. It is no flattery to say that you have planted the arts in your country. The works already erected in this city are monuments of your judgment and of your zeal and your taste. . . . Under this stimulus I have acted, hitherto under your orders, obtained an influence over the feeling and operations of Congress, without which some fatal disaster or miscarriage might stop the progress and completion of all your objects of which you have made me the instrument, but now I am in despair. The next session is to decide not my fate only, but the whole dependence which Congress shall in future place upon anything proposed by you on the subject of public works. . . . I am at present entirely without a clerk. Might I engage the assistance of one, for my time is so wholly occupied that it is scarcely possible for me to take the necessary rest, and the most pressing engagements of the practical execution are such that I can only make the working drawings and those at home late in the evening?"

After the partial destruction of Washington by the British on August 24, 1814, the work upon the Capitol and the public buildings was perforce abandoned, to be

taken up again in a new line, but many of the original plans of Benjamin Henry Latrobe were carried out, although the old difficulties of parsimony of Congress and political feeling hampered him to such an extent that three years before his death, at New Orleans, where he had gone to undertake the supplying of the city with water and where he had contracted the fever which brought his busy life to an untimely end, he was forced to write the following letter to James Monroe, President of the United States:

"My situation as architect of the Capitol has become such as to leave me no choice but between my resignation and the sacrifice of all my self-respect. Permit me then, sir, to resign into your hands

an office in which I fear I have been the cause of much vexation while my only object has been to accomplish your wishes. You have known me more than twenty years, you have borne testimony to my professional skill—and my integrity has never been questioned. You will, I am confident, do me justice and in time know that neither the delay nor the expense of the public works are chargeable to me. I am aware that much inconvenience may arise upon my retiring from my office so suddenly, and I pledge myself to furnish drawings and instructions for all the parts of the works that are in hand, for a reasonable compensation to be made which my circumstances do not permit me to decline."



## LAMENT FOR GORGO

By BLISS CARMAN

### I

WHAT is this sound of cymbals in the air,  
And wind-blown fragments of a choric song?

Through the white street with laughter and with pipes,  
Strewings of roses, garlands of dark leaves,  
The youths and maidens in the sea-blue morning  
Go with their yearly tribute to adorn  
The shrine of Aphrodite of the sea.

But I who led the flutes a year ago,  
A radiant thing possessed by love and joy,  
Untouched by doubt or any mortal fear,  
And by thy tender help bade youth farewell,  
And entered cheek by cheek with thy dear self,  
The temple of all lovers on this earth,  
Mad with thy kisses, happy as a god,  
In the bright furnace of unfolding life,—  
I have no part in these rejoicings now.

The crowd of singing dancers must go by  
 To ask their favors at the Cyprian's feet,  
 And lift their votive music without me.  
 The gods have no desire for broken things  
 Nor any pleasure in imperfect gifts.  
 And I am less than half of that great joy  
 Wherein my being was made one with thine  
 A year ago.

As on a mountainside

The oak-trees stand within the wintry light,  
 Left stark and gray and desolate and cold,  
 When all their beauty has been blown away,  
 I stand the most bereft of all things made,  
 My unforgotten Gorgo, without thee.

## II

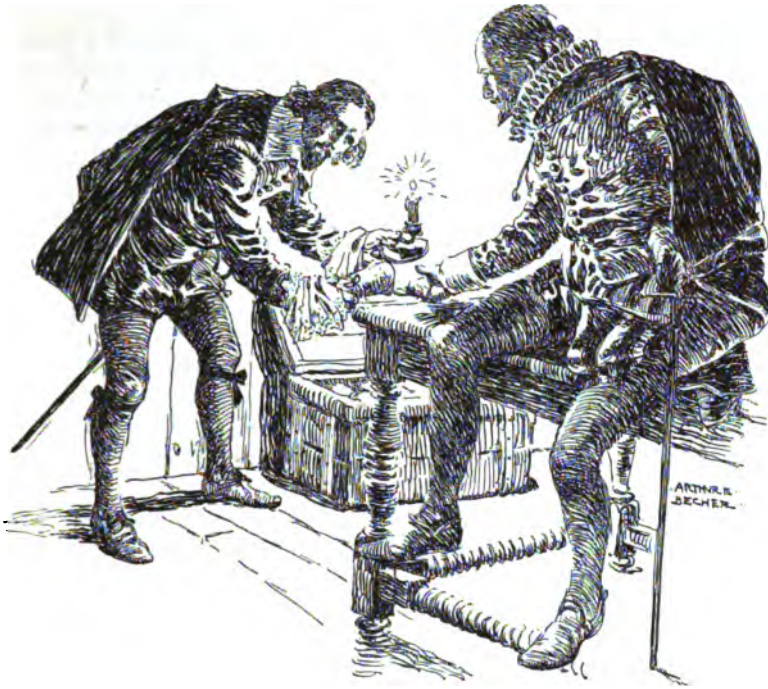
**O** MOTHER, foam-born daughter of Paphos,  
 Have I not loved thee well? All my lifetime  
 Have I not worshiped thee with devotion  
 And a pure service?

Night and the wheeling stars and the night-wind;  
 Moonrise over the sea; and the marsh lands  
 Under the purple splendor of autumn;  
 Fervor of summer;

Silvery rain in spring, and the blossoms  
 Of budding pear-trees in the broad garden;  
 Voices of wild birds, and the frogs' chorus  
 From the green meadows;

All the bright moving glory of cities;  
 Innocence, courage, joy of the playmate,  
 Whatever prospers man in his pleasure  
 Or understanding;

Whatever mortal beauty is counted  
 Sacred in thy sight, I have held sacred.  
 Yet were they all far less in my caring  
 Than my lost Gorgo.



*"‘A play!’ cried the other, catching at the roll."*

## THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST

BY HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

ONE May morning in the brave year 1594, Mistress Betty Hodges, from the threshold of the narrowest house in the narrowest of the narrow streets in the ancient parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, observed with more than passing interest the movements of a gentleman in black.

"Whist, neighbor!" she called out to Mistress Judd, whose portly person well-nigh filled a kindred doorway just across the street. "Yonder stranger should be by every sign in quest of lodgings, and by my horoscope this is a day most favorable for affairs of business. I pray thee, get thy knitting, lest he take

us for no better than a pair of idle gossips."

"In faith," retorted Mistress Judd, folding her arms complacently after a side glance in the loiterer's direction, "an he should ever lodge with thee let us hope his shillings prove more nimble than his feet."

The gentleman indeed advanced with much deliberation, pausing from time to time to look about him as a man who balances advantages and disadvantages one against the other. It was a quaint old-mannered thoroughfare he moved in; a crooked street of overhanging eaves and jutting gable ends which nearly met

against the sky; a shadowy, sunless, damp, ill-savored street, paved with round pebbles and divided in the middle by a trickling stream of unattractive water. For London, still in happy dirty infancy, had yet to learn her lessons at the hands of those grim teachers, plague and fire.

"A proper man enough!" Mistress Judd added, "though I'll warrant over-cautious and of no great quality. To me he looks a traveling leech."

"Better a country student of divinity," suggested Mistress Hodges.

"Or better a minor cleric or at best some writing-master," Mistress Judd opined.

"Please God then he can read," rejoined her neighbor, already debating within herself a small advance of rent. "Mayhap he might acquaint me whether those rolls of paper left by Master Christopher in his oaken chest be worth the ten shillings he died owing me."

"An they would fetch as many pence," sniffed Mistress Judd, "our master poet had long ago resolved them into Malmsey."

"Nay, speak not harshly of the dead," protested Mistress Hodges, conveying furtively a corner of her apron to one eye. "Marry, if Master Kit did sometimes sing o' nights 'twas but to keep the watch awake. I'd wipe my shutter clean and willingly to hear his merry catch again. Ah, he was ever free with money when he had it. And 'twas a pleasure to see him with his bottle. In faith, he'd speak to it and kiss it as a woman would her child."

"And kiss it he did once too often, to my thinking," murmured Mistress Judd unsympathetically, "the night he got to brawling in the street and met his death."

"Marry, he was no brawler," Mistress Hodges protested warmly, "but ever cheerfulest when most in drink. They were thieving knaves who set upon him, and, God be good to sinners, ran him through the heart before the poor

young man could so much as recite a couplet to prove himself a poet."

"How thinkst thou poetry would save him?" Mistress Judd demanded curtly.

"Marry, come up! What thief would kill a poet for his purse?" cried Mistress Hodges. "Quick, neighbor, get thy knitting!" she added hurriedly, and catching up a pewter plate began to polish with her apron as the stranger, attracted by their chatter, quickened his pace.

He was a slight man, apparently of thirty or thereabout, with deep-set, penetrating eyes and a lean face ending in the short, sharp, pointed beard in fashion at the time.

"Give you good morrow, dames," he said, when within speaking distance; "can you direct me to some proper lodging hereabout?"

Mistress Hodges dropped a deeper courtesy to draw attention to herself as the person of most importance.

"In truth an't please you, sir," she said, "'tis my good fortune to have this moment ready for your worship the fairest chambers to be had in all the town at four and six the week. Gentility itself could ask no better, for doth not the Lord Mayor live around the corner in his newly purchased Crosby Hall, the tallest house in London, and near at hand do not the gardens of Sir John Gresham stretch from Bishopsgate to Broad Street like a park? And if one would seek recreation, 'tis not five minutes to Cornhill, which is amusing as a fair o' pleasant evenings, with the jugglers and pedlers and goldsmiths and——"

"Ah, by my faith," the stranger interrupted gravely, "I should seek elsewhere, for I am not a man born under Sol, that loveth honor, nor under Jupiter, that loveth business, for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly."

"An you be disposed toward contemplation," interposed Mistress Hodges, quickly, "there can be found no purer place in London for such diversion

than is my second story back. From thence one may contemplate at will either the almshouse gardens and the woodland beyond Houndsditch, or the turrets of the Tower itself, in winter when the leaves are gone."

"Please Heaven the leaves are thick at present!" said the stranger with a grim half smile. "Nevertheless, I have a mind to look from your back windows. The almshouse gardens may at least teach one resignation."

"Enter an't please you, sir," replied the landlady with a low obeisance.

The stranger made a close inspection of the chamber, peering into cupboards, testing the bed and stools and chairs, and finally pausing before a small oak box secluded in a corner.

"'Tis but a chest of papers left by my last lodger, one Master Christopher," Mistress Hodges explained, adding, "A poet, sir, an't please you, who was slain by highwaymen, and I know not if his lines be fitted for honest ears to hear, though, an one might believe it, they have been spoken in the public playhouse. Think you," she added, raising the lid of the chest to disclose a dozen manuscripts or more, bound together with bits of broken doublet lacing, "the lot would bring as much as ten shillings at the rag fair?"

The stranger laughed and shook his head.

"'Tis a great price for any dead man's thoughts," he said, taking up a package at random and hastily turning over the leaves, while Mistress Hodges regarded him anxiously. His interest deepened as he read, and presently his eyes devoured page after page, oblivious of the other's presence.

"In truth," he said at length, "there be lines not wholly without merit."

"And pray you, sir, what is the matter they set forth?" the landlady ventured to inquire.

"This seems the story of a ghost returned to earth to make discovery of his murder—" the stranger was beginning

to explain, but Mistress Hodges checked him.

"Marry!" she cried, "such things be profanations and heresy against the Protestant religion, which Heaven defend. Marry, 'twould go ill with the poor woman who should offer such idolatries for sale."

More protestations followed, prompted no doubt by fear lest disloyalty to the dominant party be charged against her; to prove her detestation of the documents she declared her purpose to burn the last of them unread.

"Still better, shift responsibility to me," suggested the stranger, smiling grimly at her zeal. "Sell me the lot for two shillings and sixpence, and my word for it the transaction shall be kept a secret. The reading of these idle fancies will serve as a relaxation from my own employment."

"Marry, they shall be yours and willingly," cried the woman, glad to be rid of dangerous property on such generous terms. And it was thus that the stranger became possessor of the chest of manuscripts. His bargaining for the lodgings proved him a man of thrift to the point of meanness, a quality not to be despised in lodgers, for, as Mistress Hodges often said to Mistress Judd, "Gentlemen are ever most liberal who least mean to pay." In answer to reasonable inquiries he would say no more than, "My predecessor was known as Master Christopher; let me be, therefore, Master Francis, a poor scholar who promises only to take himself off before his purse is empty."

The new lodger entered into possession of his chamber on the afternoon of the day on which he saw it first. His luggage, brought thither by two porters on a single barrow, and consisting chiefly of books and manuscripts, proved him to be the humble student he had represented himself, and in a week his neighbors were agreed in rating him a rather commonplace recluse. His days were spent in reverie by the open window or in writing at the parchment-littered table.

If he stirred abroad at all it was but for an hour in the long twilight after supper, and his candle rarely burned later than ten o'clock. It was not until a fortnight had gone by that Mistress Hodges had the satisfaction of announcing a visitor.

"Come in!" cried Master Francis, re-

"By your description, an't please you, sir," replied the woman. "He drew you to the life. By my faith, there could be no mistake, and when he said you might be known as Master Francis how could I but admit him? Grand gentleman that he is, with a servant at his heels and



*"This seems the story of a ghost."*

sponding to her knock at his chamber door, and not a little surprised by a summons so unusual, for the remnants of his supper had been removed, and he was himself preparing for his evening stroll.

"A gentleman attends below, an't please you, sir," she announced, entering hurriedly.

"Impossible!" her lodger protested, "for how should a visitor inquire for one who has no name?"

half a score of varlets waiting within call!"

Master Francis bit his lip and moved impatiently about the room.

"Go tell this grand gentleman that you were wrong," he said. "Tell him I was requested out to supper at half an hour before seven. Tell him what falsehood slips most easily from your tongue, and as you are a woman, tell it truthfully."



"'Twould not avail, for even now your visitor, grown impatient, mounts the stair," replied the hostess, while a heavy footfall coming every moment nearer testified to the truth of her assertion.

"Then off with you and let us be alone," commanded Master Francis, stopping resolutely in his walk, while Mistress Hodges in the doorway found herself thrust unceremoniously aside to give place to a dignified man in middle life. The visitor's dress was black, relieved only by a broad white ruff, yet of so rich a quality that the appointments of the room descended in the scale from homeliness to shabbiness by contrast. But apparently he concerned himself no more with the apartment than with Mistress Hodges.

"How now, nephew?" he began at once. "What means this hiding like a hedgehog in a hole?"

Master Francis bowed with almost servile deference and clasped his hands, making at the same time a gesture with his foot intended to convey to Mistress Hodges an intimation that she was free to go.

"My uncle, this is far too great an honor that you pay me," he said when the landlady had closed the door behind her.

"Odsblood! For once, I hear the truth from you. Why have you left your chambers in Gray's Inn for this?" the other answered with a movement of the nostrils as though the whole environment was comprehended in a whiff of Mistress Hodges' mutton broth.

"In truth, most gracious kinsman," the younger man rejoined, "since my exclusion from the Court some certain greasy bailiffs have favored me with their company a trifle over often, nor had I otherwhere to go while waiting for a fitting opportunity to recall myself to your lordship's memory."

"And pray you, to what end?" the other asked impatiently.

"You are not ignorant, uncle, of the

state of my poor fortune," said the scholar.

"No," was the answer, "nor can you be forgetful, nephew, of my efforts in the past to mend that fortune."

"For all of which believe me truly grateful," responded Master Francis with a touch of irony. "'Tis to your gracious favor that I owe my appointment to the reversion of the Clerkship of the Star Chamber, worth sixteen hundred pounds a year, provided that I, a weak man, survive in poverty a strong in affluence. 'Tis like another man's ground buttaling upon his house, which may mend his prospect but does not fill his barn."

The other, crossing to the open window, half seated himself upon the sill, folding his arms while fixing disapproving eyes on his nephew's face.

"This attitude becomes you not at all," he said. "Through me you were returned to Parliament, and through me you might have been advanced to profitable office had you not seen fit to antagonize the Ministry, opposing for the sake of paltry public favor that four years' subsidy of which the Treasury stood in dire need to meet the Popish plots."

"I sought to shield the Ministry and Crown from public disapproval," replied Master Francis. "The country in my judgment was not able to endure the tax."

"'Twas most presumptuous to set up your judgment against that of your betters," said the other. "Your part is plain. This act of yours must be forgotten. It must be known that you have once for all abandoned public life for study. Publish some learned disquisition upon what you will. Absent yourself from town, and in a twelvemonth, perhaps, or less if things go well——"

"A twelvemonth!" cried Master Francis. "Unless my pockets be replenished I shall have starved to death by early summer."

The gentleman upon the window-sill

remained for a space silent with knitted brows. Presently he said:

"I shall arrange to pay you an allowance, small but sufficient for your needs, upon condition that you go at once to France where you already have acquaintances."

"It may be you are right, my lord," responded Master Francis, "but it suits my humor not at all to exile myself, and before accepting your offer grant me permission to speak to the Earl of Essex. He has the favor of the Queen."

The other laughed a scornful laugh, and rising deliberately drew on a glove he had been holding in one hand.

"Enough!" he said. "Depend on Essex's favor with the Queen and follow him to the Tower in good time."

"But uncle, give me your kind permission at least to speak with him."

"My kind permission and my blessing!" the uncle answered suavely, moving toward the door. With his hand upon the latch he stood to add, across his shoulder, "You are behind the times in news, nephew. Three days ago my Lord of Essex departed somewhat suddenly for his estates—upon a hunting expedition, it is said, though beldame Rumor will insist that our most gracious Queen hath turned the icy eye at last upon his fawning."

"A morning frost!" cried Master Francis with a gesture. "A frost that the recurring sun of pity turns full soon to tender dew. But 'tis a chill of which to take advantage. Let me but follow my peevish lord to his retirement, lock in my humble cause with his, and in due season claim the meet reward of faithful service."

His manner had grown so earnest that the other turned to listen, albeit with a smile of contempt.

"Look you, uncle," the younger man went on, "were I to start at once, traveling in modest state, yet as befitting the nephew of the Lord Treasurer of England, well mounted and attended by a single man servant, the whole adventure

might be managed for a matter of one hundred pounds."

"Good!" cried the other with suspiciously ready acquiescence. "Thou art in verity a diplomat. By all means put your fortunes to the test, and when you have, acquaint me with the issue."

He turned and once more laid a hand upon the latch.

"But," protested Master Francis, "I have still to find the hundred pounds——"

"A riddle for diplomacy to solve!" replied the Lord Treasurer of England, laughing sardonically. "I can tell you no more than that you shall not find it in my purse!" And so saying, he strode from the room, leaving the door wide open.

For many minutes Master Francis paced the floor, muttering to himself, now angry imprecations at his own folly, now curses on the relentless arrogance of the Lord Treasurer. As the long twilight of the season fell he caught up his wide-brimmed hat and hurried from the house.

He took his way through narrow winding streets, and after several turnings came at length to one much wider, a thoroughfare lined with little shops, whose owners when not occupied with customers stood on their thresholds soliciting the patronage of passers-by.

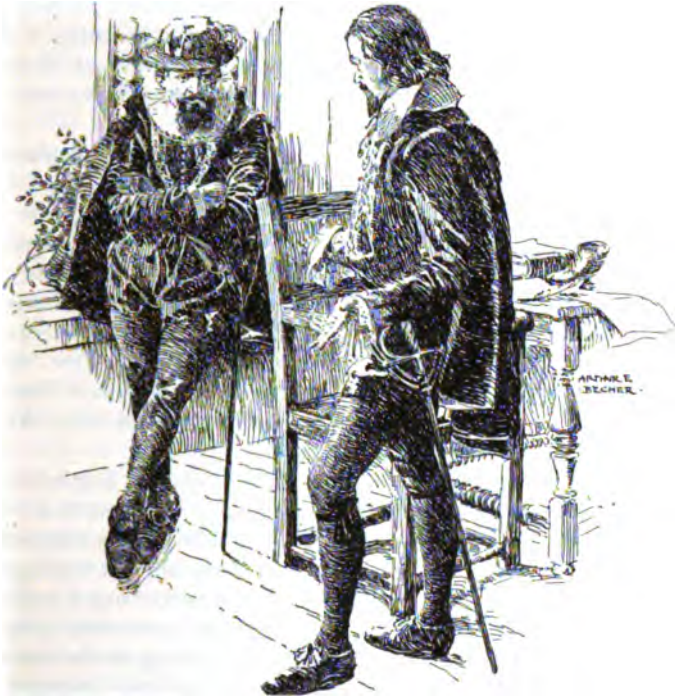
"What do you lack?" they cried; "hats, shoes, or hosiery; gloves, ruffs, or farthingales?" each setting forth the value of his wares in frantic effort to outshout competitors. Along the pavement worthy citizens sauntered with wives and sweethearts, or stood in interested groups about some mountebank or maker of music performing upon several ill-tuned instruments at once. On a patch of trodden grass young men played noisy games of bowls until a gilded coach in passing wantonly destroyed their goal. Here a bout with single-stick was in progress, there a contest with bare fists which must have grown serious had not the watch arrived in time to separate the

belligerents with their pikes. But the center of most interest was a seafaring man who smoked a long-stemmed pipe with rather ostentatious unconcern. The men regarded him with furtive admiration, the women disapprovingly, while children ran to catch a whiff of the strange aromatic scent. When he blew puffs of vapor from his nostrils everybody laughed.

"It seems to me a bit of arrant folly," Master Francis answered somewhat listlessly, "and as such, certain to become the rage."

"They tell us it will prolong the life," went on the other, "for it is well known a herring when smoked outlasts a fresh one."

"Say rather he who smokes will live the longer because the wise die young,"



*"Unless my pockets be replenished, I shall have starved to death."*

Master Francis, moving hastily aside to make way for the smoker and his escort, came into collision with a man of his own age, whose broad good-humored face showed due appreciation of the scene.

"What think you, friend?" the stranger asked, laughing. "Will this new savagery become an institution? Have we been at such pains to banish smoke from our churches only to turn our heads into censers? Mayhap this be another Popish plot?"

retorted Master Francis, pleased by the conceit.

"At least," remarked the stranger, "the fashion will make trade for fairy chimney-sweeps."

Some further conversation followed naturally, for Master Francis, weary of his own society, was in the mood to welcome any companionship, and, moreover, the newcomer, who seemed a man of understanding, met another's eyes too frankly to leave the question of his honesty in doubt. They spoke of tobacco as

a possible feature in social life, and both agreed that a whiff of the new herb might be an interesting experiment.

"Let us go then to the Bull," the stranger suggested, "where in a small room behind the tap one may smoke a pipe for threepence under the tutelage of this very seaman, who acquired the art in our Virginia colonies."

"Agreed!" cried Master Francis willingly; though at another time he might have rejected such an offer. "Twill be an experience to remember."

"Marry," replied the other, "'tis he who lags behind the cavalcade who must take the dust. For my part I like not to be outfaced by any idle boaster who may lisp—'Ah, 'tis an art to keep the bowl aglow! Ah, shouldst see me fill my mouth with smoke, and blow it out in rings! Odd's bodikin, the Duke himself said bravo!'"

The stranger's mimicry of the mincing gallants of the day was to the life, and as they turned their steps toward the tavern, Master Francis laughed with satisfaction at finding himself in such good company. When presently his companion quoted Horace, he ventured to inquire at what school he had read the classics.

"At none," was the reply. "Let those who will perform the threshing. I am content to pick up kernels here and there like a sleek rat in a farmer's barn. Your tipping scholar of the tap-room will set forth a rasher of lean Zenophon with every cup of sack, and as for churchmen—they be all unnatural sons who so bedeck their mother tongue in scraps and shreds of foreign phrase, the poor beldame walks abroad as motley mantled as a fiddler's wanton."

"But surely—*Justitia eum cuique distribuit*—as Cicero hath it," Master Francis cried in protest against such heresy. "You will not deny that an apt quotation lends grace to our too barren English."

"'Tis a thin sauce to a rich meat," replied the other; adding modestly, "I

am, an't please you, sir, but one who having little Latin and less Greek must make a shift with what is left to him."

"Your speech belies you, sir," retorted Master Francis courteously, "for it proclaims a man of nice discrimination. I could swear you are a doctor of the law."

"Then would you be forsworn," replied the other, laughing, "for, by the grace of God, I am near kinsman to the dancing poodle of a country fair. Come any afternoon at three o'clock to the Curtain Playhouse at Shoreditch, and there for sixpence you may see my antics."

"Ah, then you are a player!" Master Francis cried, well pleased.

"For the lack of a more honest calling," his companion answered with a gesture as who should say, "Tell me where can be found an honest?"

"Then we are in like case," laughed Master Francis. "*Fere totus mundus exercet histrionem*, says Phædrus; or, as one might put it bluntly, 'All the world's a stage.'"

"Methinks our English hath the better jingle," commented the player. "Would that some wordsmith might e'en recoin these ancient mintages to fill the meager purses of our mouths!"

They had come now to the broad low archway leading to the courtyard of the Bull, and passing in beneath its shadow, Master Francis recalled the plays he had witnessed there in boyhood.

"Ah," said his companion, "'tis not so long since we poor players hung our single rag of curtain where we might. Now we have playhouses of our own, and when the servants of the Lord Chamberlain shall occupy the Globe at Bankside, you shall see how plays may be presented. But, *Navita de ventis de tauris narrat orator*, as thy gossip Propertius hath it, though I like best the homely adage, 'A tinker will talk of his trade.'"

They found the seaman in the little room behind the tap, a veritable high

priest of some mystic cult in dignity. He bowed a heart welcome to the visitors and presently made clear to them the true relationship between his pot of dried tobacco and the earthen pipe bowls at the ends of hollow reeds. He cautioned them to have a care when the coal of fire was applied not to draw the smoke into their mouths too suddenly and fall to coughing. He was a swarthy man, with brass rings in his ears and long hair braided in a queue behind, and his account of the savage king held captive until the inner secrets of the art of smoking were revealed by way of ransom was in itself a yarn well worth his fee.

"I pray you, gentlemen, hold not the pipe too lightly lest it be overset and mar your garments," he instructed them. "And, by your leave, it must be grasped between the thumb and second finger, nicely balanced that the forearm grow not weary. Should the brain become afflicted by the vapor it is well to pause and inhale some breaths of common air. Extend the little finger carelessly and compose the face as though the flavor were agreeable, for to spit and grimace at the pipe were most inelegant."

"Out upon you for an arrant knave!" cried Master Francis, springing to his feet, exasperated by the solemn affectation of superior wisdom. "'Tis but an indifferent entertainment at the best, and as for the art, I know of none too great a fool to compass it."

He had grown a trifle pale about the lips and his nerves tingled.

"Nay, then," protested his fellow investigator, "were the taste less vile and the savor less like a smithy 'twould make an excellent good physic for one afflicted with too much health."

The sailor was a man of evil disposition who had not only sailed with Raleigh's godless mariners but, had the truth been known, in other service still less creditable. Hearing his enterprise thus flouted, his anger rose, and with a mighty oath he turned upon his clients.

"A pest upon such horse boys!" he

exclaimed. "Get back to the stables whose smells best suit you. Leave elegant accomplishments to your betters."

Master Francis, grown fearful lest his knees give way beneath him, and blinded by a film which swam before his eyes, moved unsteadily toward the door, half throwing, half dropping his pipe upon the oaken table, where the red clay bowl fell shattered in a dozen fragments.

"Hold!" cried the sailor. "Not another step, my gallant, till you have paid me ten shillings for my broken pipe."

He sprang upon the slighter man and, grasping him by the shoulders, would have done him violence had not the other smoker interposed a doubled sinewy fist beneath his irate nose and bade him let go his hold. As the command was not instantly obeyed a sharp blow followed.

"Beshrew my blood!" the pirate roared, turning to strike at random.

"Gadslid!" returned the player, facing him and bringing both fists into action with such good effect that presently the table groaned beneath the weight of the struggling freebooter, while pipes, jug, and precious weed went flying.

The uproar brought the company from the tap-room at a run, customers, servants, the drawer, the pot-boy, a brace of hostlers, until the small room filled to suffocation. Swords were drawn, cudgels brandished, above the din the seaman's oaths boomed like the cannon of a sloop of war in action.

"Good friends," the player bawled out, springing to a stool to command attention, "behold to what a pass the smoking of this weed will bring a man. I pray you bind this fellow fast and get him safe to Bedlam before some mischief happens."

Master Francis sank down into the corner of a high-backed seat, too ill for much concern with what passed about him, and it was not till some moments later, in the open air and propped against a wall, that consciousness returned. His

champion in the late encounter stood beside him.

"Sir," said the student, "it is to you I owe my preservation, though, by my honor, I should have cut a better figure in the skirmish had not the vapors of that vile weed overpowered me. How made you our escape?"

"Even as Æneas with Anchises on his

ing his companion's arm he supported that gentleman's still uncertain steps in the direction of the lodging-house of Mistress Hodges. He spoke of broils and frays as though such pastimes were of every-day occurrence with men of spirit, whether the sport were putting a pinnace crew of drunken sailors to their heels, or by some trickery outwitting



*"Hold!" cried the sailor."*

back," replied the other, laughing. "'Twas high time to take ourselves away, being but two against so many, though, by my faith, I've rarely seen a merrier opening for a game of skull cracking."

The player, whether actuated by humor or generosity, seemed disposed to make light of the whole affair. Grasp-

the watch. At the door Master Francis could do no less in hospitality than invite so stanch an ally to enter.

"Come to my chambers and rest awhile," he said, adding regretfully, "though they be plain indeed, and offer no better entertainment than my poor company."

"Good cheer enough," replied the

other, stepping back for a better view of the house. "By my estates in Chancery!" he cried, "yon bristling roof that sets its lance against the very buckler of the moon hath met mine eyes before. 'Twas here, unless my memory be a lying kitchen wench, our noble Christopher did lodge, the prince and potentate of pewter pots."

"And knew you Master Christopher?" asked Master Francis with increasing interest.

"Marry, I knew him well," replied the player. "Marry, a poet. Marry, a rimester to couple you a couplet while your Flemish fighter quaffs a mug of sack, and pay the reckoning with a sonnet to his landlord's honesty. 'The first line,' he would say, 'shall tell the weight of it.' And here he did set down a naught. 'So likewise with the second, which doth sing its breadth; the third proclaims its depth'—another naught, and thus until the measure of the verse was writ. 'Now add them for thyself,' he bids the rum-fed Malmsey monger, 'and, by the thirst of Tantalus, the sum shall blazon both thine honor and my debt.'"

"Methinks 'twas but a scurvy trick," protested Master Francis, laughing tolerantly. "What said the host to it?"

"In faith," replied the player, "he found the meter falling short and clamored for money. 'Money!' quoth Kit. 'Think well on't! for if, as men of reason all agree, naught is better than money, you are overpaid in getting naught!'"

"His was a pretty wit indeed," assented Master Francis. "Enter!" he urged with a gesture of hospitality.

"Nay!" cried the other. "As I am a just man it is perilous to enter into a writer's castle where one without offense is often lashed with lyrics or—what is more fearful—pilloried in prose. And furthermore, this Hebe of all Hodges, I have heard, this Helen of Houndsditch, hath a stout broomstick hid behind her door for players," he added, making a

pretense of looking about him warily as he followed his host up the stairs, Master Francis going first to light a candle with a flint and steel.

"Come in," he said as the flame flickered up, "and welcome to my chambers, though this poor farthing dip is little better than a glowworm that doth serve to make the darkness visible."

"So shines a good deed in a naughty world," returned the other, throwing himself into a seat.

"You are yourself a poet!" Master Francis cried, "for you temper the cold iron of rough speech with oil of metaphor."

"Nay," said the player, "I am no rimester, but like a scissors-grinder I sometimes put a keener edge on better men's inventions. Faith," he continued, looking about him with approval, "I knew not that our Kit was housed so well. This is a very bower in which to woo the Muse. Friend, had I your table and your chair, your ink-well and your wit, it would not take me long to be the owner of one hundred pounds."

"One hundred pounds?" gasped Master Francis. "Believe me, it is not from ink-wells that such miraculous drafts are made." He waved his hand toward the scattered papers on the table. "Look," he said, "it hath taken me a year to make that much fair paper valueless."

"You waste your time," replied the player lightly. "Instead of learned discourses, treatises, and theses in which our age will not believe and the next most certainly prove false, you should devise a mask, a mummery, a play to set the groundlings munching mouths agape, and make the gentle ladies of the boxes mince and murmur to their cavaliers, 'Ah, me, 'tis such a sweet death! Oh, la! and 'twould be pure to be so undone!'"

"A play!" exclaimed the scholar in surprise. "That's a task for poets, not for men of learning."

"Say not so!" the other interposed.

"For learning is but poetry turned prude. Coax her with kisses, cozen her with a sigh, give her a broidered girdle and a fan, and call me Cerberus if thy staid Minerva will not tread a merry measure to Orpheus's lute."

"An' should she play the wanton thus for me, how should advantage follow?" Master Francis asked with growing interest, as he leaned forward in the candle-light to catch the answer.

"'Tis simplicity itself," replied the player. "Look you, this new-built playhouse of the Globe is shortly to be opened, and the town is at the very finger pricks of curiosity to behold its marvels. The players stand like greyhounds in their gyves, the counters wait the welcome buffets of the coin, and Burbage, madder than a hare in March, bounds doubling on his track hither and thither to find a play."

"Sure London hath as many playwrights as a cheese hath mites," commented Master Francis.

"True," the other answered, "but look you, here's a case when mite and wright agree not. For one is mad, and one hath lost his cunning, and one will spend in drink the money given him for ink, and Kit, the master of them all, is writing comedies for shades in Pluto's courtyard. In troth, there seems no better market for a hundred pounds than 'twere a huckster's hat of rotten cherries."

"An hundred pounds!" gasped Master Francis. "The sum doth spell for me ambition gratified."

"Ah, ha, my lean scholar!" cried the player. "Is not the matter worth considering?"

"Marry, it is," admitted Master Francis, "if one had but the fancy."

"Oh, as to that," returned the other, "I'll warrant when your blood ran hot from the full caldron of lip-scalding youth, thy fancy played you many a pretty mask, for young imagination dreams more dreams than waking age doth have the wit to write. These con-

jure up again, unbar your closet, unlock your treasure chest—" Here Master Francis gave a start, but the player went on heedlessly: "By my faith, yon rascal coffer well might be the grave wherein the best of thee lies buried."

He made a motion of the hand toward the box of the departed Christopher, and Master Francis's visage in the candle-light turned pale.

"What ails you, man?" the other inquired. "Have you a memory of that last tobacco pipe?"

"Sir," cried Master Francis, rising slowly to his feet, "is it the truth that a play can be sold for so much money?"

"In the Queen's coin," the other answered. "So that it be worth the playing, so it be such a play as Kit could have written."

Master Francis, taking up the candle, moved toward the chest.

"I'll take you at your word," he said. "Like one who creeps with shrouded lanthorn and with muffled spade to force the moldering hinges of the gate of Death, I'll bring you back a play."

He stooped, and lifting the lid seized the first manuscript that met his hand and waved it triumphantly at his companion sitting on the table.

"A play!" cried the other, catching at the roll. "Ah, then I guessed aright. 'Tis a dull writer, fitted best for slumber-wooing churchmen's homilies, who has not in his time chucked blushing Thalia under her fair chin. . . . What have we here?" he demanded, spreading the pages open before him. "A play, indeed! A comedy, i' faith! Gadslid, a tragedy! A miracle of masterpieces, a masterpiece of miracles! 'Twill be the talk of London town and in the ages yet to come, when stately playhouses shall stand where now the painted savage cleaves his enemy, your play shall win the coy and cautious coin of nations yet unborn, your fame—"

"Peace, peace!" protested Master Francis, with a smile that would have done credit to his uncle, the Lord Treas-



urer, "you are like a paid praisemonger who bawls loudest to extol the book he has not read."

"Tis my prophetic soul," returned the player merrily, and waving the scroll above his head he went on: "Hear ye, hear ye, good servants of the Queen, here's meat for your digestions, matter for your minds; here's wit and wisdom, prose and poetry, to make ye swear that brave Kit Marlowe walks the earth again.

. . . Come, gossip, write your name upon the title sheet. You are too modest."

"My name I may not sell," said Master Francis, holding back.

"Unnatural parent!" roared the other. "Would you thus turn your offspring loose upon the world without parentage?"

"I'll not be father to a brat so ill-begotten," replied Master Francis.

"How shall I answer then to Burbage should he ask the writer?" demanded the player.

"As you may," returned Master Francis with a shrug. "An't please you, say it was yourself. I care not, so my name be not revealed."

"'Twill be a jest," the player cried, laughing, "a jest which, should the play find favor, may be at any time corrected."

And taking up a pen he dipped it in the ink-horn to write across the page:

THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

"A proper title surely!" commented the scholar, looking across his shoulder.

"Your name, friend Will, should lure the public eye more cunningly than that of Francis Bacon."



"Your name, friend Will, should lure the public eye."

# OUR GREAT CANAL SHIBBOLETH

BY HAROLD BOLCE

NOW that the primary enthusiasm over the Panama Canal has been sobered by the problems and uncertainties of construction, it is pertinent to ask why, after all, Uncle Sam is digging that waterway. That we have not hitherto sought foreign trade in a large sense is evident in our colossal failure to send our cargoes to the open and eager markets on the eastern seaboard of South America. Why, then, are we building a quarter-of-a-million-dollar channel to a more distant, smaller, and less profitable Pacific trade?

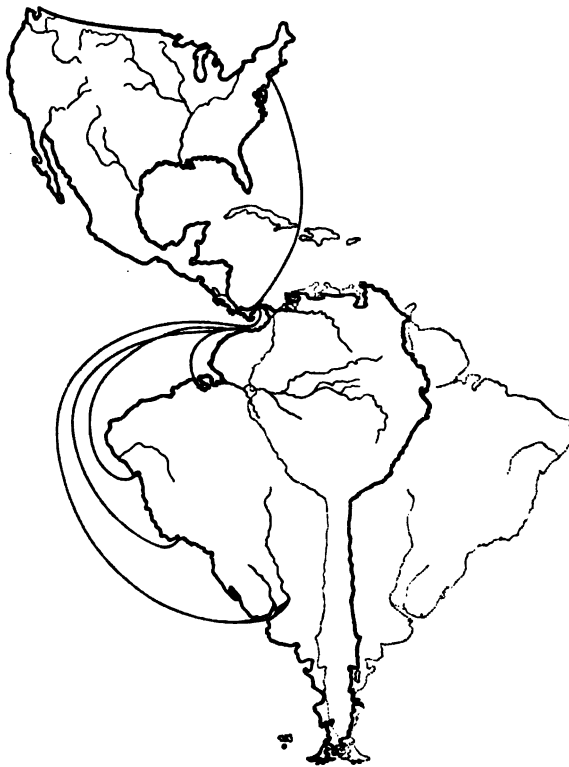
Assuming that America has at last awakened to oversea opportunity and is about to engage in an international career as a trade hunter, the incredible inconsis-

ency presents itself of our walling out the merchandise of the world, and then cutting a hemisphere in two for the purpose of carrying our wares to nations which, following our example, have erected tariff barricades against American exports.

A railway company might as reasonably expect to thrive by running trains in one direction only. And what would be the fate of a merchant fleet that carried nothing but ballast on both the outgoing and incoming voyage?

If the United States actually were in search of foreign trade, it

would be unnecessary to await the completion of the Panama Canal, for the South American commerce of vast proportions which should be ours, and



OUR CHIEF REASON FOR THE CANAL  
WOULD EXIST IF THE SOUTH AMERICAN  
COASTS WERE REVERSED

which Europe has secured, will not be affected by the isthmian waterway.

When I call the attention of canal enthusiasts to the amazing spectacle of America's defeat in markets to which we have the whole Atlantic for a trade path, the reply is that the channel across the isthmus will be valuable as a short cut for our battle-ships. But if we elect to live as a nation behind our tariff enclosure, leaving to other lands the rivalry for interoceanic traffic, we shall have about as much need for a navy as Kansas or Nebraska would for lighthouses and whistling buoys. It is our dollar mark, not the Stars and Stripes, that stirs possible strife abroad. Why should we bisect a continent and patrol alien seas with our war-ships to safeguard a commerce in which, by our avowed policy, we do not wish to share? A man who should invest his complete fortune in United States Government bonds and then establish idle offices in St. Petersburg and Shanghai, and engage policemen to guard his empty buildings and cable him accounts of their decay, would be no more grotesque. We have, it is true, a big foreign commerce already, but, as I have indicated in former articles, the bulk of it consists of commodities that our competitors are eager to secure. Our foreign trade is more vital to our rivals than it is to us. And just as they send their merchant vessels for our cotton, copper, and other raw products and food supplies, so they would despatch their battle-ships to convoy these peaceable fleets if the traffic were menaced. In fact, so eager are the manufacturing nations to get our natural products and many of our indispensable agricultural supplies, that if the Isthmus of Panama had blocked the way, Europe would have cut a channel through it long ago. It was unnecessary for Uncle Sam to blast and dam a \$250,000,000 ditch to enable him to sell raw material to the world.

It would seem, therefore, that we are going to infinite trouble and vast expense

to provide a channel for a trade that is more valuable to other lands than it is to our own. In fact, the bulk of our sea-borne commerce now represents an industrial loss to the United States, as we are enabling Europe to manufacture for South America and the Orient the very goods that we should produce out of our raw materials for shipment to these markets. We do not need a canal at Panama for our present foreign trade any more than we need a merchant marine to carry our raw cargoes. And if we dream of American participation in the world's competitive traffic, we are confronted, as stated, with the fact that the construction of a canal to aid us in reaching alien markets, and the maintenance of an inflexible tariff to keep out foreign products, are irreconcilable. Of what avail will be a sea-level canal if we refuse to get down to a sea-level trade!

A third and more consistent explanation of our Titanic undertaking at Panama is that it will force a fall in transcontinental railway rates in the United States. Recently a big railway magnate admitted in a Senate committee hearing that the through trunk lines would meet any ultimate rate made possible by the operation of the Panama Canal. Inasmuch as it is the privilege and the reputed determination of the Federal power to fix these railway rates by act of Congress, our transcontinental tolls could be cut down without recourse to a hundred steam monsters and an army of men and engineers at Culebra.

The jubilant belief is that the canal in some way will accomplish a transformation of international commerce, and the wide world is watching our enterprise. There is little doubt but that most of the trading nations will profit by it, particularly if the tolls are low. Yet it is almost impossible to discover a rational outline of Uncle Sam's purpose in the project. In a recent address, President Roosevelt with fine idealism met the issue by declaring that we are building the waterway for mankind.

That may explain why the tariff wall and the canal are at variance!

If the canal at Panama is a project in philanthropy, delays in its completion will doubtless be bravely borne by the business world of the United States. It must be confessed that we are not digging it with any conspicuous speed, despite our star-spangled notice to the nations two years ago that we were about to make the dirt fly on the isthmus. The Chagres mud has stuck to our shovels. The Balboa Mountains still afford a commanding view of the Pacific. Engineering genius seems to have been too busy brushing away the mosquitoes to get an adequate survey of the situation. The kind of a canal it is going to be has not passed beyond the blue-print contest. Whether Culebra is to be hewn to sea-level or the Chagres dammed mountain high, awaits decision. Yellow Jack is wearing a trail to Monkey Hill. Laborers are deserting. Even the chief-of-staff folded his tripod and stole away. Red tape seems to be the measuring line. We are little nearer a waterway across the isthmus than the Spanish conquistadors were four centuries ago.

That is but one side of the situation. Assuredly the canal will be built. The fact that men do not go to Panama to stay is in itself no indictment against the place. That has been the attitude of the first arrivals in all lands. More than a century rolled away before the strong nations of Europe succeeded in establishing colonies in the new world that Columbus had discovered. While our canal prophecies have not been modest, it is folly to class them with Buller's promise of eating Christmas dinner at Pretoria or Kuropatkin's sanguine forecast of the peace terms he intended to dictate at Tokyo.

For the diversion of his American army, Mr. Shonts is to establish tennis-courts, golf-links, libraries, and amusement halls. More vigilant federal inspection of the quality and quantity of alcohol consumed will doubtless dimin-

ish the "swarms of tarantulas as large as lobsters" that now infest the lodgings of the workmen. A kerosene campaign against the mosquitoes that carry pestilence is to be continued in earnest, while political idealism is to defy the miasma from the American railway pool! Better-paid jobs at home are not to get into the focus of the new theodolites. There is to be "a clearing-house for men and material," so that boiler makers will not be employed as bookkeepers, nor blasting-powder unloaded in swamps. The fact that the mere manufacturer does not need the waterway is of small moment. With drills and dredgers, nitroglycerin and steam, we are to fulfil what the Spaniards dreamed nearly four hundred years ago. If Uncle Sam thus provides a waterway for the ships of other nations, it will, at least, be a perpetual fountain of eloquence for his sons in Congress.

The explanation that we are putting forth all this energy, faith, and good works in the interests of other nations is somewhat supported by the reflection that the Federal Government has nothing to export. And our manufacturers are so busy filling American orders that our exports to Brazil, to reach which no canal is necessary, have been permitted to fall off by millions for more than a decade.

Yet one of the amazing delusions, persistently reiterated, is that the construction of the Panama Canal will give to the United States the commerce of South America, now diverted to the Old World. A glance at the map will reveal that all but one of the leading republics of the southern continent front on the Atlantic. Inasmuch as our principal manufacturing and exporting cities are in the eastern half of our country, our commerce with the chief republics of South America will be no more stimulated by a canal at Panama than New York's exports to Europe would be benefited by the discovery of a Northwest Passage. If America wants foreign trade, it is the markets on the Atlantic side of South America that we should seek. The traf-

fic on the Pacific side of the Andes is paltry in comparison. In fact, the foreign commerce of Argentina and Brazil exceeds by nearly \$100,000,000 the combined foreign trade of the Chinese and Japanese empires. If to the trade of these Oriental countries is added the foreign commerce of Chile, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia—the Pacific republics of South America—the grand total is less than the nearly \$900,000,000 trade on the Atlantic side of the continent.

This splendid field, fenced by our Monroe Doctrine and lying at our principal trade gates, is being harvested by Europe. Yet these ports are nearer to us than they are to the Old World. At the present rate of the development of these eastern South American republics, their foreign trade will speedily reach and exceed a billion dollars in value per annum. Before we complete the canal, ten or more billion dollars' worth of Atlantic traffic, which can never be influenced by a waterway at the isthmus, will have passed out of our hands, if our present inattention to opportunity is maintained. Our manufacturers know this but are indifferent.

The fact that America has not secured this commerce is sufficient proof that we do not as a people care for it. Had we needed South America's trade, we would have obtained a large share of it. But a few hundred millions of dollars is a small sum compared with America's internal commerce, now estimated to be worth over twenty-five billion dollars annually. Nor should the American business world be staggered at the cost of a canal at Panama, which we are "building for mankind." One week's domestic trade in the United States would pay for two \$200,000,000 canals and leave enough of a surplus to purchase a controlling interest in Suez and dedicate *that* waterway to the world.

It is a curious fact that our statisticians and statesmen have boasted of a foreign trade which is, in reality, of little credit to us, and failed to emphasize the

staggering totals of our domestic commerce, which has no counterpart in any country in any age. Ultimately, however, eastern South America's trade, under proper exploitation, such as Argentina is displaying, will assume a magnitude not unlike our own. Will we get a share of it? If we do, it will not be through the isthmian canal.

If Southern manufacturers, for example, want a foreign market for textiles, why do they ignore the opportunities in Argentina? No isthmus bars the way. Last year we exported to that republic a pitiable \$254,000 worth of cotton cloths and \$222,000 worth of wearing apparel, while that country was buying from Europe more than \$56,000,000 worth of textile goods! At this rate, it will take the United States more than 125 years to ship to Argentina as great a volume of cotton fabrics as that republic buys in twelve months from the Old World! Facts like that groan in the import tables of all nations. Although we manufacture as much as the three greatest nations of Europe combined, we are grotesque as an international trader in finished wares. In fact, we are far down in the list with sultanates and fourth-rate monarchies. There is nothing in a national way to be proud of in our deep-sea trade in manufacture.

In the presence of our colossal failure to reach out for the available and expanding markets on the Atlantic side of South America, it may well be pondered why the Federal Government is digging a waterway to the Pacific. We have failed to get the trade of Colombia, Venezuela, British, Dutch, and French Guiana; Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina—all with thousands of miles of coast and many harbors along the same great ocean that carries ships to and from the ports of Pensacola, Mobile, New Orleans, New York, and Boston. Our total trade with these Atlantic South American countries would be pitiable but for our purchase of certain commodities, such as coffee, which are

in demand in America and are admitted free.

If canal enthusiasm could turn the South American continent around, letting Panama face the Antarctic, we would hear much about the vast commerce of these republics from whose trade we were debarred because of our uncut isthmus. Nearly a billion dollars annually passing to European traffic, and all because of a few miles of intervening swamps and hills, would be an impressive argument in favor of a waterway. But as there is not an inch of mainland between us and these rapidly expanding republics, the spectacle of our great defeat is patriotically ignored.

Colombia alone of the countries named has a frontage on the Pacific, but two thousand miles of that republic's coast line are washed by the Caribbean. We need no canal to enable us to reach Cartagena and Barranquilla. The day will surely come when American enterprise will seriously seek these ports and will likewise crowd into the harbors of Pernambuco, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, but in this ultimate Atlantic awakening the canal at Panama will play no more part than would a new waterway in the Flowery Kingdom or an additional canal on Mars.

Canal optimism, when it consults the map, concedes that the waterway across the isthmus can have no effect upon our Atlantic commerce with South America, but the contention is made that the canal will be an opening for California, Oregon, and Washington, in their trade with the southern continent. The fallacy of this forecast is that these Atlantic republics export many of the same kind of commodities that the Pacific coast has for sale. Argentina, for example, which now ships oversea a quarter of a billion dollars' worth of agricultural and pastoral products, including increasing cargoes of wheat, will not afford an outlet for the fields of the Willamette and the Palouse.

Moreover, the Pacific states, like the

rest of America, are prosperously occupied in filing more orders than they can fill. Here and there an uncommercial traveler, an academic economist, or a salaried secretary of some board of trade whose members are too busy to hold a meeting, dwells upon neglected opportunity in South America or the Orient, but the actual business men of the West have difficulty keeping count of their accumulating fortunes. As it is, Jim Hill can't build his boats big enough, and he is on record as stating that every vessel embarking from Western ports is compelled to leave goods behind. Yet the uncountable wealth of the West is not a result of foreign trade, for the totals of transpacific commerce are paltry in comparison with the share the Western commonwealths have in America's incredible domestic trade.

The futility of the Federal Government's dedication of distant markets to American producers before they need such openings is evidenced in the case of the Philippines. Statistics preceded our flag to that archipelago, but trade failed dismally to follow. If the West needed oversea markets, it would dominate the trade of our islands. Why the nation should cut a canal for California or Puget Sound to ship an occasional cargo of soft lumber to Brazil, when the West will not utilize the Pacific as a trade path to the Philippines, save to fill orders that come unsolicited, is not apparent. Of the raisins imported into the Philippines, more than ninety per cent is supplied by Europe. Of the \$100,000 worth of cheese and other dairy products, less than ten per cent. goes from America. Manila even gets its beans from Europe. The West's inattention to Oriental opportunity is not attributable to lack of enterprise. From the time the Western-bound traveler leaves St. Paul he hears little of anything save the "Seattle spirit." It is a contagious virility that has electrified the whole Northwest. In San Francisco it is a common witticism that New York "sure

thing" men, when they reach the Golden Gate are done up by legitimate merchants! The whole West is peculiarly up to date. Many private interests on the Pacific coast could easily have afforded to construct a waterway at the isthmus had such a path been needed.

In the progress of the Pacific coast the isthmus is ancient and forgotten history. The indifference is so great that the principal steamship company identified with the best interests of the West has long accepted a subsidy to discourage traffic by way of Panama. It is true that in regard to the canal there are optimistic editors and orators west of the Sierras, just as there are east of the Alleghanies, but the business world gives little heed. Moreover, while the Eastern theorist is dreaming of a waterway at Panama to the Orient, the Pacific coast, by its anti-Mongolian sentiment, which now, under the leadership of the unions, is conducting a crusade against the Japanese and Koreans as well as the Chinese, threatens to nullify our open-door policy and discount the benefits of the canal.

It is obvious that the West is more vitally interested in its internal welfare than in alien markets. No one who has not visited that section recently can form any estimate of its prosperity. Puget Sound cities are doing more building than in the noisiest years of their booms. Portland, Oregon, is lending money to Wall Street! Values have so increased in San Francisco that rents have been doubled and trebled in the past three years. A few years ago the Federal Government bought a building site in San Francisco. The price paid was regarded as so greatly in excess of surrounding property that vociferous outcry was made of collusion and graft. To-day, the Government could sell out its San Francisco holding at big profit. From Los Angeles the whole coast is piling up prosperity. Men who were stuck in worthless tide-flats in Puget Sound now own acres of busy piers.

San Francisco Bay is alive with new ferries.

That the Pacific states would have any more time or inclination to sail through the Panama Canal than they have to enter the harbor of Manila is doubtful. The jubilant promise of the Philippines was not fulfilled. It is likely that the canal will be equally disappointing, and all because America, East and West, is occupied in large activities infinitely more remunerative than undertakings in foreign parts.

It is obvious that if we are to view the Panama Canal as a great commercial enterprise, we must look at the project from the eastern shore-line of the United States. And the more study given to our neglect of the Atlantic republics of South America, the less impressive becomes the forecast of what we shall accomplish when we sail still farther away from that long shore-line of opportunity. Let us suppose that the canal were now open. What transformation would it work in our foreign trade? We like to believe that our foreign commerce is a result of our adventurous competition, and that the canal and the Philippines are part of a consistent and triumphant program of expansion. There is nothing, however, to indicate that our Eastern cities, now indifferent to the lure of Argentina and Brazil, would put forth unaccustomed effort to secure the trade of Chile and Peru. The strip of land at Panama has not been the secret of any success in the Pacific. Surely it has not kept our Western products out of our own archipelago. Moreover, the report of the Commissioner of Navigation shows that the distance from Boston to Manila via Suez is actually less by 224 miles than by way of Panama. If distance alone were the test of commerce it is obvious that the Filipinos, even after the completion of the Panama Canal, would continue to get their beans from Europe. From New York, the Panama route will offer an advantage of but ninety-nine miles over Suez.

It is clear that the canal enthusiasts have not given careful study to the great trade routes and the shape of the earth. Of course, many distances are shortened, and the canal will divert traffic from the Straits of Magellan, the Cape of Good Hope, and even from Suez, unless that canal, as it can afford to do, lowers its tolls in competition. Hitherto, one of the problems of the Suez company has been to keep down profits! Its charter prevents it from making more than twenty-five per cent. on the investment. The Suez rate is now about two dollars a ton, and as the earnings this year have climbed to over twenty-eight per cent., a reduction is imperative. If the Suez company, to compete with Panama, should cut down tolls to one dollar a ton, it would, in the estimates of steamship traffic experts, be the same as the cutting of 2,000 miles out of a voyage.

It will be seen, therefore, that low canal rates are just as enchanting to shippers as great saving of distances. The Panama waterway, to be a highway for the nations, will have to be run by Uncle Sam at a loss. Undoubtedly we shall make the rate small, and unless a decided change takes place in our foreign outlook and endeavor, we shall permit Europe to sail through the canal to Pacific opportunity, just as we now give it the right of way to the regions of the Amazon and the Platte. To let oceans through a continent is a big and picturesque thing, and it has appealed to the American imagination. If the canal were to be completed this year, there would be a day of fireworks and declamation, and then we should return to our continental activities and let the ships of Europe crowd through our waterway. Even in the construction of this canal Europe is reaping the initial benefit in supplying ships and implements.

While commercial idealism in office has promoted this waterway, the business world of America has been indifferent, not only to the trade possible with eastern South America, but likewise to

the great opportunity to share in the internal development of these republics. In dreaming of our destiny in the Pacific, we forget that the eastern South American domain, whose trade we now ignore, is vastly larger than the United States, including Alaska and our islands. This great empire is rich in forests and agricultural plains. Its great navigable rivers, one of them the largest in the world, flow into the Atlantic. Argentina, whose foreign trade is now larger than China's or Japan's, has brought but ten per cent. of its wheat-fields under cultivation. Buenos Ayres, which is as modern as New York, Paris, or Berlin, and as populous as Peking, has street-railways and power-plants earning interest for European capital. Argentina measures its 20,000 miles of railways by the metric system, and gets its steel rails from the Old World. This year 520 additional kilometers are under construction, and the capital is supplied from Threadneedle Street.

In other words, in investments as well as exports, Europe has beaten us in eastern (as in western) South America. A canal at Panama will not bring Wall Street any nearer the busy and growing capitals of eastern South American republics. We might as well tunnel the Rockies to extend New York's opportunity in Quebec and Nova Scotia. The geography of South America persists in assuming strange conformation in the dreams of canal optimists. The whole delusion reminds me of a conversation I overheard in Washington. A subordinate employed at the Turkish legation was explaining to a fellow Irishman how he managed to hold his job. "I've picked up a few Turkish words," he said, "and I make a grand bluff, and they think I've traveled in their old country, but the fact is, between you and me, I've never been to South America in all my life."

It has been imagined in some quarters that the Panama Canal will revive commerce in sailing craft now lagging far behind steamships in the race for mar-



kets. Hydrographers in the service of the United States Government have gone into this phase of the canal question very thoroughly, and the conclusion is that that waterway, far from being a benefit to square-rigged shipping, will be another factor in its elimination from the seas. From Atlantic points sailing vessels could, by avoiding the period of northeast gales, reach Colon readily enough, but when these vessels emerged on the Pacific side they would find themselves in a windless area, thousands of miles in extent. This vast ocean tract of atmospheric stagnation, known to mariners as "the Mexican calms," is a veritable Sahara of the seas. Sailing ships starting from Panama for any Pacific destination in the United States, South America, Oceanica, or Asia, would have to travel from two to four thousand miles out of the course to get into the path of serviceable trade-winds. Nor would these ships always be able to sail around this motionless region.

A record has been kept of the few sailing vessels that have ventured across this sea of calms. On December 3, 1900, the German bark *Arcona* started from Punta Arenas, near Panama, bound for Hamburg. Day after day the vessel struggled to fill its canvas. Sometimes a little wind would blow, but toward sunset it would die away, and the ocean currents would carry the ship back toward Panama. Thirty-nine days after the date of embarkation, the *Arcona* was only 350 miles from the starting-point. Panama is not many degrees north of the equator, but two months had passed before this sailing ship managed to cross the line.

On the Atlantic side the strong winds that would bear a ship to Colon would be a handicap in the return voyage. Official hydrographers state that, regardless of its Atlantic destination, a sailing craft leaving Colon would have to beat up through the Yucatan Channel and the Straits of Florida. Assuming, then, that a Puget Sound bark laden

with Oregon pine for Montevideo succeeded in getting through the Panama Canal. Even if it could follow the shortest sea line, the great eastward projection of Brazil would make the route less desirable than the path via Cape Horn. But the fierce head winds, frequently swelling to gales, would, as stated, compel a long, tedious, and expensive detour northward through the Gulf of Mexico. Without hesitation, therefore, experts say the Panama Canal will never be a thoroughfare for sailing ships.

It has been predicted that the Panama waterway will be a new highway for the world's trade, and it will be, undoubtedly, for vessels propelled by steam. In this connection it is well to keep in mind that the merchant steamers that carry the commerce of nations are not owned by the United States. The Stars and Stripes will float over the Panama locks, but the flags of other nations will pass through.

While we are announcing that we are building this canal for the world, reserving our right, of course, to pilot our battle-ships through as occasion demands, we have managed to stir up an intense spirit of international competition. The assumption of Europe is that our manufacturing world has at last caught the ambitious idea of our economists and statesmen about the commercial mastery of the Pacific. Was it McKinley or Roosevelt who, standing on San Francisco's Sutro Heights and pointing across the deep, exclaimed: "This belongs to the people of America"?

Europe has heard much of our midway station at Hawaii, our Philippine path to the open door, and our isthmian waterway through which our Atlantic factories are to flood the far Pacific with Yankee wares. But when it is realized that our manufacturers do not share this dream; that Uncle Sam's act in forcing upon the Hawaiian Islands our coast-wise law has brought about financial depression in that group, since it enjoins the planters to ship sugar in American

deep-sea ships that do not exist; that our occupation of the Philippines is of greater commercial benefit to Europe than to ourselves, and that the extension of our shipping law to that archipelago will complete the diversion of the traffic to the Old World; and that now, with no merchant marine of our own to use it, we are digging a waterway through the hemisphere—when, in brief, it is seen that we are displaying as a nation a fantastic idealism that would bankrupt any business house—the alarm of Europe over our reputed program of trade dominance of the Pacific is as foolish as the rhetorical optimism of our leaders.

While our young republic has been dreaming dreams, acquiring islands for our competitors to exploit; and now projecting a canal for which we have no ships, our vigilant rivals are preparing for practical mastery throughout the wide reach of the Pacific. Paralleling our Panama Canal, British and Mexican capital is hurrying to completion a first-class double-track railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, with a fine harbor at Coatzacoalcas, on the Gulf of Mexico, and another at Salina Cruz, on the Pacific.

The remarkably alert and capable London firm pushing this big enterprise is the same one that contracted to construct four East River tunnels for the Pennsylvania road! In view of the fact that South America's billion-dollar trade has been secured by Europe and that the coveted commerce of the Orient is also passing to the Old World, the additional invasion of the North American field by London capital and enterprise should not escape the attention of the statesmen who attempt to make America great by declamation.

For its promoters, this is an auspicious time to inaugurate a modern traffic route across Tehuantepec. Like the Panama Canal, this trade path has been projected for generations. Within a very short time it will be open for the

world's traffic to and from the Pacific. The most up-to-date equipment for the loading and unloading of vessels has been installed. These facilities, it is claimed, will enable the owners to cut into Suez rates and even meet the tolls we shall finally establish at Panama. What makes the present a peculiarly opportune time for the undertaking at the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is that the Panama railway, during the ten years of the construction of the canal, promises to be hopelessly congested with federal material. Everything shipped for canal construction is now given right of way.

Despite the steamship-railway combination in restraint of trade across the Isthmus of Panama, that route has become a chosen path for a considerable commerce. Now vigorous outcry has reached the national capital that the government's first step as the promoter of foreign trade has resulted in blocking business traffic across the isthmus.

Cargoes are piled high at Panama and at Colon. No cars are available, for Uncle Sam has them side-tracked full of coal and machinery at the Culebra cut. The Tehuantepec Railway, therefore, has suddenly assumed significance as an isthmian rival. A modern fleet of British steamships will ply between both termini and all important commercial cities on the Atlantic and Pacific. Nor is this splendid enterprise something scheduled for the distant future. It will be in busy operation to the inevitable profit of its promoters and to the glory of European commerce before we finish deciding what sort of a canal to build.

On the Pacific edge of Canada, Great Britain has built a strong naval base. With the Canadian Railway, the projected Grand Trunk Pacific, and now with the line across the Mexican isthmus, this great European power, whose export trade is not only greater than ours in value but infinitely more profitable, as it consists almost exclusively of finished products, will be abundantly able to compete with us while policing the

Pacific in protection of British traffic. Germany is also planning a big Pacific fleet. Our boasting of what we could do as a foreign trader, if we tried, and the confusion we have created in our own minds, as well as in the thought of watchful Europe, by parading the totals of our raw materials sold abroad, would ultimately have brought our competitors against us in the Pacific field, even if we had not acquired strategic islands and undertaken to cleave the continent.

Although the Panama Canal, either from the standpoint of engineering science or commercial romance, is perhaps the most stupendous material project adventurous genius has devised, the indifference of business America, devoted to our multiplying billions, puts this waterway in the class with our consular reports, our reciprocity treaties, and our trade commissions abroad. These things are ahead of the need and the times in the United States. It may be a providential thing for the Panama Canal to be delayed until we are ready for it. Mankind could afford to wait until we were equipped with ships to share in the benefits of our waterway. Besides, the Tehuantepec line, which will carry freight in two days from the Gulf to the Pacific, and the trains scheduled now to run in forty-eight hours from Buenos Ayres, on the Atlantic, through the tunneled Andes to Valparaiso, on the Pacific, will enable commercial Europe to await with considerable unconcern the completion of the Panama Canal.

If it be true that we have reached a point in our productive capacity greater than our incredible domestic capacity to consume, and that, in consequence, we stand in increasing need of foreign markets, we have, ourselves, no occasion to await the digging of a channel through the mountains and morasses of the isthmus. If our captains of commerce, rather than our congressmen and consuls, turn practical attention to distant trade, they will not ignore the \$900,000,-

000 gold mine of traffic on the Atlantic side of South America while dreaming of an expensive path to the nitrate beds and the Peruvian bark on the narrow side of the Andes. And the milreis of Brazil and the peso of Argentina will be as great a lure as the yen and tael of the Orient.

The arguments against Panama as compared with other routes are futile. One senator hurled 1,163,000 words against Panama, saying that there would be more wind at Nicaragua!

If America sought foreign trade in a large sense, it could afford to build both waterways. If we could secure half the imports into Asia, that traffic alone in one year would pay for the Panama Canal and leave a balance of \$300,000,000. That would be ample to pay for all the oratory, surveys, special commissions, reports, red tape, and actual construction of another similar channel through some thin part of the continent down there.

The only substantial argument against the Panama or any other canal is that it is premature—that we are digging it for other nations. As I have pointed out, we have abundant opportunity in South America not barred by the isthmus. So colossal is our indifference, that in spite of our boasting, if we surrendered our entire sea-borne trade in finished goods, it would represent a loss per capita to the American people of less than ten cents a week.

The Panama Canal, like the Philippines, the Monroe doctrine, and the open door, will not bring trade to America in any appreciable quantity until our manufacturers need the business. When that time comes, the world will witness the awakening of a commercial giant. The genius that has carried prosperity to the far corners of our continent will bear it beyond our shores. We shall then doubtless relieve mankind of some of its trade burdens and carry American cargoes through the American canal.

# THE JAPANESE FAN

A STORY OF GUAM

BY ISABEL S. ROBINSON

THE schooner *Evelina*—one hundred and fifty tons register and drawing twelve feet of water—lay at anchor in the harbor of Guam, and while her crew labored drippingly over the cargo, her popular young captain dined with the Comandante at Agana. A regular happening this, when the *Evelina* was in port, for the Governor and his daughter Emilia were one in their liking for the handsome American officer.

As the two men went over the *Evelina's* papers together, soft bursts of laughter and twittering chatter came to their ears from another room of the white coral-walled residence where Emilia and her bosom friend, Encarnacion de Padilla, were arranging flowers for the dinner-table.

Over the uncarpeted floor of ephit wood, worn smooth and shining by time and generations of such unshod feet as theirs, native servants glided noiselessly about their work, but the young girls—under eighteen both, yet full poised as women of twice their years—were in all the glory of toilets fresh from Paris. The theme of their conversation, naturally, was the handsome young officer whom Encarnacion was to meet for the first time.

"Strong as a wild ox," Emilia concluded her eulogy, "and gentle as a kitten, but unhappily"—a dolorous sigh and upcasting of brown eyes followed by a half-smile and a shrug—"he

would as soon be stroked by the father as the daughter."

"In truth?" Encarnacion's arched eyebrows and pointed red-lipped smile emphasized her doubt, as she insinuated the stem of a great red camellia into the drooping masses of her fluffy, blue-black hair. "Not to thy father he gave the expensive present, I notice," she murmured, glancing at the Japanese fan her friend waved before her hot cheeks.

Emilia smiled. "I told him thou likest it and wished its mate."

"Mischief! And what said he?"

"He told me—thou'lt not be angry or stiff with him for it?—he said such could be bought in Yokohama."

"What!"

"He named the street and number of the shop."

"Oh—!"

Clattering shoes and cheery masculine voices cut short the indignant protest. A moment later Penfold, bowing over a white hand, wondered at the stormy eyes of its owner.

Emilia bit her lip nervously, hardly reassured by a stolen pressure from her friend's hand and the swift aside—"I'll not be stiff with him. Oh, no! I'll only—"

Now what could Encarnacion mean? Emilia wondered, relieved to see her friend graciously unbending from her first haughty manner to the young officer.

The meal proceeded gaily.

"So you like Agana as well as Yoko-

hama, Señor Capitan?" said Encarnacion.

"Better," replied the captain gallantly.

"We have not such splendid fans here"—Penfold flushed—"but we are as well governed, thanks to the Comandante. A few rebels and insurgents on the islands, perhaps——"

"They make life more picturesque, señorita."

"Not to me," grumbled the Comandante. "No, Penfold, I don't fear an insurrection—there are disloyal Spaniards and ambitious, half-caste Togales who would like to stir up something of the sort, but even if they had guns—which they haven't and can't get—these natives wouldn't know how to shoot."

"They could learn," Encarnacion flashed out.

"And muskets are cheap." Penfold smiled into her eager eyes.

"Worth in Yokohama?" The girl's dimpled elbows were on the table, her jeweled hands supported the perfect oval of her cheeks and pretty, pointed chin, the red camellia hung out rakishly in the cloudy hair.

"Oh, three or four dollars apiece!"

The Spanish girl drew a quick breath. "You can get ten here," she said meaningly.

"Ta, ta, ta," objected the Comandante. "This won't do. Contraband, contraband. You mustn't put notions in my captain's head, señorita."

Encarnacion laughed and threw a glance of demure coquetry about her, but before the evening was over, to the amusement of the Comandante and the amazement of his daughter, Captain Penfold had proposed to buy for Encarnacion a fan like Emilia's, and for the choosing of it had agreed to take on his next trip to Yokohama, not only Encarnacion herself, but also an aunt, without whom the young lady could not go, and a maid, without whom the old lady would not stir.

That night as the two girls slipped into their camisas, Emilia murmured piteously:

"How could you do it, Encarnacion—how could you?"

Encarnacion laughed gleefully behind her lace frills, and as her vividly tinted face emerged from the froth of muslin and lace, the wicked, pointed smile still curved her lips.

"He would send me the address of a shopkeeper, would he?"

"But I thought you loved——"

A warning gesture interrupted, and, with head erect, Encarnacion raised her arm in dainty military salute.

"To dis-trac-tion, I do. But speak not his name 'neath the Comandante's roof."

"The Señora Pilar won't go."

"What then? I have other relatives."

Loaded on the *Evelina* by solicitous niece and maid, Penfold found the señorita's aunt to be a bulky person, awkward in flapping skirts, and much veiled, whose voice, when she occasionally let it out in full volume, was the voice of a grenadier, and who read French novels and smoked cigarettes from morning until night. The maid—long, lean, and sinister of aspect—appeared more devoted to her young señorita than to her ponderous señora—nor could Penfold quarrel with such good taste—but disapproving scowls at himself, pacing the decks in the cool starlight with Encarnacion, irked him seriously.

"Antique gargoyles," he muttered, apostrophizing aunt and maid, "and she"—(meaning Encarnacion)—"as sweet and gracious to them as if—as if they were blooming sweethearts, by George."

Among the *Evelina's* passengers was one other through-tripper, an undersized Englishman, who cast admiring glances at the señorita, shrewdly regardful ones at her party, who writhed, one and all, under the scrutiny.

"Do throw him overboard, capitan," Encarnacion entreated one day. "What! You will not oblige me so far? Then get rid of him somehow."

"Well, I will. To-morrow."

"Good!" Encarnacion clapped her hands. "And how?"

"You'll see," responded the captain darkly.

And thus it was, Penfold forewent the delights of the señorita's society what time it took the schooner to beat up the harbor from the entrance of Yeddo Bay. Thus it was, he followed his usual custom of debarking at a small landing-place, going thence by jinrickisha to Osaka and thence again by rail to Yokohama.

The Englishman gladly bore him company, and as the two whirled away the Spanish girl waved adieu from the schooner's deck; the aunt and maid were nowhere in sight.

The Englishman grinned. "They 'ate me," he chuckled.

Usually, on these trips, Penfold just caught a train that carried him into Yokohama many hours before the *Evelina* could pick her way into port, but this time he just missed it.

Silently he cursed the Englishman, the jinrickisha, and the train; aloud he berated that tyrannical law which requires all foreigners staying overnight in Osaka to lodge at one particular hotel, kept by a native in alleged European style.

Not without reason, the prospect of this enforced entertainment galled Penfold. "Japanese cooks do well enough when they stick to their own line," he grumbled, "but when they tackle American chow they flunk horribly. And the lodging is, if anything, worse."

"We might go to a restaurant and fortify ourselves——"

"I was about to propose it."

Penfold's final moan over his hard luck in missing the train and in having no friend in Osaka with whom he might stay overnight was vented in the restaurant, where the "chow" proved quite satisfactory.

Scarcely had the words of complaint left his lips than the nearest shoja slid back, and from behind it protruded a round Japanese countenance, further broadened by good-natured smiles.

He—their insignificant neighbor—the intruder explained, had an unworthy dwelling, modestly clean, and entirely at the service of the honorable strangers if they would deign to accept it for the night.

"Would they? Well!" With a flood of thanks and Oriental compliments! The friend in need was invited to partake of fresh, hot saka, to which was added beer for the honorable wife of the Japanese, who followed her lord, bobbing and smiling, from behind the sliding wall. Over the tiny steaming cups the four became fast friends—the two from the Maryanne Islands eagerly absorbing whatever of gossip or news was told by the two newly returned from Yokohama.

Not until the party reached the Osakan's "unworthy dwelling"—built, apparently, in accordance with that rule of architecture which decrees that one dimension of a house shall dominate all other dimensions (it had three rooms and was three stories high)—did one bit of news stand out, distinct from all the rest, in Penfold's mind.

There was to be a great auction sale in Yokohama two weeks later. He considered it while sipping his host's rice wine. He reflected on it while he and the Englishman mounted to their couch, a mat and wooden pillow on the floor of the upper room. And while they inducted themselves into their *futon*—a great, wadded dressing-gown, which served both as mattress and covering—the Englishman's right arm in the right sleeve, the captain's left arm in the left sleeve—he did not forget it. Each time they arose in the night, to exchange sleeves and places—and compliments (?)—he recollected that it was a forced sale, that everything would go cheap, and that there were muskets in the inventory.

Also—this with a sigh of satisfaction—muskets brought ten dollars apiece in Guam.

Two weeks later Penfold sat at lunch with Bradley, his brother-in-law. It had been a busy day, and the two had much to talk about. There had been a tedious wait in the auction room during the fierce bidding over the various lots of the damaged cargo, obliging Penfold at last to hurry away to keep an appointment with Encarnacion.

Left thus alone to watch the sale, Bradley explained the cool diplomacy by which he had managed so that the particular lot in which he and Penfold were interested was quickly put up and almost as quickly knocked down to the diplomat for the sum of fifty dollars.

"A dollar apiece," chuckled Penfold. "I shall get ten in Guam."

"Good leather and well tanned! Who put you on to the idea?"

"Well—the señorita, first——"

"The señorita! What interest can a girl like that have in guns?"

"Just a chance speech, I fancy."

"Perhaps a patriot sweetheart," hinted Bradley.

Penfold shrugged his excellent shoulders.

"And how about the fan?" pursued Bradley.

"We got it, after such examining and pricing and pulling over goods that I wished I had never heard of a fan."

"Anxious to get it cheap?"

"No, to get it dear. She found one finally in Theater Street that suited her—the prettiest and most expensive—or it wouldn't have done."

"Oh, well! you'll make your money back, and more, on this deal."

So their talk reverted to the muskets; Penfold explaining how, but for the chatter of the Japanese in the Osaka restaurant, he would never have thought of trying for the extra money and the spice of adventure there was in smuggling contraband goods.

And just then, breathless from haste

and his arguments with Bradley's servants, who declared their honorable master could not be disturbed, in burst the mate of the *Evelina* with evil tidings.

Penfold started up dismayed, incredulous; his brother-in-law continued to ply his fork.

"To search the schooner?" Penfold repeated, frowning.

The mate clutched his cap. "Yes, sir, they've undoubted got wind of them muskets. I was told particular, sir. Customs officers coming at two o'clock to search the *Evelina*."

"Will they find them, captain?" queried Bradley.

"Easily, if they look for them."

"Whoeeep! To the wharf then, double quick!"

He was already at the door, hat in hand, and without further delay the men hustled themselves into waiting jinrickishas. Jolting their way to the wharf, they pondered how they might best outwit the customs. Bradley, at last—Napoleon of schemers—devising a plan which he saw might "turn the trick."

As they reached the harbor where the *Evelina* lay smoothly at anchor, calm as if no guilty secret reposed in her white bosom, Penfold saw Encarnacion's graceful head disappear down the companionway.

"Did she—did they see?" he questioned his subordinate.

"Well, I reckon yes, sir," grinned the mate. "We was short of hands, sir, and the two old girls rolled up their sleeves and helped. Laid holt like men," the mate chuckled softly; "you should've seen their arms. And the seenereeta, she stood by and encouraged them."

Neither of these helpful passengers was now in sight, for which Penfold took time to be thankful, as he saw to the disposal of the contraband freight. Dragged from its hiding-places underneath benches and bunks, from the bottom of brimming water-tanks, it was lowered bundle by bundle over the schooner's side into the bay.

There was little time to spare, but Penfold sat lazily smoking with Bradley when the customs officers arrived. He was still smoking when they reappeared, every nook and cranny having been examined. A good-natured smile dimpled his cheeks while they cleared the ship's manifest—between profuse apologies—shook hands all around, and departed.

Less than half an hour later the harbor pilot was taken on, anchor raised, and the *Evelina* threading her difficult way out to sea. At the wheel—the captain and Bradley near-by, chatting with Encarnacion—stood the pilot. Aft, their elbows on the stern rail, smiling grimly—now at the French *bataba*, where doubtless discomfited customs officers still shook bewildered heads—now at a shoal of drift specks seen intermittently in the *Evelina's* wake—stood the señorita's aunt and the aunt's maid, awkward in shapeless clothing, unbeautiful of feature, but vastly complacent of aspect.

At dark the *Evelina* hove to outside the harbor to drop the pilot, and for a while the vessel rocked idly on the waves. Then a whale-boat put forth cautiously, the captain and his brother-in-law on board, going back to retrieve the sunken cargo. At dawn Penfold returned empty-handed and alone. The customs officers had outwitted him after all. Bradley had gone ashore in disgust when not a single musket had been found, but Penfold was too bewildered—and too busy—to bemoan the loss of his fifty dollars *in esse*, five hundred *in posse*. All that was to come later. His whole mind was given to the duties of the day, to a delectable evening spent with the señorita—never more captivating—but he retired to his cabin when his watch was over, with a spiritual barometer that ranged rapidly from fair to foul; and as he crashed his fist down on his locker table, he swore softly. "I'd willingly give up the money," he muttered, "if I only knew how it happened." And then he swore again and turned in.

As the *Evelina* sped on her way south-

ward, the matter of the aborted smuggle was squeezed into smaller compass, and into the very background of Penfold's thoughts, by the insistent and lively business of his flirtation with Encarnacion. This had now reached a stage when it occupied all of his mind not given to his duties, for his sleep was richly colored by alluring, flouting visions of the Spanish beauty.

In the long evenings under glorious southern skies, the bulky aunt and sinister abigail dozing some distance away, Penfold listened to stirring tales of the señorita's childhood in Spain, of her glowing girlhood in Guam, sweetened by the joys, stabbed by the sorrows of the Chamoras, the simple, common people whom she had learned to love. He himself, one night, told of his boyhood, of his mother and sister, and of the adventurous life he had led since—at the age of twelve—he first ran away to sea.

"Wrong of me to do it, I suppose," he concluded—moving the Japanese fan so languidly that it did not stir the laces at the señorita's throat.

"Wrong!" she echoed, seizing the fan and plying it stormily. "What is wrong? What is right?" Then, closing it, she answered her own questions. "To do what the heart burns to do—the deed which makes the soul expand for joy—that is the only right. To beat down one's dearest wish at the behest of another, or to refuse—needlessly—another's dearest wish—that is the only wrong."

The captain's eyes kindled, his hand closed over hers, but the Japanese fan was suddenly unfurled between them, the soft hand withdrawn from beneath his own. His was a gentle soul, as Emilia had said—easily daunted in matters of the heart—besides, the sinister maid approached, yawning, so the dearest wish of Penfold's heart remained unspoken.

The trip was over. Again the *Evelina* lay at anchor at San Luis de Apra, which is the full and true name of the harbor



at Guam, and while her crew labored over the cargo, her handsome chief officer dined with the Comandante at his white, coral-walled house, with its picturesque red-tiled roof. On the table between the two men lay the ship's manifest, and as the last item was reached, the Comandante looked up.

"Captain," said he, "I am going to search your ship for fifty muskets."

Penfold jumped, then settled back into his usual smiling calm.

"Do you see any muskets in the manifest?" he inquired.

"No."

An exchange of glances, shrugs, and of cigars followed.

At dinner the Comandante's daughter was by turns mysterious and gay.

"Encarnacion's fan is prettier than mine," she complained coquettishly.

Penfold was concerned. "Indeed? Then I will get you another, like hers."

"No—oh, no! Hers is the prettiest, but I like mine best."

Later, as the captain strolled back to his lodging at the trader's house, musing on the inscrutable ways of womankind, he met his charming ex-passenger.

He paused, agape with astonishment, for at her side—what masquerade was this?—were the aunt and the maid—not in the awkward skirts and basques they had worn on board the *Evelina*, but trim and sinewy in loose smocks and trousers of white linen, such as the captain and other white men wore on the islands.

His late passengers paused, too—the trousered pair puffing indifferently at their cigarettes, Encarnacion dimpling, her eyes twinkling like stars.

"Señor capitan," she said demurely, "permit me. My father and my cousin, *el teniente*—"

"Lieutenant!" Penfold gasped; he was incapable of further articulation. Nor did he ever recall his rival's name, but he allowed his limp hand to be warmly shaken by the erst bulky aunt and the ex-abigail.

"An explanation is due you, capitan,"

the girl went on, "an apology, perhaps—five hundred pesos, certainly."

As she spoke the sinister cousin produced money.

Penfold looked from it to the señorita in speechless wonder.

"But why? What for?"

"Take it!" said Encarnacion imperiously.

He shook his head, bewildered but firm. "I must first know why."

At a glance from the girl the old Spaniard and the half-caste lieutenant moved on. The señorita, raising the Japanese fan that hung by a ribbon from her girdle, flung it open by a graceful turn of the wrist and paced slowly after them at Penfold's side.

"You must know, señor capitan, that my father and *el teniente* helped hide your muskets on board the *Evelina*—ah! you *did* know? Well, then, they helped throw them out into the bay, too, helped so well that when the *Evelina* left port the muskets accompanied."

"The dev— Pardon me. And they reached Guam after all?"

The Spanish girl nodded. "You are offered their price."

Penfold struck his palms together. "Good! And the customs officers?"

A ripple of girlish laughter. "Señor, they were what you call 'left.' Will you take your five hundred pesos now?"

Penfold hesitated only a moment, then he answered firmly, "No. It is your money, not mine. I had lost the muskets. It seems I lost everything."

"Truly?" The señorita looked at her fan, studying its curious birds and flowers, then with a bewildering flutter of eyelashes and a half-shy side glance at Penfold, she murmured, "You were about to tell me something last night, when we were interrupted—something, I think, about the dearest wish of your heart. You—you may say it now, capitan."

And—there in the glittering, moonlit street—behind the outspread semicircle of the Japanese fan, Penfold did.

# CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY E. S. MARTIN

A UNIVERSITY is a microcosm in which many of the incidents of life in the outer world can be inspected almost as conveniently as human nature can be studied in a cage of monkeys. Harvard and Yale are both universities that reflect very readily all the changes in our national manner of life. From both of them just now come complaints, practically identical, that differences of income separate students so much that it is harder than it used to be, or than it ought to be, to make all sorts and conditions of undergraduates rub against one another, and gain the educational advantages that come from a diversified acquaintance. We find the Yale Dean complaining that one of the worst evils in Yale is the segregation of rich students. There are some dormitories, it seems, in which the rooms are more luxurious and more expensive than in others, and the students who can afford these prefer them. Consequently and by a perfectly natural process, these dormitories become hives of the more well-to-do students, who, living near together, tend to consort with one another so much that they neglect to cultivate due relations with the rest of their mates. The Dean complains especially because the management of the undergraduate societies seems to center in these abodes of the well to do, and the social aspirations of students are found to be promoted by living in them.

VIRTUALLY the same complaint comes from Harvard, where a lot of comfort-

able private dormitories in and near Mt. Auburn Street have attracted students who could afford to room in them, until one hears of "the Mt. Auburn Street crowd" as a large group of students that blends less perfectly than could be wished with the other groups, and possesses superior opportunities of social advancement. The general mass of students, having plenty of occupation, by no means sit up nights to worry about "Mt. Auburn Street," but one hears—and it is an amusing report—of a work of agitation that is constantly carried on by students described as being better at agitation than at anything else, the aim of which is to promote jealousy of "Mt. Auburn Street" and dim its prestige.

AND SO THE Yale Dean casts about for something that will check the propensity of the more expensive lads to dwell together in the more expensive dwellings, and the Harvard press admits that it has "a dormitory question" which its contributors discuss and for which they propose various remedies. Yale wants to get back to its "old democratic basis" that obtained when there were five hundred students in the whole academic department of the college and every man knew all his classmates. Harvard wants her undergraduates to intermingle more freely, to work together better and compete with one another harder.

WHAT HAS BROUGHT these discussions and complaints to the fore in these two universities—and most of the other older

universities—is the great increase in the number of students, the increase in the wealth of the country, and the elevation of the standard of comfort. Similar causes have prompted similar discussions in the country at large. Within twenty-five years population and wealth have increased enormously, the homogeneity of the population has been somewhat affected by new streams of immigration, and disparities of fortune have come to be much greater and more noticeable than they used to be. The mass of the population is too busy to take much thought as to whether the richer people are getting more advantages than they are entitled to, but the agitators, good and bad, attend diligently to that. The problem of cultivating closer relations and a better understanding between the richer and the poorer citizens occupies thoughtful people everywhere, and is all the more difficult to solve because nearly all the richest people live in cities where they herd together in favored residential quarters.

NO PATENT remedy will check the tendency of rich and poor to drift apart. People who can afford it will always live in such houses as suit them, while other people put up with such houses as they can afford. In colleges and out of them, money will always tend to make available certain social opportunities which are not consistent with a pressing lack of money. Where the richer and poorer people can best get in touch with one another is in their work. In the colleges various interests bring all sorts of students into relations of competitive or co-operative work, promoting acquaintance by an automatic process, and fostering friendship. In the outside world every sort of business breeds comradeship, and for persons who have no need to be concerned with money-getting there is a great and diversified field of public service, extending from the management of charities all the way up to the direction of the national government, which offers

them duties suited to their powers and progressing with their development, and in which they can succeed only as they learn to deal with their fellows as man to man.

IT HAS COME to a point in this country where money has got to do more than it used to think necessary if it is to command esteem. A great deal has happened in the last two years to bring excessive money-getting into contempt. The methods by which men have been getting rich and by which some rich men have been getting richer have been overhauled, exposed, and damned with a publicity that has been impressive. The aggregate character of the considerable group of persons who represent the country's wealth has been damaged. Wealth, either as represented by corporations or by individuals, has been caught in so many unscrupulous transactions, in bribery, in lawbreaking, in a greedy and conscienceless use of positions of power and of trust, that it has unquestionably suffered in reputation, sinners and righteous men being mixed in the distribution of the general disgust.

NOW WEALTH ought to give the country a larger part of its leadership than it does, and ought to do a larger share than it does of exceedingly important public work which is so meagerly paid that poor men of the requisite ability cannot afford to do it. In the colleges spoken of above, a large proportion of the natural leaders of the undergraduates are to be found in the expensive dormitories. That happens so because they are the sons and grandsons of abler men than the average. The very greatest men in the country are apt to be sons of poor parents and to have developed by the struggle with adversity the rare abilities they were born to. But the average of natural and hereditary ability is doubtless a great deal higher among the rich, else they never would have got rich. Just as the most

practical means of tempering the separation of rich lads and poor in the colleges lies in the incursion of the more ardent youth from the expensive dormitories in the fields of general competition, so in the bigger world what promises best to keep rich and poor in beneficial touch is the increasing incursion of men, rich enough to use their time as they will, into the great field of public service where they can only succeed by cooperation. For real people the world's work is more interesting than its play, and to render service is more important than to win unnecessary increases of fortune. The proportion of real people is probably at least as large among the rich as among the poor. Almost all American wealth is comparatively new. But that the rich in this country will be content with mere listless luxury and amusements shared only by their own sort and will not insist upon playing their part in the bigger game of human life is a suggestion that is contradicted by human intelligence in general, and by increasing numbers of men of fortune who are disinclined to devote themselves to money-making or to social pleasures, and who betake themselves perforce to some form of public service as the only thing that seems worth while.

THE IDEA tends to prevail in the colleges that the richer lads seek the more expensive dormitories because they want to be exclusive. No doubt some do, for youth is no sure preventive of folly, and among the young as among their elders there are those who think that exclusiveness and the holding of oneself aloof and apart is in itself valuable. No doubt folks who value themselves on their exclusiveness and their position on its separateness do well to value themselves and their place on what grounds they can. Wiser people know that exclusiveness is in itself a drawback and a detriment, and is only tolerable as one of the natural consequences of specialization and selec-

tion. To be all things to all men is a great calling, but to be all things to all men all the time is impracticable. Part of the time one is surely entitled, as he is constrained, to a choice of company and a choice of tasks or pleasures, the first involving an exclusion of companions or separation from them, the latter exclusion of some occupations. But to be excluded by the possession of money from the companionship of men who have much less money is only less a disadvantage than to be limited in one's choice of comrades by high walls and barred gates whereof another carries the key. With what concern some rich people appreciate the disadvantage it would be to their children to be restricted to the acquaintance of the children of the rich appears in the case of a man who was asked to help make up an increased endowment for a New England academy.

IT WAS ONE of the old New England schools which had a century and more of useful work behind it, and was in distress because its great reputation had brought it more pupils than the income of its modest endowment enabled it to deal with. The natural means of relief was to raise its tuition fee. It was loath to do that because it had always been a school where boys of very limited means could get education at the cost of such privations as they could stand and to raise the rates would make it harder for such pupils. The cry went out to increase the endowment for the sake of the poor boys. "I shall respond," said one rich young graduate, who had a growing family, "but not so much on the poor boys' account as to try to save alive at least one school where a rich man's sons can get to know some boys that are not exactly in the same general case as himself. I don't want my boys to go to school and then to college with the same lot of mates, and come to grown-up years thinking that their kind is the only kind worth knowing."

## ANOTHER WORD FROM THE NEW PUBLISHERS

WE HAVE BEEN MORE than interested in the replies that have already come in in response to our request in last month's issue for advice and assistance in the making of the new APPLETON'S BOOK-LOVERS MAGAZINE. At the date of this writing (August 1st) several thousand replies have been gone over—too many for us to reply to individually—and the magazine has only been out eight days! It is extremely encouraging to have these responses, and we thank the writers for their trouble and their advice.

THE FIRST MATTER THAT has been decided at once on account of these letters is as to the colored pictures of the world's great paintings. We shall publish these again, beginning at once. The October APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE will contain several. This beautiful color work has to be done so carefully that it takes a great deal of time—several days, in fact, for the printing of each color—so that six colors on a picture, for example, will require two months or thereabouts to print. Hence we are not able to get this feature in the September number. But by October we shall begin printing them again. In the mean time, we hope that our subscribers will continue their suggestions and criticism. Remember that honest, frank criticism is the healthiest thing you can give us. It is often said that any one can criticize, any one can tear down, but that it takes a genius to build up. That may be so, but one of the hardest things to get is honest criticism from a friend. That is what we want, and that

is what we are getting to-day. In the midst of this we have found many valuable hints that, far from "tearing down," have given us some valuable "building up" ideas. One of these is so marked by its constant appearance in letters that we want to speak of it here and tell you what has been planned for the future.

WE REFER TO THE articles having to do with AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE, which are appearing from the pen of a very able man in the Treasury Department in Washington—Mr. Harold Bolce. In the first place, Mr. Bolce is a statistician with constructive imagination. He is in touch with all matters referring to our foreign trade, a subject of vital interest to every manufacturer, every business man in this huge country. That his articles have secured widespread attention is manifest from the letters we are receiving from the East and the West. Here is what he has done already:

IN THE JULY ISSUE of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, Mr. Bolce published an article entitled "Our Opportunity in the Orient." It referred to the Chinese boycott that has since become so vital a matter that the President is taking up the subject himself. It dealt with the fact that China was the one great market of the earth for our enormous variety of manufactured goods, that by excluding the Chinese, whether laborer or scientist, student or traveling aristocrat, from our shores we have at last aroused the

Chinese Government to retaliate and exclude American imports. The matter is so serious that the whole country is now aroused. In the July article the whole situation is laid clearly and succinctly before the American citizen.

IN THE AUGUST NUMBER of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, Mr. Bolce took up the consideration of "The Fiction of Our Foreign Trade," which deals with the same question and the action taken and to be taken by Germany because of our tariff laws. This brings up the question of "Reciprocity" and "the most favored nation" ideas. And before this number of the magazine appears before the public, the Reciprocity Convention will be in session at Chicago to consider these very matters. The importance of such questions cannot be overestimated, if the United States is to hold its own in the trade of the world. Now, in this September issue, Mr. Bolce considers another phase of this large question of our foreign trade by taking up the influence which the Panama Canal may and ought to have on our relative importance among the traders of the world. It is an intensely interesting article, because it is true, vigorous, and full of what we have just called "constructive imagination." Mr. Bolce is to continue these articles in October and November and longer, taking up each time an important phase of the question of our foreign trade. Any one

reading all these articles will find himself informed upon the matter in a way he never dreamed of before and also awake to a most critical situation in the history of our commerce. We can supply July and August numbers of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE in limited quantities to those who have not happened to see these articles.

ANOTHER INTERESTING POINT which is to come! Some time ago the magazine had a competition open to all readers, with prizes for the winners, to decide which were the best advertisements published in any one month. We shall have another competition of this sort beginning in the October issue of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE. The work, the study, the scientific consideration given by men to-day to produce attractive and taking advertisement of goods is something that a quarter of a century ago no one could have possibly foreseen. There are men to-day who make a life study of the subject. There are schools for the instruction of prospective advertising men. The Appletons have themselves recently published a large book on the subject of the scientific making of advertisements. Who does the best? and why? We want you to decide and incidentally get a prize. In the October number, the next one after this—out September 20th—we shall make a definite announcement of the competitions. Look for it here and read it carefully.



# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVER MAGAZINE







It  
will be  
Right  
There  
and it  
will be Right  
when  
it is there

**CREAM of WHEAT**  
is the right part of the wheat for nerve and muscle, is right in the way it is prepared at the mill, and is right in serving. It is popular, and has the right of way among all cereals.  
**A PERFECT CEREAL—A DAINTY DESSERT—ALL GROCERS.**







*"A conglomerate mass of the island's products crowded together indiscriminately."*

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

VOL. VI

OCTOBER, 1905

NO. 4

## IN SPIKADEE LAND

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE



WITH the advent of new methods and fresh energy, both American, Porto Rico, agriculturally at least, has begun a regeneration, and its future prosperity seems assured. One bright and promising feature of its develop-

ment, however, has so far been overlooked. Given a most delightful winter climate, superb harbors for private yachts, excellent automobile roads through mountainous scenery of marvelous tropical beauty, mineral springs of proved medicinal value, and a multitude of other natural advantages, one thing only, two or three good hotels are necessary to make Porto Rico the Mecca for those who can afford the luxury of escaping a northern climate

during the winter months. As it is, the steamship companies are forced to add to their fleets. It will not be long before our enterprising hotel-keepers will duplicate the immense hostelrys that have made the Florida coast famous, and when once Porto Rico becomes a playground for the rich the many resources lying fallow for want of capital will be quickened and, with the reanimation, much that is of interest will fade away. Already the mantillas have given place to modern "creations," and so, one after another, old Spanish customs, odd, primitive methods of everyday work, historic landmarks, and all the unsanitary picturesqueness of a simple, timid, and, if you will, an unscrupulous but charming people will be lost for all time.

When the United States troops took possession of Porto Rico they found a welcoming native population eager to serve in any capacity. One difficulty, however, was at once manifest. To every question, the Porto Rican had but

one answer—"No spika de Englis'," given with many gestures and apologetic shrugs. With characteristic volubility they repeated the sentence again and again, no doubt believing that the meaning was thereby augmented; so the good-natured soldiers dubbed them all "Spikadees," and since then the word has been in constant use among the Americans living on the island.

But the meaning has undergone a change. At first it applied to the people indiscriminately; now it is an adjective, connoting the conglomerate conditions found in every phase of the life. A "spikadee" dog, or a "spikadee" horse, means not only that the animal is of mixed blood, but also that the blood has become so mixed that it is quite unlike its kind in any other part of the world.

And what is true of the Porto Rico dog or horse or chicken is also true of the Porto Rico man; he is wholly "spikadee." Four centuries' commingling of three races, Spanish, negro, and Carib, has produced the Porto Rican of to-day; and each strain appears in the same individual, the vary-

ing degrees being indefinitely indicated by the color, which may be any hue between white and black.

The language of the island is, of course, fundamentally Spanish; but so aborted and vulgarized has it become that all the soft lisp of the parent tongue has been lost and there remains a harsh, guttural chattering. English words are now being incorporated into their "spikadee" speech with very uncertain results. To give one of many examples, the head of a village is called "The Mr. Alcalde." The following extract from a hotel circular may be of interest in this connection: "The Proprietor or Manager of the Establishment will kindly please the guests affording them with all kinds of information within proper limits." The cordiality is quite sincere and the saving clause at the end is characteristic of the Porto Rican, who dreads making an unqualified statement.



*"Fruits are the chief articles of diet."*

There is a ludicrous tendency on the part of the native to do things altogether backward. He saws his boards, not in the familiar way but exactly the reverse, by pulling the saw up and away from

him when he cuts, seemingly the most awkward method that could be devised.

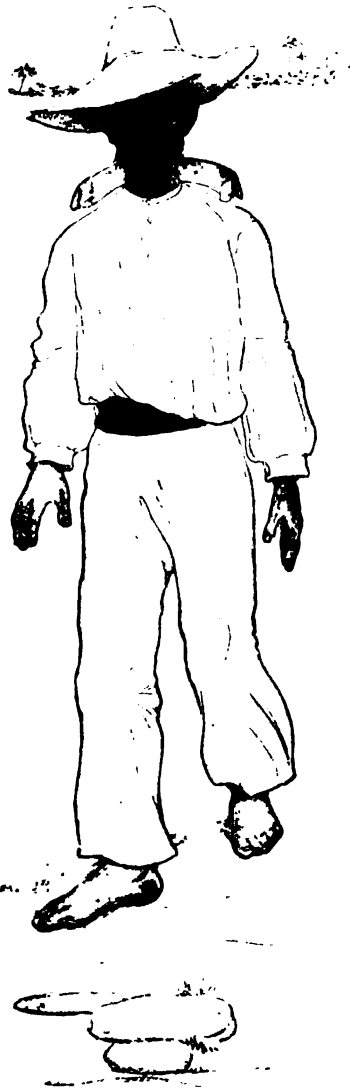
The brakes on the tram-cars all work by being drawn toward the driver so that he is forced to step back on the narrow platform in order to get out of his own way. Keys go in to the locks upside down; and so on indefinitely, in the most curious left-handed way. Even the little brown babies come in for their share of these idiosyncrasies, for although they are usually quite naked, there is occasionally a concession made to modesty and a diminutive pair of trousers will be put on a small girl. The boys are never so hampered.

In the country the people are surprisingly primitive. They are called "peons" indiscriminately, and live literally a hand-to-mouth existence, their principal food supply being the fruit that grows wild about their thatched "shacks." On the sugar and coffee plantations they are looked after like so many children, fed, clothed, and cared for by the overseers, who usually contract for their

labor by the year, paying about thirty cents a day.

Out in the fields, laboring leisurely under a brilliant sun, the peon is wholly aboriginal. Alone in the early mornings he will shout exultingly to the trees; sheer noises to express his state of mind. More often he will take up a rude minor chant, improvising as he goes along, telling of what he will do during the day. Sometimes he will chant of his troubles or his joys; often of his enemies and how he proposes to be avenged upon them; or again, if he is unmarried, he will choose an imaginary bride and sing aloud of her charms, keeping always to the rude, drumming tune of a primitive people. They talk constantly to the oxen, which are the chief beasts of burden on the island. When the cane fields are tilled four teams of these superb, cream-colored animals are harnessed to a plow,

and seated on each yoke between the immense horns are little boys who do the guiding. Slowly back and forth they go, turning up the black earth, and



*"They trudge for miles to church."*



*"The family washing is done in the little creeks."*

a Babel of sounds arises as each small driver sings to his stolid charges, emphasizing his words with harmless whacks of his stick; while the peon, behind addresses his plow in the same personal way.

As in many countries, the family washing is done in the little creeks; but, unlike any other place on earth, the clothes are hung to dry on the barbed-wire fences. The barbs keep them from being blown about by the constant wind, and, although the thin linen is always torn, considerable trouble is avoided, it being manifestly easier to put off darning the rents than to run the risk of being obliged to hurry after the flying garments or to invent a less destructive method of keeping them in place.

Indolence is not, of course, peculiar to Porto Rico, but considering how little they have, how often they actually suffer for the bare necessities, and how

scarce paid work of any kind is, your Porto Rican carries his laziness very far indeed. When a relief steamer was sent from the United States during the absolutely desperate conditions that existed for a time after the hurricane, all the perishable foodstuffs were ruined because the natives were too indifferent to unload the ship.

A typical case of the peon's attitude toward employment, which it must be remembered is very hard to obtain, is an incident that happened during the building of one of the railroads. For some reason the men became dissatisfied with their wages (already twice the usual price) and demanded an increase. This was refused, and so the leader stated his ultimatum as follows: "All right. Mangoes are ripe! We don't *have* to work!" Nor did they. Mangoes, however, do not fruit continuously, and before long they were back begging, for the sake of

their starving wives and children, to be allowed to work at half the wages they had received before they struck. Already they have organized labor unions that make demands right and left, which, considering the fact that there is never enough work for more than a tenth of those who need it, is nothing short of ludicrous. Still, they have their walking delegates, their parades and ultimatums, that, during the mango season at least, afford them considerable amusement.

The fact is that the ordinary Porto Rican hails with delight any possible excuse to stop his spasmodic efforts at making a living, so unless every condition is favorable it is useless to attempt an undertaking in which their services are essential. A really funny instance illustrating this occurred at Ponce when the Government was building a pier. All the men were working in water up to their necks and suddenly a gentle rain began. Without an instant's hesitation

they stopped everything, climbed out of the sea, and hurried to their houses for shelter, where, in the face of prayers and threats, they remained until it had cleared. Also they insist upon working in their own way, scorning anything that savors of change. Upon one occasion it was necessary to transfer a number of wheelbarrows from one place to another. The peons looked at them curiously, not quite certain what they were, and after considerable chattering, four of them picked up one wheelbarrow

and placed it on the head of a fifth, who walked off with it.

In spite, or perhaps because, of their peculiarities the Porto Ricans are quite liable. Their natural courtesy is everywhere in evidence. No women are permitted to stand in the tram-cars if a man has a seat. Along the country roads the peon doffs his hat, not deferentially but as a kindly salute to the traveler. And yet they almost never say "Thank you."

Instead they have a subtle gesture of the hand to express gratitude, as if they were chary of using words, whereas in reality they are a most garrulous people. Seemingly they are very devout in their religious observances. Now and then a traveler passes a pathetic funeral procession consisting usually of a few men bearing a sad burden upon their shoulders. As they march along the dusty road the peons on each side stop whatever they are doing and, with bared and bowed heads, murmur a prayer for the re-

pose of the unknown's soul. They trudge for miles to church, dressed in their cleanest linen, indifferent to the heat and dust, except that the men unfasten their collars so that they may be stiff and rigid for the service. In the mountains, where the churches are inaccessible, a picture of the Virgin, reverently guarded, is carried about from group to group along the wayside where, for a penny, the good Catholic may lift the veil to say a "Hail Mary" and to kiss the picture.



*"Peons from the surrounding country with a few fruits and vegetables."*

Begging is here, as in most Latin countries, a definite occupation, and under the Spanish rule was licensed. Happily the new government is discouraging this trade in so far as is possible, and unfortunate children, born with deformities, may now have them corrected or at least treated. Heretofore such children were looked upon as favored, with a Heaven-sent excuse to ask for alms, and afflictions were intentionally aggravated rather than helped. Along the highways beggars are sometimes met who present a most picturesque appearance. These are old men who stand well back from the road, leaning on long staffs, proud, motionless, and silent.

With each there is a little boy who runs to the passer-by pleading with hat outstretched, "A penny, nom' de Dio', nom' de Dio'." Rarely does he ask in vain, for it is indeed a poor peon who has not a copper to pay for the mute blessing of these unique mendicants. One is reminded at once of Kim and the chelas of India.

In the cities from daybreak until eleven o'clock (the siesta hour) and again after sundown the narrow streets are filled with all manner of people busy with their affairs, although upon no consideration is there ever any haste. "Mañana" has come to have distinct meaning even for American residents.

In the forenoon the market-places are perhaps the most active spots to be found. It is here that the poor people come to lay in their supply of food for the day at a maximum expenditure of about five cents. These market-places are either the Plaza or square, paved spaces enclosed by narrow arcades in which are the meat booths and permanent shops. In the center sit the peons from the surrounding country with a few fruits and vegetables spread out upon the flags. About these, but not in the arcade, are the more prosperous merchants, who can afford a little tent-like structure to shelter their commodities. The scene is an intensely brilliant and heterogeneous one. Fruits are the chief articles of diet, and there is endless variety of familiar and unfamiliar



"'A penny, nom' de Dio', nom' de Dio'.'"





*"Always under the eye of a vigilant duenna."*

kinds. A few vegetables, among which cucumbers and egg-plants are prominent; casava roots, yauteas, and queer fried cakes displayed for sale by turbaned old darky women; strange drinks in nondescript bottles; chickens and turkeys hopping about as far as their tethers will permit; melons of all shapes and colors; bananas, plantains, bread-fruit, mangoes, jobos, aguacates — a conglomerate mass of the island's products crowded together indiscriminately under a blazing tropic sun. To this is added a swaying throng bargaining vociferously, with many gestures—all jostling each other with great good nature in their efforts to move about.

"Coco-de-agua!" soon becomes a familiar call. This is the water in the green cocoanut and is a popular and most palatable drink. The preparation of the nuts for a thirsty citizen is a really fascinating performance and is an

example of what may be done with the machete, the national implement. Taking a green nut, just as it is picked from the tree, the peon balances it easily in his left hand and with a few deft strokes slices off the top of the husk; then, with a final slash, but never with any appearance of effort, he cuts a perfectly round hole in the nut itself and hands it with a little bow and a flourish to his customer. The peon is never without a machete unless it be when he goes to church. It fulfils all the requirements of a penknife, an ax, a manicure set, a hoe, or a plow. Considering that the blade is quite two feet long, it may readily be seen that, for certain of the operations, considerable skill is required. Another interesting fact is that these machetes are made in New England and shipped to Porto Rico without handles, the latter being treasured as heirlooms and handed down from father to son.

The Porto Rican is by instinct a gambler, and this fact is singularly in evidence on the streets. At frequent intervals are small boys carrying about a barrel-shaped box on the top of which is a sort of roulette-wheel. An arrow is mounted in the center of a disk numbered from naught to twenty, and for a penny one may spin it, receiving in return as many of the sweets contained in the box as is registered by the arrow after it has stopped. The usual things disposed of in this way are long cornucopia-shaped cakes that look and taste like fish-food.

Enthusiastic residents of San Juan, pointing with pride to their Plaza, boast that nowhere else in the world can so many rocking-chairs be found all going at once. These coigns of vantage are occupied, not, as might be expected, by the stately matrons, but by the young men, who occasionally leave their positions of observation (after frugally turning their chairs over to prevent their re-occupation, for a ten-cent fee is charged) and join the tireless throng of women who promenade unceasingly during the entire concert. These excursions are made for the purpose of whispering a discreet word to one or other of the daintily powdered belles who mingle in the throng (always under the eye of a vigilant duenna). The brilliant colors, the excessive use of powder and paint, the artificial light, all lend to this scene an air of gay unreality, and one almost feels that it is the chorus of some beautifully staged opera, that at any moment

the background of low-roofed houses will tumble down, the restless, "made-up" chorus will run off screaming into the wings, amid nerve-racking noises and much red fire.

It is on the Plaza when the concert is finished and the band plays the "Star-Spangled Banner" that the present anti-American sentiment is visible to the visitor. The Porto Rican no longer rises and bares his head at the first notes of the national hymn. Instead he sits stolidly and, to show his disapproval, insists that the town band, which alternates with the one from the barracks, shall confine itself to Spanish tunes exclusively.

This sign of almost active discontent is hopeful; it suggests that the natives are waking up after four centuries, during which they remained passive beneath a well-nigh intolerable yoke. Mighty changes are going on about the Porto Rican and he is beginning to realize that he must move faster to keep up. The United States has, among other things, demanded cleanliness; the Americans who live on the island are not satisfied with the miserable conditions which the Spaniards were willing to put up with, and the peons are noting a contrast to their own wretched habitations.

And already the entering wedge for a new and better order of things has been made in the rising generation, for on every vacant lot to-day the peons are playing baseball with an enthusiasm so keen that all doubts as to the future may safely be put to rest.





## FAIRY BRIDGES

BY ELIZABETH BRENNAN ·



THE bonfire's glare had tired Nabby's dim eyes, perhaps; or it may be she crept off silently as she did to sit beyond there by the "fort" and think of olden days. I ween, though, she had no heart for the merry throng back on the brae breasting the haggart. Thought of them is our best company when loved ones are absent—and Nabby's kin had left her lonely for many a day.

Yet, when I clambered up McKerin's hill to her side, she was humming a tune, the words to which I had often sought; but Nabby's tones baffled me always, and I gleaned only a line or two:

"When the boys begin to gather in a Kerry glen at night,  
Oh! it sets me heart a-throbbin' wid a longin' wild delight."

There was no doubt, though, that the wildness had left Nabby's bones long since, for she could have had her fill, and

to spare, of wild delight had she stayed by the bonfire.

Surely, no Kerry glen could ever have boasted a heartier throng than this western parish of ours—this Killaspugbrone.

So, I thought, Nabby had compensation for the Kerry glen of her childhood.

Nabby's humming soon ceased, and by and by she seemed to scan the fairy rath intently.

"What is it, Nabby?" I asked. "A special fairy's night?" for to my mind midsummer's eve held great possibilities for the little red-coated clan.

"Yis, acushla," she whispered; "but be aisy, agra, for 'they' can hear ye."

Just at that moment a wild yell from the bonfire group and a scattering of the light whin sparks followed strangely on Nabby's whispered admonition.

"'Tis the draggin' iv the season's bride through the fire," Nabby told me, "an' this time 'tis Eileen O'Connor, the little Eileen Dhu."

True enough, Eileen Dhu was the season's bride, and it might have been for her own special self that this old

custom had originated, so fully did it meet her requirements; for that dragging through the bonfire's blaze—so quickly accomplished—was supposed, among our old folks, to guard against all fairy advances toward the offspring of the union, besides insuring a male heir.

I had heard that the fairies had one time claimed the dark Eileen herself. I asked Nabby about it, for I knew little, beyond gossip, about that country of Glan to which Eileen belonged before she came among us, as the bride of the young schoolmaster.

"Yis, indeed," Nabby told me, in her lazy southern intonation, "Eileen herself belonged to the 'good people' for five years, to me own knowledge; an' 'twas God's blessin' that they iver let her go, but she paid their price out in sorrow, I suppose.

"She was the jewel iv the whole counthryside whin I first saw her in Glan—wan iv those shy girls, wid deep, thinkin' eyes, an' wholesome, smilin' face.

"By the time she was a slip iv a girl, who was given for 'slainte' at weddin', or wake, or fair? Eileen O'Connor. Who did the gossoons race each other for, for a smile from her lips? Shure, 'twas Eileen O'Connor. But who was it was iver first noticed cud change the color on her cheek or the look in her eye? Why, 'twas Phil-o'-the-bogs.

"An' handsome an' divil-may-care was he, but he loved our Eileen, an' meself heard him sing to her at a weddin' iv the Maguires, wid his eyes on her face, an' she pink as the wildest, bonniest rose in Bawn:

"Who in the song so sweet?

Eileen Aroon.

Who in the dance so fleet?

Eileen Aroon.

Dear are her charms to me,

Dearer her laughter, free,

Dearest her constancy.

Eileen Aroon.'

"An' constant she was, sure enough, though his family an' hers hated each

other for ginerations, an' we all dreaded from the first that no good wud come iv it. But there's nothin' can bate down a rale likin', an' 'twas just as natural for thim two to be together as it was for the mist to creep over Benbulbin at evenin', or the heather to grow on its side.

"Still, nobody was surprised whin they heard that ould Mick O'Connor had med a match for Eileen wid a farmer on the other side iv the mountain. It seems Mick an' Mary, his wife, met a party at the Manor fair, who wor in search iv a wife for wan iv thim, so, over three or four drinks, they picked on Eily, an' 'twas all fixed there an' thin. She was to get a fortune which was nothin' to snap yer fingers at—ould Mick was rich in his way—an' the weddin' was settled for a month from that date. No slow coach was Mick whin the divil got into his head.

"Still, Eily an' Phil wint together to all the gatherin's. The ould folks on both sides sung dumb. Mebbe they thought that the quietest way was the best way, or that a few days more or less wid each other wudn't make much differ to the young folks at any rate.

"Well, the month was almost by. It wint short as a puff iv wind, like the summer months will whin wan's heart is set on thim; an' any wan that watched Phil close cud see that he was gettin' unaisy.

"I met him on the Lough road, whin there was just three days left to finish the month. It was at that bind in the road where, afther the brae runs to its steepest, it all iv a suddin flattens down to the whitest, clanest road in all Glan. But that isn't surprisin' aither, for the Lough has no cause to keep it from lappin' the side of the road for a mile mebbe round the butt iv the hill.

"Phil was standin' on the edge iv the wather, an' I tould him 'God save ye!' twice before he heard me at all. Thin he said: 'Musha, God save ye kindly, Nabby! It's a cure for sore eyes to see ye.'



W. M. D. H. L.

*"Still, Eily an' Phil wint together to all the gatherin's."*





*"Eileen kem to me, an' I sittin' under the ould beech tree."*

"Ah, well, Phil acushla,' I tould him, 'whin a woman gets as ould as me she must stay at home an' rest her bones. An' it's no cure yerself id need at all,' I wint on, jokin' him, 'if all accounts be thrue, that the bonniest colleen in Glan is near always be yer side.'

"At that his hand wint up to stop me,

an' a quare look was on his face; so I thought to talk iv somethin' else, an' I sed:

"Did ye iver see the wather so clear lookin', or the sky so bright colored?' An' it sure was the grandest evenin' ye iver saw—a hundred shades at wance in the sky, red bands in the west, where the

sun had gone down, an' ivery color from that on, shadin' from the foxglove's darkest flower to the palest pink in the heart iv the wild rose; an' the woods beyond, an' back iv the Lough, had ivery sortin' iv green, softest an' tinderest, away to the deepest that iver was. Goolden brown, too, in the beeches, an' up on the mountain's side the heather caught light from the sky an' was throwin' out thousands iv purple shades.

"Oh, it was grand, intirely; but as I stood there thinkin', Phil wheeled round on me suddin.

"'Yis,' he sed, 'tis grand an' clear, but no less desateful. 'Twould drown ye just as shure as a bog hole, after all.'

"I looked at him wonderin' an' thinkin' to meself that whin a nice, soft-spoken boy like Phil always was takes to talkin' bitther, there must be somethin' grate the matter wid him intirely. But I had it in me mind that the best way to advise a man like Phil was to say nothin' at all, an' thin mebbe, we bein' ould friends an' throe ones, he'd tell me his trouble himself, an' I could help him, mebbe. So, wid this in me mind, I sat down on the grass be the roadside an' waited till he med up his mind if he wanted to aise his heart to some wan that cared. An' he did, after a long while gazin' out on the wather.

"'Nabby,' he began, wid a trimble in his voice, an' he standin' up there above me like a straight young oak, 'ye knew where me heart was set, this many's a day. Aye, iver since I carried her on me shoulder to the schoolhouse at Glass-drummon. I was only a gossoon meself thin, an' I didn't know why 'twas so natural for me to mind her, until wance, after we wor both grown, iv a turf day in the bog whin I was clampin'.

"'Eily was there, too, an' jumpin' about until her foot slipped near a bog hole, an' whin I looked up at the min's shout she was gone. Me heart jumped up an' thin stood still, but I was mad in a minute, an' had cleared the ground

before any iv them. Niver was I proud, only thin, that I was the best for long jumpin' in Glan. I had her out in me arms like a flash, but she looked dead, all drippin' wid the black wather iv the bog, an' me heart near broke before she kem to.

"'For nights after I wud wake up in tirror that Eileen was lost to me. 'Twas thin that I kem to know that she mint more to me than me own sowl, though that was wrong, mebbe. But ye know, Nabby, though I was the wildest devil in the world before, I niver maningly turned a thraneen since that day. But now,' an' the bitterness kem into his voice again, 'she has fixed to marry that fellow from over the hill bekase he is better to do nor me, or bekase—'

"'Phil,' I sed, surprised as I was, 'd'ye mane it? Shure our Eily cudn't do anythin' like that?'

"'Cudn't?' he cried out, an' thin laughed till the woods threw back the echo. It was the most sorrowful sound I iver heard, barrin' the cry of the banshee itself. But I didn't heed what he sed, for min are near always ready to think themselves wronged. So I asked:

"'Who tould ye the news?'

"'Father Stephen himself, this very evenin' whin I passed the chapel. He was lanin' agin the gate. He heard me step on the road, an' called me.

"'I was lookin' to see ye, Phil," he sed, "an' to talk to ye." I answered nothin', for the look on his face wondered me. "'Tis about Eily," he wint on. "Ye know she's to be married in three days from now."

"'Yis, Father Steve," I med answer, thinkin' to meself that it's I shud know if any wan did.

"'Father Steve looked wondered now, an' he sed: "Thin why are ye makin' so many trips to the town an' always sellin' somethin' iv late, besides bein' near always wid Eileen?'

"'Bekase, Father," sed I, "I'm goin' to be married, too, an' a little ready money isn't bad to have."



*"An' wandered night an' morn 'round ivery 'fort.'"*



““Phil,” he sed, “ye didn’t tell me who is the girl.”

““Musha, Father,” sed I, “there’s only wan girl in the world that I know iv, an’ that’s Eileen O’Connor.”

““At that he looked at me steady an’ I looked him back.

““Ye used to be the wildest lad in Glan,” he sed, still lookin’ at me as if he wor thinkin’ deep. “What changed ye?”

““‘Twas the colleen herself, shure, Father,” I sed, tellin’ him the God’s truth.

““Wirrasthrue, wirrasthrue!” sed the Father, lookin’ unaisy; “shure it’s Loughlin she’s goin’ to marry in three days from now, an’ not yerself at all.”

““I laughed loud. ‘Twas a good joke agin his riverince; but thin the hard look on his face frightened me, an’ his words afther that left me dumb. I don’t mind what he sed, only it mint that her father had brought Eily to the priest’s house that very day, an’—an’ ’twas all fixed.’

““Like a young tree before a blast, the poor boy wint bindin’ as he finished tellin’ me, an’ I cud only whisper me sorrow:

““Ah, Eileen, ahasky, ahasky, ’tis a sad day for yerself!’ But I cudn’t think that it wud happen afther all, so I sed:

““An’, acushla, what was in yer mind to do before, or what did the colleen think be yerself?’ His voice was wake answerin’ me:

““Ah, Nabby,” he sed, “’twas only last night, at the butt iv the boreen that runs up the brae to her father’s house, she sed, biddin’ me “Beannacht Lacht!” her soft arms round me neck an’ me holdin’ her tight: “Phil,” she sed, “even the birds are free to nest wid their kind. God med it so—a leaf for ivery flower, an’ a bark for ivery tree; an’ I have it in me mind that it wudn’t be wrong for me to do as ye say—wed ye in spite iv thim all. So I will come to ye, acushla, whin ye claim me. Shure, me heart an’ sowl are wid ye always, asthore.”

““So we parted wid the understandin’ that to-morrow night I wud come under

her window an’ whistle a bar iv “Eileen Aroon,” soft, so no wan but herself cud hear, an’ she wud jump—’tis not far—to me arms; an’ me horse, that I wud have tethered at the crossroads, wud bring us to the town. Wance there, no priest wud refuse to marry us; thin life wud be settled to me foriver.’

““So that was their schame. I thought iv it before he tould me. ’Twas what me-self an’ Pat McGovern mint to do, if th’ crossed us, many a year ago.

““Now, Phil,” I sed, for a thought was in me head, ‘don’t think iv what Father Steve tould ye at all. I don’t misdoubt but that he was sayin’ the truth, but mebbe the colleen did it to please thim. Anyway, ye may swear she’ll listen for yer whistle to-morrow night, so go to her anyhow, for who is to tell her that ye know she was at Father Steve’s?’

““Phil jumped at me an’ gripped me hand like as if it wor the sledge. ‘D’ye think so, raley, Nabby?’ he sed.

““Iv coorse,” I tould him, ‘an’ if she loves ye she can’t help herself but take the road wid ye. Leastways, I niver knew a colleen yet that cud go agin her own heart. It’s a girsha’s way. But wait a minute, ahasky,’ I sed, for he looked as if he wud fly off like a leprechawn on a bramble. ‘What about yer own mother?’

““There was trouble in his face for a minit. Thin he straightened himself like a deer whin it’s bracin’ to run.

““I’m a man,” he sez, ‘doin’ a man’s work, an’ havin’ a man’s right to be kind to his own heart; an’ me mother must take her own way if mine isn’t to her likin’. She can kape the land, though it’s mine be ivery right, an’ I’ll build another home for Eily somewhere.

““So I saw that his mother was agin it too. ’Twas as I expected from that still-tongued woman that had the fairy power. She wudn’t be the wan to aisly forgive the O’Connors, for ’twas through thim that her man an’ her eldest boy was killed. ’Twas a long story an’ an ould wan, but for myself I say, what’s the use

iv keepin' in spite? But she was different, an' I have always heard that still waters run deep. To me own knowledge there's always aither somethin' very fine or some very dirty mud at the bottom iv thim. Wid Madge Rhu an' her ways I'd be expectin' mud.

"The next day I cudn't rest for thinkin' iv thim, an' whin the evenin' turned into a night the grandest the moon iver shone on, I was glad in me heart, for 'twas a night that was mint for young people an' love. I slept on the settle in the kitchen iv the ould McGovern's home, which ye know is only about a quarter of a mile—as the crow flies—from Eileen's. I got unaisy afther ivery wan was sleepin', an' thought I wud go out in the air for a bit. So I lifted the hasp an' tuk to the boren.

"Thim thousand scints that the dew crushes out iv the meadow flowers at evenin' kem up wid the air from the valley an' blessed me with their sweetness. Even the corncrake's cry, hoarse as it is, was cheerful that night, an' the strame that often comes tearin' down from the mountain med only a quiet sound. The Lough looked like glass, only softer, trimblin' now an' thin wid a fairy breeze that kem up the valley—ye know the way—risin' up in a whirl an' dyin' down just as quick.

"I was thankin' God for the pace on all things whin a sound iv horse's hoofs up the road med me thoughts go back to Eileen an' Phil. I listened hard. 'Twas the sound iv a mountain horse, shure. None other cud come up that brae at a trot than a thing used to climb-in'. Thin, whin at the top iv the hill the moon showed him out, me heart gev a spring, for the horse carried two.

"I knew it cud only be wan couple, an' that, whatever had been in Eily's mind be her goin' to Father Steve's, she was now doin' as I thought she wud, an' was on the road for the town.

"Thin, ashore, a quare thing happened. They wor passin' the boren that the mountain folks use, whin a

woman rose up from out iv the Lough there an' stood in front iv the horse. Stopped short so suddin' like, the poor baste began strugglin', an' the woman took to talkin', light at first, an' thin up to a screech. Phil had all he cud do to keep the baste from leapin' into the Lough, for that womankind waved her arms over head until the cloak fell off, an' thin in the strong light, be her height an' her ways, I knew it was Madge Rhu, an' that she was puttin' the fairy curse on Eileen.

"Me heart bate so sore that me ould bones wor wake, an' whin I med to go down on the Lough road I was only creepin' along. The bushes hid thim from me a minit as I wint down the brae, an' whin I kem out on the road beside thim the horse was standin' still, an' Phil was down on his knees in the dust iv the roadside houldin' Eileen in his arms.

"It seems the poor colleen got wake at the woman's curse, or mebbe the fairies worked quick. Anyway, she fell from the horse. Madge Rhu was flyin' up the mountain pass, her cloak streamin' behind her like a black flag. It was no darker than her own heart, for Eileen was sore hurt. A sharp bowlder cut her forehead, an' Phil was only like a child in his sorrow an' cudn't do more than carry the colleen to the settle in the McGovern's kitchen, an' thin ride like mad for a docthor. He came, a good crature, an' did his best; said the girsha was strong and wudn't be long under it.

"But the next day, whin she raved like mad, always iv Phil's mother sendin' her to the 'good people,' I was sorrier than me heart cud tell, for I knew that the fairy's power was on her shure, though the crature iv a docthor sed it was brain fever. Anyway, the girsha was out iv her bed afther a short while, but there was no mindin' iv anythin' for her. Not even Phil did she know, an' he took it bad an' left the country an' was niver heard iv afther.

"The colleen herself, barrin' her want



*"'Twas a good joke agin his riverince."*

iv sinse, was well enough, an' wandered night an' morn round ivery 'fort' in Glan. Five years wint like that, an' mebbe it was in me ould eyes, but ivery time I saw Eily she was better to look on—not a flower that iver grew med a bonnier sight.

"Just about then Garrett Coyne

came to tache down at Glan. He was a wonder for book larnin', 'twas said, though how 'twas iver found out I don't know, for he was as seldom-spoken a gossoon as iver I met. Strange enough, too, he took to Eileen at wance.

"'Twas thought strange that a scholar like him cud be fond iv a crature whose

brain was at rest; 'twas said, too, that he larned medicine an' had a grate schame for takin' Eily out foreign to docthors that id cure her. Poor gossoon, he didn't know how hard it was to break the fairies' power, and that no human bein' cud do it.

"Well, things wint on like that till last harvest, an' I was goin' to the salt wather for me health. Eileen's mother kem an' asked me to take the colleen wid me. They wor sorry, I know, for havin' crossed between herself an' Phil, an' spoilin' her life an' her sinse, poor girsha, so whin they knew that she was fond iv bein' wid me they wanted her to cum, an' she did.

"We wint wid Terry O'Keefe from the town to the Donegal coast—a splendid counthry, but wild as the devil himself.

"So, acushla, 'twas there Eileen thrived to her heart's content, though what was most to her likin' was the fairy bridges. Ivery dawn saw her takin' across the beach, an' climbin' the rocks wid as shure feet as a mountain goat until she got to where they lie, the village side iv Finner; an' shure they make music sweeter than the revally itself to thim sojers that camp there in summer time.

"I didn't blame the colleen aither, for there was nothin' betther in the world to watch than thim little spindles iv rocks, criss-crossed like lacework an' thrown

over between the cliffs, but away, 'way down so that no human hand cud touch thim ixcept by riskin' life itself; but they're always hummin' to the tune iv mountains iv say that cum tumblin' up an' sometimes sprayin' to where wan stood, mebbe a hundred feet above, on the cliffs.

"Well, wan day it was like to blow the horns off a goat, an' meself wudn't dare to vinture out, but I didn't have the heart to cross the colleen from goin' over for a little spell to watch what was the work iv thim that held her—a fairy child has fairy courage.

"Toward evenin' the storm got worse an' ye have no notion how hard the wind can blow round that Donegal coast. I got unaisy an' mad at meself for lettin' the girsha go. Thin a load was taken off me heart whin Garrett Coyne lifted

the latch, toward dusk time. 'Twas Eileen he wanted to see, iv coorse, an' whin I tould him he set off like mad, an' a couple iv hours after kem back wid the colleen in his arms, an' she all wet wid say wather, an' the red blood itself tricklin' down from her forehead.

"He had found her, afther a terrible struggle, away down on the fairy bridges. Mebbe 'they' enticed her there, or more like the blast took her off her feet, for she was lyin' on thim narrow little spans iv rock still as the dead, it seems, for the rocks had cut her head in the same spot



"Nabby."

that the boulder had struck her the night Madge Rhu cursed her.

"Some sojers helped Garrett to save her, though it was only God's blessin' that enabled thim at all, an' now I thought, whin I looked at her, that she was a child born to misfortune, an' shure death wud be best. I wasn't much use to her meself; me heart was near broke at the thought iv her comin' to more sorrow wid me. But Garrett, more than the docthors, watched be her ivery spell, until wan day she opened her eyes an' called wan name, 'Phil.'"

"I niver in all me life saw so much sorrow an' joy at the same time on a human bein's face as was on Garrett's thin. Me own ould heart stood still, an' it was long before I cud make meself know that Eileen was back wid us as sinsible as the best. The likes iv it I had niver dreamed iv, but God's ways are not our ways, acushla, an' it seems the docthors gev an' excuse for it that some bone that pressed on the brain was freed be her second fall. I have it in me own mind, though, asthore, that the fairies, bein' 'good people,' took pity on the colleen an' freed her from the curse, but took their own way iv doin' it.

"She thrived, though, an' soon kem to the knowledge of how things was—Phil gone an' no word of him; Madge Rhu dead an' gone, too, an' ould Mick an' Mary O'Connor willin' to do anythin' to kape her sound an' safe.

"How much Phil's goin' hurt her no wan iver knew. Eileen kem iv a proud

ould stock that wud die rather than let any wan know they wor bothered; an' thin that gossoon, Garrett, was so mortal tinder that no woman cud hould out agin him long. He coorted her back to stringth an' sinse, until wan day, back in last spring, Eileen kem to me, an' I sittin' under the ould beech tree in Glan where wance Phil an' herself cut their names in the bark.

"She passed her hands tinderly over the spot where a fresh growth was comin' an' crowdin' the both names out. I knew what she was thinkin', an' I sed to her:

"'Tis God's manin' in life, acushla, to give us short mimories. Ivery year the spring brings fresh flowers, an', no matter how deep the tree's bark is cut, it will grow agin, givin' it time an' stringth.

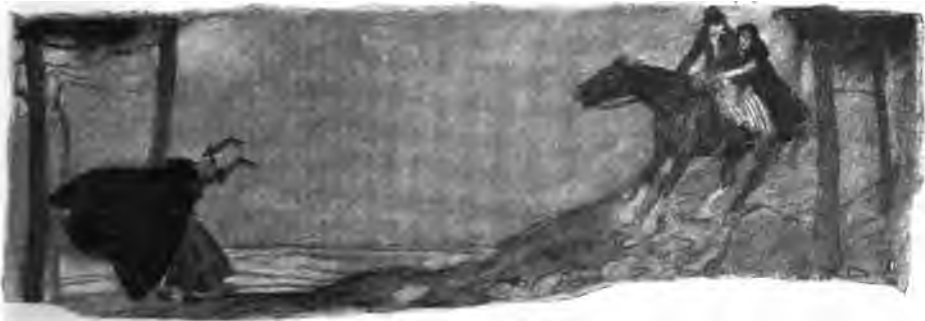
"Nabby,' she tould me at that, 'Garrett is movin' to Killaspugbrone in the summer, an' I am goin' wid him. He is for takin' me away from ould mimories.'

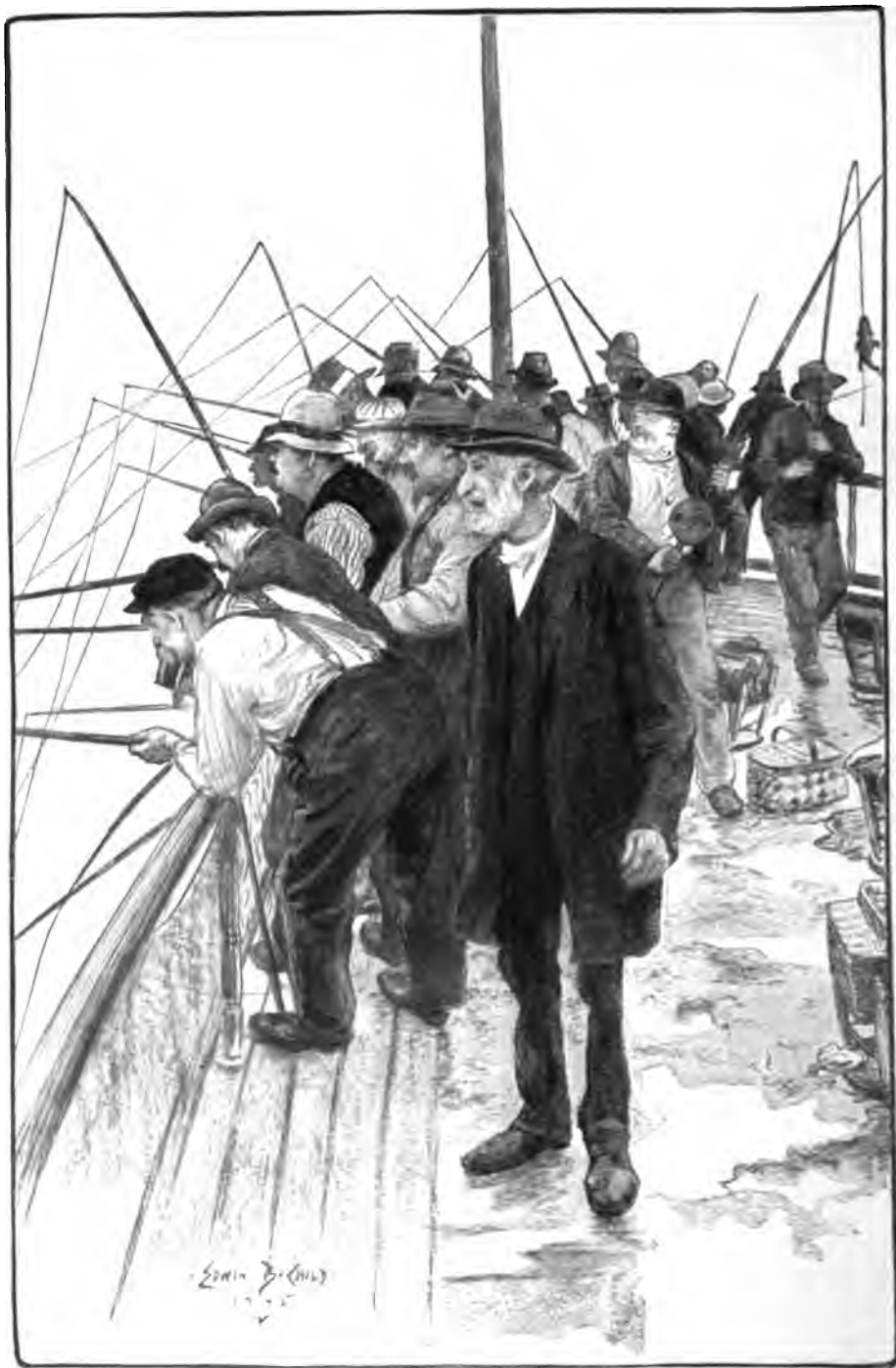
"'In Killaspugbrone they'll give ye a cead mille failthe, asthore,' I said. An' look down there now, acushla, an' see how well they are doin' it."

At that Nabby sailed back to the realm of dreams, and I wandered down to the bonfire group to see Eileen in the center, dancing a hornpipe.

"Dance light, for me heart lies under yer feet, love," someone was saying.

Eileen looked back at the speaker—it was Garrett.





*"From stem to stern the harvest of the sea was being gathered with a determined band."*

# THE ANGLERS OF THE ANGLER

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE



SOMETIMES at breakfast — down in one corner of the newspaper—I had noticed, casually enough, that the “iron steamer, *Angler*,” was in the daily business of carrying deep-sea fishing parties for a modest fee. Little by little grew the desire to know what *that* day’s deep-sea fishing would be like. In time the desire became a resolve—the resolve affixed itself to a date.

“Better take your refreshments” had been the advice of a friend, but there was no need of taking even breakfast ashore. Arriving at the dock, I noticed immediately that the vessel’s lower deck, aft, was fitted up as a restaurant and *that* already several fishermen were being served. On the same deck, forward, was a bar. Then I paid my passage money to a gentleman with a national accent, who sold tickets.

It was a fair July morning, and it was pleasant to watch the arrival of the guests. They were coming, in singles and in groups—family groups some of them. Of those who crossed the gang-plank after my arrival, it is doubtful if there was a single one to whom *wiener-schnitzel* was an unfamiliar name, and it was not customary for two adults to attempt to cross the plank abreast. I noticed that many of the men carried rod cases, also the salt-water fishing-baskets, square and made of willow, often painted green. Some had brought hand-bags, evidently containing the small para-

phernalia of their sport and, perhaps, luncheon. Many of the arrivals greeted the ticket man as an old friend.

“I suppose some of them come pretty often,” I suggested during a moment’s lull.

“Sure—twice a week, mebbe—some oftener.”

“You mean through the hot season, of course?”

“No—efry season—winter an’ summer.”

I considered the arrivals with even greater interest. In general they wore rough clothes, as would suit the occasion, or a denim oversuit, strapped across the shoulders. They were rigged for business and it was difficult to judge their station, but I reasoned that the ordinary workingman would not be able to take two or three days out of a week for fishing, even if he brought home fish enough to make it pay. I concluded that they were likely to be small proprietors—keepers of groceries, butcher shops, delicatessens, saloons, and the like. Some were quite old—perhaps retired—making this the recreation of a well-earned leisure.

As the moment for leaving drew near—7:15 is the advertised time—there were a perceptible increase of the arrivals and a quickening of movement. When at last a sharp warning toot came from the *Angler’s* whistle, there was a sudden puffy scramble of those near at hand, and also a dangerous burst of speed on the part of a very heavy and belated fisherman who had been just breaking the horizon line at the end of the dock

and now came "galumphing" along, swinging his green basket in one hand and his rod case in the other, that he might be seen. When it was quite certain that he was aboard we dropped away from the dock and our golden eagle on the pilot-house faced its outspread wings to the sea.

Anyone who has never taken a morning trip down East River should do so. The sun on the tall buildings, and the perfect medley of shipping along the shores—the hurrying sea bustle in every direction: small tugs, going "light," or with barges, ships, and what not dragging out behind; great railway ferries loaded with early suburban dwellers; big Sound steamers sweeping by, leaving wide furrows of foam and a bounding swell; sail lighters, steam lighters, cockle-boats—all the mysterious life of the river, in fact, suddenly awake in the glory and

sheen of sun and water—the marvel of morning in the river world.

I noticed at last that my fellow-passengers—and I realized now that there were a goodly number of them—had for the most part arranged themselves along the rail on little stools and camp-chairs, and with their bags and baskets about them were already setting up their tackle. It was a good forty miles or more out to the fishing-grounds and we would be about four hours reaching it, but it was evidently the custom to secure a preferred place along the rail and to have one's tackle early in commission. I lost interest for the time in the river scenery to observe their fishing-gear. I had thought my own outfit a disgrace to the angler's art. My rod was short and stubby and had two grips on the handle, and my reel weighed nearly a pound. I had used this combination in the shore waters,

where it seemed to be the proper thing, though I had always felt ashamed to look a fish in the face after landing him with a machine like that.

But it was a delicate affair compared with the apparatus employed by my present companions. Their rods were shorter and were nearly as thick as their owners. They were regular table legs, in fact, and their reels were great wooden wheels the size of soup plates. I really plumed myself somewhat on my lighter tackle. Later, I would give an exhibition of landing



*"Sea-bass books here! Sinkers! Drop-lines!"*





*"They were already setting up their tackle."*

a fish in a manner which would at least preserve my self-respect. But we will not anticipate.

Certain conventions or rules of etiquette now became manifest. The drop- or hand-liners had appropriated the lower decks, leaving the upstairs to the rod fishermen for the reason that the latter would be able to reach out over their humbler brethren. Even the pilot-house deck was presently occupied, with a circle of rod fishermen along the rail.

"Sea-bass hooks here! Sinkers! Drop-lines!"

A young man had appeared with a basket of supplies suitable to the day's prospective sport, and it was for tender-feet like myself to patronize him. I had plenty of hooks in my basket, but there was something inviting about those stout steel affairs, attached to a heavy bit of cord instead of a snell, and I indulged myself in a few of them, also a sinker which I was assured was the proper thing, though the half-pound lump of lead seemed to me more like a car-

penter's plummet. Presently a little boy came around selling fish cleaners, curious toothed affairs for removing the scales, and I bought one of those, too. Then wandering about the boat a little I became interested in certain notices.

"This boat sails on  
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays,  
Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays,"

was one of them, and there was another which declared that "A free ticket" would be given for "the largest eatable fish caught." Then there was one which stated that no fish were allowed to be sold until the boat started home, and there was a card indicating the "Ladies' Cabin," cozy and even luxurious.

As a matter of fact, the vessel was not much the sort of a place I had expected to find. It was orderly and clean, at least thus far, and there was little or no rough talk, and not much in the way of beer. Only in the after main cabin was the "lid" off. There certain games of

poker were in progress, small of ante and democratic in character, for there is no race distinction, and "Whitey," a tall gentleman of color, appeared to be one of the best-known and most popular of the players.

The lower deck was a busier place. Employees were rolling certain barrels of gravel from side to side to trim the vessel properly, the hand-liners were unwinding and testing and coiling—some of them with their lines skeined out on the stanchions, perhaps to get out the kinks—a man in a little ticket booth was selling bait—large sea clams, ladled out in wooden butter plates—and in the midst of it all two men, dressed for the business, with sharp knives and with a little deal table between them, were doing a lively business cleaning bait.

"Get your bait cleaned! Clean up your bait if you want to fish!"

This was interesting. I had not known before that clam bait had to be cleaned. I observed, now, that the muscle or scallop part was removed as being too tender, leaving only the tougher portions. Presently I got a little butter plate of bait, too, and had it cleaned.

"What is the charge?" I asked.

"Whatever you're minter give, mister."

I observed that the "regulars" mostly cleaned their own bait and were at it on every hand.

I had preempted a stool on the upper

deck and I made my way up there. I knew that my rights would be held sacred and that my things would be safe. Whatever else this crowd might be, it was honest—I could see that. Nobody touched another man's things without permission, and a stool with a hat, or a hand-line, or even a hook lying on it was safe.

Arriving above, I uncased my gear with a good deal of self-righteous pride.

I saw presently that I attracted attention. The table-leg fishermen eyed me for a time in silence. Then one of them said—being old, and with the license of years:

"Vat you expect to make out mit dat little ting?"

"Little!" I said. "Well, it will be a big fish that I can't land with it!"

He grinned, as did the others about him.

"I'd like to see a big humpback bass get on a rod like that," commented a younger observer.

"Or a fife-poun' conger eel," came from another quarter. "Or a twenty-pount cod."

"I don' want to be close by when he cast mit dat rod," was the final dictum of my first inquisitor.

Nevertheless, they took pity on me and helped me to rig my line and hooks properly, and they said that maybe, after all, I would be able to land anything that might come my way. I entered into conversation with those nearest and learned a good deal. The big man up in the bow wearing a policeman's helmet with four



*"The sport had begun."*

holes cut in it for air, and very wide blue trousers pulled high in the back—his entire front elevation protected by a butcher's apron—was Joe Heinzman, and the extreme forward peak of the vessel was his particular point of vantage. When Joe was aboard, nobody ever presumed to take that place in the bow. He was a retired butcher, they said, which perhaps accounted for his apron and business-like manner. He was tying a gunny sack to the rail, and there was an air of grim purpose in all he did.

"Joe always sells his fish, when he is done," my informant added, "and makes more than his expenses. There is another regular," he continued, pointing to a curious person with a perpetual sun grin, and with a straw hat tied down over his ears, like a bather. "He comes two or three times a week, all the year round. That is his daughter by him—" Said daughter being a good-looking *fräulein* of about seventeen.

"How often do you come?" I asked.

"Oh, about twice a week."

I made my way up to the pilot-house and found the captain. He was a tall, sinewy man, getting along in years, deeply salted and bronzed, like a herring. He was most affable and full of information about his boat and passengers, and he liked particularly to dwell upon the subject of the sea. Among other things he spoke of a plan to publish a paper—an evening daily, devoted entirely to nautical news. He was so much in earnest and so full of it that I returned to the deck, at last, half wondering if such a journal might not be as important, even if less profitable, as are our host of dailies, filled with so many petty doings of the land.

"Here, gents! Here's the way to put on the life-preservers! Most people don't know how—want to put 'em on their feet! Over the shoulders—round the waist—tied in front. There you are—latest style of corsets, gents!"

It was one of our bait cleaners. He had finished his duties below for the



"'Latest style of corsets, gents!'"

present and was now giving a practical and most commendable lesson in life-saving. From one end of the boat to the other he went with his "latest style of corsets," winning applause.

But we were nearing the fishing-grounds at last, and there was perceptible thrill of preparation on every hand. Our trip, this time, was to the Cholera Banks—certain ledges of rock off the Long Island shore, so named because far back in the last century, when the cholera was devastating New York City, scores and hundreds of men and women put out to sea for safety, and in passing their time angling, accidentally discovered this favorite haunt for sea fish of almost every kind. The ledges are each of no great extent, and to locate an exact spot on a misty day, when the shore is blotted out, requires skill. Recently buoys have been placed here and there



*“Dake it eesy—eesy, poys!”*

to aid in exact findings, and now as we drew closer to these guiding-marks, and the captain in the pilot-house began to sweep the water with his glass, the expectancy below became intense. Every rod was over the side by this time, a perfect fringe of them, like a battery of rifles. Lines were reeled up short, only the heavy sinkers and the copiously baited hooks swinging free.

Suddenly there is a jingle of bells—a checking of the vessel—the rumble of an anchor chain, and then—“Low bridge!” calls the man at my side, and the short, stiff rod comes tilting back to the deck—the lead plummet dangles for a moment, then a second later, with a straight, strong, upward sweep and swish, it is sent far out over the tossing waters.

“Low bridge! Swish!—Low bridge! Swish!”

Everywhere the stout lines and lead plummets and baited hooks go whizzing out over the water and sinking down—down to the very bottom where ocean fish do mostly lie. Idle talk and friendship have ceased. This is business.

It kept me so busy dodging to keep from getting killed by one of those hunks of lead that I forgot for the moment what it was all for. Then, presently, I heard somebody say under his breath, “I’f got one!” and “So haf I!” was the response a few feet away.

I hastily looked over the side. The man next to me was twisting the big wooden fly-wheel on his rod, and a great yellow fish—a ling, he said—was coming up over the side. Just below us, a hand-liner was yanking up a big blue sea-bass. The sport had begun.

Within five minutes from that time, the decks above and below were fairly kicking with fish. Sea-bass, ling, conger eels, fluke, skates, sea-robins, horned hounds, and sowly growlers; singly and in pairs they came up over the rail—elevated with those ridiculous reels, or yanked up hand over hand by the drop-liners of the lower decks. There were at least four hundred lines out on that vessel, and from stem to stern the harvest of the sea was being gathered with a determined hand. There was no “play-

ing"—letting him "run a little" and taking up the slack. There wasn't any slack. It was simply strike, jerk, pull, and the pull was of such a nature that something had to come.

I began to see the wisdom of this method. To do any fancy fishing in the midst of that maze of lines would be to invite confusion and discord. Complications were bound to arise in any case. A girl fishing with a hand-line on the upper deck (she had no right to be there with that rig and was regarded with strong disapproval) suddenly hooked a big ling, which is a sort of cross between a catfish and a conger eel, and as he came writhing up from the depths, he bounded against the ship's side and made a circular enclosure of some half-dozen other lines below. In a second the tongues of the half-dozen owners downstairs were going, and in five seconds more the tangle seemed utterly hopeless. Two more of the enmeshed ones got bites about this time and excitedly began to haul in, adding to the mess and involving several others to the right and left.

"Don'd pull dot vay—don'd you see you make him vorse?"

"I don'd care—I vant to ged my fish!"

"Dake it esy—esy, poys!"

"Ach, Gott, I neffer come to such place again!"

"Dot girl upschtairs schpoil efery ding!"

This contention among themselves was not ill-natured, but at intervals they looked up in unison and as one man de-

nounced the cause of their disaster, who meantime was chiefly interested in saving her fish, which still dangled and slapped against the ship's side. Now and then, after the manner of woman-kind, she chided them for not working the puzzle quicker, and jerked impatiently on her line. I did not stay for the end, but they must have found the key to their difficulties, for when by and by I returned from a tour of the vessel, in every portion of which other fishing and other tangles were in progress, I found everything serene once more and the girl calmly fishing in her old place.

There were curious creatures among the specimens caught. To most of us who live near the salt water the sea-bass is familiar, with or without his hump. We have met him at the markets, and more favorably—perhaps I may say more intimately—at luncheon or dinner. The flounder, too, with his eyes both on one side and his mouth put on wrong, we



*"There was Joe . . . in his policeman's helmet."*

know. Even the skate—in its various forms—may not be entirely unfamiliar. But the sea-robin is not a domesticated bird. He does not build his nest in the branches of the old apple tree and wake you with his cheery morning call. In fact, if I should meet a sea-robin any place except upon the decks of the *Angler*, I should want somebody else to be sure to see him, too. They say he only uses his wings for walking about on the bottom of the ocean. I hope so. If he could fly, fly far—if he could journey inland—I would sign the pledge.



*"Back in the after-cabin the poker games were once more in full swing."*

But the sea-robin is a beauty compared with the sowly growler. If ever a creature deserved his name, that one does. He is the most unwinning of his race. I believe by some he is called a toad-fish, but that is the sort of a thing one would not wish to say about the toad. The sowly growler is slippery, he is fat, he has no color or shape, and I suspect he has a gloomy nature. I would not touch him for money, and I do not wish to remember him at bedtime. The conger eel, too, presents an unlovely compromise of various sea creatures (though I was told he pickles well), and the horned hound is not unjustly named.

Some of our fishermen were almost as curious as their catch. There was Joe up in the bow, in his policeman's helmet and wide blue trousers, saying "nothing to nobody," but with clockwork regularity hauling in heavy sea-bass and dropping them into his gunny sack. Then there was a small, excitable man who must have been a hand-liner at some not very remote period, for when he got a fish he only gave the reel a few turns, then dropping his rod he would elevate his prize as one would pull a pail of water from a well.

The good luck dwindled a bit at last, and some of the fishermen began to glance uneasily toward the pilot-house. Then, presently, there came a sharp toot and a hasty winding in of lines. The boat was going to move. Of course it is hard to please everybody. One man hooked a fine bass just then and thought if the boat would stay in just that spot he would get another. He grumbled all the way over to the next stop.

Yet there was good fishing here, too, and I began to consider doing a little business on my own account. It was amazing how light and delicate my tackle seemed to me, after being among those table-leg fishermen. It was also noticeable how promptly people got out of the way when I called "Low bridge!" like the others, and started to heave the lead. I realized somewhat, now, what

those stiff rods were for. One does not sling a half-pound of lead with precision from the end of a flexible tip—at least, not without practice. I didn't kill anybody, but I sent my plummet across about twenty other lines, and there was a general rush down my way to "get from under," with a murmur of Teutonic protest. I apologized and leaned over the rail to look at the billowy water and to wait for a heavy tug. For some reason it did not come. So I decided to visit the captain again.

He told me that he had been coming down to the banks ever since he was a boy of seven, now fifty-seven years ago. Back in the sixties he had begun regularly, with a boat of his own—the *Silas O. Pierce*. Since then he had owned or controlled no less than eight other craft of a similar sort, ending with his present vessel, the *Angler*, which, winter and summer, since 1888—every day in the week unless barred by ice or fierce storms, and every week in the year—has been coming to these banks, or to the fishing-grounds off the Jersey shore. More edible fish have been brought in by the *Angler* than by any other vessel that ever sailed in and out of New York Bay. The pounds each day will run well into the hundreds, and the tons in the seventeen years of business can only be expressed in four figures. Nor has this been professional fishing, for while certain of the fishermen sell their catch, and though a small boat puts out with two attachés to get fish for the vessel, there may be said to be no professional anglers aboard.

We moved several times during the three or four hours we were off the banks—each time receiving a fresh impetus in the matter of luck—and it was not till about three o'clock that a succession of whistles gave the signal for hauling in—this time for good. There was no delay, either, especially among those who had fish to sell. Scarcely had the echo of the whistle died when no less than six different men, who perhaps had been ob-

serving my movements, approached and offered to sell me fish, singly or in pairs, or by the string, at figures which would be regarded cheap in the market-place. Then there came the cry of vending, all about, especially on the lower decks.

"Who wants two nice bass to carry home? Two nice bass for fifty cents!"

"Nice mess o' ling here, twenty-five cents!"

The sellers formed a sort of circular market, at last, with their wares spread out in front of them, and the unlucky sportsmen—there are always unlucky ones—went here and there, selecting the fish that would replenish the larder and maintain their reputations at home. And the bait cleaners had now become fish cleaners, doing a good business. The regulars cleaned their own fish, using the little toothed cleaners such as the one I had bought—still bright and new in my pocket. A tub of running water stood handy for washing—everywhere was cutting and scraping, until the lower deck had, in truth, become a fish-market.

Back in the restaurant—now that business was over—a good many were eating dinner, and on the upper deck lunches were likewise in evidence. There had been no bottle of beer in one hand and drop-line in the other. It had been the business of fishing first, and now the well-earned refreshment after labor.

Back in the after-cabin the poker games were once more in full swing, and "Whitey," whose luck at fishing had been rather poor, was making up for it with "threes," "flushes," and "aces, full." No fish stories were being told anywhere that I could discover. These fishermen do not come to tell of the big fish that get away, or to make uncertain measurements with their hands. The big fish does not get away, once he fools with a tackle such as theirs.

It is their tackle that these fishermen mostly discuss—the makers, new ball-bearing reels, the first hundred of a certain favorite rod—the rod or the reel made by some forgotten but conscientious workman of twenty years ago, nowhere equaled to-day. They compare, they approve, and they discuss. A stout New Jersey senator who has retired from politics, and who has become a twice-a-week "regular," was engaged in a spirited argument with his delicatessen man over the comparative merits of their reel handles.

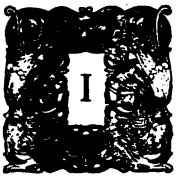
"This has become my recreation," he said to me later. "It is the healthiest, most enjoyable sport I know. I like the fishing and I like the trip. Then I like the going home. I look at other men's outfits and show them mine. I always learn something. Next time I am going to have a reel like Schmidt's."





# LYNNETTE AND THE HAWTHORN HEDGE

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON



HAVE written again to Lady Spenserhurst," said Lynnette's aunt, "sending my regrets for this evening, but accepting for you and Goldwin."

"Yes, aunt."

"I am extremely sorry you were out when Lady Spenserhurst called. She is an elegant old lady of a truly British type, and her son, Lord Spenserhurst, is a most polished gentlemen."

"Yes, aunt."

"Let us hope that you will make a good impression, Lynnette. They say he is interested in Americans and anxious to meet you, which *I* should take as a great compliment." My mother spoke as if Lynnette might be so high-spirited as not to esteem this a favor. "It seems he has heard about you from your Riviera friends. Now take pains not to say or do anything too fearfully unusual."

"I will try," said she, "but you know, aunt, one isn't always accountable—such extraordinary circumstances arise."

"I know, I know," said my mother wearily, as if she had heard this statement before. "You provoke circumstances, Lynnette. You would better wear your daffodil gown and the pearls. Now I am going to my room to fight off this neuralgia. You may order toast and tea sent up to me at dinner-time. Goldwin, a word with you."

"For heaven's sake, take Lynnette outdoors, boating or cricketing or something equally vigorous. Work off some of her animal spirits. She is really *chic* when she is tired enough. They say Lord Spenserhurst is a most eligible *parti*."

Lynnette and I took the *Canader* and went for a long pull up the Cherwell. Irrespective of the impression she might make on Lord Spenserhurst, this plan suited me, for after grubbing in a corner of the Bodleian all the morning I found Lynnette a sparkling antidote.

It was late spring. The laburnum trees dripped with yellow sunshine, the hedges were white and pink with May. Christ Church meadow was one cloth of gold with buttercups, and the apple trees flung out their blossoming crookedness against the perfect blue. White sails flitted across the great meadows like Holland barges, and every river-thicket echoed to the mysterious call of the cuckoo.

We took the meadow-path, across the stone stile, over the high gate—Lynnette had to be lifted over—through the old orchard and down to the willow where my canoe was tied. Magdalen Tower glinted white against the sky.

"Where to-day?" I said, as we slid off between the water-sucking roots. "Ifley, Water-Eaton, Marsden Moor?"

"None of those places," said Lynnette dreamily. "Let's go up and up and up till we don't know where we are, and punt into some shady, tangly, funny

little tributary, and then—I'll make tea and we'll imagine we're in Arcady."

"We have to return in time to make our toilets for Spenserhurst."

"But dinner is not till eight. We have five good hours."

"Four at the outside," said I.

"You are most ungallant."

"But truthful. Will you paddle?"

"No, thanks, I am lazy to-day."

Lynnette nestled among the cushions, supple and graceful in her white boating-flannels. Her hand idly trailed among the water-violets.

I had been ungallant. I know that the Arcadia she pictured was one in which I took no part, but a certain Rotaolph Speedwell, an impecunious architect whom my mother had blacklisted. When Lynnette shut her eyes and talked about Arcady I knew there was this person in her mind.

Lynnette had her way and we poked about in unknown waterways and backwaters, finally poling into a tortuous rivulet that barely admitted our canoe. I tore apart the vines and branches overhead while Lynnette, kneeling, propelled our little craft by the punting-oar. For some time it has been darkening overhead and a cool breeze rippled the birches and turned the poplars on a hillside to silvery white. Lynnette promised that when we had rounded the next curve we should make for home again.

"But these curves are irresistible," she said, bending lithely to the pole.

I thought so too, surveying the curves and lissomeness of her form, but kept silent, as my day had passed for making pretty speeches. A wild apple tree that arched over us showered a drift of snow on Lynnette's hair and shoulders. An indiscreet water-hen, discovered on the bend, dived quietly downward with scarcely a ripple. Beyond the screening foliage we found ourselves in a wider space of the stream, and on our left was a noble reach of sward, shaded with oak trees. It was evident that our little tributary watered some lordly estate. A

splendid hedge of hawthorn sheeted with bloom swept down like a wall to the water's edge, dividing the billowy lawn from a neighboring plot that was dotted with cultivated shrubbery, kitchen-gardens, and small outbuildings.

As we crept over the shallow water the sky purpled ominously and a few large drops tickled the water to hollows. We were in for a smart shower, miles from home and with no available shelter. Lynnette, despite her fragile appearance, is enduring, but I am dangerously susceptible to damp and cold.

"I'm awful sorry. It's my fault, Goldy," cried Lynnette. "We'll turn the boat upside down and crawl under that hedge till the shower passes."

It was an excellent idea. We pushed into the arboreal retreat. Lynnette made me go back after the tea-basket. She said tea would be warming and prevent serious consequences.

It was not without divers tears and scratches to our persons as well as to our clothes that we finally achieved a successful housing of ourselves under the hawthorn hedge. Lynnette's forehead was inscribed with a little bleeding cross and a large right-angled tear decorated her flannel skirt, the disengaged corner flapping over like a dog's ear. My hands were in a sad state with dirt and thorns and brambles. But I can assure those persons who have never had the experience that they might go farther and fare worse than with the hospitality of a hawthorn hedge. This one was of great age and finely trimmed, so that its green top made an almost impenetrable roof, while its interior was like a hollow passage, supported by the branching columns of the hawthorn trunks. There was not much freedom of position allowed us, but we could sit with tolerable comfort and hear the spring rain slamming down over our heads.

Diversion was afforded by the tea and biscuit, by striking the matches in the damp, and making the alcohol-lamp burn; in this way we passed a half-hour.



*"We poked about in unknown waterways."*

Meanwhile, the rain had not abated. It's all very pleasant to sit in a rustic nook with one's legs coiled or kinked to suit the vagary of natural objects, but it is not a pleasure that wears well.

In the wet, scented twilight of the under-hedge time lost itself, while the rain continued with steady fury.

"England is a very wet country," said Lynnette.

I straightened one leg, allowing it to ascend at a curious angle, caused by the peculiar construction of the hawthorn bushes.

"They say it often rains here steadily for a week at a time," she continued.

"Listen, I think it's stopped," I said.

It was only a whirl of wind that for a moment veered the torrents to one side. Through the tiny interstices of our leafy walls we saw the surging rain against the lawn like billows of gray vapor. The green of the herbage made luminous spots through our windows.

"I think," said Lynnette, "we had better divide up these three biscuits into daily portions and set them aside. I suppose a person wouldn't starve to death on half a biscuit a day."

At that moment we heard a confusion of human voices, voices in pursuit. Nearer than the voices flew a sound of frightened feet; there was a prickly plunge; a woman's smothered scream—and lo and behold, we had neighbors in the hawthorn hedge! They were but a few compartments from us.

Our hollow hedge was divided off within by intricate branchings, so that it consisted of private compartments, mutually unapproachable but open to entrance from outside, resembling a continental railway train. We, being the oldest inhabitants, had an advantage over the newcomers and could not only locate them by the commotion of their arrival, such as a pair of enormous grouse might have made, but we could observe them through myriad tiny peepholes. They had perhaps begun the day in regalia as fresh as ours. The man might have

been an undermason or carpenter from the appearance of his blue flannels and shirt, while the woman's frowzly head and slovenly finery showed her to belong to the lower classes. As far as outward appearance was concerned, however, it would have taken a discerning critic to appreciate the superior quality of the garments worn by Lynnette and me. Our contact with mother earth in her several forms had acted as a leveler of frivolous differences.

"Lord ha' mercy," whispered the woman, "that was a 'orrible close shave, Jems."

"If it 'adn't a-byn for the kid's wite face this morning I never would a-resked hit nohow," said the man.

"They've stolen something for the sake of their child," murmured Lynnette.

"And the doctor hording broth for 'im, an' us not a chop nor a shillin' in 'ouse. Eh, but it'll go 'ard with us—if they catches us."

"Poor things," murmured Lynnette. "I hope they won't get caught."

The loud pursuing voices were now close at hand.

"I seed them go skittling atween the shrubbery, my lord," said a burly voice; "two on 'em, a man and a woman, the humpudence of them!"

"How did they gain access to the pheasant-run, and who are they?" said a gentleman's clear, cold tone.

"The man, sir, 'e comes a-begging for work that 'ard, my lord, that I gives him a job in the rabbit-'ouses, my lord, and I says, says I, I'll pay you at the week-end. The wite-livered raskill to steal a bird, my lord, and the ongratefulness of such hacts."

This speech was in a third voice, of a mealy, dislikable quality.

The burly first voice spoke again. "I'm certing for sure, my lord, I saw uns roon into hedge."

There were other muttered explanations, suggestions, and queries; meanwhile all was quiet as death in the hawthorn hedge. The voices perambulated

up and down and in the pauses of the diminishing rain we could hear vigorous thrusts into the resistant prickliness of the hawthorn. I am certain that two pairs of unfortunates held their breath at every thrust and crouched like hares in the underbrush.

"Their sudden disappearance is most unaccountable," said the gentlemanly voice.

There followed a peaceful adagio moment when the voices receded.

"It's like playing hot and cold in the children's game, isn't it?" whispered Lynnette excitedly.

"I can swear it were this very spot, my lord," said the voice, grown appallingly near.

A stout oaken stick rammed itself disagreeably near my nose. It was impossible to avoid these brutal passes, for the slightest motion would have betrayed us to our enemies.

"I feel something solid, my lord, werry solid," exclaimed the burly voice.

To the truth of this exclamation I could testify, for the point of his cudgel had found my ribs. It was not long before we were dragged forth from our hawthorn house into the misted day and into the presence of an under-gardener, he of the burly voice; a steward, he who had given the "job"; and "my lord," the half-supercilious, half-humorous cut of whose features Lynnette and I have every reason to remember.

He was quite the most elegant gentleman I have ever seen, the sort of person who, no matter what the weather and circumstances, looks precisely the same. I think if he had ridden hot from Hades he would still alight at his doorstep, a gardenia at his buttonhole and his hair unimpeachably parted. He was in hunting togs, topboots, belted jacket, a fore-and-aft cap, and looked as if the tissue



*"We could observe them through myriad tiny peepholes."*

paper had just fallen off from him. His face was of the long-lipped, close-shaven, drooping-lidded type.

Our first glimpse was an extremely short one, for scarcely had their eyes lighted upon us, the servitors ready to open their mouths with a volley of expletives, my lord's lips curling to a thin smile, when Lynnette did a most surprising thing. She took to her heels and ran, ran like a fawn, her damp white skirts clinging to her limbs. She might have been an animated statue of Atlantis. I followed her without a moment's hesitation, more from the instinct of protection than acting upon my judgment, for it was the most incriminating course we could have chosen. We fled so instantaneously, so unexpectedly, that we slipped past the three men like fish through a broken net. The next moment they were after us, my lord footing it like any Eton boy on the cricket-field.

What was Lynnette's motive I could not guess, whether it were unreasoning fear, or whether she actually hoped to escape in the midst of the oak woodland for which she winged her way. As she ran, her hair, always loosely plaited, fell down and stood out behind her like a flag. Lynnette's hair is not curly; it is fawn-colored and fine like some closely woven fabric. She finally came to a halt, breathless, I just behind her and a cordon of excited domestics, shouting, waving their arms, and hemming us in. Lynnette said afterward that she felt like a mountain goat being gesticulated back to its domicile by waving-armed peasants, but no such pretty simile occurred to my mind. My lord faced us, immaculate as ever, and listened to our limping story of how we came to be concealed in his hawthorn hedge.

Lynnette's face, usually of a creamy pallor, was as vivid as a rose from chin to forehead, and framed like a miniature in the fawn-brown of her hair. I do not think, however, that my lord observed any of her wild exquisiteness as I did,

who am her cousin and by no means in love with her. To him she was only a woman-poacher, somewhat bedraggled.

"You don't see any feathers about me, my lord," said she, spreading out her little hands and shaking her skirts to prove her innocence.

His lordship took us up to the house, for he was local magistrate as well as titled landowner.

"Do you recognize this fellow?" said he to his steward.

The latter looked upon me doubtfully.

"He do look a trifle defferential, my lord, but I think the fright and the runnin', not to say the prickles of the 'edge, 'ave changed his nateral likeness."

"You said he wore a mustache," continued his lordship, who was evidently a fair-minded man.

"I did, sir, and true it were, sir, but I think 'e took to shaving of 'isself in your lordship's 'awthorn 'edge. These poaching raskills do be devilish sly."

I burst out laughing at this naïve accusation, for though the hawthorn hedge had afforded us a pavilion and a five-o'clock tea, I had not thought of enlarging its capacities to that ingenious extent. Lynnette laughed also, shaking back her damp hair from her cheeks.

"The 'oman is an innocently looking piece," spoke up the burly one, he of the offensive cudgel. "I misdoubt me she has the brains to lie, your lordship. Ask her to out with her tale."

Lynnette laughed again, looking wilder and more innocent than ever. The gentleman bent his aristocratic brows upon her as if she were a specimen on the laboratory table.

"Tell me your name and your whereabouts," he said, "and look sharp, no fibbing!"

Lynnette turned to me and I to her.

"Shall I?" she questioned. I knew she was thinking of my mother's wrath when this latest escapade should reach her ears. And how could Lynnette explain herself without also implicating her aunt in this mortification? I knew

all this was in her mind and yet I nodded my assent. There was nothing for it but a full identification of ourselves.

"I did not know it was such a crime, my lord," said she, "to be caught in a hawthorn hedge. It rained on the river, so we turned the canoe upside down and ran into the hedge. It really was agreeable in there, till that horrid man came with his stick."

"What is your name?"

Lynnette hesitated, then overflowed in a burst of enforced explicitness.

"I am Lynnette Graham. My aunt has taken Rose Villa on Bardwell Road. My cousin and I were invited to dine to-night with Lord and Lady Spenserhurst. Please do not detain us longer or we shall be late."

I am sure that the gentleman must have been taken aback by this speech, but he only showed his surprise by a twitch of the eyebrow and by whipping the top of his boots with his riding-crop, one short, nervous stroke. He turned to a lady who had entered the room, a dumpy, dignified lady, with a missing waist-line.

"It certainly is a mystery, mother, how these people got hold of Miss Graham's name."

"And the dinner invitation," added the lady, scrutinizing us sharply through her spectacles. "Possibly hangers-on about the kitchen at Rose Villa," she said in her resonant English voice.

"I am not a hanger-on about the kitchen," said Lynnette indignantly, "though sometimes I have tried to teach them how to make Dutch cheese and johnny-cake."

"You will find our boat on the river bank," I said, "and the cushions with my initials, G. H. W."

A man was dispatched to corroborate my statement and during his absence I spoke to Lynnette. "Meanwhile the real culprits have escaped."

"I hope so," said she. "Poor things! That was why I ran, to give them a chance while we were being pursued."

The man returned with the triumphant statement that neither boat nor cushions were to be found. This was a knock-down blow.

"Please, my lord," begged Lynnette. "Let us go now or we shall be late for dinner at Spenser House. I will promise faithfully to give myself up to-morrow."

"Do you know whom you are addressing?" said the coolly smiling gentleman. "I am Lord Spenserhurst."

"Mercy!" cried Lynnette. "What will aunt say to me?"

Just then a messenger from Rose Villa was announced. It was my mother's man, Poddles. It seemed that my mother had sent for Lynnette, to give her some parting advice, and Lynnette's maid had reported that Lynnette was already gone. Then Eugenie, being a "simpatica" creature, as the Italians say, had sent Poddles to Spenser House, to find out the truth of the matter.

Through Poddles's testimony our identity was established.

"Do you still want me to dinner after all—all this?" asked Lynnette humbly. "I really didn't mean to give you so much trouble. I'm very sorry."

"No trouble at all, I assure you," said Lady Spenserhurst stiffly. "That is—hem—hem—the trouble—the pleasure, I would say—is—hem—hem—mutual."

"Tell Eugenie to bring me my daffodil gown and everything—she will understand—and to come herself in the carriage right away," said Lynnette to Poddles. Her grand air had blossomed out, full-grown. "If you will excuse me for a half-hour or so, Lady Spenserhurst, I will make myself presentable."

I heard the following snatch of a conversation between Lord Spenserhurst and Lynnette at the dinner-table.

"To think that aunt particularly desired me to make a good impression!" said she regretfully.

"What shall you tell her?"

"I shall say that from the moment you first saw me you madly pursued me."





*"She threw back her head, avoiding my lips."*

—Page 441.




# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE BLUE FOX

EL SIN had slept all the bright morning through in her little room at the Blue Fox Tavern, whither Colonel Sheldon's horsemen had conducted

us. My room adjoined hers, the window looking out upon the Bronx where it flowed, shallow and sunny, down from the wooded slopes of North Castle and Chatterton's Hill. But I heeded neither the sparkling water nor the trees swaying in the summer wind, nor the busy little hamlet across the mill dam, nor Abe Case, the landlord, with his good intentions, pressed too cordially, though he meant nothing except kindness.

"Listen to me," I said, boots in hand, and laying down the law; "we require neither food nor drink nor service nor the bridal chambers which you insist upon. The lady will sleep where she is, I here; and if you dare awaken me before noonday I shall certainly discharge these boots in your direction!"

Whereupon he seemed to understand and bowed himself out; and I, lying there on the great curtained bed, watched the sunlight stealing through the flowered canopy until the red roses fell to swaying in an unfelt wind, and I, dreaming, wandered in a garden with that lady I sometimes saw in visions. And, Lord! how happy we were there together, only

at moments I felt abashed and sorry, for I thought I saw Elsin lying on the grass, so still, so limp, that I knew she must be dead, and I heard men whispering that she had died o' love, and that I and my lady were to dig the grave at moon-rise.

A fitful slumber followed, threaded by dreams that vaguely troubled me—visions of horsemen riding, and of painted faces and dark heads shaved for war. Again into my dreams a voice broke, repeating, "Thendara! Thendara!" until it grew to a dull and deadened sound, like the hollow thud of Wyandotte witch drums.

I slept, yet every loosened nerve responded to the relaxing tension of excitement. Twice I dreamed that some one roused me, and that I was dressing in mad haste, only to sink once more into a sleep which glimmered over with visions passing, passing in processional, until at noon I awoke of my own accord, and was bathed and partly dressed ere the landlord came politely scratching at my door to know my pleasure.

"A staff officer from his Excellency, Mr. Renault," he said, as I bade him enter, tying my stock the while.

"Very well," I said; "show him up. And, landlord, when the lady awakes, you may serve us privately."

He bowed himself out, and presently I heard spurs and a sword jingling on the stairs, and turned to receive his Excellency's staff officer—a very elegant and polite young man in a blue uniform, faced with buff, and white-topped boots.

"Mr. Renault?" he asked, raising his voice and eyebrows a trifle; and I think I never saw such a careless, laughing, well-bred countenance in which were set two eyes as shrewdly wise as the eyes of this young man.

"I am Mr. Renault," I said amiably, smiling at the mirth which twitched the gravity he struggled to assume.

"Colonel Hamilton of his Excellency's family," he said, making as elegant a bow as I ever had the honor to attempt to match.

We were very ceremonious, bowing repeatedly as we seated ourselves, he lifting his sword and laying it across his knees. And I admired his hat, which was new and smartly laced, and cocked in the most fashionable manner—which small details carry some weight with me, I distrusting men whose dress is slovenly from indifference and not from penury. His Excellency was ever faultless in attire; and I remember that he wrote in general orders on New Year's day in '76: "If a soldier cannot be induced to take pride in his person, he will soon become a sloven and indifferent to everything."

"Mr. Renault," began Colonel Hamilton, "his Excellency has your letters. He regrets that a certain sphere of usefulness is now closed to you through your own rashness."

I reddened, bowing.

"It appears, however," continued Colonel Hamilton placidly, "that your estimate of yourself is too humble. His Excellency thanks you, applauds your modesty and faithfulness in the most trying service a gentleman can render to his country, and desires me to express the same——"

He rose and bowed. I was on my feet, confused, amazed, tingling with pleasure.

"His Excellency said—that!" I repeated incredulously.

"Indeed he did, Mr. Renault, and he regrets that—ahem—under the circumstances—it is not advisable to

publicly acknowledge your four years' service—not even privately, Mr. Renault—you understand that such services as yours must be, in a great measure, their own reward. Yet I know that his Excellency hesitated a long while to send me with this verbal message, so keenly did he desire to receive you, so grateful is he for the service rendered."

I was quite giddy with delight now. Never, never had I imagined that the Commander-in-Chief could single me out for such generous praise—me, a man who had lent himself to a work abhorrent—a work taken up only because there was none better fitted to accomplish a thing that all shrank from.

Seated once more, I looked up to see Colonel Hamilton regarding me with decorous amusement.

"It may interest you, Mr. Renault, to know what certain British agents reported to Sir Henry Clinton concerning you."

"What did they say?" I asked curiously.

"They said, 'Mr. Renault is a rich young man who thinks more of his clothes than he does of politics, and is safer than a guinea wig stand!'"

His face was perfectly grave, but the astonished chagrin on my countenance set his keen eyes glimmering, and in a moment more we both went off into fits of laughter.

"Lord, sir!" he exclaimed, dusting his eyes with a laced handkerchief, "what a man we lost when you lost your head! Why on earth did you affront Walter Butler?"

I leaned forward, emphasizing every point with a noiseless slap on my knee, and recounted minutely and as frankly as I could every step which led to the first rupture between Walter Butler and myself. He followed my story, intelligent eyes fixed on me, never losing an accent, a shade of expression, as I narrated, what I have not set down here before, our quarrel in Sir Peter's house in New York concerning the matter of

our adoption into their tribes by the Oneidas, and how I had forgotten myself and had turned on him as an Iroquois on a Delaware, a master on an insolent slave.

"From that instant he must have suspected me," I said, leaning back in my chair. "And now, Colonel Hamilton, my story is ended, and my usefulness, too, I fear, unless his Excellency will find for me some place—perhaps a humble commission—say in the dragoons of Major Talmadge—"

"You travel too modestly," said Hamilton, laughing. "Why, Mr. Renault, any bullet-headed, reckless fellow who has done as much as you have done may ask for a commission and have it, too. Look at me! I never did anything, yet they found me good enough for a gun captain, and they gave me a pair o' cannon, too. But, sir, there are other places with few to fill them—far too few, I assure you. Why, what a shame to set you with a noisy, galloping herd of helmets, chasing skimmers and cowboys with a brace of gad-a-mercy pistols in your belt!—what a shame, I say, when in you there lie talents we seek in vain for among the thousand and one num-skulls who can drill a battalion or maneuver a brigade!"

"What talents?" I asked, astonished.

"Lord! he doesn't even suspect them!" cried Hamilton gayly. "I wish you might meet a few of our talented brigadiers and colonels; *they* have no doubts concerning their several abilities!" Then, suddenly serious: "Listen, sir. You know the north; you were bred and born to a knowledge of the Iroquois, their language, character, habits, their intimate social conditions, nay, you are even acquainted with what no other living white man comprehends—their secret rites, their clan and family laws and ties, their racial instincts, their most sacred rituals! You are a sachem! Sir William Johnson was one, but he is dead. Who else living, besides yourself, can speak to the Iroquois with clan authority?"

"I do not know," I said, troubled. "Walter Butler may know something of the Book of Rites, because he was raised up in place of some dead Delaware dog—I!" I clinched my hand, and stood silent in angry meditation. Lifting my eyes I saw Hamilton watching me, amazed, interested, delighted.

"I ask your indulgence," I said, embarrassed, "but when I think of the insolence of that fellow—and that he dared call me brother and claim clan kindred with a Wolf—the yellow Delaware mongrel—I!" I laughed, glancing shamefacedly at Colonel Hamilton.

"In another moment," I said, "you will doubt there is white blood in me. It is strange how faithfully I cling to that dusky foster mother, the nation that adopted me. I was but a lad, Colonel Hamilton, and what the Oneidas saw in me, or believed they saw, I never have accurately learned—I do not really know to this day!—but when a war chief died they came to my father, asking that he permit them to adopt me and raise me up. The ceremony took place. I, of course, never lived with them—never even left my own roof—but I was adopted into the Wolf Clan, the noble clan of the Iroquois. And—I have never forgotten it—nor them. What touches an Oneida touches me!"

He nodded gravely, watching me with bright eyes.

"To-day the Long House is not the Five Nations," I continued. "The Tuscaroras are the Sixth Nation; the Delawares now have come in, and have been accepted as the Seventh Nation. But, as you know, the Long House is split. The Onondagas are sullenly neutral—or say they are—the Mohawks, Cayugas, Senecas, are openly leagued against us; the Oneidas alone are with us—what is left of them after the terrible punishment they received from the Mohawks and Senecas."

"And now you say that the Iroquois have determined to punish the Oneidas again?"

"Yes, sir, to annihilate them for espousing our cause. And," I added contemptuously, "Walter Butler dared believe that I would sit idle and never lift a warning finger. True, I am first of all a Wolf—but next am I an Oneida. And as I may not sit in national council with my clan to raise my voice against this punishment, and as the Long House is rent asunder forever, why, sir, I am an Oneida first of all—after my allegiance to my own country—and I shall so conduct that Walter Butler and the Delaware dogs of a cleft and yellow clan will remember that when an Oneida speaks, they remain silent, then obey!"

I began to pace the chamber, arms folded; busy with my thoughts. Hamilton sat buried in meditation for a space. Finally he arose, extending his hand with that winning frankness so endearing to all. I asked him to dine with us, but he excused himself, pleading affairs of moment.

"Listen, Mr. Renault. I understand that his Excellency has certain designs upon your amiability, and he most earnestly desires you to remain here at the Blue Fox until such time as he summons you or sends you orders. You are an officer of Tryon County militia, are you not?"

"Only ensign in the Rangers, but I never have even seen their colors, much less carried them."

"You know Colonel Willett?"

"I have that very great honor," I said warmly.

"It is an honor to know such a man. Excepting Schuyler, I think he is the bravest, noblest gentleman in County Tryon." He walked toward the door, head bowed in reflection, turned, offered his hand again with a charming freedom, and bowed himself out.

Pride and deepest gratitude possessed my heart that his Excellency should have found me worthy of his august commendation. In my young head rang the words of Colonel Hamilton. I stood in the center of the sunny room,

repeating to myself the wonderful message, over and over, until it seemed my happiness was too great to bear alone; and I leaned close to the dividing door, calling "Elsin! Elsin! Are you awake?"

A sleepy voice bade me enter, and I opened the door and stood at the sill, while the brightly flowered curtains of her bed rustled and twitched. Presently she thrust a sleepy head forth, framed in chintz roses—the flushed face of a child, drowsy eyes winking at the sunbeams, powdered hair twisted up in a heavy knot.

"Goodness me," she murmured, "I am so hungry—so sleepy—" She yawned shamelessly, blinked with her blue eyes, looked at me, and smiled.

"What o'clock is it, Carus?" she began; then a sudden consternation sobered her, and she cried, "Oh, I forgot where we are! Mercy! To think that I should wake to find myself a runaway! Carus, Carus, what in the world is to become of me now? Where are we, Carus?"

"At the Blue Fox, near North Castle," I said gayly. "Why, Elsin—why, child, what on earth is the matter?"—for the tears had rushed to her eyes, and her woeful little face quivered. A single tear fell, then the wet lashes closed.

"O Carus! Carus!" she said, "what will become of me? You did it—you made me do it! I've run away with you—why did you make me do it? Oh, why, why?"

Dumb, miserable, I could only look at her, finding no word of comfort—amazed, too, that the feverish spirit, the courage, the amazing energy of the night before had exhaled, distilling now in the tears which dazed me.

"I don't know why I came here with you," she whimpered, eyes closed on her wet cheeks—"I must have been mad to do so. What will they say?—what will Rosamund say? Why don't you speak to me, Carus? Why don't you tell me what to do?"

And this from that high-strung, nerve-

less maid who had matured to womanhood in the crisis of the night before—seizing command of a menacing situation through sheer effrontery and wit, compelling Fate itself to swerve aside as she led our galloping horses through the slowly closing gates of peril.

Her head drooped and lay on the edge of the bed pillowed by the flowered curtains; she rubbed the tears from her eyes with white fingers, drawing a deep, unsteady breath or two.

I had found my voice at last, assuring her that all was well, that she should have a flag when she desired it, that here nobody knew who she was, and that when she was dressed I was ready to discuss the situation and do whatever was most advisable.

"If there's a scandal," she said dolefully, "I suppose I must ask a flag at once."

"That would be best," I admitted.

"But there's no scandal yet," she protested.

"Not a breath!" I cried cheerfully. "You see, we have the situation in our own hands. Where is that wit—where is that gay courage you wore like magic armor through the real perils of yesterday?"

"Gone," she said, looking up at me. "I don't know where it is—I—I was not myself yesterday. I was frightened—terror spurred me to things I never dreamed of when I thought of you hanging there on the Common——"

"You blessed child!" I cried, dropping on one knee beside her.

She laid her hand on my head, looking at me for a long while in silence.

"I cannot help it," she said. "I really care nothing for what folk say. All this that we have done—and my indiscretion—nay, that we have run away and I am here with you—all this alarms me not at all. Indeed," she added earnestly, "I do truly find you so agreeable that I should have fretted had you gone away alone. Now I am honest with myself and you, Carus—this matter

has sobered me into gravest reflection. I have the greatest curiosity concerning you—I had from the very first—spite of all that childish silliness we committed. I don't know what it is about you that I cannot let you go until I learn more of you. Perhaps I shall—we have a week here before a flag goes north, have we not?" she asked naively.

"The flag goes at your pleasure, Elsin."

"Then it is my pleasure that we remain a while—and see—and see—" she murmured, musing eyes fixed on the sunny window. "I would we could fall in love, Carus!"

"We are pledged to try," I said gayly.

"Aye, we must try. Lord-a-mercy on me, for my small head is filled with silliness, and my heart beats only for the vain pleasure of the moment. A hundred times since I have known you, Carus, I would have sworn I loved you—then something that you say or do repels me—or something, perhaps, of my own inconstancy—and only that intense curiosity concerning you remains. That is not love, is it?"

"I think not."

"Yet look how I set my teeth and drove blindly full tilt at destiny when I thought you stood in peril! Do women do such things for friendship's sake?"

"Men do—I don't know. You are a faultless friend, at any rate. And on that friendship we must build."

"With your indifference and my vanity and inconstancy? God send it be no castle of cards, Carus! Tell me, have you, too, a stinging curiosity concerning me? Do you desire to fathom my shallow spirit—to learn what every passing smile might indicate—to understand me when I am silent—to comprehend me when I converse with others?"

"I—I have thought of these things, Elsin. Never having understood you—judging hastily, too—and being so intimately busy with the—the matters you know of—I never pursued my

studies far—deeming you betrothed and—and——”

“A coquette?”

“A child, Elsin, heart-free and capricious, contradictory, imperious, and—and overyoung——”

“O Carus!”

“I meant no reproach,” I said hastily. “A nectarine requires time, even though the sunlight paints it so prettily in all its unripe, flawless symmetry. And I have—I have lived all my life in sober company. My father was old, my mother placid and saddened by the loss of all her children save myself. I had few companions—none of my own age except when we went to Albany, where I learned to bear myself in company. At Johnson Hall, at Varick’s, at Butlersbury, I was but a shy lad, warned by my parents to formality, for they approved little of the gayety that I would gladly have joined in. And so I know nothing of women—nor did I learn much in New York, where the surface of life is so prettily polished that it mirrors, as you say, only one’s own inquiring eyes.”

I seated myself cross-legged on the floor, looking up at the sweet face on the bed’s edge framed by the chintz.

“Did you never conceive an affection?” she asked, watching me.

“Why, yes—for a day or two. I think women tire of me.”

“No, you tire of them.”

“Only when——”

“When what?”

“Nothing,” I said quietly.

“Do you mean when they fall in love with you?” she asked.

“They don’t. Some have plagued me to delight in my confusion.”

“Like Rosamund Barry?”

I was silent.

“She,” observed Elsin musingly, “was mad about you. No, you need not laugh or shrug impatiently—I know, Carus; she was mad to have you love her! Do you think I have neither eyes nor ears? But you treated her no whit

better than you treated me. That I am certain of—did you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Did you?”

“Did I do what?”

“Treat Rosamund Barry kinder than you did me?”

“In what way?”

“Did you kiss her?”

“Never!”

“Would you say ‘Never!’ if you had?”

“No, I should say nothing.”

“I knew it!” she cried, laughing. “I was certain of it. But, mercy on us, there were scores more women in New York—and I mean to ask you about each one, Carus, each separate one—some time—but, oh, I am so hungry now!”

I sprang to my feet, and walking into my chamber closed the door.

“Talk to me through the keyhole!” she called. “I shall tie my hair in a club, and bathe me and clothe me very quickly. Are you there, Carus? Do you hear what I say?”

So I leaned against the door and chatted on about Colonel Hamilton, until I ventured to hint at some small word of praise for me from his Excellency. With that she was at the door, all eagerness: “O Carus! I knew you were brave and true! Did his Excellency say so? And well he might, too!—with you, a gentleman, facing the vilest of deaths there in New York, year after year. I am so glad, so proud of you, Carus—so happy! What have they made you—a major-general?”

“Oh, not yet!” I said, laughing.

“And why not?” she exclaimed hotly.

“Elsin, if you don’t dress quickly I’ll sit at breakfast without you!” I warned her.

“Oh, I will, I will! I’m lacing—something—this very instant. Carus, when I bid you, you may come in and tie my shoulder points. Wait a moment, silly! Just one more second. Now!”

As I entered she came up to me, turn-

ing her shoulder, and I threaded the points clumsily enough, I suppose, but she thanked me very sweetly, turned to the mirror, patted the queue-ribbon to a flamboyant allure, and, catching my hand in hers, pointed at the glass which reflected us both.

"Look at us!" she exclaimed—"look at the two runaways! Goodness, I should never have believed it, Carus!"

We stood a moment, hand clasping hand, curiously regarding the mirrored faces that smiled back so strangely at us. Then, somewhat subdued and thoughtful, we walked out through my chamber into a sunny little breakfast room where landlord and servant received us a trifle too solemnly, and placed us at the cloth.

"Their owlish eyes mean Gretna Green," whispered Elsin, leaning close to me; "but what do we care, Carus? And they think us married in New York. Now, sir, if you ever wished to see how a hungry maid can eat Tapaan soupaan, you shall see now!"

The Tapaan hasty pudding was set before us, and in a twinkling we were busy as bees in clover. Pumpions and clingstone peaches went the way of the soupaan; a dish of troutlings followed, and out of the corner of my eye I saw other dainties coming and rejoiced. Lord, what a pair of appetites were there! I think the Blue Fox must have licked his painted chops on the swinging sign under the window to see how we did full justice to the fare, slighting nothing set before us. And while the servants were running hither and thither with dishes and glasses, I questioned the landlord, who was evidently prodigiously impressed with Colonel Hamilton's visit; and I gathered from mine host that, excepting for ourselves, all the other guests were officers of various degrees, and that, thanks to the nearness of the army and the consequent scarcity of Skinners, business was brisk and profitable, for which he thanked God and his Excellency.

Elsin, resting one elbow on the table,

listened and looked out into the village street where farmers and soldiers were passing, some arm in arm, gravely smoking their clay pipes and discussing matters in the sunshine, others entering or leaving the few shops where every sort of wares were exposed for sale; still others gathered on the bridge, some fishing in the Bronx, some looking on or reading fresh newspapers from New England or Philadelphia, or a stale and tattered *Gazette* which had found its way out of New York.

At a nod from me the landlord signaled the servants and withdrew, leaving us there alone together with a bottle of claret on the table and a dish of cakes and raisins.

"So these good folks are rebels," mused Elsin, gazing at the people in the street below. "They seem much like other people, Carus."

"They are," I said, laughing.

"Well," she said, "they told me otherwise in New York. But I can see no very great ferocity in your soldiers' countenances. Nor do they dress in rags. Mr. De Lancey told me that the Continentals scarce mustered a pair of breeches to a brigade."

"It has been almost as bad as that," I said gravely. "These troops are no doubt clothed in uniforms sent from France, but I fear there are rags and to spare in the south, where Greene and Lafayette are harrying Cornwallis—God help them!"

"Amen," she said softly, looking at me.

Touched as I had never been by her, I held out my hand; she laid hers in mine gravely.

"So that they keep clear of Canada, I say God speed men who stand for their own homes, Carus! But," she added innocently, "I could not be indifferent to a cause which you serve. Come over here to the window—draw your chair where you can see. Look at that officer, how gallant he is in his white uniform faced with green!"

"That is a French officer," I said. "Those three soldiers passing yonder who wear white facing on their blue coats, and black spatterdashes from ankle to thigh, are infantry of the New England line. The soldiers smoking under the tree are New York and New Jersey men; they wear buff copper clouts and their uniform is buff and blue. Maryland troops wear red facings; the Georgia line are faced with blue, edged around by white. There goes an artilleryman; he's all blue and scarlet, with yellow on his hat; and here stroll a dozen dragoons in helmet and jack boots and blue jackets laced, lined, and faced with white. Ah, Elsin! these same men have limped barefoot, half-naked, through snow and sun because his Excellency led them."

"It is strange," she said, "how you turn grave and how a hush comes—a little pause of reverence whenever you name—his Excellency. Do all so stand in awe of him?"

"None names him lightly, Elsin."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Never, child."

"And yet you approach even his name in hushed respect."

"Yes, even his name. I should like to see him," I continued wistfully—"to hear him speak once—to meet his calm eye. But I never shall. My service is of such a nature that it is inexpedient for him to receive me openly. So I never shall see him—save, perhaps, when the long war ends—God knows——"

She dropped her hand on mine and leaned lightly back against my shoulder.

"You must not fret," she murmured. "Remember that staff officer said he praised you."

"I do, I do remember!" I repeated gratefully. "It was a reward I never dared expect—never dreamed of. His Excellency has been kind to me, indeed."

It was now past four o'clock in the afternoon, and Elsin, who had noted the wares in the shop windows, desired to

price the few simple goods offered for sale; so we went out into the dusty village street to see what was to be seen, but the few shops we entered were full of soldiers and not overclean, and the wares offered for sale were not attractive. I remember she bought points and some stuff for stocks, and needles and a reel of thread, and when she offered a gold piece everybody looked at us, and the shopkeeper called her "My lady" and me "My lord," and gave us in change for the gold piece a great handful of paper money.

We emerged from the shop amazed, and doubtful of the paper stuff, and walked up the street and out into the country, pausing under a great maple tree to sort this new Continental currency, of which we had enough to stuff a pillow.

Scrip by scrip I examined the legal tender of my country, Elsin, her chin on my shoulder, scrutinizing the printed slips of yellow, brown, and red in growing wonder. One slip bore three arrows on it, under which was printed:

"FIFTY DOLLARS.

"PRINTED BY H. A. L. L. AND S. E. L.  
1778."

Upon the other side was a pyramid in a double circle, surmounted by the legend:

"PERENNIS."

And it was further decorated with the following:

"No. 16780. Fifty Dollars. This Bill entitles the Bearer to receive Fifty Spanish milled dollars or the value thereof in Gold or Silver, according to the Resolution passed by Congress at Philadelphia, September 26th, 1788.

"J. WATKINS; I. K."

And we had several dozen of these of equal or less denomination.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Elsin, "was



my guinea worth all these dollars? And do you suppose that we could buy anything with these paper bills?"

"Certainly," I said, loyal to my country's currency; "they're just as good as silver shillings—if you only have enough of them."

"But what use will they be to me in Canada?"

That was true enough. I immediately pocketed the mass of paper and tendered her a guinea in exchange, but she refused it, and we had a pretty quarrel there under the maple tree.

"Carus," she said at last, "let us keep them, anyhow, and never, never spend them. Some day we may care to remember this July afternoon, and how you and I went a-shopping as sober as a wedded pair in Hanover Square."

There was a certain note of seriousness in her voice that sobered me, too. I drew her arm through mine, and we strolled out into the sunshine and northward along the little river, where in shallow brown pools scores of minnows stemmed the current, and we saw the slim trout lying in schools under the bushes' shadows, and the great silver and blue kingfishers winging up and down like flashes of azure fire.

A mile out a sentinel stopped us, inquiring our business, and as we had none we turned back, for it mattered little to us where we sauntered. Farmers were cutting hay in the river meadows, under the direction of a mounted sergeant of dragoons; herds of cattle and sheep grazed among the hills, shepherded by soldiers. Every now and again dragoons rode past us, convoying endless lines of wagons piled up with barrels, crates, sacks of meal, and sometimes with bolts of coarse cloth.

To escape the dust raised by so many hoofs and wheels we took to the fields and found a shady place on a hill which overlooked the country. Then for the first time I realized the nearness of the army, for everywhere in the distance white tents gleamed against the green,

and bright flags were flying from hillocks, and on a level plain that stretched away toward the Hudson I saw long dark lines moving, or halted motionless, with the glimmer of steel playing through the sunshine; and I, for the first time, beheld a brigade of our army at exercise.

We were too far away to see, yet it was a sight to stir one who had endured that prison city so long, never seeing a Continental soldier, except as a prisoner marched through the streets to the jails or the hulks in the river. But there they were—those men of White Plains, of Princeton, of Camden, and of the Wilderness—the men of Long Island and Germantown and Stony Point!—there they were, wheeling by the right flank, wheeling by the left, marching and countermarching, drilling away, busy as bees in the July sun.

"Ah, Elsin!" I said, "when they storm New York the man who misses that splendid climax will miss the best of his life—and never forget that he has missed it as long as he lives to mask his vain regret."

"Why is it that you are not content?" she asked. "For four years you have moved in the shadow of destruction."

"But I have never fought in battle," I said; "never fired a single shot in earnest, never heard the field horn of the light infantry nor the cavalry trumpet above the fusillade, never heard the officers shouting, the mad gallop of artillery, the yelling onset—why, I know nothing of the pleasures of strife, only the smooth deceit and bland hypocrisy, only the eavesdropping and the ignoble pretense! At times I can scarcely breathe in my desire to wash my honor in the rifle flames—to be hurled pell-mell among the heaving, straining *mêlée*, thrusting, stabbing, cutting my fill, till I can no longer hear or see. Four years, Elsin! think of it—think of being chained in the midst of this magnificent activity for four years! And now, when I beg a billet among the dragoons, they tell me I am fashioned

for diplomacy, not for war, and hint of my usefulness on the frontier!"

"What frontier?" she asked quickly.

"Tryon County, I suppose."

"Where that dreadful work never ceases?"

"Hatchet and scalping knife are ever busy there," I said grimly. "Who knows? I may yet have my fill and to spare!"

She sat silent for so long that I presently turned from the distant martial spectacle to look at her inquiringly. She smiled, drawing a long breath, and shaking her head.

"I never seem to understand you, Carus," she said. "You have done your part, yet it appears already you are planning to go hunting about for some obliging savage to knock you in the head with a death maul."

"But the war is not ended, Elsin."

"No, nor like to be until it compasses your death. Then indeed will it be ended for me, and the world with it!"

"Why, Elsin!" I laughed, "this is a new note in your voice."

"Is it? Perhaps it is. I told you, Carus, that there is no happiness in love. And, just now, I love you. It is strange, is it not?—when aught threatens you, straightway I begin to sadden and presently fall in love with you; but when there's no danger anywhere, and I have nothing to sadden me, why, I'm not at all sure that I love you enough to pass the balance of the day in your companionship—only that when you are away I desire to know where you are and what you do, and with whom you walk and talk and laugh. Deary me! deary me! I know not what I want, Carus. Let us go to the Blue Fox and drink a dish of tea."

We walked back to the inn through the sweetest evening air that I had breathed in many a day, Elsin stopping now and then to add a blossom to the great armful of wild flowers that she had gathered, I lingering, happy in my freedom as a lad loosed from school, now pausing to skip

flat stones across the Bronx, now creeping up to the bank to surprise the trout and see them scatter like winged shadows over the golden gravel, now whistling to imitate that rosy-throated bird who sits so high in his black and white livery, and sings into happiness all who hear him.

The sun was low over the Jersey highlands; swarms of swallows rose, soared, darted, and dipped in the evening sky. I heard the far camp bugles playing softly, the dulled roll of drums among the eastern hills; then, as the red sun went out behind the wooded heights, bang!—the evening gun's soft thunder shook the silence. And our day was ended.

## CHAPTER IX

### DESTINY

THE next day was Sunday, and we dined together at our little table by the window, decorously discussing damnation, predestination, and other matters fitting that sunny Sabbath noontide. And at moments, very, very far away, I heard the faint sound of church bells, perhaps near North Castle, perhaps at Dobbs Ferry, so sweet, so peaceful, that it was hard to believe in eternal punishment and in a God of wrath; hard, too, to realize that war ruled half a continent, and that the very dogs of war, unchained, prowled all around us, fangs bared, watching the sad city at the river's ends.

When the servants had removed the cloth, and had fetched the materials for writing which I had ordered, we drew our chairs up side by side, and leaned upon the table to confer in regard to a situation which could not, of course, continue much longer.

"The first thing to consider," said I, "is the flag to take you north." And I looked curiously at Elsin.

"How can we decide that yet?" she

asked, aggrieved. "I shall not require a flag if we—fall in love."

"We've had a week to try," I argued, smiling.

"Yes, but we have not tried; we have been too happy to try. Still, Carus, we promised one another to attempt it."

"Well, shall we attempt it at once?"

"Goodness, I'm too lazy, too contented, too happy, to worry over such sad matters as love!"

"Well, then, I had better write to Hamilton asking a flag——"

"I tell you not to hasten!" she retorted pettishly. "Moonlight changes one's ideas. My noonday sentiments never correspond to my evening state of mind."

"But," I persisted, "if we only cherish certain sentiments when the moon shines——"

"Starlight, too, silly! Besides, whenever I take time to think of your late peril, I straightway experience a tender sentiment for you. I tell you be not too hasty to ask a flag for me. Come, let us now consider and be wise. Once in Canada, all is ended, for Sir Frederick Haldimand would sooner see me fall from Cape Eternity to the Saguenay than hear of me in love with you. Therefore I say, let us remember, consider, and await wisdom."

"But," I argued, "something must be settled before fresh orders from headquarters send me north and you to West Point."

"Oh, I shall go north, too!" she observed calmly.

"Into battle, for example?" I asked, amused.

"I shall certainly not let you go into battle all alone! You are a mere child when it comes to taking precaution in danger."

"You mean you would actually gallop into battle to see I came to no mischief?" I demanded, laughing.

"Aye, clip my hair and dress the trooper, jack boots and all, if you drive me to it!" she exclaimed, irritated.

"You may as well know it, Carus; you shall not go floundering about alone, and that's flat! See what a mess of it you were like to make in New York!"

"Then," said I, still laughing, yet touched to the heart, "I shall instruct you in the duties and amenities of wedded life, and we may as well marry, and be done with it. Once married, I, of course, shall do as I please in the matter of battles——"

"No, you shall not! You shall consider me! Do you think to go roaming about, nose in the air, and leaving me to sit quaking at home, crying my eyes out over your foolishness? Do I not already know the terror of it with you in New York there, and only ten minutes to save your neck from Cunningham? Thank you, I am already instructed in the amenities of wedded life—if they be like the pleasures of betrothal—though I cared not a whit what happened to Walter Butler, it is true—yet fell sick o' worry when you and Rosamund Barry went a-sailing—not that I feared you'd drown, either! O Carus, Carus, you distract me—you worry me; you tell me nothing, nothing, and I never knew what you were about there in New York when you were not with me!—doubtless a-courting every petticoat on Hanover Square, for all I know!"

"Well," said I, amazed and perplexed, "if you think, under the circumstances, there is any prospect of our falling in love after marriage, and so continuing, I will wed you—now——"

"No!" she interrupted angrily; "I shall not marry you, nor even betroth myself. It may be that I can see you leave me and bid you a fair journey, unmoved. I would to God I could!—I feel that way now, and may continue—if I do not fall a-pondering, and live over certain hours with you that plague me at times into a very passion. But at moments like this I weary of you, so that all you say and do displeases, and I'm sick of the world and I know not what! O

Carus, I am sick of life—and I dare not tell you why!”

She rested her head on her hands, staring down at her blurred image reflected in the polished table top.

“I have sometimes thought,” she mused, “that the fault lay with you—somewhat.”

“With me!”

“That you could force me to love you, if you dared. The rest would not matter, then. Misery me! I wish that we had never met! And yet I cannot let you go because you do not know how to care for yourself. If you will sail to France on the next packet, and remain with your mother, I’ll say nothing. I’ll go with a flag I care not where—only to know you are safe. Will you? O Carus, I would my life were done and all ended!”

She was silent for a while, leaning on the table, tracing with her finger the outline of her dull reflection in the shining surface. Presently she looked up gayly, a smile breaking in her eyes.

“All that I said is false. I desire to live, Carus. I am not unhappy. Pray you, begin your writing!”

I drew the paper to me, dipped a quill full of ink from the musty horn, rested my elbow, pen lifted, and began, dating the letter from the Blue Fox, and addressing it most respectfully to Sir Peter and Lady Coleville.

First I spoke of the horses we had taken, and would have promised payment by draft inclosed, but that Elsin, looking over my shoulder, stayed my pen.

“Did you not see me leave a pile of guineas?” she demanded. “That was to pay for our stable theft!”

“But not for the horse I took?”

“Certainly, for your horse, too.”

“But you could not know that I was to ride saddle to the Coq d’Or!” I insisted.

“No, but I saddled *two* horses,” she replied, delighted at my wonder—“two horses, monsieur, one of which stood

ready in the stalls of the Coq d’Or! So when you came a-horseback, it was not necessary to use the spare mount I had led there at a gallop. *Now* do you see, Mr. Renault? All this I did for you—inspired by—foresight, which you lack!”

“I see that you are as wise and witty as you are beautiful!” I exclaimed warmly, and caught her fingers to kiss them, but she would have none of my caress, urging me to write further, and make suitable excuse for what had happened.

“It is not best to confess that we are still unwedded,” I said, perplexed.

“No. They suppose we are; let it be as it is,” she answered. “And you shall not say that you were a spy, either, for that must only pain Sir Peter and his lady. They will never believe Walter Butler, for they think I fled with you because I could not endure him. And—perhaps I did,” she added; and that strange smile colored her eyes to deepest azure.

“Then what remains to say?” I asked, regarding her thoughtfully.

“Say we are happy, Carus.”

“Are you?”

“Truly I am, spite of all I complain of. Write it!”

I wrote that we were happy; and, as I traced the words, a curious thrill set my pen shaking.

“—And that we love—them.”

I wrote it slowly, half-minded to write “one another” instead of “them.” Never had I been so near to love.

“—And — and — let me see,” she mused, finger on lip—“I think it not too impudent to ask their blessing. It *may* happen, you know, though Destiny fight against it; and if it does, why there we have their blessing all ready!”

I thought for a long while, then wrote, asking their blessing upon our wedded union.

“*That* word ‘wedded,’” observed Elsin, “commits us. Scratch it out. I have changed my mind. Destiny may accept the challenge, and smite me where I sit.”

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean—nothing. Yet that word 'wedded' must not stand. It is an affront to—to Destiny!"

"I fear nothing from Destiny—with you, Elsin."

"If you write that word then I tell you we must betroth ourselves this instant!—and fight Fate to its knees. Dare you?"

"I am ready," said I coolly.

She looked at me sideways in quick surprise, chin resting in her clasped hands. Then she turned, facing me, dropping her elbows on the polished table.

"You would wed me, Carus?" she said slowly.

"Yes."

"Because—because—you—love me?"

"Yes."

A curious tremor possessed my body; it was not as though I spoke; something within me had stirred and awakened and was twitching at my lips. I stared at her through eyes not my own—eyes that seemed to open on her for the first time. And, as I stared, her face whitened, her eyes closed, and she bowed her head to her hands.

"Keep pity for others," she said wearily; "keep your charity for some happier maid who may accept it, Carus. I would if I dared. I have no pride left. But I dare not. This is the end of all, I think. I shall never ask alms of Love again."

Then a strange thing happened, quick as a thrust; and my very soul leaped, quivering, smitten through and through with love of her. In the overwhelming shock I stretched out my hand like a man dazed, touching her fingers, and the thrill of it seemed to stun me.

Never, never could I endure to have her look at another as she looked at me when our hands touched, but I could not utter a word; and I saw her lip quiver, and the hopeless look deaden her eyes again.

I rose blindly to my feet, speechless, heart hammering at my throat—and made to speak, but could not.

She, too, had risen, gazing steadily at me; and still I could not utter a word, the blood surging through me and my senses swimming. Love! It blinded me with its clamor; it frightened me with its rushing tide; it dinned in my ears, it ran riot, sweeping every vein, choking speech, while it surged on, wave on wave mounting in flame.

She stood there, pallidly uncertain, looking on the conflagration love had wrought. Then something of its purport seemed to frighten her, and she shrank away step by step, passing the portal of her chamber, retreating, yet facing me still, fascinated eyes on mine.

I heard a voice unlike my own, saying: "I love you, Elsin. Why do you repulse me?"

And as she answered nothing, I went to her and took her hand. But the dismayed eyes only widened, the color faded from her parted lips.

"Can you not see"—I whispered—"can you not see I love you?"

"You—love—me!"

I caught her in my arms. A bright blush stained neck and face, and she threw back her head, avoiding my lips.

"Elsin, I beg you—I beg you to love me! Can you not see what you have done to me?—how I am awakened?"

"Wait," she pleaded, resisting me—"wait, Carus. I—I am afraid—"

"Of love, sweetheart?"

"Wait," she panted—"give me time—till morning—then if I change not—if my heart stirs again so loudly when you hold me—thus—and—and crush me so close to you—so close—and promise to love me—"

"Elsin, Elsin, I love you!"

"Wait—wait, Carus!—my darling. Oh! you must not—kiss me—until you know—what I am—"

Her face burned against mine; her eyes closed. Through the throbbing silence her head drooped, lower, lower, yielding her mouth to mine; then, with a cry she turned in my arms, twisting to her knees, and dropped her head for-

ward on the bed. And, as I bent beside her, she gasped: "No—no—wait, Carus! I know myself!—I know myself! Take your lips from my hands—do not touch me! My brain has gone blind, I tell you! Leave me to think—if I can——"

"I will not leave you here in tears. Elsin, Elsin, look at me!"

"The tears help me—help us both," she sobbed. "I know what I know. Leave me—lest the very sky fall to crush us in our madness——"

I bent beside her, a new, fierce tenderness choking me; and at my touch she straightened up, tear-stained face lifted, and flung both arms around my neck.

"I love you, Carus! I love you!" she stammered. "I care for that, only—only for that! If it be for a week, if it be for a day, an hour, an instant, it is what I was made for—it is what I was fashioned for—to love you, Carus! There is nothing else—nothing else in all the world! Love me—take me—do with me what you will! I yield all you ask—all you beg—all you desire—all save wedlock!"

She swayed in my arms. A deadly pallor whitened her; then her knees trembled and she gave way, sinking to the floor, her head buried in the flowering curtains of the bed; and I to drop on my knees beside her, seeking to lift her face while the sobs shook her slender body, and she wept convulsively, head prostrate in her arms.

"I—I am wicked!" she wailed. "Oh, I have done that which has damned me forever, Carus!—forever and ever. I cannot wed you—I love you so!—yet I cannot wed you! What wild folly drove me to go with you? What devil has dragged me here to tempt you—whom I love so truly? O God, pity us both—God pity us!"

"Elsin," I said hoarsely, "you are mad to say it! Is there anything on earth to bar us from wedlock?"

"Yes, Carus, yes!" she cried. "It is—it is too late!"

"Too late!" I repeated, stunned.

"Aye—for I am a wedded wife! Now you know! Oh, this is the end of all!"

Awhile she lay there sobbing her heart out, I upright on my knees beside her, staring at blank space which reeled and reeled, so that the room swam all awry, and I strove to steady it with fixed gaze, lest the whole world come crashing upon us.

At last she spoke, lifting her tear-marred face from the floor to the bed, forehead resting heavily in her hands:

"I ask your pardon—for the sin I have committed. Hear me out—that is my penance; spurn me—that is my punishment!"

She pressed her wet eyes, shuddering. "Are you listening, Carus? The night before I sailed from Canada—*he* sought me——"

"Who?" My lips formed the question, but no sound came.

"Walter Butler! O God, that I have done this thing!"

In the dreadful silence I heard her choking back the cry that strangled her. And after a while she found her voice again: "I was a child—a vain, silly thing of moods and romance, ignorant of men, innocent of the world, flattered by the mystery with which he cloaked his passion, awed, fascinated by this first melancholy lover who had wrung from me through pity, through vanity, through a vague fear of him, perhaps, a promise of secret betrothal."

She lifted her head and set her chin on one clinched hand, yet never looked at me:

"Sir Frederick was abed; I all alone in the great arms gallery, nose to the diamond windowpanes, and looking out at the moon—and waiting for him. Suddenly I saw him there below. . . . Heaven is witness I meant no harm nor dreamed of any. He was not alone. My heart and my affections were stirred to warmth—I sailing from Canada and friends next day at dawn—and I went down to the terrace and out among the trees where he stood, his companion

moving off among the trees. I had come only to bid him the farewell I had promised, Carus—I never dreamed of what he meant to do.”

She cleared her hair from her brow.

“I—I swear to you, Carus, that never has Walter Butler so much as laid the weight of his little finger on my person! Yet he swayed me there—using that spell of melancholy, clothed in romance—and—I know not how it was—or how I listened, or how consented—it is scarce more than a dreadful dream—the trees in the moonlight, his voice so gentle, so pitiful, trembling, beseeching—and he had brought a clergyman”—again her hands covered her eyes—“and, ere I was aware of it, frightened, stunned in the storm of his passion, he had his way with me. The clergyman stood between us, saying words that bound me. I heard them, I was mute, I shrank from the ring yet suffered it—for even as he ringed me he touched me not with his hand. Ch, if he had, I think the spell had broken!”

Again her tears welled up, falling silently; and presently the strength returned to her voice, and she went on:

“From the first moment that I saw you, Carus, I understood what love might be. From the very first I closed my ears to the quick cry of caution. I saw you meet coquetry unmoved, I knew the poison of my first passion was in me, stealing through every vein; and every moment with you was the more hopeless for me. I played a hundred rôles—you smiled indifference on all. A mad desire to please you grew with your amused impatience of me. Curiosity turned to jealousy. I longed for your affection as I never longed for anything on earth—or heaven. I had never had a lover to love before. O Carus, I had never loved, and love crazed me! Day after day I wondered if I had been fashioned to inspire love in such a man as you. I was bewildered by my passion and your coldness—yet had I not been utterly mad I must have known the awful end of

such a flame once kindled. But could I inspire love? Could you love me? That was all in the world I cared about—thinking nothing of the end, knowing all hope was dead for me, and nothing in life unless you loved me. O Carus, if I have inspired one brief moment of tenderness in you, deal mercifully with the sin! Guilty as I am, false as I am, I cannot add a lie, and say that I am sorry that you love me—that for one blessed moment you said you loved me. Now it is ended. I cannot be your wife. I am too mean, too poor a thing for hate. Deal with me gently, Carus—lest your wrath strike me dead here at the altar of outraged Love!”

I rose to my feet, feeling blindly for support, and rested against the great carved columns of the bed. A cold rage froze me, searching every vein with icy numbness that left me like a senseless thing. That passed; I roused, breathing quietly and deeply, and looked about, furtive, lest the familiar world around had changed to ashes, too.

Presently my dull senses were aware of what was at my feet, kneeling there, face buried in clasped hands, too soft, too small, too frail to hold a man's whole destiny. And, as I bent to kiss them, I scarce dared clasp them—scarce dared lift her to my arms, scarce dared meet the frightened wonder in her eyes, and the full sweetness of them, and the love breaking through their azure, as I think day must dawn in paradise!

“Now, in the name of God,” I breathed, “we two always forever one, through life, through death, here upon earth, and afterward! I wed you now with heart and soul, and ring your body with my arms! I stand your champion, I kneel your lover, Elsin—till that day breaks on a red reckoning with him who did this sin! Then I shall wed you. Will you take me?”

She placed her hands on my shoulders, gazing at me from her very soul.

“You need not wed me—so that you love me, Carus.”

Arms enlacing one another, we walked the floor in silence, slowly passing from her chamber into mine, and back again, heads erect, challenging that Destiny whose shadowy visage we could now gaze on unafraid.

The dusk of day was dissolving to a silvery night, through which the white-throat's song floated in distant, long-drawn sweetness. The little stream's whisper grew louder, too; and I heard the trees stirring in slumber, and the breeze in the river reeds.

There, at the open window, standing, she lifted her sweet face, looking into mine.

"What will you do with me? I am yours."

"Wait for you."

"You need not wait—if it be your will."

"It is not my will that we ever part. Nor shall we, wedded or not. Yet we must wait our wedded happiness."

"You need not, Carus."

"I know it—and I wait."

"So then—so then you hold me innocent—you raise me back to the high place I fell from, blinded by love——"

"You never fell from your high place, Elsin."

"But my unpardonable sin——"

"What sin? The evil lies with him."

"Yet, wedded, I sought you—I loved you—I love you now—I offer my amends to you—myself to do with as it pleases you."

"Sweetheart, you could not stir from the high place where you reign enthroned though I and Satan leagued to pull you down. I, not you, owe the amends; I, not you, await your pleasure. Yours to command, mine to obey. Now, tell me, love, where my honor lies?"

"Linked with mine, Carus."

"And yours?"

"In the high places, where I sit unsullied, waiting for you."

For a long while we stood there together at the window. Candle light faded from the dim casements of the

shops; the patrol passed, muskets glittering in the starlight, and the tavern lamp went out.

And when the last tap room loiterer had slunk away to camp or cabin, and when the echo of the patrol's tread had died out in the fragrant darkness, came one to the door below, hammering the knocker; and I saw his spurs and scabbard shining in the luster of the stars, and in my heart a still voice repeated, "This is Destiny come a-knocking, armed with Fate. This is the place and the hour!"

And it was so, for presently the landlord came to the door, calling me softly. "I come," I answered, and turned to Elsin. "Shall I to-morrow find you the same sweet maid I have loved from the first all blindly?—the same dear tyrant, plaguing me, coaxing me, blaming, praising, unreasoning, inconstant—the same brave, impulsive, loyal friend that one day, God willing, shall become my wife?"

"Yes, Carus."

We kissed one another; hands tightened, lingered, and fell apart. And so I went away down the dim stairs, strangely aware that Destiny was waiting there for me. And it was, shaped like Colonel Hamilton, who rose to meet me, offering the hand of Fate; and I took it and held it, looking him straight between the eyes.

"I know why you have come," I said, smiling. "I am to journey north and move heaven and earth to thwart this hell's menace flung at us by Walter Butler. Ah, sir! I was certain of it—I knew it, Colonel Hamilton. You make me very, very happy. Pray you, inform his Excellency of my deep gratitude. He has chosen fire to fight fire, I think. Every thought, every nerve in me is directed to the ruin of this man. Waking, sleeping, in sickness, in health, in adversity, in prosperity, soul and body and mind are bent on his undoing. I shall speak to the Oneidas with clan authority; I shall speak to the Iroquois at Thendara; I shall listen to the long



roll of the dead; I shall read the record of ages from the sacred belts. The eyes of the forest shall see for me; the ears of the wilderness listen for me; every tree shall whisper for me, every leaf spy for me; and the voices of a thousand streams shall guide me, and the eight winds shall counsel me, and the stars stretch out their beams for me, pointing the way, so that this man shall die and his wickedness be ended forever."

I held out my hand and took the written order in silence, reading it at a glance.

"It shall be done, Colonel Hamilton. When am I to leave?"

"Now. The schooner starts when you set foot aboard, Mr. Renault."

And, after a moment: "Madam goes with you?"

"To West Point."

"I trust that she finds some few comforts aboard the *Wind-Flower*. I could not fill all the list, Mr. Renault; but a needle will do much, and the French fabrics are pretty——"

He looked at me, smiling: "For you, sir, there are shirts and stockings and a forest dress of deerskin."

"A rifle, too?"

"The best to be had, and approved by Jack Mount. Murphy himself has sighted it. Have I done well?"

"Yes," said I grimly, and, opening the door of the kitchen, bade the landlord have our horses saddled and brought around, and asked him to send a servant to warn Elsin that we must leave within the quarter.

Presently I heard our horses at the block, stamping the sod, and a moment later Elsin came, eager, radiant, sweetly receiving Colonel Hamilton when I named him. He saluted her hand profoundly; then as it still rested lightly on his fingers, he turned to me, almost bluntly: "Never, Mr. Renault, can we officers forgive you for denying us this privilege. I have heard, sir, that Mrs. Renault was beautiful and amiable; I never dreamed that such loveliness could

be within our lines. One day you shall make amends for this selfishness to every lady and every officer on the Hudson."

At the word which named her as my wife her face crimsoned, but in her eyes the heavenly sweetness dawned like a star, dazzling me.

"Colonel Hamilton," she said, "in quieter days—when this storm passes—we hope to welcome you and those who care to wait upon a wife whose life is but a quiet study for her husband's happiness. Those whom he cares for I care for. We shall be glad to receive those he counts as friends."

"May I be one, Renault?" he said impulsively, offering both hands.

"Yes," I said, returning his clasp.

We stood silent a moment, Elsin's gloved fingers resting on my sleeve; then we moved to the door, and I lifted Elsin to the saddle and mounted, Hamilton walking at my stirrup, and directing me in a low voice how I must follow the road to the river, how find the wharf, what word to give to the man I should find there waiting. And he cautioned me to breathe no word of my errand; but when I asked him where my reports to his Excellency were to be sent, he drew a sealed paper from his coat and handed it to me, saying: "Open that on the first day of September, and on your honor, not one hour before. Then you shall hear of things undreamed of and understand all that I may not tell you now. Be cautious, be wise and deadly. We know you; our four years' trust in you has proved your devotion. But his Excellency warns you against rashness—for it was rashness that made you useless in New York. And I now say to you most solemnly that I regard you as too unselfish, too good a soldier, too honorable a gentleman to let aught of a personal nature come between you and duty. And your duty is to hold the Iroquois, warn the Oneidas, and so conduct that Butler and his demons make no movement till you and Colonel Willett

hold the checkmate in your proper hands. Am I clear, Mr. Renault?"

"Perfectly," I said.

He stepped aside, raising his cocked hat; we passed him at a canter with precise salute, then spurred forward into the star-spangled night.

## CHAPTER X

### INTO THE NORTH

OF the hurricane that buffeted us about for three days on the waters of the Tappan Zee, of our detention by a gunboat for twenty-four hours at Dobbs Ferry, of the delay of fifteen days under the guns of West Point, I make but mention here. It was an order from Headquarters that released us, sending me on at the head of fifty Irgos County Rangers by way of Albany to Butlersbury, where I should cooperate with Colonel Willett.

Elsin had begged and begged that she should not be left at West Point, saying that Albany was safer—though I doubted the question of safety weighed in her choice—but she pleaded so reasonably, so sweetly, arms around my neck and her lips whispering so that my cheek felt their soft flutter, that I consented. There I was foolish, for no sooner were we in sight of the Albany hills, than arms and lips were persuading again, guilelessly explaining how simple it would be for her to live at Johnstown, while I, at Butlersbury, busied myself with my own affairs.

But I was soon to learn that she was by no means secure in Albany. The inhabitants were in a state of panic over news that had come in the night before that a body of Tories and Indians had massacred an entire family in the neighborhood.

Still, had my own headquarters been in Albany, I should have considered it the proper place for Elsin; but under these ominous, unlooked-for conditions I

dared not leave her here, even domiciled with some family of my acquaintance, as I had intended. Indeed, I learned that the young patroon himself had gone to Heldeberg to arm his tenantry, and I knew that when Stephen Van Rensselaer took alarm it was not at the idle whistling of a kill-deer plover.

As far as I could see there was now nothing for Elsin but to go forward with me—strange irony of fate!—to Johnstown, perhaps to Butlersbury, the late residence of that mortal enemy of mine, who had brought upon her this dreadful trouble. How great a trouble it might prove to be I dared not yet consider, for the faint hope was ever in me that this unholy marriage might not stand the search of Tryon County's parish records—that the poor creature he had cast off might not have been his mistress after all, but his wife. Yes, I dared hope that he had lied, remembering what Mount and the Weasel told me. At any rate, I had long since determined to search what parish records might remain undestroyed in a land where destruction had reigned for four terrible years. That, and the chance that I might slay him if he appeared as he had threatened, were the two fixed ideas that persisted. There was little certainty, however, in either case, for, as I say, the records, if extant, might only confirm his pledged word, and, on the other hand, I was engaged by all laws of honor not to permit a private enmity to swerve me from my public duty. Therefore, I could neither abandon all else to hunt him down if he appeared as he promised to appear, nor take time in record-searching, unless the documents were close at hand.

Perplexed, more than anxious, I went upstairs and entered my chamber. The door between our rooms still swung open, and, as I stepped forward to close it, I saw Elsin there, asleep on her bed, fingers doubled up in her rosy palms. So young, so pitifully alone she seemed, lying there sleep-flushed, face upturned, that my eyes dimmed as I gazed. Bitter

doubts assailed me. I knew that I should have asked a flag and sent her north to Sir Frederick Haldimand—even though it meant a final separation for us—rather than risk the chances of my living through the armed encounter, the intrigues, the violence which were so surely approaching. I could do so still; it was not too late. Colonel Willett would give me a flag!

Miserable, undecided, overwhelmed with self-reproach, I stood there looking upon the unconscious sleeper. Sunlight faded from the patterned wall; that violet tint, which lingers with us in the north after the sun has set, deepened to a sadder color, then slowly thickened to obscurity; and from the window I saw the new moon hanging through tangled branches, dull as a silver-poplar leaf in November.

What if I die here on the frontier? The question persisted, repeating itself again and again. And my thoughts ran on in somber disorder: If I die—then we shall never know wedded happiness—never know the sweetest of intimacies. Our lives, uncompleted, what meaning is there in such lives? As for me, were my life to end all incomplete, why was I born? To live on, year after year, escaping the perils all are heir to, and then, when for the first instant life's true meaning is disclosed, to die, sterile, blighting, desolating another life, too? And must we put away offered happiness to wait on custom at our peril?—to sit cowed before convention, juggling with death and passion?

Darkness around me, darkness in my soul, I stood staring at her where she lay, arms bent back and small hands doubled up; and an overwhelming rush of tenderness and apprehension drew me forward to bend above her, hovering there, awed by the beauty of her—the pure lids, the lashes resting on the cheeks, the red mouth so exquisitely tranquil, curled like a scarlet petal of a flower fallen on snow.

Her love and mine! What cared we

for laws that barred it?—what mattered any law that dared attempt to link her destiny with that man who might, perhaps, wear a title as her husband—and might not. Who joined them? No God that I feared or worshiped. Then why should I not sunder a pact inspired by hell itself; and if the law of the land made by men of the land permitted us no sanctuary in wedlock, then why did we not seek that shelter in a happiness the law forbids, inspired by a passion no law could forbid?

I had but to reach forward, to bend and touch her, and where was Death's triumph if I fell at last? What vague and terrible justice could rob us of these hours? Never, never had I loved her as I did then. She breathed so quietly, lying there, that I could not see her body stir; her stillness awed me, fascinated me; so still, so inert, so marvelously motionless, that her very soul seemed asleep within her. Should I awake her, this child whose calm, closed lids, whose soft lashes and tinted skin, whose young soul and body were in my keeping here under a strange roof, in a strange land?

Slowly, very slowly, a fear grew in me that took the shape of horror. My reasoning was the reasoning of Walter Butler!—my argument his damning creed! Dazed, shaken, I sank to my knees, overwhelmed by my own perfidy; and she stirred in her slumber and stretched out one little hand. All the chivalry, all the manhood in me responded to that appeal in a passion of loyalty which swept my somber heart clean of selfishness.

And there in the darkness I learned the lesson that she believed I had taught to her—a lesson so easily forgotten when the heart's loud clamor drowns all else, and every pulse throbs reckless response. And it was cold reasoning and chill logic for cooling hot young blood—but it was neither reason nor logic which prevailed, I think, but something—I know not what—something inborn that conquered spite of myself, and a guilty and rebel-

lions heart that, after all, had only asked for love, at any price—only love, but *all* of it, its sweetness unbridled, its mystery unfathomed—lest the body die, and the soul, unsatisfied, wing upward to eternal ignorance.

As I crouched there beside her, in the darkness below the tall hall clock fell a-striking; and she moved, sighed, and sat up—languid-eyed and pink from slumber.

"Carus," she murmured, "how long have I slept? How long have you been here, my darling? Heigho! Why did you wake me? I was in paradise with you but now. Where are you? I am minded to drowse, and go find you in paradise again."

She pushed her hair aside and turned, resting her chin on one hand, regarding me with sweet, sleepy, humorous eyes that glimmered like amethysts in the moonlight.

"Were ever two lovers so happy?" she asked. "Is there anything on earth that we lack?—possessing each other so completely. Tell me, Carus."

"Nothing," I said.

"Nothing," she echoed, leaning toward me and resting in my arms for a moment, then laid her hands on my shoulders, and, raising herself to a sitting posture, fell a-laughing to herself.

It was that evening that I met my Rangers and learned from them, and a copy of the *Gazette*, that I had been commissioned a Senior Captain in the Tryon

County Rangers. It was the next morning by sun-up that Elsin and I, riding our horses at the head of the little column, followed by an escort of Rangers, left the city on the three hills.

North and northwest we traveled on a fair road which ran through pleasant farming lands, stretches of woods, meadows, and stubble fields. At first we saw men at work in the fields, not many, but every now and again some slow Dutch yokel with his sunburnt face turned from his labor to watch us pass.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that we met our Oneida scouts, and we entered Johnstown an hour before dawn, not a man limping, nor a horse either, for that matter. An officer from Colonel Willett met us, directing the men formally and the baggage to the fort which was the stone jail, the Oneidas to huts erected on the old camping ground west of Johnson Hall, and Elsin and me to quarters at Jimmy Burke's Tavern. She was already half-asleep in her saddle, yet ever ready to rouse herself for a new effort; and now she raised her drowsy head with a confused smile as I lifted her from the horse to the porch of Burke's celebrated frontier inn.

"Colonel Willett's compliments, and he will breakfast with you at ten," whispered the young officer. "Good night, sir."

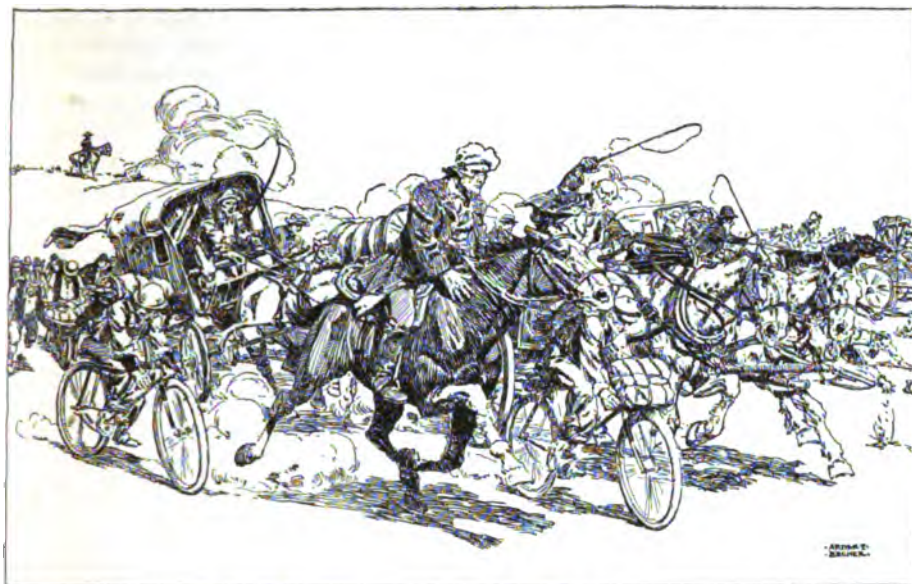
"Good night," I nodded, and entered the tavern, bearing Elsin in my arms, now fast asleep as a worn-out child.

(To be continued.)

## AUTUMN

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

NOW droops the golden-rod beneath its crown,  
And gorgeous are the turrets of the hill;  
Upon the sumac's breast are gouts of blood:  
But weary are the winds that murmur still;  
The sunshine dreaming lies, and now, at eve,  
Grow shadows on the lowland, swift and chill.



## A FLYING CHANCE

BY G. W. OGDEN

**J**IM SOUTHERN, beaten down to a state of absolute weariness by the day's oppressive heat, the jostling throngs, the fever of unrest and impatience, and the weight of the rations in the gunny sack across his shoulder, stumbled into the shade of a clump of sumacs and threw himself on the ground. He had arrived from Coffeyville that morning at the "line," marked every few hundred feet by a soldier, at the barrier which separated the waiting thousands from the mystery, the hope, the promise of the great, raw country beyond.

Here, six days before the date set for the firing of the gun which was to announce the opening of the Cherokee Strip, Southern found the "line" a throbbing

artery of life. For miles and miles on either hand the boomers were encamped, all ready, all eager, all determined. Most of them were provided with teams and wagons; some had fleet race-horses, some bicycles, some wheelbarrows, and some, like himself, only the means Nature had given them for measuring distance and transporting freight. Those with wagons and other vehicles had selected the most favorable points for starting. Many had chosen the gentle declivities of the low hills which sloped into the land of promise, and all had the tongues of their vehicles pointing southward, like paralyzed, bony fingers calling on all the world to behold.

Not a few kept their horses constantly harnessed, even though six leisurely days must spin the round of the dial before the starting-time, and others harnessed

and unharnessed their beasts, hitched and unhitched them, as if afraid they might grow clumsy or slow, or forget how it was done altogether, before the appointed hour. The owners of wagons greased the axles daily, and the prairie grass beneath their hubs died from the dripping oil. Bicycle boomers—there were hundreds of them—screwed and hammered their machines by the hour, then loaded them with all the accouterments of camp life, mounted them, and rode furiously toward the line, as if threatening an invasion, only to veer and circle back like pigeons. Even the wheel-barrow men tinkered with the wheels of their lumbering carts, and hefted them, jerking and shaking the handles to make sure they were sound and strong against the hour of setting forth.

Southern had expected to encounter some competition, but nothing like this. The sense of his own impotency in the face of such superior arrangements, and the hopelessness of the task he had set for himself, combined to cast a shadow upon his soul. He propped his back against the lumpy gunny sack, pulled his hat rim down to shade his eyes, and gazed far away into the forbidden land, above which the heat wavered, away to the distant rim of the sky coming down where a dark line marked timber capping the hills. By his side a little ravine ran, straight into the coveted country. It was one of those empty veins of the earth that had, in ages past, drained off some of the trickling ooze heaved up by a volcanic convulsion. It tasted water only when it rained, and then for no longer time than it took the rain that escaped the thirsty soil to hasten through it. Its sides were sentineled by tall joint grass, and rosinweeds and snake-root grew in its channel. The beats of two of the guarding soldiers ended on its banks, one on the east, one on the west, and when they met to curse the treeless country and wonder to each other if there remained any fools at all in the rest of

the United States, which they did every seven or eight minutes, there was a space of but three yards between them.

"Not much show for a feller with only shank's horses to ride," soliloquized Southern; "in fact, to be plain about it, damn little show at all." He swept the waste before him again with a studious eye, looked after the soldiers as they tramped away, and mused: "I don't know why a man couldn't slip down there and out into the prairie, and finally out beyond. I reckon many a man has done it already, and I reckon many a man will do it before the day."

He moved his shoulders to change the bearing of a tomato can in the sack, slouched down a bit farther and went to sleep. There was none very near him, it being an unlikely place for a winning start in a desperate race, so he slept on undisturbed, or seemed to sleep, while the shadow of the sumac bushes stretched out and out, to finally blend into twilight and night.

The hour for starting had come. A tremor of tremendous strain quivered the immense assemblage, as a line, overwrought, that binds a ship to the wharf quivers and trembles before it parts. All along the border the artillerymen who were to fire the signal were grouped around their guns, waiting the command of the officers' uplifted hands. But a fragment of a minute remained. Horsemen crouched in their saddles and twisted the reins around their nervous hands; teamsters stood in their wagons and leaned over their creatures' backs, whips upraised; bicyclists waited with their unsteady machines, ready to vault into their seats, and some, already mounted, clung for support to shrubs, horses' manes, and wagon wheels; those who had entered the race without vehicle or steed braced their legs, shifted and settled their feet, as if to get a grip on the soil that would hurl them to victory at the first bound.

An officer of artillery stationed on a knoll, watch in his left hand, brought

his right arm, poised in half-formed signal, down sharply, like a musical conductor marking a crescendo clash of brass. The cannon in front of him reared its black muzzle and roared, and the pent wave of a nation's overflow surged forward to inundate the red soil of the new-born commonwealth.

On, on, on, colliding, cursing, shouting, screaming, teeth clenched as they surged over the dusty prairie, hope and a new life beckoning them, the struggling contestants in the race sped and thundered. As the invading column advanced it thinned, thousands dropping out and seizing the farming lands that promised well. But there were hundreds in the run who had been chasing fortune for so many years, their eyes always fastened on some big thing, their hearts strained in expectancy for some sudden dip of the wheel that would spill its contents into their hats, that nothing short of town lots and the speculative chance for wealth would do for them.

These pressed forward to the limit of their endurance, not even noticing the ground over which they passed, drawing away from the great army that rumbled behind them. Far in the lead of all rode one, mounted on a long-necked bay, who looked back at times, to lean over after each brief glance behind and pat his horse's neck.

"Keep it up, old boy," he coaxed, "keep it up, old boy! We got to beat 'em, John Henry, 'cause we've got everything in the game this time. The best corner lot in Puff City's goin' to be ours, then you an' me we'll retire from business. Come on, ole feller."

The horse, showing generations of breeding in its slender limbs and heavy chest, did its best, but there were other good ones following, the riders of some of them holding them in and conserving their strength for the finish. As the site of Puff City came into view at sunset, John Henry was leading by only a few minutes' grace.

The soldiers guarding the town site welcomed the two contesting first comers with cheers as they galloped by; both were heading for the center of the plat. John Henry arrived there long enough ahead of the other man to give his master time to take possession of what he judged would prove, in time, the most valuable lot in the city.

"You're a daisy, John Henry," said the man, looking the leg-weary, tottering beast over carefully, as an engineer examines his engine after a long run. "Good ole hoss."

The man was a tall, large-jointed sort, with the thin back and pivotal movement of the hips that come from long years in the saddle. His face was worn and weather-beaten, hungry and dissatisfied. The hinges of his jaw were marked by little bunches of hard muscles that swelled and beaded when he bit his tobacco plug, and the skin was drawn tightly over his long jaw-bone. His chin, wide and osseous, looked as if it might buffet the currents of life with the same hardy indifference that the blunt prow of a scow meets the waves. He was not an old man, but his face, his carriage, told that he had lived.

After he had satisfied himself that John Henry was all right, the first arrival began driving his stakes. Before the first one was down, the competitor turned up—he had taken the lot just opposite.

"Guess mine's as good as yourn, if you did beat me," he shouted, "'cause it looks like somebody beat you to it, fast as you was."

John Henry's master looked up. "Whatinell do you mean?" said he.

The neighbor waved his hand. "Seen a man settin' back there behind that brush," he replied.

"If there's anybody there it's a damn sooner," declared John Henry's master, "'cause I was the first man on this here town site." He dropped his hatchet and stakes and went over to investigate. It was hard to believe it, but behind the



clump of brush indicated by the man across "the street" he found a soil-stained, sweat-grimed fellow making coffee over a fire that had been kindled long enough to burn down to coals. The men looked inquiringly at each other a moment, then the sooner turned his back and bent over his smoky coffee-can.

"What'r you a-doin' here, feller?" John Henry's master demanded.

boomers had arrived, and very soon scores of lots in the heart of the plat had been taken. The news of the dispute between the first man there and a sooner quickly spread, and a crowd gathered around the lot where John Henry grazed to witness the outcome. John Henry's master staked him out, deliberately took off his saddle, and then went for the soldiers.



*"He found a soil-stained, sweat-grimed fellow making coffee."*

"Me?" the sooner replied; "I'm a settin' here a-holdin' down this here lot, that's what I'm a-doin'."

"Well, pardner, that don't go. I was the first man on this town site, the first lawful man, an' you'll have to pick up your traps and skedaddle."

This the sooner emphatically and profanely refused to do, and the claimant went back to his stake-driving. Before he had finished the job many other

An important sergeant, with two privates to uphold his dignity, came to inquire into the merits of the case, openly discrediting the allegation of the complainant that a sooner had slipped in, resenting the same as a vulgar reflection on the standing army of the United States.

The sooner's coffee had boiled, and he was sipping it with audible relish when the sergeant confronted him.



"This man," said the officer, indicating the claimant who had taken possession, "charges that you're a sooner. Now, what have you got to say?"

"I got to say he's a durned liar, pardner," the sooner answered dispassionately, imparting a vortex motion to the coffee in the can, and looking at it meanwhile, as if his interests were entirely centered there.

"Where's your horse?" questioned the claimant.

The sooner was silent.

"He ain't got no horse," triumphantly announced the other man, "but he got here before anybody else, an' was here long enough to make a fire. I was the first lawful man here, an' I come in on the best horse in the Territory. That's him, John Henry, out of Liza Jane, sired by Hell-an'-Blazes. I paid five hundred dollars for him, that's what I done, and it cleaned me up, too, I tell you. So don't you believe for a minute that I'm here to let any damn sooner beat me out of my rights."

"Where's your horse, my man?" asked the sergeant.

"Me?" said the sooner, looking up with innocent surprise, "me? Well, I ain't got no horse. No," he added, after a reflective pause, "I never had no horse in my life." He turned again to his coffee, implying, by an eloquent aloofness, that he desired to be left alone.

"He's been a-hidin' in the brush, an' he sneaked out when he seen us a-comin'," said the contestant. "That's what you done, didn't you, pardner?"

The sooner ignored the question, and the sergeant asked: "Were you the first man on the site, as this man claims?"

"You damn right I was, pardner."

"Well, if you didn't have a horse, how did you make it, how did you get past the soldiers?" pressed the sergeant.

"Soldiers," echoed the sooner with a sniff of contempt, "soldiers; huh, I ain't never seen no soldiers 'at could fly."

The sergeant's dignity began to vanish with his temper. "None of your flip talk

now, pardner," said he sharply. "I asked you how you got by the guards?"

"Pardner," said the sooner, gravely arising, "I mentioned something about flyin'. I said I ain't never seen no soldiers 'at could fly. And I ain't. A soldier could be a good soldier an' not be able to fly. I ain't a-castin' no slurs. But if a soldier had a-wanted to stop me, he'd a-had to been able to fly, that's all."

The claimant and rapidly increasing crowd laughed. "You look like a flier," said one; "gosh, feller, you look like a turtle-dove."

"Arrest him and take him to the guard-house," commanded the sergeant.

The soldiers advanced. "Now, hold on a minute, pardner," protested the sooner. "I'll prove somethin' to you. Here, look a-here."

He stepped aside and pointed to a broken jumble of boughs, to which was attached a piece of rent and soiled tent canvas. He kicked it out, pulled it into shape, and spread it on the ground. "See that there air-ship?" said he; "see them there wings? Well, that's how I got here! It busted to flinders when I lit. Now, you git off my claim," he ordered, turning fiercely to the man who disputed possession with him, "an' don't you lose no time about it, neither, 'r sure I'll bust you one."

"You wouldn't bust nothin'," said the man, edging aggressively toward him; "you wouldn't bust nothin', you damn sooner!"

"Nothin' but a air-ship," said one.

The soldiers interfered and stopped the threatened clash. "Take him to the guard-house," the sergeant again commanded.

"Now, hold on a minute, pardner; don't you git too frisky an' lose your job," the sooner cautioned. "I say I flew in here, an' I mean what I say. If you stop a minute to think about it, you'll remember that all the big men of times past has been considered cracked by the meat-heads 'at lived along with

'em. Look at Columbus, an' Lincoln, an', an' Jeff Davis an' all the rest of the great inventors. They was all called leaky in the roof. An' why? 'Cause they was smarter'n the rest of the gang, like me, that's why. Now, you give me till mornin' to fix up that air-ship, an' I'll prove to you 'at I can fly."

"That's fair," said the claimant; "I don't ast nothin' fairer'n that. I'll camp right here on this lot, an' it's mine, sure as the sun rises. If he flew in, he can fly out. If he fails to fly in the mornin', then we'll all know he's a thief of a sooner an' a liar to boot."

"If you can make a machine that'll fly," said the sergeant, "you'll not have any use for a lot in Puff City, no, not even the whole town, stranger."

The sooner looked at him pityingly. "Why not, pardner, why not?" said he. "I say why not? Won't I need a site for a factory?"

The sergeant finally yielded to the flying man's request, backed by the solicitations of the claimant and the rest, although he believed the early comer to be not only a sooner but crazy as well.

All through the sultry night the sooner sat by the little blaze. He kept it alive by feeding it twigs now and then. For a long time he appeared to be working on the flying machine, and the contestant, who did not sleep soundly, often raised himself to his elbow to watch. When the cool breezes of morning began to stir, the sooner let the fire die, and by its ashes he sat with his head bowed down upon his knees.

Nearer came the slow-waking dawn, and with its coming horses strained at creaking tethers to snip the grass, steeped in refreshing dew; birds stirred in the brushwood, chirped, fluttered, and flew forth; men turned heavily in their blankets, their stupid senses mingling past and present in half-waking dreams. The day opened like a flower that is sweet and restful in the bud but glaring and blatant in the bloom, opened with a

hundred sounds that shamed the peace of the untamed land stretching away beyond eyeshot on every hand.

Men passed near the sooner, but he seemed insensible to sound, and did not move. His empty water bottle was beside him on the ground; his few effects, mostly bacon and canned goods, were scattered around him. When the sun was well up, the sergeant and his two soldiers came, the claimant joined them, the idlers gathered, and they approached the dejected figure.

"Well," said the sergeant, "are you ready to make good with them wings?"

The sooner did not raise his head, and a grinning soldier shook him. Then he lifted his gaunt face and sunken eyes, groped with his hands as one reaching out in sleep, looked at them wistfully, and said, with a crackling in his throat:

"Gimme a drink of water, fellers, if any of you's got one to spare."

Someone brought water, and he drank greedily and long, then looked around with a pitiful smile. He made as if to speak, but nothing came of it but a movement of the dry lips and a working of the guttered throat.

"Ready to fly, stranger?" asked the sergeant, unbending so far as to stoop and speak near the sooner's ear. The sooner arose. All the assurance of the day before was gone; he appeared older by many years—worn and heartsick, as one who had seen the blood drawn from his last living hope.

"Fellers," said he, "let me say a word, will you?"

No one assented or dissented, and he went on, his eyes on the wreck of the alleged flying machine near at hand. "I been a-thinkin' it over all night, fellers," he said, "an' I reckon here's where I lose again. I'll tell you how it was. My name's Southern, Jim Southern. Week ago I walked from Coffeyville to the line, with my grub on my back. My wife an' me we'd been a-workin' an' a-savin' up in Kansas, with the view of buyin' a horse for me to make the run on, but



*“‘See that there air-ship?’”*

somehow we never could get more than thirty dollars ahead, and the time was a-flyin'. So I laid out them bucks in grub an' hoofed it to the line, thinkin' I'd take my chances on foot in the rush.

“When I got to the line I was plumb par'lyzed! They was enough people scattered along there—you know it, fellers, you was there—to make a dozen Coffeyvilles, and, it seemed to me, enough to put a man or woman on every square yard of ground in Oklahomey. I figgered out that I didn't have no show, 'cept I could git there first. Layin' half-snoozin' under some brush that afternoon, this here air-ship yarn come into my head. That night I slipped along a little holler an' come in. I've been here four days, hidin' from the soldiers, eatin'

raw grub an' afraid to move; I whittled out this here thing, an' sewed my little dog tent on ter it, then I smashed it up an' ripped it, so's to make it look like I'd come down hard.

“Dang it, I never reckoned my yarn'd be so darned thin. I did figger you fellers'd say I was a sooner, an' I 'lowed I'd pint to this contraption an' say: ‘You didn't see me come, how you a-goin' to prove I didn't fly?’ But you say: ‘Prove it. Of course, if you flew onct, you can fly twict,’ an' that leaves me plumb up agin it, fellers. My wife she said: ‘Now, here's where you got to make good, Jim Southern, for the sake of the chil'ern an' me.’ So I done my best, but I didn't no more fly in here'n a rabbit, an' I ain't nothin'

but a plain, everyday sooner. That's what I am, fellers, an' here's where I lose agin."

He spoke with pathetic weariness, and recited the closing phrase in a dragging tone of resignation.

"Well, why don't you give up this lot," advised one, "and strike off into the country after a farm? They's plenty of good ones left."

"A sooner," said the sergeant, "forfeits his right to file on land."

"Now, what'd I tell you?" the sooner sighed. "Here's where I lose agin. But don't be too hard on me, fellers. She's a driver, that wife of mine, that's what she is. Has any of you fellers got a wife that's a driver?"

He looked around with a sickly grin, but finding the crowd in no humor for levity, resumed: "My wife she told me to git here first; that's what she said, 'Git there first, Jim Southern, or never show your face to me agin. You always tag-end,' she says, 'an' never got there in time for nothin'.' My heart's weak, boys, an' I kain't run an' rair aroun' like some, but what does a drivin' woman care? She says, 'We got to have a home in Oklahomey, an' you've got to git it,' that's what she says, an' I think the law orto be agin the one that makes a feller do a thing agin his right mind an' will, that's what I think. If you'll let me off this time, fellers, I'll——"

The man who had contested his claim stepped forward, placed a hand roughly on the sooner's shoulder, shook him, turned him, and looked into his face. "You're Jim Southern, air you, the man that married Annie Davison?"

"Sure," said the sooner, brightening; "know her?"

The claimant was silent a moment, the hard little muscles of his jaw twitching and swelling as if he were biting a most unusually tough plug. "Yes," he said, "I know her. My name's Joe Brassfield."

The sooner held out his hand, grinning hopefully. "Dang your old hide,

I'm glad to know you," he declared. "Why, fellers, me an' this man——"

"Shut up," commanded Brassfield sharply, ignoring the hand. "You said too damn much already, Jim Southern. I'll do the talkin' now. Yes, fellers," said he, looking at the ground and kicking the loose soil with the toe of his great boot. "A woman, fellers," he went on, "is a good deal like a claim. You got to stick purty clost to her if you want to prove up. I thought I had things cinched with a girl once, an' I went away to try my hand at stock raisin' in Taixas. While I was gone, a——another feller—he come, come from Indianny, so I was told, an' there's where the meanest, oneriest men in the world comes from 'cordin' ter my count——" He swept a defiant glance around. "If they's anybody here that wants to take that up, come on," said he.

No one appeared to fight for the honor of Indiana, and Mr. Brassfield continued: "Now, I don't blame the girl for doin' what she wanted to do, 'cause if she cottoned to this other duck, of course she orto have him. An' I don't blame him for marryin' her, either, 'cause she's a girl a better man'd 'a' been proud to git."

The sooner was picking at the ends of his fingers like a child awaiting the heavy correction he knew to be justly due, his face colorless, his limbs unsteady.

"He ain't much of a man, this feller, as you can see, an' if the girl he married's at last got her spunk back an' turned him out to range to see if she can make a better one out of him, I'm a-goin' to give her a hand. This skunk he ain't here 'cause he's got enterprise. Not on your life. He come 'cause Annie Davison bundled him out an' made him come best way he could—which was in the way most men would er come."

"But, boys, I draw out, I draw out!" He was silent. The sooner started as if struck with a whip, looked at Brassfield with a wild question in his big, fright-

ened eyes, and the crowd craned forward to see and hear.

"I had made up my mind," said Brassfield, "to hang on, no matter if we had to fight for it, but, as I said, I draw out. It's between me an' him to say which was on the lot first. I say he was. When that point's settled, they ain't nobody else got no right to put in his chips. This feller was the first man here. He's got a good claim to this 'ere lot, an' he's a-goin' to keep it."

He dragged the shambling figure to one side and fairly shook him as he spoke.

"Jim Southern, you go to work. You work like hell, hear me, an' send for Annie Davison soon's you git money enough to bring her here. When she comes, you deed this lot over to her; she'll know what to do with it. It's worth, or soon will be, four or five thousand dollars. That'll be enough to give Annie Davison a start. An' you flew, hear me, *flew*!"

"I've got a good horse," said he, speaking to the gathering, "an' they's somethin' for me out yander, some'rs. If they ain't, why that's all right too. Now, before I leave I want to hear how all you fellers thinks this man got here

ahead of all the rest of us. Anyone say he didn't?"

There was some shuffling of feet, some clearing of throats, and silence. On the edge of the crowd a voice replied, almost inaudibly:

"He flew, I reckon."

The sergeant marched his men away, the crowd scattered about its business, only the sooner and his late enemy remained.

"You flew, you durned mangy pup," the tall man said huskily. "Not because you're such a enterprisin' man, not because you wanted to, but because Annie Davison raised you up to it. You *flew*. Stick to that, do you hear? If I ever hear of you a-backin' down on that agin I'll hunt you up an' riddle you with buckshot. You flew, you onery cuss, you flew, hey?"

The sooner passed the back of his hand across his eyes, turned his head away, gulping at something that stuck in his throat and choked his words. After a little he got control of his scattered senses and his springing flood of emotions, faced Brassfield as he stood with one foot in the stirrup:

"I flew, yes, God bless you, I flew!" he said.



"I flew, yes, God bless you, I flew!"

# THE FARMS THAT FEED THE NATION

BY DAVID RANKIN

"The farmer, he must feed them all."



UT on what does he feed the seventy-odd millions who people the United States? Where must we turn to answer this question correctly? Years ago, the reply was given—to the westward. New England thrives through the hum of the wheels in its factories and the bustle of trade in towns and cities. The fields and valleys of the Middle States long since failed to yield in proportion to the needs of a population, expanding by leaps and bounds. The farms of the Empire State and adjacent commonwealths—the country bounded by the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Atlantic, fertile as it is, could not sustain the multitudes who must live. So we have come to term the plain and prairie to the east of the Great River and between it and the hills, the granary of the nation, since here is the principal source of the staff of life not only to the New World but to many peoples of the one beyond the sea. The vast tracts of wheat and corn yearly to be seen ripening to the harvest here form a belt of grain. The State of Illinois boasts that it is the buckle of the belt, since from it comes yearly over 350,000,000 of bushels of corn—more than a tenth of the world's supply. But Iowa strives for the leadership in this corn-growing contest with its 325,000,000 bushels and over in a season. Close rivals for the

supremacy of the wheat harvest are Kansas and Minnesota; but wheat is a fickle grain, favoring first one State, then another. Though Kansas may have nearly a hundred million bushels to her credit in one year, the next may find the granaries with 70,000,000 or less and the State of the north country boasting of the greatest production. But the people of the Dakotas have entered the lists and accepted the challenge of their sister commonwealths with such readiness that already they raise nearly a hundred million bushels between them.

Fascinating as may be these statistics to the student of progress, the mere numerals do not intelligently convey the vastness of the grain belt. As we have intimated, New England has become an industrial and trade center. From the banks of the Hudson to the eastern border of Maine, but 200,000 bushels of wheat are raised in a year. Single counties in Kansas and Minnesota yield twenty times as much. Add to New England the harvests of New York and Pennsylvania and throw in a million bushels more for good measure—in all they amount to less than 30,000,000 bushels. Kansas and Minnesota each raise double and treble this quantity. Pit these States against our foreign competitors and together they far exceed the famed fields of the Argentine Republic. Each could feed nearly all of Britain's people. Corn? Our contribution of this staple food is so enormous that comparisons are impossible. From the soil

of Illinois comes almost as much as is grown the world over, outside of the United States. Small wonder is it that corn has been converted into over fifty different products for our benefit and that it is termed the best friend of man that springs from the soil. We show our appreciation by planting an empire of it—a territory containing 156,250 square miles—nearly four times as large as the State of New York.

Corn? There is power in merely quoting statistics about what it has done to make the bigness of the West—what the corn farmers have accomplished in making ours a land of plenty. It is needless to take all the corn belt. We may select Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, Missouri, for this quartet supplies over one-third of America's annual harvest! They alone could furnish five times the quantity we send to other shores in an ordinary year. Of the wealth which annually comes to the farmer when his wheat and corn are turned into money, the maize growers of these four States receive twenty-five per cent.

With the coming of the June days in Kansas, as the countryman meets his neighbor on the way he does not greet him with "Good day" or "Looks like rain, don't it?" As each pulls up for a roadside chat, the talk runs in this vein:

"Good growin' weather."

"Yes, a week or more of this sort, and it'll be time to look out for hands."

"Have to be a spell of rain to hurt my wheat now. It's turnin' fast."

From end to end of the grain belt you hear a vernacular strange to the man not accustomed to these parts. The one thought is the ripening kernels. Every other subject is of little importance. Corn talk, wheat talk, is heard at the crossroads, at the county seat, and in the cities, as the vistas of green, stretching away mile after mile, gradually turn to gold, first at the southern end of the belt, then farther and farther northward, until they cross the line into Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Minnesota. So

the ripening tide goes eastward into Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois, accompanied by a great human movement which in itself illustrates what a transformation has been wrought in agriculture by these farmers who sustain the nation. If we were to go into Sumner County in southern Kansas—America's greatest wheat field—we would see a mammoth living picture—men by the thousand, horses by the thousand, harvesting machines by the hundred moving to and fro in the sea of grain. Side by side with the college boy earning a living during the vacation weeks, toils the roustabout from the river town, the mechanic who cannot get other work, even the tramp tempted by two dollars and three dollars a day and his "keep." As one writer has well said, the Western wheat field is like a street-car, "there is always room for one more," and little cares the grain farmer whether he can speak the dead languages or cannot write his name—if he has the muscle and the backbone which will endure the lifting and bending to be done day after day from dawn to dusk. Nature does not delay. You can set back the hands of the clock, but not the passing of the season nor the ripening of the grain. A force of ten thousand extra men may be in this county alone during the early summer days besides the standing army of farm hands—then the wives and sisters and daughters may don their sun-bonnets, pin up their skirts—and reinforce the workers because they are needed to "get in" the crop. As fast as the grain is gathered on one farm, the harvesters jump into the wagons in waiting or board the train for the next place, where they have been engaged, for if a man wants work from June to October, he only needs to sign his name at the State Labor Bureaus or town employment agencies, to have another job awaiting him. Day in and day out the routine is the same. With breakfast before the stars have paled, he is out in the patch by sunup, bundling, tying, shock-

ing, driving, or working as a machine helper. With mercury at the hundred mark at midday, he knocks off for a couple of hours "nooning," and eats his steaming hot dinner cooked on the "grub wagon" in the field, or in the mess tent set up on the larger places. Then, at it again until he can no longer see, he returns at the sound of the supper horn. After an hour or so of song and story between pipe puffs, he is glad to stretch out in the sleeping shack or tent, or the barn loft where the "extra help" may be quartered.

Thirty thousand men enter southern Kansas alone with the beginning of the harvest-time, "swinging round the circle," as they call it, until September finds them amid the corn-stalks of northern Illinois or still garnering wheat, out in far-away Minnesota. No one knows just how many join in this great summer migration, but the Kansas part of it does not represent over a fourth. More than a hundred thousand aid in stripping the Western prairie and bottom of their plant wealth, yet the demand for labor is so pressing that stories are told of farmers who have bid against each other for the services of one man, until he has received besides his meals a five-dollar note for a day's work.

But the man without the machine could till and gather the yield of only a corner of the Western land. The skill and ingenuity of the inventor have come to the farmer's aid. Hence it is that the farms that feed the nation may be counted as a thousand, some as ten thousand acres. The work upon them is of such proportions that the hundred or two hundred acres of the Easterner seems like the play garden of the child. In the preparation of the ground, the gang-plows come into action, each drawn by six sturdy horses. If the soil is heavy the seeders are drawn by four horses, never less than two. You do not see the "man with the hoe" walking over a field and wasting a half dozen kernels where he plants one, another man follow-

ing him to bury the seed in the earth. These machines drop just three grains in every space allotted for a hill and cover the grain automatically. In planting-time you may count thirty of them in operation, so the thousands of acres are seeded as quickly, if not more quickly, than the hundred. To harrow the surface the farmer starts out perhaps a hundred harrows in a morning. If they were placed side by side they would cover a strip four hundred feet in width as they move along. He keeps the weeds from choking the young corn with seventy-five cultivators, each drawn by two horses. The "man with the hoe" exists only in poetry in many parts of the West. Time and space are too precious for him. When the crop is gathered a long row of four-horse wagons haul the piles of ears to the barns, placed here and there at convenient points to save time.

Even when the corn is ready for cutting, no longer is it necessary to swing the knife-blade and get the backache, gathering and binding the stalks. One reason why the Western corn "patch" may extend a mile or more in length is because it can be cut and grasped by fingers of steel and bound like a bunch of wheat without a touch of the hand. The corn binder and shocker moves along as rapidly as the horse drawing it can walk, cutting every stalk of the hill close to the roots. Held in the shock-former the stalks are wrapped into a compact bundle ready to be carried to the barn or stacked amid the hills. When it is time to separate the ears from the husk, the farmer does not call in his neighbors. One of the hands pitches the stalks and ears into a machine that strips every piece of covering from the ears and piles them into the wagon or on the ground. Then it takes the husks and blows them through a pipe into the barn loft to be stored for fodder. Here again a steam-engine having the power of twelve to sixteen horses will do as much in a day as forty or more human husk-





BREAKFAST ON THE CATTLE-RANGE

ers, and the only wages are water, oil, and fuel.

The husking-bee has gone like the man with the hoe, and even the haymaker is rapidly becoming a memory. We are all familiar with the horse rake which gathers the hay into long swaths. At last apparatus has been designed that gathers up the swath as it moves along, raises it to the top of a wagon, where the man with the pitchfork adjusts the load. As the vehicle moves forward it is filled by this hay elevator attached to its rear and the hay adjusted, ready to be hauled to the market without another touch.

When the horse harvester, the invention of a Virginian, McCormick, took the place of the scythe, it was as much of a boon to the farmer as was the sewing-machine to the housewife. First it only cut the blades, next it cut, bundled, and bound them; but this was not enough economy of labor for the West, so the "header" entered the field—clipping off the tops of the stalks like an enormous pair of shears and pouring them into the wagon moving by its side, to be later dumped into the thresher and the kernels separated from the chaff. The four horses push it through the grain

so rapidly that it will go over forty acres in a day, for the sharp steel blades which it thrusts through the stalks make a swath twelve feet in width at every cut.

And now a steam giant has come to the aid of the farmer which does far more for him than even the horse machinery. Out in California where it originated they call it the "tractor." Three horses may try to pull a single gang-plow through a pasture lot where the clay soil is covered with closely matted sod and roots. With every muscle standing out on their bodies, the animals tug and strain at the harness, making the furrow foot by foot. If it is the usual farm day, from sunrise to sunset, the plowman is proud if he has turned up an acre, and the week will probably elapse before he has finished five. When the tractor begins operations, there is no "clucking," no urging, no cracking of the whip. The engineer pulls his lever, and then, with both hands to the wheel, increases or decreases the steam pressure. Very slowly the great driving-wheels revolve at first, until the motorman gets an idea of the resistance from the stiffness of the soil. If he puts on too much steam, he may jerk the



THE SETTLER'S FIRST FARMHOUSE

plows out of the ground and drag them along the surface. As it is, the big chunks of steel are thrown several feet into the air if they happen to get into a bed of loose earth or sand that the engineer did not notice. By degrees the whole surface is turned. Faster and faster the plow points move through the earth and stubble, each implement cutting a straight furrow. A strip from ten to twelve feet wide is plowed as the tractor moves across the field. There may be obstacles in the way—hummocks and stumps and stone piles. The steersman guides the big front wheel around them. Steam steering-gear, somewhat similar to that which controls the rudder of an ocean steamship, makes his task an easy one. Of course the plows cannot be steered, so when one reaches the stump or stone pile, the tractor stops until the implement is lifted around it.

The farmer with a tractor thinks it is slow work if he does less than twenty-five

acres in an average day. A hundred-acre field is ready for seeding in two days. But the tractor's work does not stop here. Plowing is easy compared to harrowing. Think of a weight of fifteen to twenty tons being rolled over soft, freshly turned earth at a rate of two hundred and fifty acres in a day! The tractor goes over ground so soft that the men walking beside it sink above their ankles in the loam or mud. The harrows it pulls are made especially for it. They are usually fifty feet square, ten times the ordinary horse size, and two or three are operated at a time, each covering two hundred square feet of ground, into which their teeth go to a depth of six inches. Yet they are dragged over twenty and twenty-five acres in an hour. Seed drills may be attached to the harrows, so that at one process the hundred-acre lot is planted and cultivated.

When harvest-time is at hand, the



THE SETTLER'S HOUSE TWELVE YEARS LATER

tractor again steams into the field, dragging machines that cut the grain, extract the kernels from the sheaves, bind the straw in bundles, and pour the wheat into bags. All of this is performed on the spot and by the same power. Apart from running the engine, no human assistants are needed except a man to hold the bags as the grain is poured into them, and two to sew their mouths and pile them up. In twelve hours a hundred and fifty acres of wheat or oats are stripped of every sheaf and left a stubble field. In the old days, using the scythe, it required a score of men to cut and bind ten acres of grain, to say nothing of the extra labor of cleaning, threshing, and storing.

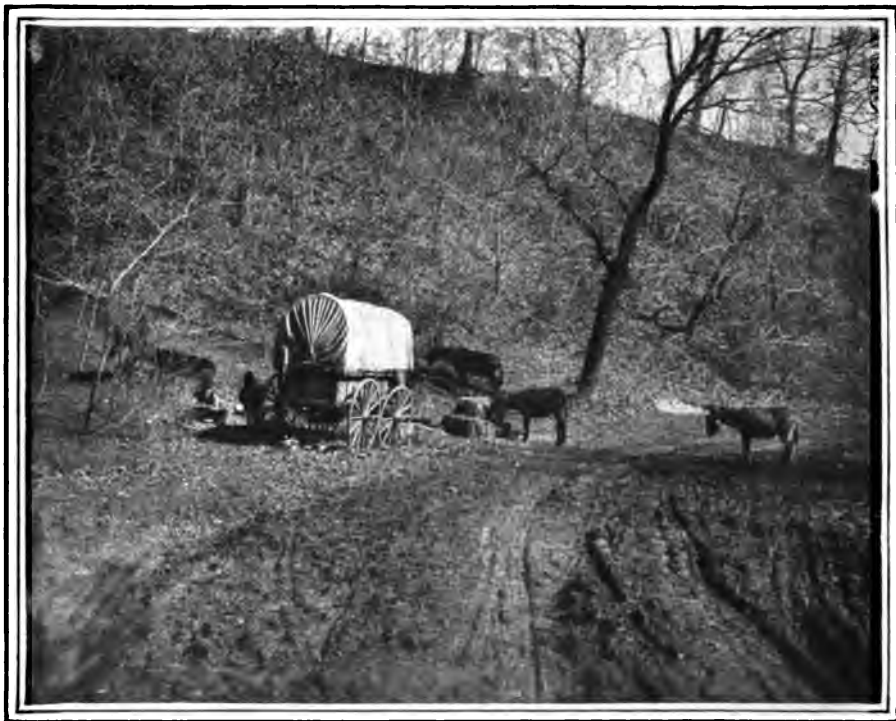
Such is the bigness of the agriculture which furnishes us the bulk of our food—a magnitude that is not equaled elsewhere in the world. Yet there is usually but one man back of each of these great activities, one man who plans out each

season's work, enrolls the little army of laborers, buys the supplies and the machinery that fills the storehouse from top to bottom, whose check-book settles the bills, and whose bank account shows the profit or loss for the year.

The kind of man who thus gets results is worth studying. It is interesting to know how he does things. You may get a glimpse of him watching the long rows of plows as they turn over the stubble for the spring seeding. He may drop into the stables of a morning to have a look at the drove of horses and mules as they are harnessed. When the harvesters are clattering through the wheat and the thresher is humming away shaking the breadstuff from its stalk you may see him talking with the foreman, now and then glancing at the squad of toiling, sweating humanity getting in the crop. Is he stripped to his undershirt, lifting and bending with the rest? Is he guiding the plow horses at the head of the

line? Well, hardly. Ten chances to one he is holding the reins over a thoroughbred in his buggy or runabout—the quietest, coolest man in the lot. One might take him to be a visitor to the place, especially if wife and daughters have come along with him for a morning ride. He seldom or never walks. Time is too precious to spend the half day it would take to stroll from end to end of a

when and how to do it, but he thinks while the others work. He is a head farmer. Only with his brain could he successfully direct the operations of this industrial business, for such it has become. He occupies the same position that the railroad president does to the highway of steel, the bank president to his institution, the merchant or the manufacturer to his store or factory.



ON THE ROAD TO NEW FORTUNES

single field. He may have come out just for a bit of fresh air, for there are other duties far more important than even overseeing the work. This man "farms" in his office. The telephone and typewriter may be actually more necessary to his own work than the biggest traction engine or cultivator in his machinery house. With the coming of the thousand-acre estate has come a revolution in agriculture. The man behind it all—the soil owner—knows what to do and

Riding through the cattle country the visitor soon perceives how even beef-making has been systematized. No longer are the best ranches fenceless and waterless save for the creeks which Nature fills at her caprice. The stock-grower has learned that good pasturing and artesian wells give his brand a high price in the market. His "outfit" may cover a whole county, but every one of his drove is under the eye of the modern cowboy. Go into Texas, Montana, or



HARVESTING

any of the great cattle States and you will find settlements of a score or more of dwellings, each miles from its neighbor. The best, with its more pretentious architecture, is the home of the stockman, but the ranch foreman has a home nearly as commodious and comfortable. The others are wooden huts or perhaps dug out of a convenient hillside. They

are scattered over the place so that each grazing-ground has its guardian near by. On some of these stock farms 50,000 cattle roam over the hundreds of square miles of their owner's claim, yet so often every year each one is



SEEDING



HARROWING

"rounded up" and counted, every calf is branded, and the ranch foreman's books show how every dollar has been spent during the year. When market-time comes, 10,000 beeves may be the "bunch," bearing the brand of a single outfit, driven over the plain to fill entire railway trains for the stock-yards.

Not all ranches are





REAPING AND LOADING HAY

devoted exclusively to cattle-raising. Cross the Mississippi into the plains country and you are likely to hear the story of "101" among the tales told of the New West. The biggest farm on earth is "101." Upon it reside the people of three fair-sized towns, and from boundary to boundary it embraces 90,000 acres. During the harvest days the five hundred men, with their heavy artillery of harvesting and threshing machines, garner 10,000 acres of wheat, 2,500 acres of corn, saying nothing of hay or oats, while its watermelon patch is a veritable paradise for the colored brother, containing 10,000 acres alone.

The story of how "101" was created out of the happy hunting-grounds of Oklahoma is well worth the telling. When the reservation of the Ponca Indians was opened for settlement and the race for the soil began, a Kentucky boy on a Kentucky thoroughbred won

it and placed the flag—the symbol of his ownership—on a section of the richest soil of the former reservation, near the Arkansas River. The boy was Joe Miller and the race he won was literally a forty-mile steeple-chase through valley and woodland and over plain, but the prize was worth winning. The Miller boys are probably the greatest farming trio in the world, managing every acre of "101." They have made it an illustration of how vast can be the achievement of the man who toils with his brain, not merely with his hands.

But farming to feed the nation is a big game with Nature, the stakes a fortune to be won or lost in a year. To get the most and the best from only a square mile of soil is no small problem, and when it comes to "running" 10,000 acres from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, the figures assume amazing proportions. This story of a 6,000-acre

corn farm shows the fascination that lies in the new agriculture. In a single year the owner has placed in the bank \$50,000—the profits of that period after taking out all expenses. In other words, every acre of the farm netted him over \$8, counting in 400 acres of woodland, roads, and soil on which nothing productive was cultivated. It may be needless to say that this farmer kept an account, and a minute account, of every item of income and outlay.

An analysis of this account is of interest, for it explains in part how he succeeded where others would have failed. While called a "corn farm," this title is somewhat misleading. In addition to corn, no less than 1,000 acres are planted in wheat each year, and about 600 acres in oats. Corn is relied upon for the cash crop, but if all the available soil were devoted to it annually, far more fertilizer would be required

than if another cereal were occasionally planted, so the crop is "rotated" by raising three successive harvests of corn from a field, then "putting" it in wheat or oats, and following this harvest with three more of corn. The land is valued at \$30 an acre, representing an investment in the soil of \$180,000. The improvements, which include houses, sewerage, machinery, and live stock, swell the total to \$258,500. If the farmer had this capital placed where it paid him five per cent interest his income from it would be about \$13,000; at six per cent, a little over \$15,000. The problem for him to solve is can he make his soil yield sufficient in quantity and quality to pay him \$15,000 annually after meeting all expenses? If so his money is a six per cent investment. As already stated, he has cleared as high as \$50,000 in one year, and in a period of ten years his profits have never been less than \$19,000



PLOWING BY STEAM TRACTOR

at each year's end. The expense account would stagger many a man who calculates on a hundred or five hundred acres. It would buy what would be considered a good-sized farm in some parts of the United States, for it amounts to \$25,000 a year—but what does he get out of the ground? Here is what was put into his granaries in one season:

215,000 bushels of corn.  
20,500 bushels of wheat.  
28,000 bushels of oats.

Think for a moment what this one man has done in providing food for human kind. His year's harvest of corn would sustain 20,000 of us for an entire year. His wheat would give 2,000 of us our daily bread for the same time. Turned into money they yielded him \$75,000.



## A CASE OF CONJUR

BY ROBERT ADGER BOWEN



**S**CARCELY more than a name to most, a name to conjure with, you might have lived on Rivoli a lifetime and never have seen her, unless you had gone to her cabin. Then you would have found that she won her enviable state by virtue of the chronic rheumatism which for twenty-five years had confined her to the immediate surroundings of her cabin. That "rheumatiz" was a case of conjur, dating from that memorable day when she had found "sumf'n" on her door-sill, and had picked it up, supposedly in a moment of

feminine curiosity. That rheumatism made her the subject of inquiry by everyone from "ole Marsa" down. It had become as the fields and trees of the place in its appropriateness. Above all, it won for her from her old husband himself a devotion and self-sacrifice that was unique. Nothing made the genial light play over the old man's face more surely than the well-worn question: "How's Aunt Lithy to-day?" Nothing was more sure than his answer: "Po'ly; po'ly, thank de Lawd."

The only conceivable rival which the old woman had in this focusing of polite interest was in Cindy, who washed for



the Big House; but this rivalry Aunt Lithy accepted complacently as a convenient measure of her own importance. It was true that Cindy was able to make a visit to the mistress only once a year; but Cindy was only fat. There was loud laughter when her boys spread the stout plank from the sill of the cabin door to the low wagon, and old Ben steadied Cindy's three hundred pounds across it so that she might be driven along the orchard road to the back steps of the Big House where "ole Missus" would receive her standing in the wagon; but it was "ole Miss" herself that came to Aunt Lithy's door amid the awed silence of the peopled windows in the Quarters. "En ef yuh ent see de diff'runce I ent gwine try 'splain it tuh yuh," Aunt Lithy would say with supreme finality.

But a day came when the twinkle ceased forever to lighten the homely face of her lord and master, and the sound of Whit's hammer from his house beyond the creek as he nailed together the rude pine planks of the coffin served as a funeral knell. Aunt Lithy's celebrity having always been of the passive, subjective type, due to her strict retirement and seclusion, the contrast which she now presented of being the principal actor in the scenes was most marked.

"I al'ays did 'low ez how Wallace done spile her," Cindy remarked to Ben from over her tubs. "Niggers ent got no right wid dese quality airs, en I 'spec' Lithy gwine fin' it moughty hard tuh keep de hoe-cake hot now. Don' talk tuh me 'bout her cunjur. I ent never sot no store by all dis rheumatiz bus'ness, nohow. I ent dat. I al'ays did 'spec' it wuz jes' pure cussed lazy." She snapped her fat wet fingers with an energy that sent the hot suds flying from them into Ben's face.

In that first delicious day of her bereavement when somehow work all over the big place had gone slack, and the landscape itself had seemed to take on its Sunday tranquillity above its usual loveliness because her "ole man" was

lying in his finest in his coffin, no thought of the future had been with Aunt Lithy. But when they had buried Wallace "'twix' de two saplin's," and she had sat by her open door and listened to the dismal tolling of the cracked bell at the little church, for she never had dreamed of going there herself, then for the first time in her life her "rheumatiz" appeared in the light of an evil. Who was going to feed the pig, and milk the cow, or put old Blinker to the wagon? Of what use was old Blinker now, or the wagon either?

Perhaps had he not come along just at that moment the thought of her nephew would never have entered her mind. Certainly the idea of leaving Rivoli this side of her death, and going to live with him, would never have occurred to her.

A few days later they hoisted her with many a groan into her own wagon behind old Blinker, who seemed always to be looking for his master's approach. Beside her was her nephew, and in the bed of the wagon the pig lay squealing. The old cow was tied to the tail-board, a wild look in her eyes at the unwonted situation.

It did not take her very long to arrive at a pretty sure conviction that she had not bettered herself in the arrangement entered into with her nephew.

"I ent got no time tuh yere yuh whinin' 'bout yo' rheumatiz, Aunt Lithy," John William had said to her about ten days after the beginning of her new life. "Ef yuh wants tuh doctor it, tek dat hoe en go long out'n de cotton patch."

His rebuff left her too stunned for an answer; but it set her thinking. The clearing which formed her nephew's "patch" was another world—a world in which she found herself and her wishes of no moment. There were several paths along which her simple mind had wandered during the long peaceful days of her life as she had sat in the back doorway of her cabin with her pipe, and



*"The old cow was tied to the tailboard."*

looked over the hills and valleys to the mountains which lay so softly blue in the gold of the sun, and changed to that wonderful, pulsing purple as the night came on; and some surprise might have been felt by better trained minds at the shrewd deductions which her philosophy had formed from those hours of meditation. But in her boldest dreams it had never occurred to her that her mere wanting would not be guarantee of her getting.

Old though she was she now grew steadily in a certain bitter knowledge which goes to the making of wisdom. She was left alone even more than she had been at Rivoli. Then it was a very different thing to be alone in her

old cabin with its miles of extended outlook over fields and meadows which, as she had belonged to them, had come by a natural inversion to seem to belong to her—and to be cooped up in that miserable little clearing, shut in by medium-size trees, upon which the hot sun beat, with a merciless reflection from the white sandy soil! A slow scorn strengthened within her for the new-fangled airs of her nephew's wife and her constant allusions to the delights of Atlanta, back to which it was her ceaseless aim to lure John William, from the dreary monotony of the Carolina fields. And between Melinda's determination to get away and John William's determination to do as little work

as possible, the hopeless condition of the place grew evident to Aunt Lithy.

"Dat's de orneryis' fiel' er cotton I ever did see," she said once, when she had stood in the doorway and watched John William ride off to the village on old Blinker. "I 'spec' dey ent er rasher er bacon comin' out'n it."

"Yuh ent done nuttin' tuh put it dere," snapped out Melinda from where she sat by the harmonicon, which the traveling agent had said played itself, and which was supposed to pay for itself also in some unexplained way. "I ent see yuh strike er lick er wuk yere."

"En I ent see John William do nuttin' but rid' tuh Pen'leton on ole Blinker," Aunt Lithy answered, her heart yearning over the old mule.

"An' who's er feedin' him?" Melinda asked contemptuously.

"I reckon he's earnin' all he gits," sighed Aunt Lithy, "jedgin' by de way his ribs is er poppin' out."

Melinda put on her big black hat with the red poppies, which, Aunt Lithy did not know, had been paid for with half of the money John William had received from the sale of the old woman's pig. The other half, supposed to be the whole, John William had kept for Aunt Lithy's board, Melinda said; and Lithy, some dim sense of independence touched, had acquiesced.

"I'se gwine tuh Pen'leton," Melinda said, and switched out of the door.

In sheer loneliness of spirit, after Aunt Lithy had "sot de house tuh rights," she hobbled out of the door and down the path to where her cow was tethered.

"Yes; I'se er comin'," she said, as the hungry creature lowed plaintively at her approach. "Yuh sho' is lookin' measly. I reckon yuh is pinin' fur de flesh-pots er Rivoli same like I is, Rhody. Gawd-a-Mussy, who'd er kno'd yuh! I 'spec' yuh is keepin' live on er purty ole cud, 'kaze dey ent no mo' grass on dis lan' dan dere was ha'r on my ole man's haid."

She loosened the rope, and, hobbled

along with the cow, walking farther than for many a day.

"Dar now," she said, as the cow went to the grass at once. "Ef John William rar' w'en he fin' yuh yere, jes' yuh tol' him yuh been riz on de quality's lan'."

She limped back to the house, a new indignation taking fire within her.

"I ent done no wuk, is I?" she mumbled, taking up the rusty hoe sticking out from under the cabin. "Mebbe I ent; but I ent gwine let dat no-count nigger hussy twit me dat er way. Dis hoe look powerful like it ent done no wuk fur er long time, nudder."

Tucking up her scant skirt she stepped out into the grass-grown cotton rows, and began to chop from around the roots of the strangling cotton the vicious crabgrass. At first her back ached under the unaccustomed toil. Then, as the hot sun beat down upon her, she began to sing plaintively to her work:

"Ef yuh gits tuh Hebben 'fo' I do  
Tell my Lawd I'm er comin' too;  
Little David play on yo' harp, Little David."

Verse after verse; then the long row was turned, and Aunt Lithy came back on the other side, wielding her hoe with a firmer hand.

"I'se troubled wid 'flections jes' like Job;  
Jes' put on yo' gyarments, sinner-man:  
I want tuh git tuh Hebben tuh w'ar my robe;  
Jes' put on yo' gyarments, sinner-man."

At noon she ate her corn pone and bacon, feeling that she had well earned them. It was no sporadic burst of independence on her part, for each day she did the same thing. To her secret amazement the more she worked the less her back ached, the stronger she felt.

"Gawd sho' is temper de win' tuh dis po' lam'," she chuckled to herself, with the satisfaction of well-doing. "I'se begin tuh grow young agin," and a close observer might have noted a proportionate stiffening of the moral fiber as the physical fiber flexed. Melinda's "sassiness" more than once had found itself

no match for the biting lash of Aunt Lithy's "plain truf," and John William in an occasional lucid moment half-way surmised that Aunt Lithy was becoming of some importance beyond the fact of her possessions. Nothing was said about the work that was being done

aided efforts of one old woman, despite the fact that she went at it with all the thoroughness of her youthful training, to save the day. The season of drought was at hand, and the belated crop did all its growing at the wrong time, the corn hardening in the half-



"'Yub sho' is lookin' measly.'"

almost by stealth. Aunt Lithy had a queer sense of humiliation in finding herself able to work. She would wait every day until John William and Melinda had gone before she went into the field. Thus she was enabled to conceal the not altogether agreeable fact that the "rheumatiz" seemed really to be leaving her, for she held it her prerogative to nurse herself the more in the hours when the others were about.

It was too late, however, for the un-

formed ear, and the cotton opening prematurely. And in proportion as the promise of his crop died away John William's credit became more limited. To meet immediate pressure he prevailed upon Aunt Lithy to let him sell her cow, and lend him the proceeds until the mortgaged "crop was laid by."

"I'se done riz dat cow cl'ar up frum er calf," she said slowly, "en it sho' do give me er kin' er 'spunction tuh tu'n frum her, but I 'spec' she ent gwine

was' no t'ars at de prospec' o' er squar' meal."

She leaned forward on her low stool, lighting her clay pipe meditatively with a live coal from the hearth.

"Tain't no nigger's er gwine tuh buy Rhody?" she asked, as she toasted the soles of her bare feet before the fire, though the night was tropically hot.

"No; it's a white gen'leman," John William answered. He thought it best not to add that it was the butcher.

The cruel drought lasted on and on. There came a day when for the first time in her life Aunt Lithy realized what it was to have nothing to eat.

She lit her pipe and sat on the low door-sill. She had never thought before of what struck her now as so obvious. She felt for the first time that John William had cheated her about the pig, about the cow; that instead of it being she who was indebted to John William for a home, it was John William and Melinda who had sold her possessions, and made constant use of her mule and wagon. And as she thought it all over she became wrathful.

As she sat there with her bare feet on the hard, swept ground, her elbows on her knees, and the hot sun baking down on the ugliness and neglect of the little clearing, her thoughts went back to the bountiful lands of Rivoli, its great fields and cool, dark stretches of forest, until her heart fairly ached for the sight of it all. Finally, her mind turned, as it always had turned in times of trouble and need, to the Big House. She began to crone monotonously to herself:

"I'se gwine back tuh Miss Clara. I'se b'longed tuh her pa fo' she born, en she ent gwine tu'n me off now's I ent got nuttin' tuh eat. She ent gwine t'un me way nohow. I ent ax no mo' dan jes' de ole cabin en de lan' fur er 'tater patch, en I 'spec' ole Marsa gwine gib me mo'n dat. I 'spec' he'll mek some er dem young bucks plant er co'n fiel' fur me, en plow it too. He sho' will dat."

She puffed thoughtfully at her pipe,

scratching her "yacked" head under its cotton sunbonnet.

"Humph!" she grunted, "I ent think er dat. It sho' is gwine tickle Cindy smart tuh yere de rheumatiz done got so much less. She ent never count de time er day by my misery, nohow."

She was still sitting there, after the air had begun to stir fitfully among the corn with the first hint of coming night, when John William and Melinda turned the corner and faced her suddenly. They were on foot. The night before, her perceptions would have worked slowly, but now she realized at once that old Blinker and the wagon were gone.

"Huddy, Aunt Lithy; yuh seem lonesome-like," John William said, with an elephantine effort to be genial, while Melinda stepped past into the house.

"Wha's dat mule?" the old woman asked, pulling herself heavily to her feet by the aid of the door-jamb, and facing John William squarely.

Meeting his Rubicon, John William sat down to it on the step that Aunt Lithy had just left.

"Wha' yuh gone done wid dat mule?"

She stood before him, her arms akimbo, her sunbonnet pushed back from her gray yacked head and hanging about her neck by its strings, the long patience suddenly giving way to indignation.

"Yuh's gone en sol' him, dat's wha' yuh done, yuh low-lived, horse-thievin' nigger!"

Something in the repressed passion of the tones stung the worthless fellow into a moment's shame.

"I ent sol' him, Aunt Lithy; 'fo' de Lawd. Ole Blinker's heppin' tuh lif' de mortgage."

"Don' talk tuh me 'bout lif'n no mortgage," she cried, her anger breaking forth volubly. "I ent know nuttin' 'bout mortgages, but I know dis," and she leaned toward him, shaking her fist slowly before his face: "ef I wuz er man en not er ole 'oman wha' wuz born 'fo' ever yo' ma come 'long, I'd lif' you! En I tell yuh jes' wha' 'tis, yuh low-down

no-count nigger, en dat poppinjay wha' yuh got en yander fur yo' 'oman," pointing to where Melinda was standing behind him in the doorway, "ef yuh don' bofe er yuh come tuh de gallows yit it'll on'y be 'kaze no one b'lieve yuh is wuth de hangin'. Dey *is* horgs en de worl' wha' ent wuth de salt tuh cure 'em.

"Dey ent no use en yo' sayin' nuttin',"

"Dey ent no use en yo' cuttin' up so high, Aunt Lithy," he said. "Wha' yuh gwine enyhow?"

She turned upon him with a swiftness, physical and mental, that made him get to his feet.

"Wha' I gwine? I'se gwine wha' I'se gwine, dat's wha' I'se gwine." The words seemed to pelt him in the face,



*"She began to crone monotonously to herself."*

she went on, as John William tried to speak. "I ent gwine stay yere no longer. I'se seen er lot er trash en my day, bofe w'ite en black, but I ent nebber liv' wid 'em b'fo', en I ent gwine do so now. Yuh ent lef' me nuttin' wuth de tot'n way 'cep' myself, but tank Gawd yuh ent gwine hol' me. Ef dey's eny use en freedom I'se gwine tes' it now."

She turned away, and for the first time she whimpered softly. Melinda went back into the house, but John William felt compunction.

so vehement was the anger that flung them forth.

She looked at him for a fierce moment. If she had been closer to him she would have struck him. As it was, with a snort of scorn, she turned on her heel and walked off to the road that led from the place. Before she rounded the corner, she stopped and looked back at them both in the doorway.

"I'se gwine have ole Marse put de sheriff on yo' track, yuh low-down yaller fice!"

The last words were hissed out, a veritable challenge. Then she hobbled off, shaking the dust of John William's place from her feet.

The next morning while the world lay gray, and the primal freshness of the dawn still held the morning star, old Ben halted in his path, wondering. Above the guardian oaks of the tenantless cabin that had once been Lithy's abiding-place a thin spiral of smoke curled upward into the cool sky, and the door, that had been swinging ajar for months, was suggestively closed. The old man tilted his hat aside, scratching a ruminative head.

A croning voice filled softly the dew-hushed silence of the day:

"I'se troubled wid 'flections jes' like Job;  
Jes' put on yo' gyarments, sinner-man:"

Had there been a shade more of darkness he would have fled, but at that instant the panel swung suddenly inward and Lithy stood akimbo in its place.

"'Fo' Gawd," the old man mumbled. "Is dat you, Lithy?"

She bridled at her opportunity, stepping down upon the beaten earth with a flamboyant agility. She eyed him for a moment with a superior disdain, then, apparently oblivious of his presence, moved about, picking up bits of wood, corn-cobs, and a few pine-cones, dropping them into her skirt. Ben watched her with growing indignation at her aloofness and his own vanished fears.

"'Pears like yuh has got mighty peart, ole 'oman. Huccum yuh so spry? Is yuh too haughty tuh say good mawn-in'?"

She gathered another reef in her calico skirt, stuffing in a handful of dead chips.

"De ways o' de Lawd am passin' strange," she said. "Ent yuh never yere tell o' er 'special dispensashun?"

Ben considered. He felt the taunt in the whole manner of Cindy's rival.

"I'se yere my ole 'oman tell o' er case er cunjur wha' ent no cunjur."

The words jarred a score or more of chips from the now heaped-up skirt. Lithy scraped them together with her bare toes, and, stooping, collected them again. She recognized the seriousness of the crisis, and rose to meet it. She was not an heroic figure at that moment, dust-stained by her long walk from John William's, her skirts well above her ankles, her old straw hat, scoop shaped and tied under her chin, giving her head the appearance of an inverted basket, but she was convincing.

"Yuh is heard er doubtin' Thomas, ent yuh, yuh man er little faith? Ent yuh see me fuh years twis'ed en lame wid de rheumatiz? En ent yuh see me now tetchd by de finger o' de Lawd en whole en fit 'fo' yo' doubtin' eyes? De Lawd wuks en er mysterious way. Ent He mek Laz'rus cum out'n he grave, en de lame man tuh tek up he bed en walk? En ent He done mek me tuh—tuh—tuh—walk too?"

Swift thought of her empty-handed state had all but given her pause, but Ben's uncovered head, and murmur of "Yes, Lawd, dat's so," electrified the old woman. She threw out her arms to the rising sun, the released skirt letting a shower of fuel fall about her feet.

"Lemme tell yuh," she chanted, swept now into the religious ecstasy of her race, "lemme tell yuh, yuh son er 'oman, dat de Lawd ent done yet sen'in' His fiery chariot ento de sky en' comin' Himself down de streets o' Glory through de Pearly Gates. Heap sees, but er few knows! Bow yo haid, yuh sinner-man, en thank de Lawd fur de sight yo' eyes am lookin' upon, de handiwuk er Gawd Amighty, de pitcher broken at de fountain wha' He done mended, de favored er de Lawd 'mongst yuh all."

As she paused for breath, a little startled at her own audacity, but not unmindful of the effect of her words upon her superstitious listener, there came a mellowed voice over the valley, the breakfast call of Cindy for her mate. The light of battle kindled in the old



— THE RUBICON —

*"Meeting his Rubicon, John William sat down to it on the step."*

woman's eyes, together with a shrewd cunning.

"Dar now," she cried, "yuh tink dat de voice er yo' ole 'oman callin' yuh tuh yo' rasher er bacon en co'n bread, but I tell yuh hit am de voice er de Lawd speakin' through er powerful weak vessel en biddin' yuh proclaim tuh dat onbelievin' heart de Gospel truth I has jes' been tellin' yuh. Wha' yuh gwine say tuh Cindy, ole man?"

"Amen!" exclaimed her auditor fervently. "I'se gwine tell her wha' yuh done tol' me."

He turned away, walking as one whose feet were being guided over tender places. Lithy chuckled softly in her bosom:

"Dat no-count nigger ent gwine b'lieve dem wuds, all de same, but I'se done led de horse tuh de water. If de Lawd ent mek her drink, dat's His per-simmons. Now I'se gwine tuh de Big House."

As she started nimbly away, a series of loud, derisive guffaws brought her to an abrupt stop. Through the stillness of the morning she could hear Ben's protesting voice breaking feebly against the fat roll of Cindy's laughter. Lithy tossed her head.

"Nemmine, nigger," she ejaculated. "I kin walk. Yuh caint haw-haw dat truth away, fat ez yuh is, en I ent never 'spec' yuh tuh b'lieve de reason."

And Cindy never did.



# VLADIVOSTOK: "RULER OF THE FAR EAST"

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD



ARCH COMMEMORATING THE CZAR'S VISIT TO VLADIVOSTOK

**V**LADI-VOSTOK! "Ruler of the Far East!" Forty-odd years of occupancy, four hundred millions of treasure expended, countless human lives sacrificed, and earth's longest railway built to reach and bind this little spot to the Empire of the Czars—all to no purpose. "Ruler of the Far East" the outpost may remain, but with guns turned toward Russia bidding her "Staryanka"—Halt! Vladivostok may mean to the Russians, death to their

cherished ambition of an outlet to the Pacific.

It is the present autocrat of all the Russias who succeeded in stretching a puny arm of fragile steel nearly six thousand miles across two continents, that the tapering point of his little finger might rest upon the spot where, as Czar-evitch, he drove the first spike of the now completed Vladivostok-St. Petersburg railway. It is a far reach from ocean to ocean. In vain the autocrat



VLADIVOSTOK HARBOR

first rested his little finger upon Vladivostok, to steady the stretching arm; still losing his balance, down went a thumb of steel to Port Arthur, and Korea lay ready to be clutched within the closing hand. The great middle finger began to hover over the length of the peninsula, its tip ready to press down upon the port of Fusan, within sight of the Japanese forts. The thumb, carrying with it the terminus of the great Trans-Asian railway, slipped on toward Peking, other fingers were ready to come into play, the mailed fist was doubling to seize its quarry and deal the death-blow, when Japan applied the torch to the sensitive finger-tips, and the prizes dropped one by one, until only the little finger of the autocrat resting upon Vladivostok was left to maintain the trembling balance of Russia in the Far East.

For more than four long decades a steady stream of soldiers and convicts had dwindled across the snows of Siberia that Russia might hold her isolated outpost until she could extend her railway and grow up to her most distant possession. From the Baltic and Black seas, lines of ocean greyhounds made Vladivostok their terminus. In the eyes of Russia all there was west of Irkutsk was Lake Baikal, and then thousands of miles farther on, beyond mountain ranges and barren wastes—Vladivostok, her treasured jewel, the home of the Cossack and the convict, the strate-

gic point from which all eastern Asia was to be ruled by the Slav.

It was in 1861 that Vladivostok was forced from the Chinese; a Russian settlement was soon planted, that grew with the passing years until it became the white metropolis of the Far East, and the wild tiger ceased to roam its streets at night seeking refuse or living victims at will. More people of the Caucasian race made Vladivostok their home than lived in China, Japan, and the country east of India. Nestled at the winding end of the Golden Horn, thousands of miles from any other white man's city, the little town grew about a harbor in which the warships of the world might float, protected by forts concealed behind every grove of trees upon the mountain sides. Russia spared no expense to make her one pearl of the Pacific impregnable to any assault either by land or sea. Until the acquisition of Port Arthur, Vladivostok was Russia's most isolated possession; almost half-way round the world from any home base of supplies, it was dependent upon the Baltic and Black Sea merchant fleets, for even after the completion of the railway which was built as a military pathway to the great Russian fortress on the Pacific, it was found impossible to supply the "Ruler of the Far East" entirely by rail. Peasants, it is true, were sent through from Russia in cattle cars at twelve dollars per head, but horses and cattle shipped at this rate

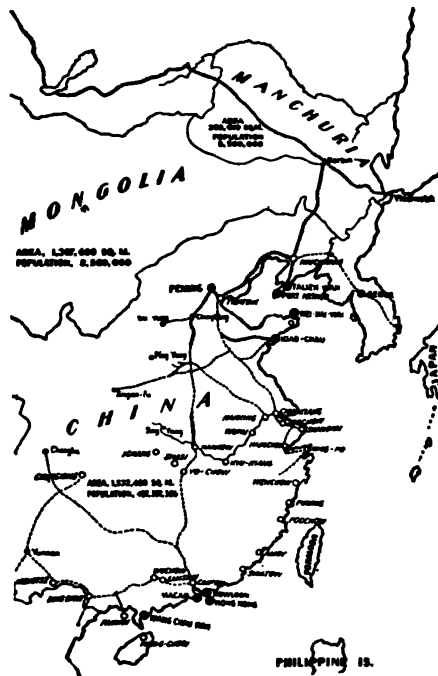
would never pay charges, nor could they be huddled together so closely as peasants. Merchants and travelers paid but sixty dollars for first-class railway tickets from Moscow to Vladivostok, yet the bulk of immigration continued to arrive by water, after a voyage of twelve thousand miles or more, from Russian ports. Although every vessel to and from Vladivostok must pass through Japanese waters to reach its destination, the Czar had good reason for naming this fortress city "The Ruler of the Far East."

From Vladivostok a competent navy might control the four corners, and the entire coast of the Sea of Japan. Japan with a population of forty-six millions, increasing at the rate of a million a year, already suffocating on an island only the twelfth part of which is cultivatable, realizes the situation, and when the summing up is made, if Vladivostok is taken and retained by Japan, it is safe to say that all that part of Siberia north of the city to the Amour and east of the Usury River will become Japanese territory, which, with the Liau Tong peninsula, Korea, and the Island of Sakhalin, will constitute the greater Japan, a vast circle guarded on the outer side by ocean and mountain, while within would lie the great diamond-shaped Sea of Japan, another inland sea belonging entirely to the Island Kingdom. Vladivostok, situated at an angle of the Sea of Japan and at the meeting-points

of Siberia, Manchuria, and Korea, must ever act as monitor to the approach of any enemy by land or water.

Should Russia retain Vladivostok it is probable she would have to pay pretty dear for her whistle. It was the intention of Minister, now peace commissioner, Witte to have the largest freight boats afloat, now plying between Puget Sound and Manila, make Seattle and Vladivostok their terminals, thus giving

a Russo-American steamship and railway line of travel almost entirely around the globe. Yet for five months out of every year Vladivostok is ice-bound, and great American ice breakers are then put in commission to break a channel through the ice, rails are laid alongside the vessels that they may unload directly aboard train. The adjacent country at all times seems forbidding and barren, and almost every ton of provisions must be brought from alien lands. Coal is brought from Na-



RAILWAYS  
BUILT AND PROJECTED

gasaki, wheat from America, bean curd, the staple of the coolies, from Manchuria and Japan, fruit and vegetables from Cheefoo, China, salmon by rail from the Amour, and a few vessels from the north bring fresh fish from Sakhalin. As for railway and other building materials, Vladivostok is entirely supplied from Europe and America, and transshipment is, in times of peace, invariably made at some Japanese port, so that the Japanese always knew just how well supplied were the Russian gar-



VLADIVOSTOK

risons in the Far East. It has always galled Russia that her own boats from Odessa, and even adjacent Shanghai, must pass through Japanese waters to reach their final destination. It was chiefly to counteract this disadvantage that the railway was rushed northward from Vladivostok, 400 miles to the Amour, from whence, in summer, there is steamboat connection with the branch of the Trans-Siberian railway terminating at Stretyensk. The Chinese Eastern railway was also rushed across Manchuria, with American tools and material, to connect with the Trans-Siberian system, and at Harbin, in Central Manchuria, a branch turned southward to Port Arthur and Peking. It was further proposed to build from Vladivostok direct to Dalny a railway that would exactly follow the border line of Northern Korea. It is Japan, however, that has built northward from Fusan, and, when peace comes, with the use of the Shimonoseki-Fusan railway ferry-boats, she will be able to send through trains from Tokio to Vladivostok. Japanese statesmen may pretend that their country does not wish Vladivostok, but it is the entering wedge that is the primary cause of the present trouble, and if left in the hands of Russia, will serve as a future lever when opportunity arrives.

I approached Vladivostok on a Russian steamer that was compelled to put into Nagasaki to secure a body of soldiers to suppress a threatened mutiny of her forward cargo of convicts. As there is no capital punishment in Russia, the convicts took no very great risks; two years' solitary confinement on the Island of Sakhalin is the severest punishment meted to a murderer, and in Vladivostok are many well-to-do ticket-of-leave men, some of whom have killed more than one victim, they have served their terms, and have nothing further to fear from the law, until the next offense.

For more than an hour our steamer

wound in and out among the fortified mountains that protect the entrance to the Golden Horn, then sweeping around a high promontory, we entered the sheltered harbor and there lay the full panorama of the city. Everywhere evidences of vast expenditures of money—the million-dollar mile-long granite pier of the Trans-Siberian railway, and the great terminal station almost a duplicate of the one in Moscow, 6,000 miles away, at the other end of the two streaks of rust. From an adjacent hill scores of cannon pointed at us directly above the roof of the American Consulate, occupied by a negro politician from Ohio; beyond was the roof of the magnificent new hotel and theater, where the officers of the warships still remaining in the harbor nightly disported themselves in all their glory. Soldiers, to the sound of martial music, hurried back and forth through the great main streets of the city from the old barracks near the railway station, to the great new brick structures erected for their accommodation in augmented numbers at the farther end of the narrow inlet called the Golden Horn. In the harbor the immense floating docks from America towered in readiness for any accident to the little fleet; behind these, the great dry docks, and outlined against the hills the white dome of the Navy Club, while upon a hill overlooking the harbor glistened the many cupolas of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral, and lower down the hillside was the new post-office building, and the recently constructed edifice of the Russo-Chinese bank. Great department stores could be seen lining the main street, half-way up the hillsides, and everything depicted the solidly built official city of sixty thousand inhabitants and perhaps as many more troops.

The harbor, next to that of Nagasaki, which it much resembles, is the most beautiful in the world, but Nagasaki is Oriental, marred only by a few foreign buildings and vessels, while

Vladivostok is a charming bit of progressive Europe or America set down here among the hills, with only here and there a reminder that all about is the Orient. A few hundred Manchu sampans, the homes of thousands of natives, hover about the fish-market of one-story shucks that is hidden from view, except from the waterside, by the mournful little city park where the azaleas grow in profusion and the band plays continually while the Russian citizens promenade dejectedly and the Chinese and Manchus gaze through the iron railings, put up to keep them out, in rapt awe. Across the Golden Horn from the city park is the one place of outdoor recreation for the Russians in the Far East; it is named Sad Italia, and is meant to resemble the German beer-garden, but even at night, when it is lighted feebly with a few hundred electric lights and Japanese lanterns, soldiers and citizens wander about its groves listlessly, and never think to admire the brightly lighted white city spread out before them beneath the towering hills that frown with cannon, or show their teeth as the flashing searchlights dart hither and thither ever on watch for the enemy. It is only from a distance that everything about Vladivostok appears beautiful to the sight.

We landed at the great granite pier where the latest type of American locomotive brought trains de luxe to the side of our vessel, yet we could secure only the most primitive little two-wheeled Manchu wagons to convey our trunks to the hotel. It took a procession of these tiny vehicles, scarcely larger than the Japanese rickshaw, to accomplish the task, and even then the smaller articles were carried on the backs of an army of Korean boys who flocked to the side of our boat despite the kickings and beatings they received from the Russian soldiers. For ourselves we secured the low-wheeled drosky, driven in Vladivostok by ex-convicts, and gave orders to be taken to the Gostenitza,

Tikie Okean (Hotel Pacific Ocean). Instantly the beauties of Vladivostok began to diminish. There was not a paved roadway in the city; where the mud had dried, the dust was a foot thick and clogged our wheels; where it had not, a bog existed into which we sank to our hubs. Palatial dwellings and office buildings might border each side of the unpaved streets, but Russia had no money to spend improving roadways; in fact, Russians and Chinese alike seemed to prefer the maintenance of the streets as garbage receptacles, and as the officials never walk, not even for the distance of a block, what was it to them?

The first night I spent in Vladivostok was made memorable by the official murder, directly under my window, of a supposed Japanese spy. The man was an agent for the Standard Oil Company. He was of German extraction, but had claimed American citizenship, so there was an investigation. The police officially reported that the Chinese cook had robbed his employer and decamped with five hundred rubles. This was the official report, but the natty little chief of police admitted a month later, in confidence, that the real facts were that the cook had been paid to disappear and a Cossack had received orders to batter in the brains of the suspect with the butt end of his rifle. I heard the unfortunate man's outcry, but was urged to remain silent, and not speaking ten words of Russian at that time, wisely held my peace, for it was then too late.

It was useless to arise at early dawn in Vladivostok; no one is astir till almost noon, and breakfast is served an hour later. The hotel, which, so far as the dining saloon went, was as spacious and rich as any in America, was closed tightly from dawn until noon. In vain I pounded and rang at the unearthly hour—in Vladivostok—of 10 A. M. No one was astir, but upon the great Zakouska table, or bar, across the upper end of the palatial dining-room, was



THE RUSSO-CHINESE BANK, VLADIVOSTOK

heaped every delicacy of the season. Apples from Chefoo, brought into port nowadays by swift blockade runners that infest the harbor—bananas as large as a man's thumb from the Malay Peninsula, biwas (plums) from Japan, salmon and fresh caviar from the Amour, crabs' claws, two feet long, from the harbor, and, best of all, mountains of the reddest and most delicious shrimps in the world. What if the smallest and most withered apples sold for twenty cents apiece, and the bananas for an even higher price, there was no starvation in Vladivostok, so we helped ourselves and left our cards for the bartender. Breakfast was served early in the afternoon, a delicious, well-cooked meal of several courses, at a price far below that one would expect to pay in America for the same service. True, American beer was as expensive as French champagne, but there was Russian beer at fifty cents a pint, and as no one drinks water in Siberia, possibly the

profits of the house come from the sale of liquors; certain it is that in Vladivostok no one ate without drinking. One meal seemed to telescope another, for immediately after breakfast guests would drop in in couples for lunch. Toward evening the hundreds of wax candles were lighted, and the picture in the great hall was one of animation. Nearly every male person was arrayed in some gay-colored uniform. The jovial, jolly little chief of police, with a name so long that even the Russians never try to pronounce it all, was always punctually in his place at the little center table, attired in his blue, tight-fitting uniform, sword dangling at side, and around him invariably assembled the most congenial spirits of Vladivostok. The patronage of the chief of police was evidently a valued asset of the Tikie Okean, for although, day after day, he invariably called for his account, just as regularly the Kajien bowed low before the chief as, with profuse apologies, he announced

that the score had already been settled. As the night advanced the scenes were sometimes hilarious.

Army and navy officers made the Tikie Okean Hotel their social headquarters during the evening meal hours. Invariably they were carelessly attired and wore troubled looks, that only passed away after the second or third bottle of sparkling wine. Engineers of the railway journeyed far to be present

joining table sat a magnificent specimen of Westerner, joking with the railway engineers and a real prince, his business partner; while scattered about at the dainty little tables were several correspondents—mixed in among the gorgeously appareled Russian officials, yet each of these high dignitaries bowed as he passed, welcoming the stranger with a cordial "Drasha" (good day), and as often as not, stopped to shake hands.



PORT ADMIRAL'S HOUSE, VLADIVOSTOK

during the evening. They came fresh from the country, their high, patent-leather boots muddy, but their closely buttoned military cloaks spotless. Wives of high dignitaries appeared in full dress, and only we Americans—I could spot every one—appeared in Tuxedos. There was the young Yankee drummer who had just returned from a most successful trip into Central Siberia, introducing American goods. Near him, chatting away like a native with a lieutenant from the club, was another American, a clerk in the Russo-Chinese Bank. At an ad-

And this was the gay, social life in Vladivostok, where everyone was in doubt as to whether the city was to become a closed port, a mere military fortification, to be stormed at by the Japanese on land and sea, or the commercial terminus of the great Trans-Siberian railway. Lots that had sold the year before for fabulous figures were now being thrown on the market with no takers. Yet for a city that had been deprived of its glory, it was a particularly lively place. What it must have been when the full force of gorgeously uniformed officers of the rail-



way were quartered here, and the entire Eastern fleet was anchored in the harbor, can be imagined, for the Russian is the most social creature on the face of the globe, and despite many misfortunes the city still supported two theaters, a circus, and several excellent hotels, in which it was almost impossible to secure accommodation.

In fact, hotel and theater building is proving a very paying investment in Siberia. Our worthy landlord had begun in very humble circumstances a few years previously, as proprietor of a small dance hall, which he had enlarged from time to time, until the Government, ever ready to help those who help themselves, took notice of the progressive citizen, converted him to the Orthodox faith—for the worthy Kajien had been by birth and early associations a Hebrew—and after renaming him Ivanoff, loaned the lucky proselyte 30,000 rubles with which to build his hotel. Now, Ivanoff is worth fully 200,000 rubles, and sighs for the rabbiship of a synagogue in Hester Street. Like many another converted Jew in Russia, he will undoubtedly return to the faith of his forefathers as soon as he can afford that luxury.

In other Oriental cities, the "Caucasian" is the foreign quarter; here it is the Oriental who is the foreigner, although everywhere beyond the city limits he is on his native heath. The population of Vladivostok is made up of six distinct classes: First and foremost, of course, are the army and navy officers, their families, the higher railway officials and engineers, Government officials, and a few others of high intellectual standing. Next in the social scale are the white merchants, mostly Germans, who never dare sit at the same tables, or occupy the best part of the theaters, reserved for the high officials. They marvel at the audacity of the few stray Americans who happen into Vladivostok and go where they please regardless of all class distinctions. Third in social rank are the convicts on parole, who outnumber by far all other

Russians in Vladivostok, save, of course, the soldiers. The *isvoschiks*, or cab drivers, are all recruited from this class, and in common with cabbies the world over, robbing comes natural to them. Even the servants at the hotel are ex-convicts, and the children in the streets are sons and daughters of exiled fathers. The fourth class is composed of the Chinese merchants, a quiet, inoffensive, industrious lot. The fifth takes in the Korean population. They are the bearers of burdens, but how different from the coolie class of other countries. The full-grown men, too dignified to do menial labor, may be seen parading about the muddy streets in their full white baggy costumes and absurdly high wickerwork horsehair hats, while their daughters remain dutifully at home, but their wives are often seen on the street with breasts exposed, the sign of wifehood in Korea. The boys, beautiful, lithe little chaps, graceful as fawns and as gentle, they, too, are robed in white, their long black hair falling about their shoulders. Few Japanese girls, even of the upper classes, are as fair or as beautiful as these boys who bear all the burdens in Vladivostok. With rough oak frames tied over their shoulders by rope, they will carry on these fragile looking supports heavy trunks all day long and not complain. So girlish do they look, that it is hard to realize that they do all the heavy work of the city, and how cruelly they are treated by the Russian soldiers and sailors, only those who have visited Vladivostok can realize.

Lowest of all, comes the Manchurian, the fisherman and the pirate of Siberian waters, existing in their wretched covered boats along the river front; when they cannot make a living with their nets they sail of a dark night to some secluded spot and wait for the stray traveler who may attempt to pass that way; he is never heard of again. On one island in the harbor, sixteen murders have been committed by these pirates during a single year, although a body of Cossacks was

stationed there to ferret out and annihilate the perpetrators.

I should perhaps have numbered the Cossacks as one of the elements of the varied population of Vladivostok; the pay of a Siberian Cossack is thirty-six kopecks a quarter; that is, eighteen cents every three months, and out of this he must pay for his laundry. The Cossack soon solved this problem of economy; he decided to dispense with fine linen and underclothing; he draws on his boots over bare feet, buttons his coat tightly over a body innocent of a shirt, and is happy. Thus he eats, sleeps, and marches; when his uniform is about to drop off, the Government gives him another—and the eighteen cents? Oh! that is spent for vodka on pay day.

As in other countries, the soldier is the idol of the small boy; this, in Siberia, is unfortunate, for if ever a growing generation stood in need of high ideals, that of Siberia of to-day does. I was present at a fire in Vladivostok that destroyed the Government hay-yards, and saw the small boys of the city receive one of their usual lessons in crime by the soldiery. The burning property was some blocks in area, and around this the Cossacks formed a cordon; of course the inevitable small boy was omnipresent at the fire, and the Cossacks made use of him. Tender little lads from six to sixteen were sent out in the city to drive the Chinamen to the scene of the conflagration that they might be placed in line to pass buckets from the wells to the fire—there being no steam fire-engines in Vladivostok, or in all East Siberia, for that matter. With shouts of glee these youngsters dashed into the main streets of the town, and wherever they saw a Chinese merchant they seized him by the cue and dragged him to the scene of the conflagration. Sometimes a little lad of ten or twelve would drive four or five Chinamen before him, the ends of their cues gathered together in one of his chubby fists, while in the other he tightly clasped a club with which to belabor the

miserable Celestials, who dared not resist. Of course there were fights between the boys as the night wore on, and often a little chap had to give up his captives to an older and larger boy. Merely driving the Chinamen soon palled on these youths, however, and soon a new sport was indulged in; the older boys began belaboring the Chinamen's faces with their fists. Once in a while some miserable Celestial would break from his captors and run, not away, but *toward* the fire, his only object being to get away from his tormentors. Instantly half a dozen Cossacks would join in the chase, and woe betide the poor Chinese when caught; knocked down with the butts of heavy muskets, and left writhing and groaning on the ground for fiendish tormentors, still in short trousers, to kick almost to death. This scene I saw enacted not once, but often. Practically the Chinamen were turned over to the small boys of the city to torture, and they learned their lesson well. These boys are the coming citizens who will, to a large extent, control the destinies of Siberia in the future. Many of them wore the uniforms of the single gymnasium in Vladivostok, and some day may become officers in an army that delights in acts of cruelty.

From end to end of the great broad Svetlandskia, or Main Street, the solidly built stuccoed buildings of the banks, department stores, office and public buildings, give Vladivostok the appearance of a thriving Western city, save that we have no Western city of 40,000 to 60,000 so permanently and handsomely built as Vladivostock. Yet, while the daily papers are allowed to print every item of *foreign* news without fear of the censor, I was unable to secure a single American newspaper addressed in my name from the post-office, and autocratic rule is carried so far, here even at the extreme of Russia, that but one drug store, one school of each rank, and one of each kind of business house is permitted to establish itself, while no com-

petition of any kind is tolerated. Private schools are not permitted to compete with the public schools, but this city has built a large library building, an extensive museum, an Oriental college, a massive seminary; and if the wealthy ex-convicts who contributed so largely to the funds for education had their way, compulsory education would soon be in full blast, even if they had to foot the bills and pay all expenses, for there is not a more patriotic people in the world than the ex-convicts and political exiles who flock to Vladivostok; nor is there to be found anywhere a more religious people, yet in this city of perhaps 40,000 civilians there is but one Greek church, a Lutheran chapel, and a small orthodox chapel at the soldiers' barracks. There are 150 state and church holidays here when all business is suspended. Another was added during my stay, the birthday of Pushkin, Russia's great Apostle of Freedom—himself at one time an exile. What a capital patron saint for a go-ahead, independent, patriotic Siberia.

My last glimpse of the fair white Russian city of the Far East was after a heavy fog had settled down over the entire country and delayed our sailing for more than two weeks. It was at the end of winter; the hills were barren and the gardens bare and brown; not a blade of grass was to be seen; then the fog came, and when it lifted, the landscape was no longer recognizable, the trees were clothed in green and the hillsides covered with verdure, while the gorgeous pink azaleas upon the mountains were bursting into bloom. Weeds were a foot high, and grain was growing vigorously in the fields that a few weeks previously lay hidden beneath the snow. All was bustle and excitement, for during the brief summer all business for the year must be concluded, and the crops gathered. I had heard of the wonderful growth of plants in Siberia during the sudden spring weeks, but it all seemed magic, so changed was the white city by its single fog bath.

For nearly two years Vladivostok has remained hidden behind the haze of battle. In a twinkling, with the raising of the war cloud, the world will behold Russia's boasted "Ruler of the Far East" in a new light. Humbled and shorn of her glory, Vladivostok may stand forth a forsaken monument of the Slavs' o'erweening and unsatisfied ambition in the Far East. Side-tracked upon a branch of the great railway built to maintain forever her title as "Ruler of the Far East," Vladivostok must now yield place to Fusan, the city which the Japanese built at the extreme end of Korea with the determination, successfully carried out, of making it the real and final terminus of Russia's great Trans-Asian railway. This, the logical future commercial metropolis of the Far East and starting-point of the railway to Northern Europe, is an ice-free port the year round. Here every vessel bound from America to China, or European ports to Japan, passes within hailing distance; with the dawn of peace, it rises from the waves, the chief point of transshipment along the Asiatic coast, the center of a coasting trade already annually worth more than a billion dollars. The natural distributing-point for all Eastern Asia, Fusan, almost within ferry distance of the forts of Shimonoseki and the inland sea, becomes Japan's monitor of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li as well as of the Japan and Yellow seas. As the war clouds disperse for a moment, we see Fusan—the uplifted—and beyond on the icy sea, Vladivostok—the isolated—no longer "Ruler of the Far East"; Russia must seek elsewhere for an outlet to the open sea.

The history of Russia is but the story of a nation surrounded by other populous lands, that has advanced upon her neighbors' territory, and receded but to advance again, after making the round, like children in the game of "bull in the pen," to discover the weakest point of resistance. Wise statesmen are already trying to figure where Russia will next

expend her remorseless energy and utilize her inborn instinct that teaches her (as it does the inanimate root planted in a dark cellar) to reach toward light, warmth, and water. In Peking have lived for centuries the descendants of Russian prisoners carried there ages ago, when once before Russia was hurled back from an Eastern advance by the yellow hordes of Asia; these exiles retain their religion and characteristics to this day. So Vladivostok may remain Russian to the core in the midst of a Mongol land, a little islet from which the wave of white supremacy has rolled back to gather strength for the next and inevitable onslaught, for there is an ever-advancing tide of population that spreads out from the Russian center in every direction to beat upon foreign shores. Russia must ever expand whether she will or no, for her population, increasing every year some two million souls, cries for breathing space, and now the left hand of the Czar, if drawn back from Eastern conquest, will be free to support his right that has been used to force Europe backward, for the ages. Scandinavia has felt within the century its strength that wrested from her the land of Finland, and all Europe fears for Norway, that in her single blessedness she may no longer be able to withhold from Russia the ice-free ports upon the Atlantic she has so long envied and sought for. It is scarce a century since Poland became a part of Russia, and in the threatened break-up of Austria-Hungary, the Slav-speaking Bohemians constitute the weak point in the circle where Russia may break through into Central Europe. Turkey has contributed territory to Russia, the recuperative, after each period of exhaustion suffered by the great northern bear, and doubtless will again, now that Russia's energies are being turned away from the Far East. The troubles in the Trans-Caucasias offer an excuse, and the world will not be taken into Russia's confidence until some trifling annexa-

tion is accomplished; and Turkey has not the strength of Japan. Russia still looks longingly toward the Persian Gulf, and by treaty between Persia and Russia no railway may be built in Persia without consent of Russia. The fingers of the Czar's great right hand are never idle; even during the war with Japan they have been itching to grasp European territory. Within the last year a continuous line of railway has been extended from Moscow and St. Petersburg across Central Asia to the borderland of Afghanistan, where a large army corps has been maintained. England does not underestimate the recuperative power of a nation of 150,000,000 population, that in less than half a century will increase naturally to twice that number; while in another fifty years the white population of Siberia will have increased from ten to fifty millions, and then perhaps, if not before, Russia will be ready once more to slowly extend her left hand over that portion of Eastern Asia not already under its palm. If Russia learns the secret from Japan, that success is based upon the education of the unit, the world may not regret to see an enlightened Russia rediscover a long-forgotten Vladivostok and lift her from the clouds of obscurity once more to a pinnacle where all may gaze upon her as the renewed "Ruler of the Far East." As once before in her history, Russia saved all Europe from the yoke of the yellow race, so she may again, for from Peking to Madras, the glory attained by Japanese arms has awakened the long dormant patriotism of the yellow races; this is not theoretical, it is real, and Vladivostok may yet be regretted by the white race when the contest between the two peoples is well on for the commercial supremacy of the world. Already there is a revulsion of feeling perceptible even in boycotted America; with the fall of Vladivostok it is safe to say the tide of world sympathy will turn toward Russia and the United States in their exclusion from the treasure troves of Asia.

# HOW WE LOST SAKHALIN ISLAND

A CHAPTER FROM OLD RUSSO-NIPPON DIPLOMATIC HISTORY

BY ADACHI KINNOSUKE

**I**T was St. Petersburg on the fourteenth day of July, of the year of grace 1862. A procession was making its leisurely way through the streets; open-mouthed the children of the Czar were watching it. In all the memory of the northern capital, she had never seen anything like it. The topknots, the ceremonial robes of the castle days of Nippon, and the features and figures of the men who wore them: how impossibly alien they were! Moreover, as if bent on sowing the seeds of middle ages in the noon-light of the nineteenth century, every one of the members of the strange procession carried in his girdle a pair of swords.

It was the embassy from the Court of Yeddo; it had started on the twenty-second day of the first year of the period called Bunkyu, which fell upon 1861 of the Christian era. After having visited England, France, Holland, it had made

its way through Prussia at last into the capital city of the White Czar of All the Russias.

More remarkable even than the appearances of these men were their characters, abilities, and futures. Terashima Munenori (later count), the famous foreign minister of the new régime under the imperial reign; Fukuzawa Yuki-chi, the founder of the now famous Keio Gijiku—that incubator of progressive thoughts—the foster mother of the makers of the New Nippon; Fukuchi Genichiro, a man of letters to whom Nippon owes no smaller debt than that of Germany to Schiller, were among them. But the glory of the embassy was Matsudaira Yasunao, Prince of Iwami. On the first list of the members of the embassy, you cannot find his name. And it was this way that he came to grace the commission:

Not so many days before the dispatch of the embassy the British minister resident at Yeddo, heard of the personnel of the embassy. Meeting his friend Ando,



who was the prime minister among the elders of the Shogun's court, the British minister said to him: "As for the embassy to Europe, its success can hardly be looked for with confidence, I fear. However, you will have a better chance if you were to appoint Matsudaira Yasunao as one of the commissioners. Prince of Iwami is the man for the mission." The distinction of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary was conferred upon Takenouchi, Prince of Shimozuke, a genial gentleman who had already grown gray in the service of the Shogun. He had, once upon a time, filled the post of the minister of Hakodate, and that was the only reason for his appointment—a historic incident which sheds a deal of side light upon the careless administration of the time. As for Matsudaira, Prince of Iwami, he was more remarkable for his abilities than for his years; eloquent, resourceful, no conspiracy of circumstances, however sudden, however tangled, had ever been known to surprise his presence of mind.

Now, the embassy was sent under the kindly cloak of strengthening the amity between the friendly Powers and ourselves, and of bringing about a still better understanding with us and our friends beyond the far seas. Its real and serious work, however, was outlined to its members under three headings: 1. To reopen the *pourparler* looking for a treaty which would define, once for all, the boundary line between the Nippon and the Russian territory in the island of Sakhalin. 2. To negotiate with the Powers for the postponement for five more years of the opening of four ports which was stipulated in the famous Treaty of Shimoda—or more commonly known as the Perry Treaty—as the time of opening was to fall upon the following year. 3. To negotiate for a modification in the exchange value of gold at the time. The exchange value of silver in Nippon was much higher than that of gold, which naturally encouraged the

unfavorable exodus of gold from the country.

Soon after the arrival at St. Petersburg, Matsudaira, Prince of Iwami, was seen in the streets; at times, it is said, his friends of the commission missed him for a number of hours.

On the appointed day they came together—the men from the Far East, perfect strangers to the world-craft of diplomacy as it was understood by Europe on the one hand, and on the other by General Ignatieff, of international fame. As you see, then, it was no diplomatic *pourparler*; it was, pure and simple, a chapter of a stately comedy, the unconscious humor of which was delicious and heartrending from the standpoint of Nippon. Not a single warship for the men from Yeddo, not a single army corps—which was then, as now, the most powerful agency to give meaning to the sugared sounds of diplomatists' lips. They were amazingly unread even in the school text-books of Western diplomacy. Facing them was the representative of the White Czar of All the Russias, the acknowledged star upon the stage of European diplomacy, rich in experiences, superb and sure of his own powers, and, above all, with the greatest military power in Europe ready to interpret the significance of his words. One might be permitted to smile over the genial manner with which the minister of the Czar must have greeted the embassy from the far Yeddo; and how the veteran diplomatist must have enjoyed to the full the unique features of the entertainment.

The representatives of the Yeddo Government opened the polite curtain drama by requesting Russia for the postponement of the opening of the treaty ports. England and other Powers had already given their consent, and with that graciousness which is so becoming to the superior doing a favor to some one not his equal, General Ignatieff was happy to give the consent of Russia on the first item. The question of the exchange rate was next broached. The Russian

Government regretted that it finds itself impossible to receive the commands and meet the pleasures of the Yeddo Government on that point. Then came the question of the boundary line in the Sakhalin.

"The boundary line in the island of Sakhalin?" and the famous minister of the Czar raised his eyebrows in a mock amazement and dismay, which, however, was altogether good-natured. "Does your Excellency see any room for the discussion of a boundary line between Russia and Japan in the Sakhalin Island, which, as you know, is Russian territory?"

"We are here," made answer Prince of Iwami, "that we might make complete the amity between Russia and Japan. Your country is both great and strong. Forgive me, your Excellency, for saying that it is not very becoming to the dignity of so great a land as yours to stoop to devour the territory of a land both so small and weak as Nippon; in fact, it is almost contemptible." They were bold words; commenting rather shockingly, no doubt, on the far-sounding reputation which Nippon had for politeness even in those early days. Prince of Iwami stoutly claimed the Sakhalin Island below the fiftieth degree as the Nippon territory. General Ignatieff found the idea amusing and laughed good-naturedly at the violence of the words from the representative of the polite race. Hours passed; the violence of the adjectives (in which the envoy from Yeddo was rich as he was poor in fleets and armies) kept on increasing; it told at last even upon the good nature of General Ignatieff.

"Produce then," said General Ignatieff, "the proof that the island south of the fiftieth degree is Japanese territory."

"The burden of proof is upon your Excellency and upon Russia."

"The discoverer of the Sakhalin is a Russian. That is one of the proofs."

"We have Manabe Rinzo, who not

only discovered, but also made a careful survey and mapping of the island."

"What other proofs have you to present other than that?"

"Here is another," said Prince of Iwami. He spread before the general's eyes some six sheets of maps. They were of the Far East, prepared by the English, Dutch, French, Germans and others. "The world, as you see," said Prince Matsudaira, pointing at the maps, "recognizes the fiftieth degree of north latitude as the boundary line between Nippon and Russia."

"And your Excellency would accept the inaccurate and commercial maps made by anyone as the proof in the settlement of international questions of boundary lines between two sovereign Powers?"

Prince of Iwami ignored the question and effaced it with a request. "I pray you to look at another map." It was a Russian map. On it the fiftieth degree was taken as the boundary line. General Ignatieff smiled at it.

"One of the kind," General Ignatieff added, "not even worthy of commanding the respect of a casual student. If, however, your Excellency looks upon maps as a proof which should bear in the case, there is an accurate map in the possession of the Russian Government."

"May we be permitted to examine it?"

"I shall be happy to comply with your Excellency's request at the appointed time to-morrow."

And for the day the negotiation came to a close.

On the following morning General Ignatieff unrolled a Russian map before the Japanese envoys. Upon it the entire island of Sakhalin was painted in green.

"As you can see," said General Ignatieff, "here before your Excellency's eyes is an accurate and authentic map. Upon it the entire island of Sakhalin is marked beyond farther question."

"In truth, it is a splendid map," said Prince of Iwami in response. "As this authentic map speaks with no uncertain

tones over the question, there is left no room for further dispute. I have nothing but a profound admiration for the thoroughness with which your Excellency's Government is served."

General Ignatieff smiled—smiled like a big boy smiling at a small boy—and not at all like a diplomatist.

Conversation shifted; all was amiable now; it was a quiet burst of sunshine through a storm which had come suddenly to an end.

"On my way I have had the honor of visiting a number of our treaty Powers, England and France among others. Everywhere I went I heard something about your astronomical observatory. All of them spoke of it as the most perfect of the kind in existence. I understand that England sends a number of students to it; so also France; and is it not true that your observatory is attracting a number of astronomers from all parts of Europe?"

"Yes, I think that is true," said the Russian minister. "It seems to stand as the final court of authority in all matters astronomical. It justifies its good name. You can depend on what it has to say."

"May I not be permitted to visit your famous observatory, then? And would you not honor me with your company, and even on this very day? Would you not be gracious enough to show me the way at once?"

"And pray, may I know the reason of your Excellency's sudden and very deep interest in our observatory? What is your Excellency's pleasure in visiting the observatory?"

"Simply this: I would be most happy if I were to have the honor of having the permission of visiting such an institution so justly famous the world over. Is there not your Excellency's carriage standing at the gate at present? Permit me, I pray you, to share it with you?" And he insisted.

And General Ignatieff persisted, naturally, in knowing the reason why.

"It is your Excellency's pleasure to know my reasons for insisting upon this visit to the observatory. If I were to conform to your wishes—which I have not the slightest objection in doing under certain conditions—would you, on your side, give me your word of promise that you would gratify my wishes on this point?"

"I agree," said General Ignatieff rather gravely.

"In passing through many states in Europe, I have taken care to secure the maps of the world—especially of Asia—in every country. I wished to know how widely the world at large recognized our claim to the territory in the Sakhalin south of the fiftieth degree north latitude. In St. Petersburg, my first thought was to secure a Russian map of Asia—and here it is before you. One of the first places to which I went was your famous astronomical observatory of which we have been speaking. There I examined the terrestrial globes—indeed, in your observatory there are three globes. And on all and every one of them I had the satisfaction of seeing the boundary line between your country and mine clearly marked along the fiftieth degree. And your Excellency has just assured me that the observatory is the final court of authority to which the scholars from all parts of the civilized world gather for instructions, and its teachings are accurate and worthy of confidence. It was not only on one of the globes that I saw the correct boundary line between Russia and Nippon in the Sakhalin, but on all of the three. I regret to say, therefore, that I am forced to question the accuracy of the map presented by your Excellency."

General Ignatieff was silent. Matsudaira, Prince of Iwami, would put his captive behind an iron door after he had chained him hand and foot.

"I shall be very grateful," he said, pointing to the map before him, "if you would be generous enough to give it to me."



Without a word, General Ignatieff rolled up the map.

"In all my diplomatic experiences"—he spoke rather seriously and slowly—"I have never had an opportunity of negotiating with a man like your Excellency. Your foresight, mastery of details, and moreover your spirit, have won my admiration completely. I shall report the matter to his Majesty. For the sake of Japan, and especially in justice to your Excellency, I shall do everything in my power to reopen the negotiations on the basis which will meet with your approval." That, then, was the first intimation that Russia would be willing to enter into a *pourparler*, even, of settling the boundary line between her and Nippon in the Sakhalin.

At the second conference, Prince of Iwami said to the Russian minister: "Last year your Count Muravieff came to our country and proposed to make the water between the Yezo and the Sakhalin as the boundary line between the two countries. We, on our side, held to the fiftieth degree. We failed to come to an understanding. The reason we gave for our position was simple. We claimed the territory occupied by the Aino, who are the subjects of Nippon, as our own. Nothing more. And the northern limit of the territory covered by them and their interests runs along the fiftieth degree."

"There are a number of points in the extreme East where the line of demarcation of our territory is still not sharply defined. Maritime Manchuria is one example of them. And I fear the Sakhalin belongs to the same class. Moreover, it is always happier for the peace and the future of friendly relations between the two countries to have the water as a boundary line. All things considered, might it not serve to strengthen the ties between the two states, to leave this matter *statu quo*?"

Prince Matsudaira and his fellow-commissioners had no ear for anything short of a clean-cut boundary line along

the fiftieth degree recognized in black and white by the two governments. The Czar summoned his Asian Commission, and the following counter proposition was the result of their learned deliberations: As the fiftieth degree of north latitude runs over the top of a mountain in the Sakhalin, it is no easy matter to fix a boundary line which would do away with future disputes. Why not take a stream which runs east and west a little south of it—along the forty-eighth degree?

"The retainers and the subjects of the clan of Ono," was the answer of the Prince of Iwami to this compromise, "have covered the territory north of Ushiyoro. There are at Kushunrai a settlement and depots of the men under the Prince of Izu. We have already waived our rightful claim to the whole of the Sakhalin; it is the earnest wish of our Government to maintain a lasting friendship with our neighbor, Russia. As the modesty of our claim is apparent, may we not hope to have the advantage of your recognition of the justice of our claim?"

At Peking, two years before that, on the Fourteenth of November, 1860, the same General Ignatieff had signed a treaty with China which gave to the empire of his imperial master the entire maritime Manchuria east of the Ussuri River, including that root of all Russian evils in the East called the port of Vladivostok, and many other beautiful things. Most naturally, the general could not wash his memory of the story of the easy victory he had won over an Oriental power. The mandarin and the samurai—could there be such a difference between them? And the virtues called justice and generosity—to which alone the Nippon claim made appeal—were the source of endless entertainments to the diplomatic circles of Russia rather than their guiding stars. So the negotiation dragged. Prince Matsudaira knew the dangerous condition of the Shogun Government at home; he wished

to bring the negotiations to a close. As he looked at it, it was far better to sign the treaty with Russia on the basis of the forty-eighth degree of latitude than either to prolong the negotiation or to break it off at that time. He was ready to sign the treaty Russia wished him to sign; ready, too, to apologize for his act by committing *seppuku* upon his return—the greatest good to his country, that was the only thing for which he cared. But the senior envoy, Takeuchi, Prince of Shimozuke, would not hear of it—"Not a step south of the fiftieth degree, that was the instruction from the Bakufu."

No definite line of demarcation was, therefore, entered upon the treaty; instead the two governments agreed to appoint a joint boundary commission, whose duty it shall be to examine the topographical contour of the country, and decide upon a convenient and practical boundary between Russia and Nippon. And the seals were affixed to the Treaty of St. Petersburg on the nineteenth day of the eighth Moon of the second year of Bunkyu.

In the following year, that is to say, 1863, the Russian commissioners came to Hakodate. But the Tokugawa Government had many more serious questions to think of in the sad hours of its downfall. It neglected to appoint the men to meet the Russian commissioners.

Once more, three years later, the Tokugawa Government sent Koide, Prince of Yamato, to St. Petersburg; that was the last effort of the Shogun's administration in the Sakhalin boundary question. When Koide returned to report his fruitless efforts, he found the Tokugawa rule only on the pages of history.

In the early days of the Restoration, when the actual power of administration was once more in the hands of the imperial house, there were two men who figured largely as the arbiters of the fate of the Sakhalin. One of them was Count Kuroda Kiyotaka. He was one of the

clan of Satsuma. There were only two men who were stronger than he—Saigo and Okubo. At the time he filled the important post of the Director of the United Board of Yezo and Sakhalin. The other was Count Soejima Tanemi. He had served as an imperial councilor to his Majesty and had then just accepted the portfolio of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He had heard of the Alaskan transaction of Russia with the United States; he was advised also of the Russian activity along the Afghan frontiers. On a fine day, he dreamed a fine dream. Turning to Count Okuma, who was the Minister of Finance at the time, he said: "Can you pay two millions of rio for the Sakhalin?—that is, to purchase all the Russian claims on the island?" "There is no difficulty about that," was the gratifying answer.

Count Soejima lost no time in broaching the proposal to Russia through her acting minister in Tokyo. Some time after that the French minister at Tokyo called upon Count Soejima: "Permit me to congratulate you on your success. I hear that the Russian Government is about to accept your offer."

Almost the next visitor at the residence of Count Soejima was Count Itagaki. And this was the message Count Itagaki had for his friend: "You have heard, of course, of the result of the throne conference? No? Well, the throne and the councilors have decided to act upon the recommendations of Kudoda in his recent memorial. We are to abandon the Sakhalin completely for all time."

Not so many days after that the Russian minister at Tokyo called upon Count Soejima and said: "It seems that the offer of purchasing the Sakhalin comes mainly from the Foreign Office of your Government—does it not? The Daijokwan seems to be of a different mind. Is it not better for you to abandon the project?" And so it came to pass on the very gateway of victory perched defeat.

On the Twenty-ninth of August of the seventh year of Meiji, 1874, at St. Petersburg, in the Asian Bureau of the Russian Foreign Department, the negotiation over the boundary line was renewed. Vice-Admiral Enomoto Buyo, who had been newly appointed to be the minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Russia, represented Nippon. Prince Gortchakoff spoke for Russia. Our claim was even more modest than in the declining days of the Tokugawa Bakufu; the Nippon Government wished Russia to recognize some natural boundary line in the Sakhalin between Nippon and Russia. The only boundary Prince Gortchakoff was inclined to recognize, however, was the La Perouse Strait. Following the instruction from home, Enomoto then demanded in exchange that Russia should recognize all of the islands of the Kurile group as the Nippon territory, and also to

open the Sakhalin waters to the fisheries of the Nippon people. But now all was different; Russia had succeeded in planting her feet firmly upon the soil of the Sakhalin; and pray what was the use of her taking the trouble of removing them, and what sense or poetry was there for the famous Russian minister to assist his country in such a thankless task? But a storm arose from another direction of the sky; it was the powerful logic of the black affairs of the Balkans which persuaded the astute diplomatist of the Czar to sign, at last, the historic Enomoto-Gortchakoff treaty on the Seventh of May—the Twenty-fifth of April of the Russian calendar—1875. And what is called the exchange between the Kurile group and the Sakhalin passed into history—the first black stain on our national honor, which has been insulting the sun-flag for over half a century.

And so it was we lost the Sakhalin.

## THE AFTER-PLAY

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER



HE was in the row behind them.

She had seen him as they entered. The usher was slow and awkward in pulling down their seats, and as she waited—for one swift second their eyes had met. And then she passed into her seat, painfully conscious of the color that was burning her face and that he could not help but see.

Her father turned to her with some remark about the crowded house, but she hardly heard him. She was trying to think clearly, to realize what the evening would be—with him only a few yards away.

The lights were lowered now, the orchestra ceased, and the curtain rose. She leaned back with a little sigh of relief, thankful for the darkness that would shield her face. With an effort she forced her attention to the stage.

The scene represented the library of an English house. A maid was dusting the chairs and carrying on an animated conversation with the butler. How vividly it recalled a remark he had once made—that in two-thirds of the society plays, the curtain rose on a maid dusting the chairs and bric-à-brac; that if she would only dust them well, it would not annoy one so, but she always made the same ineffectual little dabs here and

there—no self-respecting house-girl ever dusted like that.

She felt an inclination to laugh, as she watched this girl making purposeless little whisks with her duster. She was dusting one chair now for the third time, just flicking over the seat and back without touching it anywhere else. And he—he was only a few seats away, looking on with his grave, amused eyes.

It was at the end of the second act that the usher came hurrying toward them.

"Is this Dr. Grafton?"

Her father bowed.

"There is a telephone call for you at the office, sir."

The possibility of her father being called away to-night had not occurred to her. That he always entered in the physicians' register the location of his seat, she knew, and he was often called; but to-night—she caught his arm—

"Oh, you must not leave me here—if you go I shall go with you."

"Why, my dear, how foolish. I will send the carriage back for you."

"Yes, I know—but I don't wish to stay."

"Now, that is nonsense, and besides—why, here is Clark Norton behind us. Clark, I am going to leave Katherine for you to look after."

"I shall be delighted, doctor." It was his voice—and her father was gone.

And then—then he came and took her father's seat.

"I suppose you know how—how helpless I was to prevent this?"

"I know," he answered gravely.

"And father—of course he has not heard—I have not told him—yet."

"Is it necessary to say that? I knew—of course."

There was an awkward pause; then he said prosaically: "This seems to be rather well staged, does it not?"

"Yes, the staging is good."

"But one has grown to expect that, to resent it if each new production is not more elaborately staged than the last. I sometimes think it is carried too far.

There are times when one feels that the stage settings are meant to stand out above everything else; when even the characters seem secondary."

The curtain rose now on the last act, and she was saved the effort of a reply. She felt something like resentment that he could talk so easily and so well. That he was talking merely to relieve her embarrassment, she knew, and yet she resented the ease and naturalness with which he did it. She kept her eyes on the stage, but she was conscious only of him and of his nearness.

At last it was over, and he led her out through the crowded house into the clear coldness of the night. The great arc lights over the entrance lit up the long line of waiting carriages.

For the moment she gave herself up to the joy of being with him. How natural it seemed—to be with him. How often they had come out of this same theater together. The touch of his hand on her arm, as he guided her through the crowd, thrilled her now as it always had—that little imperious touch that belonged to no one but him. She had told him once that if she lay dead and he should come and touch her, it would bring her back to life. Her face grew crimson at the memory of it. Oh, how recklessly she had shown her love.

Their carriage drew up at the curbing now, and a moment later they were whirling through the city. He put the lap robe carefully about her and then leaned back in silence. She gazed out at the great dark buildings that seemed to frown upon her as they flew past. The street lamps made dim splashes of yellow light in the darkness. Farther out the avenues were almost deserted—only the clanging of distant street-cars and the sound of their own carriage relieved the stillness. A familiar church spire loomed up before them; she caught her breath—only two more squares. Only one square now—just three more houses—and now—the carriage had stopped. He helped her out and up the

stone steps. At the door she turned to bid him a formal good night.

"I am coming in." He said it very quietly.

"Oh!"

"One cannot say much for your hospitality."

"I—I beg your pardon—it did not occur to me that you would care to come in."

They were in the library now. She went over to a chair by the open grate and drew off her gloves. He was standing by the mantel looking down into the fire.

There was a long silence—heavy, intense, unbearable. Her hands trembled painfully; she played with her gloves that he might not notice. But he was still gazing down at the fire.

At last he turned to her: "That message—the telephone call for your father, it was not from a patient—I had it sent."

"You—had—it sent," she repeated dully. "I don't understand."

"It is very simple—I arranged to have him called away."

"And my father—he knew?"

"Yes."

"He knew you would be sitting behind us?"

"Yes."

"And that he would ask you to look after me?"

"Yes."

"You had planned all that?" There was a boundless scorn in her voice.

"Yes," flushing painfully.

"And this—the telling of it to me—had you planned that, too?"

"No."

"No? Didn't you?"—with a mocking little laugh. "What a pity you did not plan it all. I am sure you could have thought of something more effective than this. Don't you think you could?"

"Possibly."

"But you did not think it necessary, did you? You counted only on giving me an opportunity of being with you.

You thought that I would do the rest, that I would make all kinds of concessions, that I would retract all the things I said when we parted, and most humbly admit that it was I—I who had been wrong. How magnanimous—how infinitely magnanimous of you to give me this chance to—to win you back."

"Had you let me explain this—I could have justified it—unpardonable as it may seem. But since you have chosen to look at it as you do—I can say nothing. It is very late. I should not have detained you so long."

Before she realized it he was gone. The room seemed suddenly to mock her with its emptiness. There was a startled stillness about it all. Her eyes were fixed on a small bronze dragon that was on the mantel and that he had pushed aside with his arm. It was there he had stood when first he told her of his love, and then he had come to her and taken both her hands, and she had registered a swift vow, that whatever pain and sorrow the years might bring, she would bear them uncomplainingly for the sake of that moment of supreme joy.

And now—now he was going out of her life forever—forever. Oh, no—no—anything but— She flew through the library and out into the hall.

No—he had not gone—he was standing by the door drawing on his gloves. She could have cried aloud with the joy of finding him. And then she realized that she was holding out her hands to him and that he was looking at her with cold, grave eyes.

She drew back, clasping her hands nervously, "Oh, I—I came to see if you had gone—I mean if you had closed the door—it does not always latch."

"I will close the door and latch it."

She shrank from the coldness in his voice.

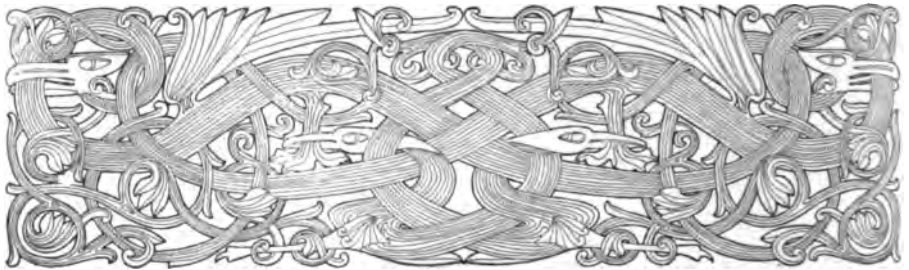
"Oh, Clark—don't you—can't you see—oh, you are making it so hard." Her lips were trembling piteously.

"You made it very hard for me."

His voice was still cold, though a warm light had crept into his eyes. But she did not see it, for her own were filled with tears.

She turned back into the library, sank

on a couch and buried her face in the pillows. And then—then he came to her. There was no coldness in his voice now, for in its place had come infinite tenderness.

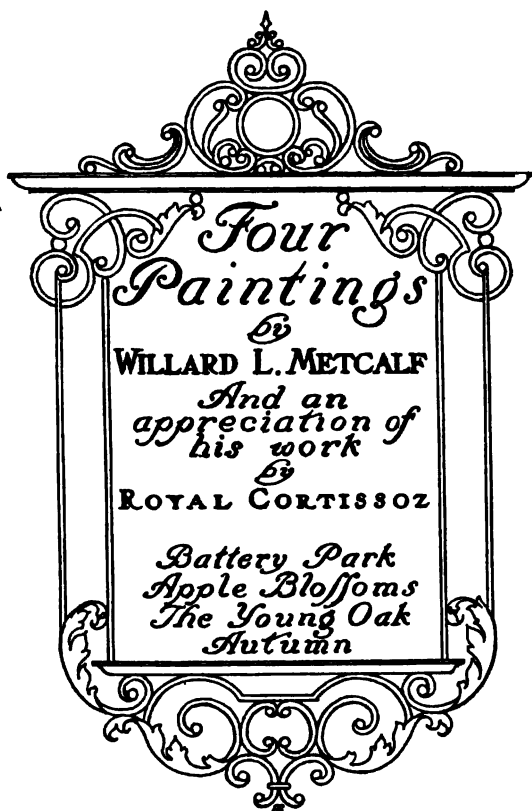


## TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL

By FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LOVER of shadow and the twilight still,  
 When stars begin to blossom in the sky,  
 And in her azure garden—close on high  
 The moon goes, silvering the vale and hill—  
 With what enchanted music thou dost fill  
 The fragrant dusk! A song that is a sigh!  
 Afar, the echoes quaver, faint and die:  
 Silent the air; then, once more, *Whip-poor-will!*

Again and yet again thy lyric call,  
 Sweet and insistent, down the darkness goes,  
 Seeking in vain an answer in the night;  
 Again and yet again the flute-notes fall,  
 And earth, enraptured, in her slumber knows  
 Dreams that are lovely with thy song's delight.























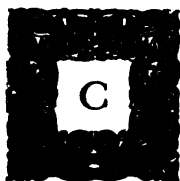




# WILLARD L. METCALF

AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ



**C**RITICISM takes account of many things in a work of art, but at the outset it places the artist in one of two categories—among the men who “know how,”

or among the men who are amateurs, in the least edifying sense, all their lives long.

Mr. Willard L. Metcalf is one of the men who “know how.” This fact was recognized when he exhibited the figure pieces identifying him, by their workmanship, with Parisian sources of training; but it becomes more characteristic and more interesting when his landscapes are considered. If these rise above the ordinary level, it is because they illustrate a method rare enough in American art. Landscape work has been, on the whole, stronger than figure work in this country, for the reason that it has been richer in color and in sentiment, in temperament and in atmosphere. Again and again American artists have proved that the achievement of these qualities is compatible with technical limitations. For a few men of genius equally well qualified to feel and to paint, like Inness or Wyant, we have had scores of men of talent whose hands have not been able to keep pace with their ideas. The thing that has always impressed me about Mr. Metcalf's art has been the easy effective way in which it has been wrapped round his ideas, as if his hand and his

eye worked in almost unconscious harmony toward a common end; as if expression were, with him, indeed, a condition following upon observation like echo following speech in a vaulted chamber.

Stated in its simplest terms this gift of his is a gift of drawing. As we shall see, it reacts upon other elements in his work, but the essential point to record first is his skill in transferring an object to paper or canvas with a touch as fluent as it is sure. I have alluded to his figure pieces. They, too, show what an accomplished draftsman he is; yet, curiously, the drawing in them does not, in my opinion, possess quite the quality which lies in the draftsmanship of his landscapes. Perhaps it is because human forms are not as charming to him as landscape forms. That, at all events, is the inference to be drawn from comparison of his work in the one field with his work in the other. The figure pieces command respect; the landscapes command much more, for good drawing in the landscapes is a virtue developing other virtues, and contributing with them to the construction of beautiful pictorial or decorative units. Here is where the reaction aforesaid comes in. I remember seeing in an exhibition in Philadelphia, some years ago, a small canvas by Mr. Metcalf, on which he had painted a narrow stream, the sedgy banks of which filled the immediate foreground. The composition

was simplicity itself. The artist had not attempted to transmogrify his quite casual motive, nor had he sought to get more poetry into his picture than could be put there by the faithful, straightforward notation of a twilight effect of atmosphere. But this unpretentious rural "bit" had really an uncommon eloquence, and, as it seemed to me, this was due to the precision with which everything in it was drawn. An equally sensitive artist, using a less accurate brush, would have got much for his pains in sketching the same scene; but Mr. Metcalf got a great deal more through giving, without the least excess of detail, a fuller, more precise, and more delicate interpretation of the subject. In his later work he has used his faculty of expression through draftsmanship to steadily richer and richer purpose.

The decorations he executed for the walls of a well-known tobacco establishment in New York formed a landmark in his career, and, incidentally, threw new light on the resources of landscape painting. Open-air studies in mural decoration are no new thing. But Mr. Metcalf struck an individual note when he set forth, in the seven or eight divisions of a long frieze, scenes in Cuba with which one would have said a decorator, in the strict sense, could have had nothing to do. Havana harbor is there, with all its familiar episodes of sea-wall, docks, and buildings; the tobacco plantations are there, and all this material is handled with the freedom and vividness of an artist making a sketch for the sake of the scene before him. But with that manual adroitness and authority which he possesses in such generous measure; with that polished craftsman's innate sense of the fitness of things, which is not less precious than his draftsmanship, Mr. Metcalf has fused his landscape impressions into a decorative design, and makes a remarkably winning appeal. He does this, of course, because he has studied the scheme as a whole. He does it also be-

cause he has had the ability to lend interest to things which, in other hands, would very possibly have remained merely commonplace and dull.

He is so clever, so deft, in hitting off the pitch of a long line of roofs, the droop of a palm, or the silhouette of a ship lying at anchor in the gleaming bay. A cart making a little blot of form and color in the blazing light is for him an excuse for one of those flashes of technical sleight-of-hand which only one artist in five hundred can put to his credit. Looking at Mr. Metcalf's Cuban subjects, I have recalled, vaguely, pictures like Fortuny's "Beach at Portici," in which a tiny cab filling only a subordinate part in the composition turns out to be, on closer scrutiny, a little wonder of workmanship. The American painter is amazingly facile at this sort of thing, and at the same time, as I have indicated, he keeps this sort of thing in its place. His Cuban scenes are full of such engaging examples of legerdemain; but they also form a well-balanced decorative scheme.

They give a new measure of Mr. Metcalf's talent, but about a year ago he demonstrated still further that he had the principle of growth, and that with new opportunities he could carry his art into new stages of development. After a long summer on the shores of the Damariscotta River, in Maine, he brought home and exhibited in New York the twenty-one canvases from which the landscapes reproduced in this article have been selected. In them he may be said to have "found himself," producing a body of work broad in scope and rich in content. To those who have long watched his progress it was plain that if he had greatly widened his range, he had as greatly fertilized the realism which he has always practised. I have seen pictures of his in the past in which he has appeared to be satisfied with a purely impersonal statement of facts. To this day, I imagine, he would shrink from importing into a picture elements

having their origin in his emotions alone. But, on the other hand, his Maine studies reflect a sympathy more alert and more penetrating than he was wont to disclose some time ago, and the exhibition to which I refer was remarkable for nothing more than for its truth to the very soul of the American landscape as it is known in one of its most characteristic phases. The crisp airs and glancing lights of early autumn afternoons, the deep greens of summer leafage, the freshness and brilliance of water shining under a New England sky, all these sources of charm were put before us with the artist's old command of his brushes, and with a new spirit informing every inch of the painted surfaces.

I have often observed the disposition of American landscape painters to change their material out of all knowledge, so that a Connecticut pasture is made to look like the edge of a forest depicted by Diaz or Rousseau; and sometimes, when our countryside is not misrepresented in this way, it is quite as effectually disguised behind a veil of iridescent pigment, exploited solely for the iridescence. When Mr. Metcalf pitched his tent beside the Damariscotta he resolved to paint its portrait with as much care for its individual traits as he would use in painting the portrait of a man or a woman. The lovely river has a physiognomy of its own, and so has every orchard or meadow along its banks. Nowhere save in America will you find such a tree as Mr. Metcalf has painted in his "Birches in May," or "The Red Maple"; nowhere else in the world do blossoming trees have quite the background that is given to them in his "Spring"; and the same unique raciness is to be discerned in pictures of his like "The Bridge Road," or "Captain Elliot's

House," or "East Boothbay Harbor," which interpret in all its fragrant integrity that atmosphere of homespun beauty which distinguishes the typical American scene from the immemorial pastoral scene of England, the romantic scene of France, or the scene, brimming over with art and antiquity, that you find in Italy. To have put the truth of the soil into his work thus triumphantly, in an age which has witnessed the rise of the almost compelling influences of the Barbizon school and the Impressionists, is, by itself, no small achievement. Moreover, Mr. Metcalf did not stop there.

He made delightful pictures of his truths. Perhaps "East Boothbay Harbor" would not strike the untrained observer as a mine of pictorial suggestion, but to the artist who never expects to take composition all ready made from nature's hands, the mere sweep of the shore is a motive on which to build a capital effect. In Mr. Metcalf's picture the crudity which belongs to a town of the sort is retained in so far as the sentiment, the air, of the place is concerned; but the huddled roofs and the broad waters upon which they look are concentrated in an arrangement with the foreground and the sky which gives to the whole canvas an artistic felicity fairly comparable to that which is customarily expected only from more academic painters.

Form is indispensable in this arrangement. All through it you perceive the exercise of Mr. Metcalf's draftsman-ship, of his skill in delineating structural things. But to form, accurately observed and firmly drawn, he adds color that is not only seen but felt, light and air, and produces not only a sound but a glowing and exhilarating transcript of nature.



# THE PROMISE AND PROBLEMS OF RECIPROCITY

BY HAROLD BOLCE



**M**UCH of the enthusiasm over reciprocity is stirred by the large, cosmopolitan suggestion in the term. America is outgrowing its provincialism. There are fish in the sea beyond Cape Cod! Through the Golden Gate which shut out the Mongolians, a new light—the light of Asia—is breaking. The type of Yankee who, on a ship flying the Union Jack and bound westward from Greenwich, asked Max O'Rell if he were not a foreigner, is happily giving way to the American with the world-mind. We are learning that Britain's "dominion over palm and pine" is none the less complete simply because the flagstaff over Windsor Castle, as Mr. Vanderlip boasted, was cut on Puget Sound. We are discovering that Perry's Christian opening of Japan has given us no mortgage on the Mikado's commerce. We have awakened to the realization that we are a much greater people within our boundaries than we are beyond.

At this juncture reciprocity is advocated as a method of giving us substantial status abroad as a trading nation. Since Blaine's day, reciprocity has not been carefully considered in America, save by a few enthusiasts, because the one fact that would have given it national vitality—our trade fiasco beyond the seas—has been sturdily suppressed. Now that we are

awakening to the reality that Japan is a greater Power on the Pacific than we are; that in South America we are a laughing-stock, stammering about our bargains in a foreign tongue; that our paltry exports of factory goods to Europe are dwindling; and that, in short, our sphere of influence is confined to our continent, the popular thought in America is being directed away from whatever policies may be responsible for this wide unsuccess abroad, and is looking to reciprocity as one of the means of bringing about a bigger and more lucrative trade with the world.

Reciprocity has ceased to be merely an academic question, for American firms are beginning to fear and even feel the anti-American trade movement now extending over both Europe and Asia. The new Chinese wall, reared not against the barbarian but to keep out the goods of the Christian Yankee; the tariff war which Russia has been waging against us; and now Germany's impending participation and probable leadership in the commercial battle of Europe to crush our trade, have given the principle of reciprocity a force which may make it a great national issue. In fact, it is now being embraced eagerly by many thoughtful citizens as the watchword of a new American era.

In the belief of its promoters, reciprocity, while multiplying our activities and reducing the cost of living at home, would not only safeguard our present

foreign trade, but increase our profit and prestige abroad. The advocates of this reform are confident that it would transform us into a first-class commercial Power. Instead of a burly stevedore wheeling down raw cotton, raw copper, and unground wheat to the alien ships at our ports, Uncle Sam would rise to the more profitable rôle of captain of commerce. He would preside over shipments of high-grade cargoes, and might find the traffic so lucrative that he could afford to acquire a merchant fleet of his own.

It would add, I think, to the force of the argument in favor of reciprocity to concede that it is not a golden rule of commerce, designed for universal use. It is valuable to two countries or to a group in so far as it secures to that limited number certain monopoly of opportunity in a foreign market. The more nations included in a reciprocity combine, the fewer advantages of a special character to any one of them. Reciprocity implies discrimination against less favored nations. Two or several nations agree to exchange products within a common tariff enclosure. The rest of the world is shut out.

If reciprocity should be applied to all nations its purposes would be defeated. That would mean that the tariff walls around all countries had been lowered. In such an unwall'd world of opportunity the American workingman, following in the stormy wake of the Panama Commission, would send abroad for his bargains! When it fathoms the danger we can safely trust capital to stay the movement before it reaches that point. We must, it will be admitted, have some kind of a protective barricade. Even Heaven has a wall around it!

Reciprocity would, naturally, bring about a commercial millennium only to the few countries that framed its regulations. While it is a working and profitable system for several nations, it reaches its greatest efficiency when confined to two contracting parties. America, for

example, established reciprocity with Cuba in 1902, granting to that island the exclusive right to fill the American sugar bowl. That now means a revenue of more than \$64,000,000 annually to Cuba. We guaranteed that Cuba for five years would have the privilege of shipping sugar through our customs channels at a rate twenty per cent less than any other country has to pay us for waiting on our table. Once Germany sold us millions of dollars' worth of sugar. Its sugar trade with America has now been almost annihilated.

This reciprocity concession to Cuba is valuable to that island because it gives it a monopoly in our market. If we extended Cuba's sugar privilege to Russia and Germany (which we have pledged ourselves as a nation not to do), Cuba's advantage would cease. There would then be no foundation for the argument that the results in Cuba testified to the value of reciprocity as an economic system. Neither the advocates of reciprocity nor its opponents would consent to the extension of the sugar reciprocity treaty to European, South American, or Asiatic sugar countries. It is clear that genuine reciprocity, like true love, thrives best away from the crowd!

It is futile to deny that reciprocity is an extension of the monopoly system, yet therein lie both its power to make substantial converts at the start and the assurance that it will not force the world to an ultimate free-trade level, for it is to the interests of reciprocity nations not to bid too many to share the advantages of the system. The more reciprocity is extended, the less the monopoly. Reciprocity might be said to be a tonic, which when concentrated is very stimulating to trade, but which loses its power the more it is diluted.

If, for example, we extended to Europe, South America, and the East Indies the same sugar concession enjoyed by Cuba, a saccharine flood would oversweep the United States. This would lower the cost to the consumer, but

that, from the protectionist point of view, would be a dubious benefit, for when capital cannot make its profit on sugar how can labor hope to be worth its salt! Moreover, such a tidal influx of sugar from other countries would wreck the prosperity of Cuba, and that would be a final argument against the wide extension of the reciprocity system.

#### OUR NEED OF CANDOR IN DISCUSSION

One reason why there is so much confusion of utterance over reciprocity and protection is that on both sides of our tariff wall the economic posters are misleading. The method of both statesmen in office and reformers out of it is to espouse the theory first and hunt for the facts to support it afterward, and it has seldom made any change in the theory when the facts were not forthcoming!

The result is that the crowds are not following the leader. Every thoughtful citizen in America is fast becoming an economist, and every man, if we can believe his critics, is wrong! Perhaps in no former period of prosperity has there been a greater clamoring of voices than now deafens the land. Usually, widespread agitation of economic questions is stimulated only by a panic or a campaign. But although it is an off-year for demagogues, with the only danger to office-holders being an occasional misstep toward the penitentiary, with bursting granaries throughout the land and streams of gold overflowing our banks, we present the spectacle of a people profoundly stirred over our tariff and the need of reciprocity with foreign Powers.

And the auspicious thing is that scarcely two investigators think alike. Every new argument for or against tariff revision, reciprocity, retaliation, or maximum and minimum schedules evokes a chorus of dissent.

Party organs are playing new tunes. But no strain thus far gives promise of rallying the people. The masses that

do the marching and carry the lanterns and the banners have stopped to read the signs of the times. The great economic leader has not arrived; at least, he has not registered! It is probable that the next presidential campaign will offer opportunity for a strong man of international grasp who will temper idealism with statistics and enlist the people of the United States in a broad foreign commercial policy worthy of the nation.

In the mean time partisans are torturing statistics to support fallacies that have long since served their campaign purposes. For example, with the decline in our exports of agricultural and pastoral products, due to our own appetite and our purchasing ability, there has been, fortunately for the statistical sophists, an increase of exports of manufactures. But these loyal reviewers fail to tell the American people that a large part of these goods goes to thousands of Americans who have left the United States to engage in business, farming, and mining operations in Mexico and Canada. We are selling to our own people there, hauling the goods farther and paying duties upon them at the Mexican and Canadian borders. But even if these were not our old customers whose purchases now merely transfer the returns from the domestic to the less profitable foreign column in our ledger, our trade with Mexico and Canada should be classed apart from the American commerce that goes oversea. Our traffic with the Dominion at our northern border and with Mexico on the south is a part of the American continental trade expansion. Geographically, it is all our country. The traveler looking out of the car window is wholly unaware when he passes from the United States into either of these adjoining countries. Freight cars carry shipments to Winnipeg and to the City of Mexico with the same facility that marks our splendid traffic between our own cities. It would be a shameful and incredible failure if we did not have a large trade with these two countries.

The fact that it is about fifty per cent of the total is less amazing than that we do not have it all or nearly all. It should be ours. When it is reflected that Europe controls half the foreign trade of Mexico, our near-by boasting becomes less impressive.

Inasmuch as our sea-borne trade in factory goods is insignificant, the totals to Canada and Mexico seem large to us. And if we subtract them from our total foreign commerce in finished wares, the remainder (a trifling sum for the American nation) will include all the wares we ship by sea. If our statisticians would do that and thus reveal to the people that, although we have kept up our boasting, our exports of manufactures to Europe, which have never amounted to much, are actually declining, and that that decrease would be more conspicuous still but for our system of classifying copper and kerosene as "finished products," the figures scattered over the United States every month would be far more truthful than is the present jubilant array.

This failure to give a clear analysis of our factory exports has made it difficult for the public to understand why we are in need of reciprocity or some similar system of commercial exchange with other nations. A mistaken sense of patriotism has prompted this work of diverting attention from our defeat in Europe and South America by calling attention to our success in the aggregate. The Fourth of July is still the biggest figure in our statistics!

If the reciprocity newspapers realized the truth and importance of the record, they would print the story of our trade failures oversea, and how the news of five years of steady defeat in Europe has been kept from view by adding to these declining figures the increasing totals of our exports to Canada and Mexico. It is not reasonable to believe that the American people as a whole prefer to have the facts of our colossal unsucces in the sale of competitive wares in

Europe disguised as part of a world-wide advance. As the greatest of all nations in our domestic commerce, we can afford to confess defeat abroad. Until we do so, we cannot bring to the questions of tariff revision and reciprocity the candor indispensable to the settlement of these issues to the lasting interests of America's foreign trade, and so long as the passing of our raw cargoes to the foreign mills whose output is crowding ours out of the markets of the world beguiles us into believing that we are in the forefront of the exporting nations, we shall not be able intelligently to realize the pressing importance of some kind of reciprocal trade relations with our competitors.

The old delusion that the world was flat died hard. It was easier to behead the astronomers than it was to change the shape of a planet! The fallacy that America's foreign trade is a national triumph worthy of perpetual laudation is an equally robust fantasy. The illumination will come when a few tariff wars, brought about by our refusal to adopt the modern reciprocal system of commerce, destroy what little trade we have in competitive goods.

Speaking nationally, if we lost our entire oversea trade in factory articles it would not be serious; but, fortunately for the future of our foreign commerce, the injury will be concentrated largely upon big industries whose powers of protest are by no means feeble. Reciprocity when voiced by theorists and small producers could be ignored as an economic foible; Congress cannot suppress the movement when the factory whistles of the United States shriek in favor of this new commercial policy.

#### ECONOMIC REACTION AGAINST TRADITIONS

When citizens who could cruise on private yachts in cool latitudes meet in mid-August in Chicago to discuss political economy they betray an earnestness

of purpose that cannot be ignored. Of course, the mere act of an affluent orator voluntarily perspiring in the dog days over foreign trade is no assurance *per se* that his argument is sound. It is true, too, that that interest is not altruistic. That makes it all the more vital. The one economist whose interest in his subject is wholly academic is the theorist who has nothing to sell—except his manuscripts, which are not always quoted at par.

Let it be admitted, then, that the beef-breeder fears that tariff wars will destroy his fat profits abroad, and that the maker of American plows does not want to be crowded out of foreign furrows. Surely the American producer has as much right to demand tariff reform as the man who has nothing to export.

The reassuring thing in the current reciprocity agitation is that it discloses a determination upon the part of the American people to look beyond our tariff boundaries. Hitherto, Americans, undisturbed by foreign issues, have been free-traders or protectionists largely because they were born that way. Men handed down their politics like mortgaged property to their sons. We "stood pat" or "stuck in the mud" or dreamed of a free-trade Utopia without really knowing why, although we spent much time trying to explain! The political economy of America was coterminous with our voting precincts. Consistency in a statesman was extolled above candid consideration of disturbingly new questions.

Even college economists rarely looked beyond their campus. Occasionally some professor would venture to think outside of the curriculum and would find himself, like the eloquent Dr. Ross, of Stanford (the original father of "race suicide"), dropped from the faculty pay roll. It is a comfortable pastime to sit in a library or lecture-room and solve the destinies of nations according to orthodox formulas. It is a more for-

midable task to fare forth and struggle with the elementary uncertainties of getting another job. It became a habit of professors to stick to the text in the syllabus. The wise son knew his alma mater.

It would be an ungracious and unjust thing to accuse so large, so respectable, and so voluble a body of scholars of saying only what boards of regents enjoined, but many of those who have risen above personal bread-and-butter economy have been narrowly committed to economic traditions. If this is not the case, why is it that, in the presence of years of reiterated political statistics regarding our foreign trade and the consequent foolishness of popular argument based upon that insecure foundation, there has been no economist either untrammelled or alert enough to shape thought aright in the United States? Why has some trained college man not exposed the figures that have beguiled the people into believing that America had somehow engineered a trade invasion of Europe? Is it modesty that has kept our Adam Smiths and our John Stuart Mills from grasping this great opportunity?

The truth is that the almost universal indisposition to question the meaning of the great volume of American exports of raw materials needed in foreign factories and the paltry shipments of our manufactured wares oversea has been shared even by professional economists. So that now, when the issue of reciprocity calls for national consideration, we are "totally unprepared for the occasion." As is customary in such emergencies, however, we attempt to settle the matter by declamation. Henry Ward Beecher was more candid than most men when he confessed that when he had the least to say he talked the loudest.

Had the economists who have been equipped to give the facts of our oversea defeat as an exporter of factory wares kept that undebatable fact before the American people, the opportunity of



politicians to frame legislation in special interests and to the detriment of general commerce would not have been so marked. The issue of reciprocity would have possibly been averted through the adoption of a maximum and minimum tariff long ago if the public had been made to realize that our foreign trade, of which we have all boasted, was not a tribute to our alertness but a triumph of the business intelligence of our competitors who needed and sent for our raw supplies, and that the only great market we have ever had for our factory goods is on the American continent.

#### THE STAND-PAT PROTEST AGAINST RECIPROCITY

The opportunity which academic economists neglected to embrace was seized by politicians. In America, as in most countries, political economy to be effective must display either a diploma or a party button. Much of our political economy, as a result, is far more political than economic. Republicans and Democrats at times have nailed reciprocity planks to convention platforms, but expedient statesmen of various faiths shunned the Chicago conference as if it were the center of national contagion. Mr. Albert Clarke, of Boston, warned the faithful away from Chicago, urging his suspicion that Democrats had become interested in the movement.

That is a curious alarm. If reciprocity is a good thing for American commerce, the politics of its promoters is not important. This agitation, whatever may be its outcome, indicates a great American awakening. The merits of this pressing economic question which demands consideration in the midst of our jubilation over a foreign trade we have failed to win should be considered by every patriotic citizen who hopes to see America the master among the commercial Powers. To raise the plaintive inquiry concerning the politics of its advocates suggests the timorous

culture that scans the name of the artist before passing judgment on the painting.

In his monograph Mr. Clarke goes beyond the privileges of political bias. He represents that none of the countries of Europe are yet arrayed against the United States commercially, and that therefore the reciprocity agitation is needless, or at least premature. Why Mr. Clarke ignored the fact that our merchandise pays a higher rate in entering France than do the exports of other nations, and why our disastrous tariff war with Russia was not mentioned, it is difficult to explain, even when due allowance is made for loyal partisanship. It is true that Germany has not yet declared a trade war against the United States, but Germany does not dominate all Europe—not yet. No one knows whether Germany will or will not apply its new high tariff to our exports. That empire has deliberately planned a tariff designed among other purposes to foster agrarian interests by keeping out foreign lard, oleomargarine, salted beef, and other provisions. The new maximum tariff is fixed at \$6.45 per hundred pounds. Any of Europe's seven reciprocity countries, having made treaty arrangements, can ship to Germany what beef they may have to sell, by paying a customs duty of \$2.92. Now if Germany should, without gaining any reciprocal concessions from the United States, grant us that low rate, why did the Reichstag go to the trouble of framing the law at all? Mr. Clarke cites one clause of our old Prussian treaty which states that any favor granted by Germany to a third country must forthwith be extended to the United States. As the treaty stipulation was designed to work the other way as well, our failure to give Germany the same concession we granted to Cuba would put us out of court in holding the German Government to that old contract. Moreover, there is another clause in that ancient and much-debated covenant which, as America construes it, gives either country the

right to make special reciprocity arrangements. Was Mr. Clarke's protest against the Chicago reciprocity convention too hastily prepared or was it over-edited by some unhesitant hand?

Whatever Germany's policy may be, it is the part of wisdom for America to be prepared to meet it. It is not the custom of a nation, no matter how fertile in resource, to postpone the perfecting of its armament until war is declared. The Teuton may not, after all, cut the rope which the American beef trust has tightened around him, but at least he's been putting a portentous edge on his meat ax! It is pertinent in a general way to remind ourselves that years ago in a Senate hearing warning was given by New York shippers that our Chinese hostility would sooner or later result in a Mongolian boycott of our cargoes. The Chinese, however, did not notify us of their intentions any more than the Germans have.

The plea that we should not invoke reciprocity to strengthen our relations with trading nations until they have actually cut the commercial cables recalls an old story of an American traveler who, upon taking an adventurous trip over a precipice in a basket, looked up and saw, to his great alarm, that some of the strands of the rope were frayed. "How often do they renew this rope?" he anxiously demanded of the guide. "Whenever it breaks," replied that stolid man. Akin is the Clarke type of stand-patters who refuse to look up along our tariff wall and examine the straining cords that bind us to the commercial nations.

I make no outcry against Mr. Clarke personally. He is a great economist, and could prove it, if he would take the other side! And as head of the Federal Industrial Commission he prepared a work so bulging with facts that he can be pardoned for omitting a few from his stand-pat plea! Seriously, he is but one of the many jubilant patriots who so rejoice over the gross tonnage of our

raw exports that they fail to see that the foreign manufacturer is making more profit out of our products than we are, and that with the wares he fashions from them he has built up a great trade in markets in which the United States is encountering defeat.

The truth is that the American people almost as a whole, regardless of party, have been deluded by loyal statistics and by the uncritical arguments founded upon them. I have before me Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip's booklet entitled "The American Commercial Invasion of Europe." Mr. Vanderlip's "effort" attracted considerable attention a couple of years ago. The title appealed greatly to American pride, and neither that pride nor the enthusiasm of the author was diminished by the failure of the facts to support the infectious phrase. Mr. Vanderlip's little book appeared, if I remember aright, after the close of the fiscal year 1902. In that year the value of our exports of manufactures to Europe was \$16,000,000 less than the year before, and \$34,000,000 less than in 1900. But these facts were far less interesting than the title of the article, and the commercial invasion of Europe went on—in print. It is difficult to imagine that Mr. Vanderlip was unaware of this damaging decline in our European trade, for he had just resigned from the assistant secretaryship of the Government department that printed the figures. This is not the whole story of Mr. Vanderlip's joyous myth regarding our European trade. In 1902, of our total exports of "manufactures" to the Old World, more than forty per cent consisted of copper and mineral oil, leaving but \$117,000,000 to represent the total value of all our actual factory goods sold to both the United Kingdom and continental Europe in this year of our grand furor. For the United States that is a pitiable sum of manufactures to sell abroad. It is about equal to the factory goods Brazil and Argentina buy from Europe.

Even if our exports of manufactures to Europe had been increasing, the paltry total would not have justified the jubilation over our "invasion." When it is realized that that trade, insignificant as it is, was falling off at the rate of millions during the very period of Mr. Vanderlip's investigations, his exaggerations can be put down as typical of the sturdy American incapacity to know when we are beaten. In reality, "The American Commercial Retreat in Europe" would have been a more fitting title, had the article dealt in the facts. No one would, in sober criticism, imply that Mr. Vanderlip got his impressions from banquet rather than from statistical tables, yet it cannot be denied that there is something of a champagne sparkle in his outpouring!

#### PROBLEMS AHEAD OF RECIPROCITY

Mr. Vanderlip is only one of many paraders in the American procession of patriots. They all carry transparencies flaming with foolish pretense to a competitive trade we have never won abroad. And so long as the majority of Americans believe that this foreign trade is as substantial as the shouting, the opportunity to secure reciprocity treaties will be small. The "open door" does not lead through the American Senate!

If reciprocity in this stage of the world's progress and competition is needful to bring about our larger destiny as a commercial Power, the one thing that will, as stated, force the issue upon Congress is the awakening of the trusts to the necessity of saving their imperiled traffic abroad. Through system they have built up a foreign business of growing value. If the trade advanced by these few combinations should be lost, the remainder of our competitive goods sold oversea would not call for reciprocity treaties. A huckster's license would be more appropriate! As it is, if the total of the year's cargoes entering into our "invasion" of Europe with factory

goods was sunk in the Atlantic the loss to the American people would be less than three cents a week apiece! That, too, would be the gross loss. Assuming that about one-third of our returns from our commercial invasion of Europe is net profit, the per capita income derived from our total exports of manufactures to the Old World (aside from copper and kerosene) is about fifty cents per annum. In six years that would pay for a year's subscription to an American magazine. Clearly, the publisher that secures circulation by giving the public flamboyance regarding foreign trade is getting the best of the bargain.

If the reciprocity leaders can rid the American mind of the obsession fastened upon it by the sight of our departing cargoes of raw products, the first triumph in the assault upon the tariff entrenchments will be won. The advocates of the new system of international traffic must also meet the old argument about high tariff, high prices, and high wages, by calling attention to the fact that while the American workingman gets from fifty to seventy-five per cent higher wages than the artisan in Germany, the American tariff is from 200 to 1,000 per cent higher than the German customs schedule. Who gets the benefit of this excessive protection? Some of the money, it is known, goes for maintenance and repair of our tariff wall. Who gets the remainder?

Then, the reciprocity leaders should throw illumination upon the "balance-of-trade" delusion. The Indians who sold American valleys for a few blankets and a string of beads "exported" more than they "imported." Creditor nations frequently have far greater imports than exports, just as a farmer's harvest in autumn is an increase over the seed he planted in the spring. It is a fascinating subject, and the reciprocity economists will do well to expound it. We listen to political boasting over our "favorable trade balance," meaning that we are sending out of the country a greater

volume of exchangeable values than we are taking in.

Attention, too, should be called to the fact that, while reciprocity may not be a universal panacea, retaliation is one feature of the reciprocity system. We exclude the Mongolian; he shuts out our merchandise. We countervail Russian sugar; the Slav declines to import our plows. Whenever we put an extra duty on goods whose export has been stimulated by bounty in the home country, as in our dealings with Russia, and whenever we lower duty, as in the treaty with Cuba, we are engaging in reciprocity. We have tried the system with Canada and Brazil without success, but the trade at that time with those countries was unsatisfactory from many causes. With Brazil our trade has been declining for years. As for Canada, one complaint was that the Lady of the Snows was not living up to her reciprocity vows! Then, too, the Civil War demoralized our commerce.

If we want to advance abroad as a trading nation we cannot afford to dodge these reciprocity issues by crouching behind our tariff wall. We might not lose much in the long run by abandoning the European trade. Most of the things we sell to that continent are goods that enter the free gates, and the Old World will continue to buy them in increasing quantities. These established manufacturing empires are engaged in the same business that America is. Our big future with finished wares is not in their field. Moreover, as I have pointed out in a former article, American capital has begun to build factories in Europe.

We can more profitably as an exporting nation concentrate, it may develop, on our own hemisphere. Dr. Crowell believes that America's economic cry will be: "On to the tropics!" Here is a field that might afford a rare opportunity to put American reciprocity to the test without the aid of Europe.



## LUXURY

By ABIGAIL JAMES

STROLLING slowly down the street,  
Against shop windows flatten I my nose;  
Within my purse perhaps is thirty cents.  
I wonder, with a wonderment intense,  
What I would do if more were in my clothes.

The millionaire no pleasure has like this;  
He never sighs: "I'd have it if I could!"  
"I want it and I'll get it" is his way.  
There is no joy of saving day by day,  
No owning without buying understood.

My happiness is wishing hard for things.  
In mind I own, and reconstruct, and plan;  
I think: "How fine 'twould be had I but this!"  
He has it, and he knows it is not bliss;  
He has no luxury of longing—poor rich man!

## THE LAW

By LEROY HENNESSEY

**I**MMUTABLE 'twas writ, the Word that shall endure:

Lo, ere ye reach the final good, the Sacrifice!  
For every drop that brims the cup of heart-desire,  
Embittered taint of heart-regret shall mark the price.

The Curse on Canaan's Godless hosts that Israel might live,  
The dying Nazarene, Redemption's primal cost,  
The flood that draws unstayed to crimson Freedom's shrines—  
In these, the meed of human prayer achieved and lost.

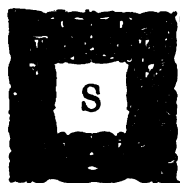
And when the Angel of the Larger Life shall grant  
The Peace men seek, upon his brow shall lie the stain.  
Within the hand that bears the palm, the flaming brand  
Shall tell what holocausts attend the higher gain.

Naught lives for which Life hath not yielded Death's demand.  
Thou shalt make sacrifice, 'twas writ. God's Word shall stand.



## CURRENT REFLECTIONS

By E. S. MARTIN



**S**CHOOL has begun again. The schoolmasters and the schoolmistresses have their large and interesting young families about them once

more, and the contributing parents are making the best of a life that is bereaved but not hopeless. The contributing parents bestow a vast amount of thought upon schools, discussing them interminably, and realizing according to their several intelligences how far they are from

any thorough acquaintance with the subject of their discussions. The most that anyone seems to know, certainly, about schools is that some are better than others, and that all are imperfect. Of course they are imperfect. The fact that they are composed of imperfect young pupils would insure that, even if the teachers were of a superhuman perfection, which they are not. A school is bound to be a faulty thing for this reason, if for no other, that its capacity for adjustment cannot be equal to the demands made upon it. If boys

were all alike and girls were all alike, or if there were only two or three kinds of boys and girls, there would be hope of making an educational machine that would be almost perfect. But as long as every boy is different from every other boy, and every girl from every other girl, no educational machine will have flexibility enough to give all its pupils exactly what they ought to have.

ON THE OTHER HAND, it is a fair question whether the great school of life, in which we all are pupils, has flexibility enough to give each of us precisely the training we need, and it may plausibly be argued that to learn early to adapt oneself to the rigidities of a school is in itself a good preparation for a life which also has rigidities and fixed conditions which we have to get used to. President Hadley, of Yale, lately worked it out that for educational purposes all minds could be classed in one of three groups; but probably the minds have to come nearly to the college age before they can be classified, so that doesn't greatly help the schools, a good part of whose business it is to find out what sort of minds they have got.

IN MASSACHUSETTS the other day there died, much too young, a good schoolmaster who had built up an old school and made it famous. There was a long and affectionate notice of him in one of the Boston papers, which told, among other things, about his early ideas of what a school ought to be. He wanted, it said, to make something different from the successful church schools, which were crowded with rich men's sons. That is just now a familiar sentiment. Most laymen who have the making of schoolmasters in them seem nowadays to start out with a deep-seated aspiration to make something that is not open to the charge of being a church school full of rich men's sons. They can avoid making a church school, but if they succeed in making a first-rate

boarding school they are pretty certain to get the rich men's sons, because the people who can afford to send their boys to the best schools send them to the schools that have the best reputation; and if a school is notably good, it is hard to protect it from acquiring a reputation that will commend itself to solvent parents.

THE OBJECTION to rich men's sons, *per se*, seems to me to be overdone. It is not an objection that comes from poor but honest parents alone. It comes also from rich parents who want their boys who are in the educational stage to meet a variety of boys and get in touch with as many phases of boy life as possible. The poor but honest parents seem to fear that their boys will be at some fiscal disadvantage in association with the sons of affluent parents, or else that their boys' expectations and standards of living and expenditure will be raised so high by such comradeship that it will be hard to bring them down again to contentment with plain living. There is plenty of nonsense about both of these fears. Money counts for scarcely anything among boys in a first-rate American boarding school. The boys are all fed alike, all housed alike, and—usually—get a very restricted allowance of spending money. A boy at a good boarding school is neither rich nor poor. He is simply a boy. At an academy where the pupils live at home, or at places where the price of board is suited to their parents' means, inequalities of parental fortune are really much more significant than at a school where all the pupils fare alike. Moreover, if there is anything in the sentiment that it is good for boys to be thrown with various kinds of boys, it ought to work both ways. It should be, and I think it is, just as much to the advantage of the poor but honest boys to be rubbed against the rich boys, as for the rich boys to get to know the poor ones. It takes a variety of boys to make a good school, and I

don't hear of any good school that hasn't a variety. There is just as much variety in rich men's sons as in poor men's sons. You cannot classify boys according to the figures of the parental fortune.

ON THE WHOLE, is there not more democratic equality of opportunity in American education than in any other thing our land affords? The common schools stand open to all comers. Many of the high schools, technical schools, and colleges are supported by endowment or taxation and exact no fees. As for the private schools, I do not know of a boys' school of high reputation in the country (outside of a few in some of the larger cities) in which money-making is not notoriously a secondary object. The steady purpose in most of them is to keep the fees down so that the opportunities offered may be within the reach of as many persons as possible. Schoolmasters actually study to see what is the least they can take without diminishing the efficiency of their schools. They are not in the business of selling education. Their business is the making of men—the development of mental power and of character, the imparting of knowledge, the cure of souls. They accept money for what they do, but money is more distinctly a secondary object with school-teachers than with the members of any other profession, unless it is the ministry. That is saying a good deal, for every learned profession shows plenty of instances of practitioners to whom money-making is not the primary object. There are still some lawyers who are lawyers first and money-makers afterward, and there are doctors a-many who think last of all what they shall charge, and then are governed by what they think the patient can spare. But the doctors and the lawyers collect from the affluent what they omit to gather from the needy, whereas the schools adapt their charges to the means of the moderately

well to do; and while they are ready enough to charge less if there is need of it, they don't charge more to anyone. If rich people are disposed to pay for education a sum proportionate to their fortunes, they have to do it by gifts. And that they do constantly, as everyone knows, and as most of the good schools and colleges attest.

IT IS BY NO MEANS the rule of the world that the poor shall pay less for what they get than the rich pay for the same commodity. The rule is the other way. Money in hand buys cheapest; good credit, which means abundant pecuniary resources, pays less interest than poor credit; buyers of large quantities get better bargains than buyers of small quantities; coal costs far more at bushel rates than by the ton, and big shippers, as we are so often reminded, get freight rates from the railroads which enable them to drive their smaller competitors out of business. To a great extent that is inevitable. To some extent it may be curable, and, if so, ought to be cured. For example, railroads that run out of big cities charge varying rates for hauling folks to and from suburban places. The daily commuter gets a very low rate. That is right enough. But the suburbanite who can buy a package of tickets—a dozen or so—at a time pays much less per trip than the poorer person who rarely has enough money in hand at any one time to buy, conveniently, a dozen tickets at once. Here is a case where the poorest travelers have to pay the most; where a merchant rides for twenty cents, say, and a laborer pays thirty cents for precisely the same service. That accords well enough with the world's general rule, but it is not right. The laborer should ride at the lowest rate the railroad can afford to give, whether he buys one ticket or a dozen. It is no more reasonable to charge him thirty cents for a ride that a richer man buys for twenty cents, than

to charge him three cents for a two-cent stamp when he buys only one.

WHY IS IT that people of average sense are willing to ride out in automobiles with young boys for drivers? In the crashing motor fatality that a morning paper chronicles a reckless lad of eighteen was the chauffeur and was driving a heavily loaded machine at great speed around a curve on the highway. He is dead, poor boy! The annual list of youths under twenty who have lost their lives and other lives, too, in automobile accidents for which they were responsible must be of pretty serious length in these days. Boys at best are imperfectly trained and civilized creatures, and their defects and deficiencies are very imperfectly appreciated by the general run of people. To get to know boys one has to have a long experience of them, extending year after year through successive groups of them; but the chance to get such an experience as that comes to comparatively few persons, and not all of those few can profit by it. We all know that the boy is the father of the man, but few of us appreciate what a careless, irresponsible, and incompetent parent he is. His knowledge is limited, his judgment is unformed, he is full of whims, vanities, impulses, and false reasonings, his opinions are usually of no value, and his standard of conduct, though it may be based on sound enough principles, is responsive to all kinds of misleading assumptions. You sometimes find an old head on young shoulders, but very seldom. All this is generally understood by employers of labor. They keep boys in boys' places. Railroads don't put boys to drive locomotives. A high-power automobile is a more dangerous thing in the street or on the highway than a locomotive is on a line of rails, and yet any able-bodied boy who knows how, seems to be considered fit to be trusted with a high-power automobile, and with the lives of as many

persons as are rash enough to sit in behind him. The combination of boy and high-spirited horse has been known to be disastrous, but a horse has the instinct of self-preservation, and judgment also, sometimes, and will often take care of himself and the boy too, when the boy's judgment fails. But the automobile is a blind thing, with neither instinct nor judgment. Where the boy-driver sends it it goes. The chief resulting wonder is that so many sons of rich fathers live to grow up.

CHANGE OF SCENE is good for us; so is change of scene. In the quest for them multitudes of people take a vast deal of trouble every summer, travel, run awful hazards from bad water and all like perils, and disburse much more money than most of them can conveniently spare. Some of them find profit in their wanderings, some loss. Vast is the total of their exertion in search of climate; multifarious its results. The beauty of October is that it brings climate to the door; so that persons who from necessity or practiced discretion have stayed at home, or near home, get their change of air gratis, with most of its resulting benefits, and without the risks and fatigues that are dared by those who change their sky. October is not a perfect substitute for migration. There are benefits that come from a successful change of scene; and to break out of one's routine for a while and think different thoughts, and get new impressions, and do different things—or nothing—is valuable beyond question. Nevertheless, great is October, and very good; next best to a vacation for a jaded mind; a surer tonic, as a rule, than the foreign air we travel far to breathe. If October was not given to us—delivered at the house with the Author's compliments—what price would we not spare for it out of our annual store! It is State of Maine air—and a little better—brought to town for the benefit of folks who stay at home.



## ANOTHER WORD FROM THE NEW PUBLISHERS

YOU WOULD BE SURPRISED and interested if you could glance at the thousands of letters which we have received during the last month in answer to our request for suggestions as to what should be printed in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE. If we only had the space, nothing would please us more than to have you read the letters themselves. They have been full of the most valuable suggestions, several of which we propose to discuss now; but before doing so, we want to acknowledge the letters already received and to add that we shall consider it a favor if, whenever you see something in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE to criticise or think of something to suggest, you will sit down at once and write us about it. That is the kind of advice and criticism that money cannot buy.

TAKING UP THE ESSENCE of the letters received since the September number went to press, we have decided to make the following additions to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, to begin with the November number, asking you to bear in mind that in this October number the colored pictures are restored. A great many people have written us that they do not like a magazine of which the edges are uncut. They want their periodical to come to them with the pages cut, so that they are not put to the trouble and delay of finding a knife to separate them. This number, as you will notice, has the edges cut. The edges, themselves, are rough. This is done in order not to

narrow the margins and make the page look cramped. Hereafter all pages will be cut.

A GREAT MANY LETTERS have called our attention to the fact that the announcements of books for The Booklovers Library have been shortened. You, as our correspondents, speak very fully, in many cases, of the value of the little abstracts of each book which have been published in the advertising columns of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, and which have been shortened, or entirely done away with, now. It is necessary to explain one fact to you that does not seem evident. APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE has now no connection whatsoever with The Booklovers Library, except that we have made arrangements with the latter by which they can offer APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE with their service.

THE LIST, PUBLISHED in our advertising columns, is an advertisement which The Booklovers Library pays for, just as any other advertiser in our columns pays for his advertisement. We have no more control over what will be put in that advertisement than we have over what would be put in an advertisement of a breakfast food; but so much has been said as to the value of a short discussion of the books of the day, that we have decided to begin, in the November number, a short department which shall take up the principal books of each month, and give a frank statement of what the nature of each book is, and what subject it deals with. We want

to ask you to watch this department for a month or two, and then write us frankly your criticism as to whether we cover the ground satisfactorily.

IN ORDER THAT there may be no misunderstanding, in view of the fact that we are publishers of books, as well as a magazine, we shall not, in any case, discuss, in this particular department, any book which we, ourselves, have published. Frankly, this policy will be adopted in order to prevent it ever entering a reader's mind that this department in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE is a veiled form of advertisement for the Appleton books. On the other hand, we are publishing in another column a page or two of "Appleton's Book Gossip," which will, as frankly, treat only of the books which we publish. The only right way in such matters is to be square and clear. When you want to advertise books which you publish, say so, and advertise them; when you desire people to understand that you are discussing matters editorial, avoid any suspicion that you may not be sincere and honest, by leaving out any mention of your own books. That is the policy which we propose to follow.

WE TAKE A GREAT DEAL of pleasure in announcing, also, that in the November number will begin the first installment of a most interesting and original novel by Frederick J. Stimson, the well-known author who, for so many years, has written under the pseudonym of "J. S., of Dale." Everyone will remember "Guerndale," "King Noanet," "The Residuary Legatee," and "The Crime of Henry Vane." This serial will run through the winter, and will be entitled "In Cure of Her Soul." Not to tell too much about it here, for the very evident reason that we want you to read it, yourself, in the MAGAZINE, it is sufficient to say that it is a story of the present day, laid in New York, Philadelphia, and so on, and dealing with the vital,

human questions of the hour. The serial will be illustrated by Mr. A. I. Keller, of New York, the well-known artist and illustrator.

THERE WILL BE an interesting feature which cannot fail to interest you, as magazine readers, running for the next few months in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE. Turn to the advertising pages of this magazine and find our announcement stating that we are offering five hundred dollars' worth of prizes to the readers of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE who can give the best reasons for the selection of what they consider the best advertisements in this number.

WE ARE OFFERING THESE prizes, not in order to give away five hundred dollars' worth of books—there is no difficulty in giving away books, or anything else, at any time—we are offering the prizes in the belief that we shall profit by them, and this is the way we hope to profit: In the first place, the plan creates interest on your part in the advertisements in our magazine. That is, of course, of benefit to the advertiser. In the second place, it creates a great deal of interest on the part of the advertisers, because when a large section of the public decides that this or that form of advertising is best, every advertiser in the country must, of necessity, pay attention to that judgment.

THEREFORE, THE ADVERTISERS all over the United States will watch for our announcements of your decision as to the best advertisements. That helps us to get more advertisements, at the same time that we have interested the public more in the advertisements themselves. It is well worth while studying the advertisements in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, and trying to form, in your own mind, an opinion of why this or that advertisement does attract your attention more than another.

## APPLETON'S BOOK GOSSIP

MRS. FREMONT OLDER, who is the author of a strenuous novel entitled "The Giants," which speaks unkindly of the trusts, showed, upon her return to San Francisco a few weeks ago, that she was also capable of leading the strenuous life. Mr. Fremont Older is the editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, which is engaged in a political fight with the Mayor, whom the paper alleges to be corrupt. Through the Mayor's influence, according to the publishers of the *Bulletin*, all of their newsboys had been induced to strike. It was even alleged that the Mayor and his boss paid the boys' expenses. The strike caused much trouble and occasional violence between the *Bulletin* men and carriers and the strike sympathizers. The police protection was inadequate, and citizens purchasing the *Bulletin* were beaten and could obtain no redress.

"For two weeks," wrote Mrs. Older after her return, "the city was at the mercy of a lot of hoodlums."

At this juncture an enterprising business woman, such as they have in California, said that she would sell the papers at her place of business on the main street if anyone would take them to her. The men at the *Bulletin* office said that it would be useless to attempt it as the city was carpeted with the papers that they had endeavored to sell. Mrs. Older, who had been paying some afternoon calls and was in full afternoon regalia, dropped in just then to see her husband and inquire about the progress of the strike. She was told of the woman on Market Street who wanted papers but could not get them. Fifty



MRS. FREMONT OLDER

boys at the door of the office were ready to match them.

"I'll take them down to her," said Mrs. Older.

She would take no refusal, and in a moment she had filled her arms with papers, and the people were gazing at a singularly prepossessing young woman regally gowned, with gloves, card-case, and parasol, marching through them. Not a paper was touched.

MRS. VERMILYE, known in the writing world under her maiden name, Kate Jordan, and author of "Time, the Comedian," was talking to some friends one day of Irish characteristics:

"I was a little more than three years old when my family came from Dublin

to New York," she said. "Much to my amazement and chagrin I gradually realized during the three or four years following that the precocious American children I played with were given to mocking all foreigners, but particularly the Irish. I did not realize, for my comfort then, that like vast throngs of non-traveled 'grown-ups' they had only a surface knowledge of the Irish, gained from the funny papers and from such adulterated specimens as told them to 'Step lively,' or who looked long on the whisky when it was amber, in their mothers' kitchens. When I began to go to school I said nothing about my nationality to anyone—it was the guilty secret of my childish heart, and I must have lost the musical Dublin accent if I ever had it, for they did not find me out.

"But one black day came when discovery faced me. In illustrating a geography lesson my teacher began asking the children just exactly where they were born. Nearly all were American, from varying States—one or two were English—one or two French—but not one was a derided Celt. I hoped she'd skip me, but she didn't.

"Where were you born, Kitty?" she asked.

"I arose, swallowing something and feeling ghastly. I was afraid to claim any particular country, yet was determined to lie.

"On the high seas," I said in a faint voice.

"The teacher became enthusiastic.

"How interesting! A little girl—almost—without a country. But the flag under which the ship sailed proclaims your fatherland. Under the flag of *what country* did you sail? Now listen, children—this is very interesting."

"By this time thirty-odd pairs of saucer eyes were fixed on me.

"I don't know what country," I stammered, "because it was a pirate ship."

ONE of the Appleton writers of books for boys, who is endearing himself more

and more to the youth of this generation, is Ralph Henry Barbour. He has a book published nearly every year. His latest, published last month, was entitled "Four in Camp," and is full of the clear ozone and spicy smells of the Adirondacks. Mr. Barbour is keenly interested in athletics, and tells a story of a school athlete which throws some light on the juvenile point of view. The boy had made quite a reputation for himself as a football player on his high-school team, but owing to deficiencies in the matter of class standing had been obliged to sever connection with the institution. A well-known preparatory school solicited his presence—and services—and offered inducements which won him. A week or two after his advent there the following autumn one of the faculty met him and, entertaining well-founded doubts as to his proficiency at study, asked him how he was getting along.

"Pretty fair, sir, I guess," answered the boy.

"That's good. Find it smooth going, eh?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to say that exactly," was the cautious reply. "The field's sort of rough in places, sir."

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS has some difficulty in remaining in the country just at present. The most successful book that the Appletons published this spring is his novel "Iole," and two more of his books were published in September. They were "The Reckoning," which is the third to appear and the fourth chronologically of Mr. Chambers' series of historical novels of which the first two were "Cardigan" and "The Maid-at-Arms," and a clever book for children, entitled "Forestland," which is also part of his series for children. Mr. Chambers introduces a slangy bee in the latter book who has evidently met "Big Bill" Devery at some period in his career. In the historical novels love plays a more important part than history.

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

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IN CURE OF HER SOUL  
SERIAL BY "J. S. OF DALE"

THE JAPANESE: OUR NEW RIVALS  
FOUR ARTICLES BY HAROLD BOLCE



*To  
reach the  
Goal of Health  
eat*

**CREAM of WHEAT**

*There is strength for  
you in every dish.*

*A dainty breakfast  
A delightful luncheon  
A delicious dessert*







“‘Good-by,’ said he.”

—Page 567.



# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

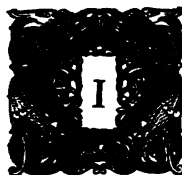
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NO. 5

## THE LINING OF THE CLOUD

By HARRISON RHODES

T was a holiday audience. Mothers in the lobby at the entrance dusted the snow from the shoulders of innumerable small lads and whisked it from the picturesque hats of little girls in their smartest clothes. There was great excitement at the entrance where they took the tickets, and, for some, great sorrow at the box-office where they refused to sell any more of them. Some few of the disappointed, indulging in a philosophical consolation beyond their years, seemed to take comfort in lingering near by and seeing the cruel man inside the grated window refuse places to others. To these embittered spirits a severe blow must have been administered when a gentleman who came into the lobby with a vague and uncertain air, rather as if the last flurry of snow was what had decided him to pass the afternoon at a theater, succeeded in purchasing a box. That

a gentleman of thirty-five, however rich, should sit in a beautiful box quite alone seemed somehow out of the picture.

The incongruity of the situation was apparent enough to Sidney Aldrich. It was asinine to be in a box alone, at a matinée where there would probably be a dull show, and there were manifestly already far too many noisy, squawking children. But he had to be somewhere, and, as for being by himself, he would probably be alone in boxes for some time to come. It was to be presumed that he could ultimately get a circle of some sort about him, but of what sort it was perhaps not altogether pleasant to think. Overfastidiousness as to his amusements would be, Aldrich could see, a fault to be corrected.

As he looked out over the audience he wondered how many of them would consider it possible that a gentleman who, three weeks ago, had been in a striped suit in the State penitentiary eating prison fare could be overfastidious about

anything. Had he not wondered himself, during that last month? But the dinner he had ordered, his first day of freedom, had been an admirable one; he remembered the relief with which he discovered that his tastes had not been permanently reduced to the standard of the convict. Since then almost all the finer quality of his luxuriousness had come back—if that was the sort of thing it was suitable to thank God for, he thanked Him. Yes, it was something, he thought, as he settled himself comfortably in a corner of the box, it was something to have made a good lunch. It bred contentment. He repeated insistently to himself that he was content.

The audience were by this time in their seats, although it would have been a gross misuse of language to say that they were settled there. A good half stirred uneasily, so sure of the coming pleasure that expectation became almost unbearable. Aldrich's eye rested for a time upon a party just by him in the stalls, a fat woman in shabby mourning wedged tightly between two squirming urchins of about nine and seven; then he turned away in disgust. The spirit of holiday-making failed to catch him up. This, he presumed, so he told himself, was a fair example of the simple uplifting beauty of the family life, two dirty boys and a vulgar perspiring mother. It was like an admirable arrangement of Providence that the dirtier of the two should be on the side next him, so close that with a good firm grasp on the boy's collar it would have been possible to jerk him out of his place and fling him out of sight. O beauty, O squalor of the family life! Aldrich with a letter from his wife's legal representatives in his pocket felt that on this subject he might speak with authority. Most of the men in the theater, with their brats clambering over them, could, he imagined, talk with lacrymose sentimentality of what a good woman could do for a man. He knew; that was the difference. Lord save us, Irene was

good enough, if that had been all that were needed.

Curtains go up at the appointed time—or more generally a quarter of an hour later—whatever may be the emotions of richly appointed gentlemen in the boxes or bootblacks in the last row of the gallery. The heavy folds of golden brown now parted, and disclosed to the enchanted audience a hall in the palace of the Emperor of China. The princess passed by, lovely as a dream, and, for the delight of his Majesty, troupes of dancing girls swayed in elaborate figures before him. The audience was fairly a-quiver with joy, and even Aldrich, though he was near enough to see the soiled frippery and the hard, worn faces of the fairest of their sex, still felt something of the old glamour, the old magic of the theater. It wakened desires and sent his mind searching the future. There was still beauty for a man to find in life, the Mediterranean still showed blue through the orange trees on the Riviera; there was still, no doubt, a swirl of laces, jewels, and white shoulders around the tables at Monte Carlo, and perhaps they still sang at Taormina on the slopes of *Ætna* when the moon was full. He would carry his fists tight-filled with gold and wander into the regions of delight.

"Gee, mamma, it's fine, ain't it?" broke rapturously from the child who had become Aldrich's particular aversion. Upon the disturber of his reverie the gentleman in the box shot a resentful glance. Meanwhile the palace of the Emperor gave way to Aladdin's humble home, and the African magician was seen beguiling with false caresses his pretended nephew. Aladdin's mother betook herself to the execution of a comic song and dance. Aldrich's attention wandered. The audience chortled, and again he felt rise up within him a wave of dislike and contempt for humanity in the abstract, for the serious, the simple, the good—so they called themselves—who could come and gape with joy at such vulgarity. His wander-



*"Aldrich stared unrecognizingly at him."*

ing eye caught sight for the first time of a man he knew, who would know him perhaps. A cheap seat in the balcony, a tired-looking dowdy Roman by his side, and an awkward child sitting heavily on his knee—these, it appeared to Aldrich, were the advantages with which life had blessed Murphy. At this moment, as if influenced by the eyes upon him, the man in the balcony looked toward the box. Aldrich felt, rather than saw, remembrance dawn upon his face and turned quickly away. He had already experienced what could be done, even in awkward hands, by the bludgeon of non-recognition, and he added another to Murphy's list of advantages, that of being able to feel superior to an ex-convict.

Then his pride recovered and he looked again toward the balcony. The man aloft, with an air of hesitating yet friendly embarrassment, bowed. Al-

drich stared unrecognizingly at him till Murphy in confusion turned away, unable to bear the cut direct. Small and ignoble as this triumph was, it gave a sense of power. Aldrich adjusted his tie with studied carelessness and turned languidly to the stage. From a box, he meditated, he could cut people in the balcony; from a seat in the gallery it would be ineffective. It was just up there, however, that anyone in the audience would expect to see him.

All the world loved an ex-convict—as they had learned to love him in sentimental fiction, weary, broken, and repentant, without a penny, heartlessly turned out of one job after another as soon as his history becomes known, and struggling desperately to support a faithful wife and a loving family. Confusion seized them when they saw a man three weeks out of a striped suit, not



"For the love of Christ, play!"

weary, not broken, not repentant—well, not repentant as they meant it.

Not to regret what had happened would have been to be a fool. It had almost ruined his life. But to repent was another thing. He had been a thief and he had got caught. It was, with the exception of the getting caught, what thousands of men did in the town every year. He had injured no one except a firm of brokers, rich on the ill-gotten gains of the Street. If he were poor now, like the conventional figure, perhaps he would repent. But while he had been "put away" he had come into complete possession of his inheritance from his father. If he had had it all then nothing need have happened; or if the fools of trustees had realized that when a man says he must have money he must have it. Even as it was he probably might have got hold of something and replaced what he had used of his firm's money, if he had not been in such an agitated

state, with Clara Montalva making scenes of every description in West Thirty-ninth Street—and after all it was she who had had the money—and Irene at home raising the devil's own brand of rows. The period of the trial and, after that, even the prison had actually seemed havens of rest. Clara had been extensively dragged into the case, and he had been able easily to imagine the newspapers with lurid columns on Irene's sad position as a deceived and long-suffering wife.

And so she was. But Irene herself, with her infernal coldness, her eternal moral standards, her sermons, and her lack of a sense of humor, knew best whether or not there were any reasons for his be-

havior. Besides which, he had heard, he thought, of forgiving wives, of women who met the ex-convict at the prison gates and gave him something to live for. What had Irene done to give him a chance? She hadn't even as much as divorced him, owing to some religious scruple. But she'd got some decree of separation, contrived with cursed ingenuity, which gave her the custody of the child and took away from him the right ever to see, ever to speak a word to his own son.

A speech from the stage broke suddenly upon Aldrich's ear, disturbing for a second the fierce current of his thoughts. The African magician spoke in honeyed tones to *Aladdin's* mother.

"I will love him," he said, "as if he were my own son."

He leered at the audience and sent them into shrieks of mirth with the wink which betrayed his duplicity. But Aldrich's ears were deaf to the laughter. It



*"Two small arms clutched him."*

was as if he had come to the surface only for a moment, to sink again at once into the swift stream of his own bitterness.

"Damn Irene," he muttered. It was no good trying to hide the truth from himself. There *had* been a chance for him in life. There *was* an interest he could have taken up, a responsibility he would have accepted. When he went away he had promised Tom he would come back. It had been a gay parting; both Tom and he loved gaiety and he had made a frolic of the last half-hour. For all that toward the end the child had felt something, for he had clasped his little arms tight about his father's neck and kissed him again and again in a tiny gust of affection. Aldrich remembered how he had rushed away with his eyes suddenly wet. And through the years in that unmentionable place he had remembered. Probably Irene neither knew nor cared that he had promised Tom. He had broken so many promises to her that she would never understand the one he might have kept. Tom perhaps remembered—only perhaps. Aldrich could imagine his wife trying to efface from the boy's mind the memory of his father. Ah, he knew her! She had always been jealous of him. She had always been angry when the boy turned to his father as to a comrade; she had never forgiven that. Yes, Tom and he had something in common, perhaps just the wish to enjoy life—at any price. He had paid his price; he would have liked to keep his boy from buying at such a cost. But they would allow him to do nothing.

"I cannot conceive that it would not be bad for any child whatever," Irene had written, "to live in personal contact with you; that it would not injure his prospects in the world to have a father of your character, your record, and your disgraced position in the world."

Not only Tom, but any child! Any of the little beasts in the theater that afternoon; that ugly freckled boy by the

box, for example. To even the ugly, the poor, the vulgar, he was to be an outcast. Very well, then. *Vogue la galère*, and damn them all. The world was wide. If he was to go down he would go down pleasantly. He would descend, as *Aladdin* on the stage, now clambering down from the cavern's mouth, into a region of glittering gems and gold, of banquet tables, of women with fair faces and outstretched arms. He would be a free-lance of pleasure, and might Heaven send him to Hell if ever a moment of human sympathy were allowed to spoil one precious half-hour of life. In this mood sat Sidney Aldrich, and the grace of God was not in him.

Then halfway up a sparkling tree which, heavy with precious stones, drooped gracefully into the enchanted garden, he saw a tiny point of flame and a small thread of smoke trailing lazily away from it toward the audience. Idly Aldrich followed it with his eye. Then he suddenly bent forward. The orchestra faltered, and in the momentary silence a woman began to laugh hysterically. On the stage some one pulled at the tree and stamped on the blaze when it fell. In the wings Aldrich saw four men struggling with a hose; then they were shut from sight by a rush of white ballet skirts. Standing up in his box he could see that a red snake of fire was already climbing the cavern's side. Only then did he become conscious of the turmoil of the audience. The thousands were on their feet, the aisles were already full, and there was a clamor of high-pitched excited voices. The orchestra had stopped, and Aldrich saw the bass-drum player scuttling through a low door underneath the stage. Then from the wings to the footlights rushed a strange figure, the low comedian, an Arab servant below the waist, an American in a dressing-jacket above, his wig stripped off and his forehead showing pale above his painted face. His voice rang out clear, but with the same

whimsical crack in it that had been convulsing the audience a few minutes before. He plead, he insisted, he commanded that the audience be calm. There was a slackening of the flow toward the doors for an instant, and here and there a few people sat down again. In the front row of the balcony to the left Aldrich noticed a young woman with a pale face and blue eyes forcing two little girls back into their places, speaking with unnatural quietness of tone, though her hands were gripped frantically together in the effort to control herself. Four more musicians slunk away, and then the low comedian leaned over the footlights and addressed the leader in agonized tones:

"For the love of Christ play the 'Kilkenny Rag-time Jubilee.' We've got to keep 'em quiet."

The leader was out of his seat, but he gave a glance of appeal to the six men who were left and they picked up their instruments. They did not start together, not quite in tune, but the quaver of violins rose hesitatingly in the uproar.

"Whoop!" yelled the low comedian with the humorous crack in his voice, banging on the ground as though he held a shillalah.

"The people of Kilkenny said that

rag-time was Irish," he began. Aldrich heard oaths and calls for the electrician.

"They said it was too good to be invented by any coon." The music was hopelessly jangled; two violinists had taken flight. The comedian's last line tailed off into a kind of wail. "God save us all!" he said in a low voice, and

rushed off to the left. Aldrich saw a man give a furious pull at what he imagined was a switchboard, and suddenly there was darkness, except for the red glare of the flames.

The sounds of the place seemed to transform themselves for one instant into the great roar of a beast, of a maddened animal starting to fight its way to safety. The first scream of rage subsided and then the horror began, almost in silence at first, it seemed, by com-

parison with what had gone before. Only the shriek of a woman crushed, the cry of a child trampled underfoot, pierced at times the dull continuous roar of that grim battle.

But the story of the day is not to be written here—its fights in tight-packed corridors and down staircases carpeted with the dead and dying, its heart-breaking batterings against exit doors rusty and bolted, its thousand forgotten or never to be discovered heroisms, its nameless and unspeakable cowardices, and



*"There was one strange addition."*

the sweep of devastating flame sucked from the stage to claim its burnt offering. Memories of it that one would not wish to waken live in a thousand desolated homes. This is but the story of the passage through the flames of one human soul.

At the beginning Sidney Aldrich had felt singularly unperturbed. In the oddest way, even in this desperate crisis

Though it seemed hours that Aldrich watched, fascinated, the beginnings of disaster, it could only have been the shortest time before he turned to go, still in his strange shallow unconsciousness of danger to himself. It was the very moment that the lights went out, and then he suddenly found himself trembling and clutching at a chair for support. The spirit of terror was



*"He bowed and choked with one great racking sob."*

the little associations of ordinary life gave him a feeling of security. He had an odd sense that the way out from so pleasant, exclusive, and expensive a place as a box would somehow be made easy for him. The bitter pride in his money and in the privileges it gave even an ex-convict flamed up again, and for one second, when it can truly be said that his soul touched bottom in the lowest pit, he almost rejoiced at the thought of frightened creatures panic-stricken while he stood calm. A man alone, responsible only for himself, could go out in peace.

claiming him, as it had already claimed the others out there. Then out of the confusion he saw a dark figure of horror clamber over the edge of the box toward him. In awkward haste and fright he started away from it and then gave a nervous overwrought laugh that was half a sob as he recognized the freckled boy who with his mother and brother had sat below him in the stalls.

Hauling himself over into the box with frantic energy, the child, his face pale and pinched and his eyes eager and straining, turned and called out, "This way, mother. We can get out here.



"There ain't so many people. Come, come."

The fat woman in black had already started toward the aisle. She faced Aldrich, her face red and puffy, and her shabby bonnet awry—she had stopped to put that on. Evidently she had not missed the boy behind her till he called, and now her eyes were frightened and her voice shrill.

"Come back, Tom," she cried; "come back to mother. Mother can't go that way."

"Yes, yes!" screamed the child by Aldrich's side, and "No, no!" urged his brother, tugging at his mother's arm and urging her toward the aisle.

"Shall I help you over?" called out Aldrich, with a vision even then of the grotesqueness of such an attempt.

"No, no, I can't," was the agitated reply. "Come, Tom."

The child had by this time slid past Aldrich and stood by the door of the box. He shook his head in frightened obstinacy. Aldrich glanced at the stage.

"You must hurry, madam. This boy can come with me. You'll have enough to do with the other."

The mother quivered with agitation and fastened her little reddish eyes, now wet with tears, first upon the child and afterwards in one long searching look upon Aldrich. Then she, too, decided quickly.

"All right, sir. Oh, sir, do save him!"

Aldrich went toward the door, but here stood the child, stamping his foot and crying with rage.

"No, no!" he yelled. "Mother, come this way."

"Mother will meet Tom outside," she called back to him.

"Cross your heart?"

"Yes, mother'll meet her boy outside. Mother promises Tom."

She started bravely forward, the shabby bonnet hanging over one ear, a dirty urchin's hand clasped tight in hers,

to fight with death in the red glow of the flames.

Aldrich took one look at her and then started, a child's hand in his as well. The boy stopped crying—he had his mother's promise.

For almost a third of its length the side aisle was clear. No need of action stirred Aldrich for the moment, and his eyes scarcely saw what was before him. There was in them instead the faint dawning of a new vision of the crowd around him. It was not mere love for life alone that was moving them—it was a longing to clasp the hands of friends again, not to forsake some poor fireside, to come home to some waiting child. And that was the real thing in life, to keep the promise that one made to Tom—oh, why *had* it to be the same name?

Ahead he saw a wedged-in, screaming crowd. He caught the child up, and two small arms clutched him around the neck for safety.

"Where's mother and Eddie? Can't see mother," complained the little voice in his ear.

"Don't worry, old man," said Aldrich, holding him closer. "Don't worry. Mother promised Tom."

Earlier there had been a rush in the side aisle to an exit door there, but the iron-bound barrier had withstood assault. No one was left by it now but a small man with a worn face and a scraggly beard who was trying to drag a fainting woman up the incline of the aisle. The middle aisles were jammed, and ahead there was a kind of human torrent coming down a staircase. Once or twice a woman fell over the railing upon the heads of the crowd below. Turning, he could see the flames, now escaping from the proscenium arch. A clear place to die in was what had been given him; that was something. Clean flames would consume him; he would not end his life beating his way through a helpless crowd of women. If that were the only way, he could at least die

like a gentleman. But then he felt again the clasp of little arms around his neck. He was not alone; he was denied even that last desperate courage of resignation. He must make some attempt, even though he knew it to be hopeless.

The heat was maddening, and ahead were all imaginable and unimaginable horrors. Suddenly he realized that at his left was an open door and a staircase leading down into the cellar. From below he heard a woman crying. The crowd, fighting its way out, had passed by. It might be a mere trap, it might be a hiding-place from which they could crawl out when all was ended. Aldrich plunged down. There was a small smoking-room to the left and to the right a vaulted passage from out which smoke was lazily drifting. Putting the boy down, Aldrich rushed up again. Just outside was the little man dragging the fainting woman. Aldrich seized her and bore her below, the man following complaining querulously.

In the smoking-room a tiny lamp for lighting cigars still burned dimly, and here Aldrich established his little group of refugees. There was one strange addition, a terrified girl in a white ballet skirt who came to them out of the smoky corridor. They closed the door. Some one knocked over the little lamp and then they sat in darkness, Aldrich with Tom's arms again around his neck. They waited, perhaps for death, not knowing when nor how it might come. No one of them was ever able to tell how long they were there nor of the agony of the suspense of that wait in silence, while above the unknown was happening.

Ultimately Aldrich ventured out. There was light from the door at the top of the staircase, which was ablaze, but there was less smoke and heat. They could come forth, for in a few minutes the fire had licked up the theater and died, leaving the charnel house to cool as night came on. Aldrich, carrying Tom, staggered across the awful field of battle.

The firemen were in the entrance, some reporters and policemen, and an old man who was crying and insisting on going back to find his overshoes. They led Aldrich out still holding the child.

"Is that your boy?" asked the police officer taking Aldrich's name.

"Yes," stammered Aldrich. "Oh, I mean no." And they asked Tom his name and where he lived. There would be nobody there, he said, except mother and Eddie. Papa was dead. He thought he had no relatives. No, he did not want to go home. Mother would meet him outside. Mother had promised Tom.

They drove through most of that long cold night in a rickety, musty-smelling hack. Part of the great pilgrimage in search of the dead. About three o'clock in the morning they found her. She had died halfway up the aisle, her bonnet still on—and awry—and Eddie's hand still tight in hers. Tom cried a little, because he was tired and it was late and he did not understand. Then he went to sleep as they drove to the hotel. He was put to bed, but Aldrich lit a pipe, and wrapped in a dressing-gown stared from his window into the night, watching it grow gray in the east across a waste of ice and tossing waves. But the world he looked on seemed a different world. There had come a responsibility he could accept. If only the authorities (and he thought of this quite humbly) would entrust an orphan to an ex-convict. There was the money, he thought, and smiled; they must see that with that he could give the boy great advantages. And this Tom was only an ugly freckled little boy of the commonest origin. Not like the other, the other who was waiting, whose promise, too, had been broken. The longings and the memories gripped his heart as they had sometimes in the long dark prison nights. On the edge of the bed he bowed and choked with one great racking sob. Then he lifted his head and caught a gleam from out the lining of the cloud.



## THE DEATH OF ELOISE

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

**S**URELY your life draws hourly near to mine.  
 But yet a little and my hands shall lie  
 Close in your own, the while earth mistily  
 Fades like a cloud against the sunset line.  
 Have we not waited, bravely desolate,  
 Telling our rosaries of patient tears  
 Climbing these endless stairs of barren years  
 Nighed by those pallid priests who bade us wait?  
 Have we not toiled each to his separate height?  
 At last our paths approach, and suddenly  
 One space shall hold us both, and there shall be  
 A sound of singing from the shattered night:  
 And, full against the dawn, God's saints aghast  
 Shall watch us cling and laugh and sob, "At last!"



# THE ART OF ACTING

BY DAVID BELASCO



ACTING is an art, but like all other arts, it is obstructed by a mass of unsystematized opinion. The greatest artist is he who is greatest in the highest reaches of his art, even though he may lack the qualities necessary for the adequate execution of some minor detail. We measure the greatness of actors not by their faults, but by their excellences.

In considering the art of mime, which to my mind, is the greatest art, there are many things that must be taken into account. First, the potent quality of the voice, for that is the most important instrument at the actor's command. It should be so well under control that it is absolutely flexible and capable of rhythmic modulation. A stubborn harshness and mechanicalness of elocution spoil even the best effects. There are many of us who can, no doubt, recall the vibrant tones which still linger in our memory of those who years ago deliciously placed us under their influence, and yet how few there are of their successors who have repeated this subtle trick, although we may attribute this to the spirit of *blasé*, which enthralls so many of us.

Voice, look, and gesture are the actor's symbols through which he makes intelligible the emotions of the character he is personating. No amount of sensibility will avail unless it can express itself adequately by these symbols. It is not enough for an actor to feel, he must represent. He must express his feelings

in symbols universally intelligible and affecting. A harsh, inflexible voice, a rigid or heavy face, would prevent even a Shakespeare from being impressive and affecting on the stage; whereas a man with little sensibility, but endowed with a sympathetic, penetrating voice, and a flexible physiognomy would transport the audience. So many actors are careless and ineffective, especially in level passages. If they but possessed a musical ear and a musical voice they would be saved from the monotony so disagreeable in their elocution. How many are there who cannot dissociate rhythm from meaning, which is an unpardonable defect. Instead of making the rhythm fluent with the meaning, and allowing emphasis and pause to fall in the places where naturally the thought becomes emphatic and pauses, they suffer them to be very much determined by the formal structure of the verse—as if the sense ended with the line—or by the duration of their breath.

Emphasis and pause are indeed the supreme difficulties of elocution. They are rarely managed by those who read blank verse, even in a room; on the stage the difficulty is greatly enhanced. No one can pretend to be an actor of the poetic drama who has not mastered this art, although at the present day it is, like many other requisites, boldly disregarded, and we hear the noblest verse spouted—not spoken—with the remorseless indifference of that actor who announced himself thus:

"Tis I, my lord, the early village cock."

Shakespeare was most probably an indifferent actor, but there is no question respecting his mastery as a critic. He may not have been a brilliant executant; he was certainly a penetrating and reflective connoisseur.

The mere fact that we hear nothing of his qualities as an actor implies that there was nothing above the line, nothing memorable to be spoken of. We hear of him as wit and companion, as poet and man of business, but not a word of his qualities as an actor. All that tradition vaguely wafts to us of Shakespeare is, that he played the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," and old *Knowell* in "Every Man in his Humor," neither of them parts which demand or admit of various excellences. Like many other dramatists of the early time—he adopted sock and buskin as a means of making money, and it is probable that, like actors of all times, he had a favorable opinion of his own performances. He certainly was able to see through the tricks and devices with which more popular players captivated "the groundling," and was doubtless one of the "judicious" whom these devices grieved. But in spite of his marvelous genius, in spite of the large flexibility of mind which could enable him to conceive great varieties of character, it is highly probable that he wanted the mimetic flexibility of organization which could alone have enabled him to personate what he conceived. The powers of conception and the powers of presentation are distinct. A poet is rarely a good reader of his own verse, and has never yet been a great personator of his own characters. Shakespeare doubtless knew—none knew so well—how *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Falstaff* should be personated, but had he been called upon to personate them he would have found himself wanting in voice, face, and temperament.

I daresay he declaimed finely, so far as rhythmic cadence and nice accentuation went. But his nonsuccess implies that his voice was intractable, or limited

in its range. Without a sympathetic voice no declamation can be effective. The tones which stir us need not be musical, need not be pleasant even, but they must have a penetrating, vibrating quality. A lurid look, a pathetic intonation has more power in swaying the emotions of an audience than all the subtle and profound passion which agitates the soul of a poet. The look and the tone may come from a man so intoxicated that he can scarcely stand, but the public sees only the look, hears only the tone, and is irresistibly moved by these intelligible symbols.

Without question, Shakespeare as a critic, had mastered the principles of the art of acting. This is apparent from the brief but pregnant advice to the players in "Hamlet." He first insists on the necessity of a flexible elocution. He gives no rules for the management of voice and accent; but in his emphatic warning against the common error of "mouthing," and his request to have the speech spoken "trippingly, on the tongue," it is easy to perceive what he means. "Trippingly," to modern ears indicates easy naturalness as opposed to artificial mouthing. This advice is further enforced as to gesture: "Do not saw the air too much with your hands, thus, but use all gently."

After the management of the voice actors err most in the management of the body. They mouth their sentences and emphasize their gestures, in the effort to be effective, and in ignorance of the psychological conditions on which effects depend. In each case the effort to aggrandize the natural expression leads to exaggeration and want of truth. In attempting the Ideal they pass into the Artificial. The tones and gestures of ordinary unimpassioned moments would not, they feel, be appropriate to ideal characters and impassioned situations; and the difficulty of the art lies precisely in the selection of idealized expressions which shall, to the spectator, be symbols of real emotion. All but very great

actors are redundant in gesticulation; not simply overdoing the significant, but unable to repress insignificant movements. Shakespeare must have daily seen this, and therefore he bids the actor "Suit the action to the word . . . with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end . . . is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature."

If actors would study fine models they may learn that gestures, to be effective, must be significant, and to be significant they must be rare. To stand still on the stage is one of the elementary difficulties of the art—and one which is rarely mastered.

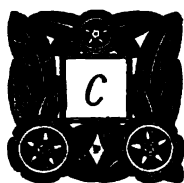
Shakespeare, having indicated his views on declamation, proceeds to utter golden advice on expression. He specially warns the actor against both overvehemence and coldness. Remembering that the actor is an artist, he insists on the observance of that cardinal principle in all art, the subordination of impulse to law, the regulation of all effects with a view to beauty. "In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance . . . that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ear of the groundlings." What is this but a recognition of the mastery of art, by which the ruling and creating intellect makes use of passionate symbols, and subordinates them to a pleasurable end? If the actor were really in a passion his voice would be a scream, his gestures wild and disorderly; he would present a painful, not an æsthetic spectacle. He must therefore select from out the variety of passionate expressions only those that can be harmoniously subordinated to a general whole. He must be at once passionate and temperate; trembling with emotion, yet with a mind in vigilant supremacy, controlling expression, directing

every intonation, look, and gesture. The rarity of fine acting is due to the difficulty there is in being at one and the same moment so deeply moved that the emotion shall spontaneously express itself in symbols universally intelligible, and yet so calm as to be perfect master of effects, capable of modulating voice and moderating gesture when they tend to excess of ugliness.

"To preserve this medium between mouthing and meaning too little," says Colley Cibber, "to keep the attention more pleasingly awake by a tempered spirit than by mere vehemence of voice, is of all the master-strokes of an actor the most difficult to reach. Yet there are some critics who, when annoyed by rant, complain that the ranter is 'too fiery.'" Lessing says an actor cannot have too much fire, but he may easily have too little sense. Vehemence, without real emotion, is rant; vehemence, with real emotion but without art, is turbulence. To be loud and exaggerated is the easy resource of actors who have no faculty; to be vehement and agitated is to betray the inexperience of one who has not yet mastered the art. Here again Shakespeare advises: "Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor." The actor's discretion must tell him when he has hit upon the right tone and right expression, all of which must first be suggested by his own feeling. In endeavoring to express emotion, he should try various tones, various gestures, various accelerations and retardations of the rhythm; and during this tentative process his vigilant discretion should arrest those that are effective and eliminate the rest. It is because few actors are sufficiently reflective that good acting is so rare; and the tameness of the few who are reflective, but not passionate, brings discredit on reflection. Such study as some actors give is merely an imitation of others, rather than an introspection of their own means, and this is fatal to excellence.

# ON THE WESTERN SHEEP RANGE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



CONSTRICTED ranges, whereon cattle may not thrive; lack of winter forage fit for cattle—so closely cropped is the grass during the summer; and the fact that the profits from sheep are twice those from cattle, are potent reasons why, in spite of risk and opposition, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, formerly strong cattle States, are fast going sheepward.

The Western sheepman's world is divided into the winter range, the spring or lambing range, and the summer range.

It is early spring. The foreman of the winter camp—selected with a view to protecting sheep from the snows—deems it time to be moving. Reports from the lambing range are to the effect that the snow has pretty well disappeared, and that the grass is coming on rapidly. Whether the season be advanced or late, the lambs wait for naught. So the winter camp is broken. Extra herders are engaged, for they will be needed when the lambs come. Out of desert and covert valley the sheep are trailed. Onward they are headed, over dusty roads, across icy, dashing streams, through valleys, into canyons and up mountain sides, ten, twenty, thirty miles. Then, the judgment of the foreman approving, a stop is made, at a shearing corral or pen, for the first harvest of the year.

Onward again. It is time that the range be reached, for some of the ewes already have dropped their lambs.

The miles drift behind; and at last, before them stretches the well-remembered expanse of slope and level (much more of the former), of sage-brush, rock, timber, and meadow. The bunch grass is well up. It is a region nicely exposed to sun, with plenty of springs for drinking and irrigating, and it is easy to ascend from it to the summer range, higher up. To the annually recurring disgust of the surrounding cattlemen, the wearied sheep pour into it.

The ensuing four weeks are the sheepman's most anxious period. If the lambing range has been reached too early, if the weather proves adverse, the ewes will not obtain the necessary nourishment, and the lambs, starving, chilled, will die by hundreds.

In a cabin, the quarters of the foreman and the camp tender—are stored the supplies; and here stop, for a meal or so, a night or so's lodging (neither ever refused), cowpuncher, rancher, anybody whosoever that passes. And anybody cooks, for, unlike a cow outfit, a sheep outfit has no appointed cook.

The lordly, cherished rams are turned into an inclosed pasture, there to remain, idle and pampered, until fall. The whole herd has been divided into bunches of, say, three hundred, and each band is assigned to a herder, or a herder and assistant, located out, from half a mile to six miles, on the range.

In Wyoming, Montana, Utah, upon comparatively level ranges the herders live in sheep wagons. But in Colorado the tent is generally used. Consequently

the herder's tent, bedding, stove, and other supplies are "packed" to his particular "bunch" by the camp tender. Here, perhaps amid the aspens, perhaps amid the sage, like as not with a splendid vista of mesa and mountain and canyon, he stays, cooks, sleeps, watches, alone with his dog or with another herder.

The foreman is kept occupied from early morn until dusk. The camps, in turn, require his attention; there are supplies to be apportioned, corrals to be built, herds to be changed, united, marked out, and, it may chance, fences to be stretched inclosing land hitherto open.

Before the herder's camp is the bedding ground—cropped bare, trampled to dun sand or "dobe," dust-soft. Here the sheep spend the nights, made content by the rock salt set about, and protected by the proximity of the herder, and by a circumscribing bevy of coyote flags.

When the first beams of the rising sun strike the mountain tops, the sheep and herder arouse. He must see that they start off in the right direction, for, unless diverted almost daily from plat to plat of the range, the fatuous sheep will persist on one chosen area until they starve.

For the first week or so, the herder is kept on the jump. Miles he trudges (a horse would encourage carelessness and alarm both ewes and lambs), watching, heading off, scolding, perspiring. Sheep will remember a former range, but upon a new range they are restless and discontented. Utah sheep brought into Colorado will drift westward, always westward, with the instinct of the homing pigeon. The herder must hold them.

Gradually he grows acquainted with his sheep. He knows them all—the docile and the mean, the led and the leaders, the parent to every lamb. And they come to know him, too, and to interpret the tones of his voice. When they contemplate doing wrong, they look

at him; and when he disapproves, he throws stones under their noses.

The newborn lamb—the "wet" lamb, as he is termed—may be yellowish white or yellowish black. A black lamb may be of a white mother; and, if he is not disposed of in the fall, he serves as one of the "markers" by which the herder keeps tab upon his flock. If any considerable number of his charges wanders off, it is apt to include a black or two. Accordingly, he counts by the blacks.

For the first week the newborn lamb has a precarious existence. If he sticks by his mother, and she by him, well and good. But in the early stages should the ewe become separated from her lamb, she may totally forget his scent. All lambs look alike to her, and she is confused by a myriad reedy *ba-a's*. Suspicious, on edge, she will accept no lamb at all. Her babe finds himself abandoned, and is technically styled a "bum."

The herder has no time to coax him with a bottle. Very rarely will any ewe give him suck. He may hang on, nibbling self-taught at herbage, sliding in ahead of the rightful lamb and securing a swallow before being detected, stealing by night a mouthful from an unwary, nodding ewe; possibly, by his adroitness and thievery, he saves himself. But in the vast majority of cases he starves; nobody wants him; he is ostracized and even the herder involuntarily shares the general contempt. Romance of desert and mesa declares that the "bum" returns to die on the spot where he was born. But, wherever the herder finds him, just breathing, he swings him aloft by the hind legs and mercifully breaks his neck.

Another slim chance, besides his thievery, has the "bum." A young lamb dies, and while the mother is still standing over, bleating, wondering, the herder drives her away. Deftly he strips the pelt from the dead lamb, and puts it, jacket-like, upon a "bum." Back comes the ewe—and, marvelous to her, here



is her darling, smelling as usual, restored. This subterfuge must be practiced within the first few days of a lamb's existence, ere the mother learns his voice.

A young ewe is apt to take with her only one of her twins, perhaps the last born, in her excitement quite blind to the other who, once neglected, can never be reinstated. The herder sees, or else anticipates. He neatly fastens together, by a short rope hobble, the twins, so that the mother shall grow accustomed to having both about her. When the hobbles are removed, the ewe refuses to give suck to either separately. Often one hungry youngster is seen frantically darting through the herd, calling for his brother or sister to come so that he may dine.

To the coyote the arrival of the sheep upon the lambing range brings great joy. When he hears the faint *ba-a-ing* of the flock, he uncurls, yawns, rises, stretches, and strolls to the mouth of his den, stands a moment to listen and to sniff the air. Then, head and tail low, he goes trotting down. The herd is meandering toward its bedding-ground. Velvet-footed, lithe-framed, of an indistinguishable dirty yellow, the coyote steals swiftly, not a bush or a trunk but affords him cover. He reconnoiters. The herder is beyond that little rise. Yellow eyes gleaming and jaws dripping with eagerness, the coyote glides in a short half circuit. Without a sound, he is among the sheep. Frantically *ba-a-ing*, they scatter and bolt for the main herd. He lets them go—

all but one, the fattest lamb; for a coyote is an unerring connoisseur. If uninterrupted, he will dine, lustfully opening the jugular vein; no surgeon could strike it truer.

Perhaps, from a distance, the herder has descried the scattering amid the aspens, and comes hastening up. Perhaps he discovers the carcass by accident. Mournfully he vows vengeance.

A bear will charge straight through a herd, striking right and left, trusting

to luck to make a killing; a cougar will slink from throat to throat, wanton in his red destructiveness; a lynx is almost as bad; but a cold, crafty coyote, who steadily takes his toll of a lamb, or two lambs, a day, is a drain unbearable. Permitted to go unrebuked and unscathed, he becomes what is known as an "old fiend," working alone sufficient unto himself. So the herder watches



"Nobody wants him."

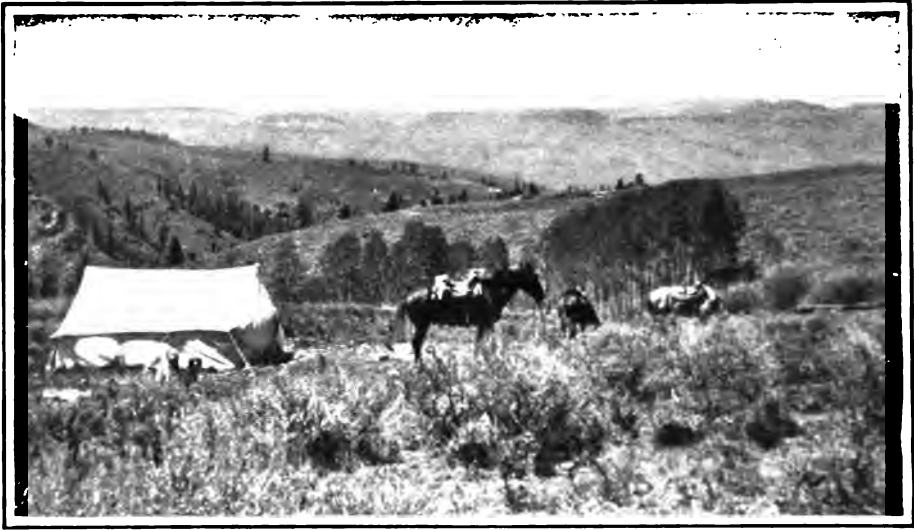
for the coyote; tries to poison him; tries to shoot him; always curses him.

"I told Pete to trail his bunch over toward the corral, and we'll mark 'em out about day after to-morrow," announces the foreman to the camp tender.

"Done lambin', is he?"

"Pretty much. Two or three come last night, but the lambs are gettin' big, an' we'd better not wait, I guess."

The corral is built of the slim stems of aspens and pines, secured by pairs of posts. It is divided into several pens, with a narrow passage, or chute, running between. Pete's bunch has been leisurely trailed over, and now, at five in



*"Here he watches alone or with another herder."*

the morning, has been driven into the corral. Ewes and lambs are crowded together into the large pen occupying the southeast corner. Here they are *ba-a-ing* tremendously. The entrance to the chute is in the smaller pen, adjoining this large one.

The gate is swung back. Into the large pen, among the sheep, vault two men, three men, with sticks or gunny sacks. They advance, run and swear and brandish; the sheep, old and young, run and *ba-a-a-a* and dodge; although the gateway is ample, the sheep seem not to see it. A detachment goes streaming in—the pen is full.

This penful is put through the chute, nose to tail. Two-thirds of the way along the animals encounter a gate, set in the middle so as to swing to this side or that. Under one man's manipulation,

and operated with address, the gate deflects the ewes and wethers to the right, into one pen, the lambs to the left, into another.

Penful after penful is run through the chute, and now all the lambs are together, by themselves.

The marker has sharpened his pocket-knife. He bares his hands and takes a bite from his plug, places convenient his pail of paint and his branding stamp. Each bunch has its own brand and earmark.

A detachment of the lambs is corraled in the end of the pen. Two assistants pass them up, tail foremost, to the marker. A slash by

the marker, and the tail, dirt collecting and theoretically an incumbrance, is gone. A quick dab, and the right or the left ear of the boy lamb is cropped or notched, that he may be



*"The newborn lamb."*

distinguished from the girl lamb. The branding stamp descends upon his wrinkling back, and to earth he drops, to scamper off, kicking and bucking and *ba-a-ing* with resentment. The men lunge after the lambs, grab them, and, perspiring with the constant exertion, lift them up. From stump and ear spurt tiny streams of blood, sprinkling faces and clothing. On the ground lie scattered singularly inanimate little tails. With efficient help to pass up the lambs, a good man will mark out over 3,000 in an eight- or ten-hour day.

Ere families are united, the elders must be attended to. The chute is filled with these. Adown the line pass the men, scrutinizing each sheep for defects. All unfit sheep are "barred," *i. e.*, branded with a straight, short line upon the rump.

"Three," calls the brander.

"Let 'em go," the foreman nods.

The gate at the exit is swung back, and on rush the sheep, to emerge, with gladsome, plainly relieved kick-ups into the open. A year-old ewe or wether understands the chute perfectly.

Chuteful after chuteful is discharged.

"Four hundred and sixty," says the foreman, who has counted all.

The men are carefully gathering all those inanimate little tails, and checking them off in piles.

"How many?" asks somebody finally.

"Four fifty-two, I made it."

The foreman laboriously figures.

"Not quite ninety-four per cent," he informs. "That's pretty good, if the whole lot averages up to it."

'Tis the middle of June. All the lambs have arrived, and all the bunches have been successively marked out. One bunch has been joined with an-



"Coyote flags."



"This penful is put through the chute."

other, and some now superfluous herders (being also the less trustworthy) have been discharged. Grazing is poor.

The order goes forth. Herders' tents are struck, and one camp after another is cleaned up by the camp tender. The cabin is vacated. The pack train is standing ready and loaded. The herd has come upon the spring range 6,000 strong; now divided into four large bunches, on it starts again, 11,000.

The onward trail is leisurely. The herd is fat, and there is no use in getting it thin. The altitude of the spring range is 7,000, 8,000, 9,000 feet; but the summer range is far, far up. The word is, "Follow the snow line"; and steadily keeping in the belt of spring, just below retreating winter, where the herbage is young and fresh and tender, the herd ascends slope after slope, loiters on level after level.



*"Gathering all those inanimate little tails."*

Thirteen thousand feet up, above timber line, has been located the outfit's summer range. Here permanent camp is established.

The work of the men is somewhat easier. The herders may use their dogs — assistance of which, on the lambing range, they might but charily avail themselves, the lambs being so young, the ewes so excitable.

Through September, perhaps well into October, the outfit clings to the summer range. But, on a sudden, from the everlasting snows above, winter descends and threatens. The downward trail is taken. The lambs and the unfit sheep are shipped to their market. *En route* the rams are picked up. The brands are faint, and the road brand is burned with a hot iron upon each shrinking nose.

Close pursued by snow, the diminished veteran herd enters winter camp.




*"Kicking and bucking and ba-a-ing with resentment."*

# RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE

I. PRINCETON — PENNSYLVANIA

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

N the rigorous and meager days when the half dozen leading colleges of the East were founded, little thought was given the finer considerations of architecture. Utility, not beauty, was the chief requisite, and successive buildings were not designed or grouped in accordance with a specific plan but were added from year to year as growth and development dictated. So tenuous was the existence of certain of these early colonial seats of learning that mere housing was in itself a sufficiently momentous problem. One main building usually formed the nucleus about which clustered in irregular and haphazard fashion all subsequent structures. At times this initial unit was simple and dignified in character, a fact that never prevented its companions from being diverse or chaotic. For a century and more anyone was permitted to inflict any conceivable aberration upon an unprotesting academic public. All styles, from the severity of the Classic to the swagger of the General Grant period, were employed singly or in combination. Gradually the foremost colleges, which at the outset had been barely more than schools, developed into universities, and with this expansion came changes in the tenor of scholastic life. Classes no longer bound men together as formerly; the various clubs and societies became the foci of student activity.

Due in part to this widening of interests both intellectual and social and in part to external causes, there has come within the past decade a measurable improvement in American college architecture. At Princeton, at Pennsylvania, at Harvard, and at Yale has been manifest a refreshing attempt to unify discordant elements, a desire to bring into a semblance of relation the past and the present. Institutions such as Columbia, the College of the City of New York, Washington University at St. Louis, and the University of California, which are either of recent date or have recently changed location, are confronted with comparatively simple conditions. A spacious and logical diagram and a seasonable display of taste should in these instances produce acceptable results. That such results are not always achieved is merely one of the despairs of the profession, one of the vicissitudes of endeavor. Matters are wholly different, however, with those older colleges of the Middle and New England States which can neither alter their sites nor demolish wholesale certain decrepit and unlovely landmarks. The problem that here presents itself is one of constant yet gradual addition and replacement. For several years to come the old and the new must sojourn side by side. There will inevitably be a dissonance, an often acute lack of harmony, but right intention can do much toward making the situation tolerable.

In the ensuing papers will be considered the more recent developments at Princeton, Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Yale. Without exception Mr. Bailey's drawings are confined to the newer buildings, and it is scarcely necessary to call attention to the conscientious accuracy of interpretation and persuasive charm of these sketches.

It is but fitting that Princeton should serve as an introduction, for it is at Princeton that the most appropriate and inspiring conception of American college architecture is to be found. Taste has changed perceptibly in Princeton since the opening of Nassau Hall, once considered the handsomest and most commodious academic structure in the colonies. Pride in the esthetic quality of the edifice seems, indeed, to have been rightfully overshadowed by the comforting realization that the students might dwell therein "always under the inspection of the college officers, more sequestered from the various temptations attending a promiscuous converse with the world, that theater of folly and dissipation." Almost from the first the College of New Jersey possessed an abundance of land, the original grounds consisting of the "two Hundred Acres of Woodland, and that ten Acres of clear'd Land" donated by the townsfolk of Princeton. Enabled thus to expand at will, the total area to-day includes upward of two hundred and twenty-five acres accommodating some thirty buildings generously spaced instead of being massed in quadrangles. No other college in the country possesses a similar combination of splendid trees and sweeping lawns or conveys so engagingly the impression of a secluded academic park. Through these spreading trees and across these close-cropped stretches rise the somewhat disconcerting outlines of Princeton architecture—the grandiose Richardsonian-Romanesque of Alexander Hall and the Ionic chastity of Clio and Wig Halls, the Victorian Gothic of Wither-

spoon, and the consoling homeliness of Reunion Hall, West College, and Old North.

The idea is appalling to contemplate, but Princeton might have gone on forever sprawling and multiplying had it not been for the genius and intuition of two exceptional men. They alone had the courage and foresight to introduce an entirely new note, a note both modern and mediæval, both personal and traditional. Princeton of to-day, the Princeton each timorous freshman sees as he alights from the train, and the Princeton at which each serene and sophisticated senior takes his farewell glance as he steps complacently upon the world, owes its existence to Walter Cope and John Stewardson. It is they who conceived Blair Hall, Stafford Little Hall, and the new Gymnasium, and it is they who through their efforts at Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Pennsylvania, and Princeton made possible the redemption of college architecture in America. Profiting by previous experience in Philadelphia and vicinity they undertook the task at Princeton in the fulness of creative power and the freshness of innate artistic impulse. Their scheme runs in an irregular though almost unbroken line along the western boundary of the campus, the tower of Blair Hall, pierced by its lofty archway and approached by an imposing flight of steps, being the logical portal of the university. For dignity and propriety, for an impelling fusion of Old World poetry and latter-day progress, and above all for a pervading suggestion of that which is permanently scholastic, it would be difficult to imagine anything more fitting than Blair Hall and Stafford Little Hall. The Gymnasium, while less expressive, is incontestably better than anything at Princeton by other hands. It is frankly in this spirit that present additions are being made, and it is safe to say that though Cope and Stewardson's contribution was not large, its influence will be immeasurable.



BLAIR HALL TOWER FROM THE RAILWAY, PRINCETON

What first prompted these architects to select and to adapt the English Gothic of Oxford and Cambridge to local needs and conditions is not definitely known, but possessing studious and resourceful minds as well as sharing a delicate emotional endowment, they evidently

wished to continue on this side of the Atlantic the imperishable traditions of Anglo-Saxon culture and civilization. They realized the affinity both racial and spiritual between the ivied Old World and the somewhat rigid New, and wisely sought to give that affinity typical

form. How well they succeeded can only be learned by visiting the four or five colleges and universities where their work remains its own eloquent witness. From the west front or from the east, from car window, jostling railway platform, or the gray walks and green spaces beyond the entrance archway, Blair Hall and Stafford Little Hall exercise an appeal altogether appropriate if not altogether new. It is sheer poetry this, sheer romance. It is a subdued, reminiscent poetry recalling the mediæval scholar and his shadowed cloister. The ivy is there, and the clock tower. All that is needed is a moping owl. There are excellent reasons for contending that ivy and a moping owl do not constitute architecture, but viewed strictly as architecture the work of Cope and Stewardson brilliantly fulfills requirements. It is consummate in scale, mass, and proportion. Above all it is organic and convincing. Though in essence it looks backward toward mellow days, it is not a lifeless formula but a vivid personal manifestation.

One turns to a consideration of the remaining buildings at Princeton with a certain deprecation. With but few exceptions they follow the English Collegiate or Tudor Gothic manner. Neither Mr. Potter's Library nor Messrs. Parish & Schroeder's Murray-Dodge Hall nor Mr. Morris's "Seventy-nine" Hall seems comparable to the work of the Philadelphia firm. The Library is an expensive, important mass of Longmeadow stone echoing with perhaps too much fealty its English predecessors. The location of the building is irreproachable, forming as it does the eastern side of the main quadrangle, which is bounded on the north by Nassau Hall, on the south by Clio and Wig Halls, and on the west by Reunion Hall and West College. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the Library is lacking in that inspirational touch without which architecture is powerless to uplift the impenetrable undergraduate or the curious visitor.

What has been gently insinuated regarding the Library is even more applicable to Murray-Dodge Hall and "Seventy-nine" Hall. In neither have the fundamental principles which govern their respective styles been sufficiently assimilated. Though by different firms, they evince a similar absence of feeling for surface and for detail. "Seventy-nine" Hall in particular displays the utmost want of texture in a combination of red brick and limestone that might easily have been made harmonious and inviting. Yet it is ungracious to be severe. Perhaps the benign caress of time will act as a benediction, softening all crudities and rebuking all asperity—even that of the pen.

Through the courtesy of Mr. H. C. Bunn, Curator of Grounds and Buildings, opportunity has been offered for a glimpse at the Princeton of the future. Several projects of moment are at present under way, among them being McCosh Hall and the Alumni Dormitory. McCosh Hall, plans for which by Mr. Gildersleeve have been formally accepted, will be used for lectures and recitations. Situated in the rear of Marquand Chapel and running parallel with McCosh Walk, the structure will form one side of a new quadrangle to be completed at some future date. Like McCosh Hall the extensive suite of buildings the Trustees propose erecting on the eastern and southern sides of the Field will be in the Tudor or Collegiate Gothic style, to which sound and fitting type the architecture of Princeton is gradually conforming. The first of this series, known as the Alumni Dormitory, has been designed by Mr. Morris, the author of "Seventy-nine" Hall. Although not strictly an architectural feature, the Lake, which it is hoped may be finished by next spring, should add interest to the general layout. It is not anticipated that the Lake will make Princeton an aquatic or amphibian community, but for landscape purposes its possibilities are undeniable.





THE LIBRARY, PRINCETON

There is little need to bewail or berate existing conditions at Princeton. After years of passivity the authorities are at last aware of the fact that college buildings must not only be acceptable in themselves but must bear specific rela-

tion to their surroundings. With two or three salutary examples at hand there appears little reason why subsequent attempts should run riot or wander afield. It is essential that Princeton architecture not only express Princeton



STAFFORD LITTLE HALL, PRINCETON

ideals, but that it should in some degree reflect a still broader and deeper continuity of scholastic endeavor. Some tangible link should connect that which is past with that which is to come. The senior who sings on the steps of Old North or gathers about the "Big Gun" should be made to feel when he wins a Rhodes Scholarship that he is merely perfecting, not exchanging, his intellectual and esthetic heritage.

Judging by an order of the Trustees

that "a small ladder be bought to be always at hand for the convenience of mending windows," and from the coincident fact that "chastisement" figured as a form of discipline, the early students at the non-sectarian University of Pennsylvania must have been somewhat more turbulent than were their Presbyterian brothers over in New Jersey. Like Princeton and Columbia, Pennsylvania first came into existence during the middle years of the eighteenth century, and, in common with the former, once



THE GYMNASIUM, PRINCETON

served as a meeting place for Congress during the unstable days of the Revolution. Founded by the expansive and omnipresent Franklin, the institution has twice been forced to change its location, and hence, architecturally considered, cannot show an uninterrupted development. Situated in the heart of a populous if not animated city, the University of Pennsylvania has never enjoyed that sylvan quietude so characteristic of Princeton. From the outset there were no "two Hundred Acres of Woodland" or "ten Acres of clear'd Land" at the disposal of the Board of Trustees.

Until after the Revolution the University occupied quaint but incommodious quarters at Fourth and Arch Streets. In 1802 the authorities secured what was then deemed a majestic edifice on Ninth Street, between Market and Chestnut. It was a building that had been reared by the State to serve as a Presi-

dential Mansion when it was assumed that Philadelphia would continue the National Capitol, and here the university remained until the house was razed to make room for two separate structures. Although beset by the encroaching activity of business life, the final move to West Philadelphia was not effected until 1872, when the original group, comprising College Hall, Medical Hall, the Medical Library, and University Hospital, were successively completed. During the following twenty-five years other buildings were dotted at random over a tract numbering some fifty acres. The first recruits, which were of serpentine, might be characterized as Victorian Gothic; the balance were whatever chance saw fit to ordain. There was no sequence, no coördination. Matters were much the same as at Princeton and elsewhere save for the fact that the crime at Pennsylvania



MUSEUM OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND COURT, PENNSYLVANIA

was of later date and hence less excusable.

The regeneration of architecture at Pennsylvania had its auspicious beginning in Houston Hall, erected under the supervision of William Charles Hayes. Following Houston Hall came the Dor-

mitories, the Memorial Tower, the Law Library, and other buildings designed by Cope and Stewardson, and the altogether daring Archæological Museum, a creation of no less than four brilliant spirits. The new Gymnasium, recently completed after plans by Frank Miles



THE GYMNASIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Day & Brother, is the latest and in many respects the most satisfactory addition to this exceptional array. Occupying slightly rising ground half a mile west of the Schuylkill River, the grounds are bounded by Thirty-second Street and the Pennsylvania Railroad on the east, by the railroad and Pine Street on the south, by Cleveland Avenue on the west, and by Woodland Avenue on the north. The Dormitories, which face Woodland Avenue, and which, together with the Memorial Tower, form the natural entrance to the grounds from the north, are in a different and more ornate vein than Cope and Stewardson's work at Princeton. The period laid under contribution for

this notable "Triangle," for such is the form the plan assumes, is the Jacobean, the effect attained being one of undisguised picturesqueness of detail and richness of coloration. The wide mullioned windows, the rows of grotesques along the cornices, and the low entry doors, each with its ornamental lamp, generously enhance the pictorial feeling of the exterior. There are certain sanguinary realists who claim that a memorial tower purposing to commemorate Pennsylvania men who fell in the war with Spain should contain some further reference to the fact beyond the simple tablets at the entrance archway. The contention is immature. Does anyone seriously regret that Aguinaldo and his

staff do not supplant the goblins and gargoyles that enliven the façade? Less restrained, less pure in choice of precedent, and possibly more insistent in appeal than Stafford Little Hall, the Pennsylvania Dormitories are equally potent in academic association. You cannot readily forsake this inner court, walled about on three sides, or the cloisters running from the base of the Tower along the eastern wing. And best of all, perhaps, you will not fail to linger even longer in the "Little Quad," with its ivy, sundial, and bright patch of greensward.

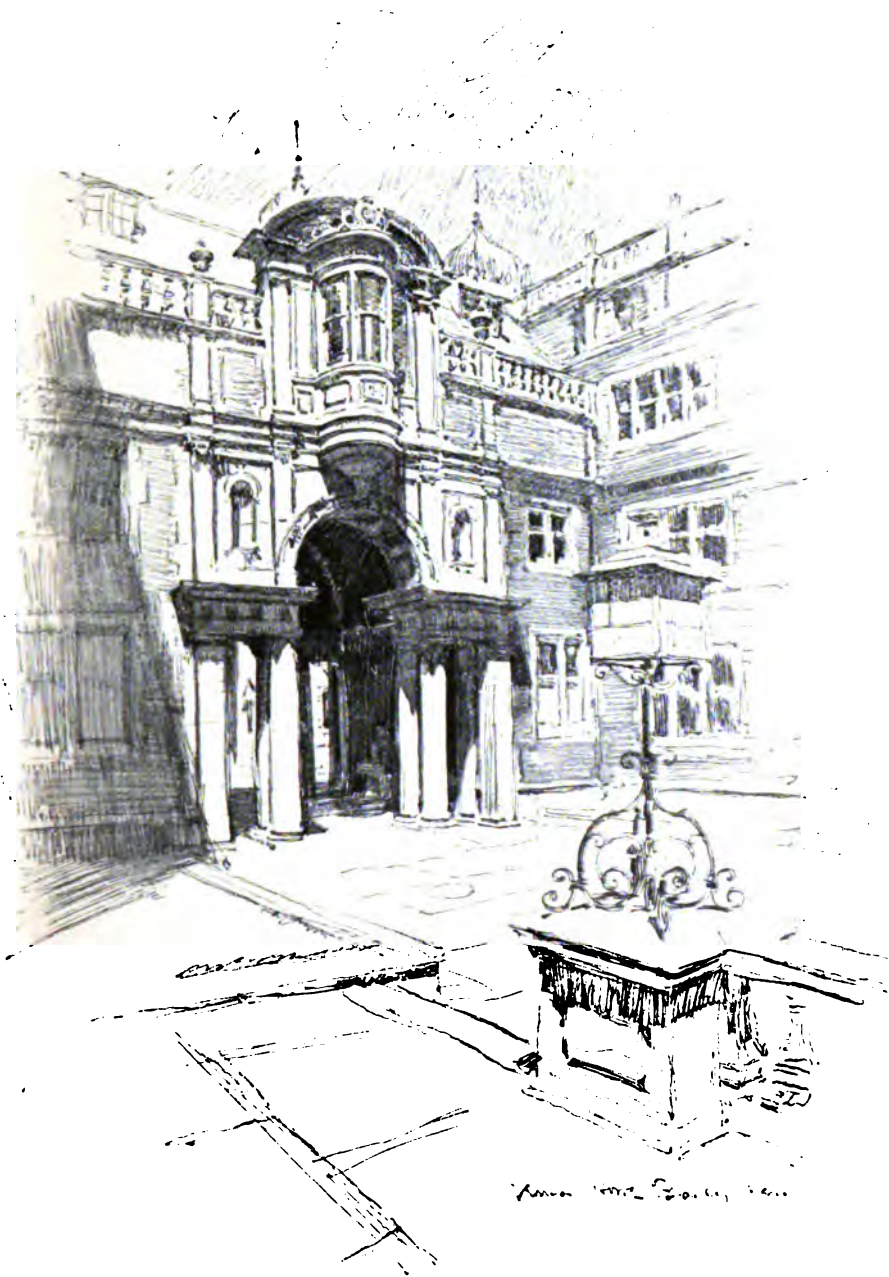
As the simultaneous product of Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, Wilson Eyre, and Frank Miles Day, the Pennsylvania Museum of Archæology is a constructive curiosity. In addition to this, it is one of the most baffling and beautiful buildings in the country. The Museum of Archæology is episodic; it is the sort of thing an architect undertakes through unmitigated delight in his craft. Though devoid of relation either to time or clime, it is yet perfectly adapted to its special purpose. Vaguely suggesting the wondrous brickwork of Northern Italy during the fourteenth century, recalling dimly Genoa, Turin, Padua, and even Siena, its parentage still remains elusive and undefined. The outline at present comprises a central motive and two wings, but will later be enlarged to five times its actual dimensions. It is impossible to translate the exotic magic of this building, the varicolored richness of its floriated frieze, or the formal precision of the fountain and landscape effects. It is a triumphant vindication of concerted method. Into its composition have been fused the romantic evocation of Cope and Stewardson, the luxuriant individuality of Mr. Eyre, and the discerning taste and inflexible logic of Mr. Day.

There is wholesome satisfaction in the fact that the latest project to reach completion at Pennsylvania is perhaps the most successful. With the new Gym-

nasium, placed diagonally opposite the Museum of Archæology, Messrs. Frank Miles Day & Brother have achieved what enthusiasts should be permitted to call a masterpiece of construction. Built almost exclusively of red brick and warm-tinted terra cotta and reflecting the reposeful sobriety of St. John's College, Oxford, the Pennsylvania Gymnasium is both impetuous and practical. Arrangements have been made so as to accommodate all the outdoor and indoor sports of the University, and counting the athletic field, which is surrounded by a substantial wall, the architectural scheme covers seven acres. The Gymnasium proper, the field, and permanent grand stand form a continuous pattern, the latter offering better facilities for open-air events than either the Stadium at Harvard or the Greek Theater at Berkeley. There is something stolid yet eloquent in the aspect of this building and in the generous disposal of its masses. From the broad steps of the double approach to the top of the square set towers it seems to bespeak courage, fortitude, and fair play.

Of future architecture at Pennsylvania there remains considerable to say. Cope, with his zealous, hopeful enthusiasm, wished to replace the older legacy with some more fitting, a task he left to be carried slowly forward by other hands. Yet it may be some time before College Hall succumbs, and meanwhile the dormitory system will have been augmented by a row of houses that is to border Hamilton Walk and form the south side of the "Big Quad." Lying to the east of the "Triangle" and on ground perceptibly lower, the "Big Quad" will be rectangular in shape, two flights of steps leading from the lower level through arcades to the "Triangle." When finished, these alterations will double the present capacity of the Dormitories, besides contributing to the extent and symmetry of the diagram. Despite the merit of various specific





A CORNER OF THE "BIG QUAD," PENNSYLVANIA



*Yvonne H. B. G. - Penn.*

#### MEMORIAL TOWER AND "TRIANGLE" DORMITORIES, PENNSYLVANIA

achievements, it is by no means certain that the agitated sophomore who dashes under the archway of Memorial Tower and swings aboard a downtown car retains any precise conception of Pennsylvania architecture in its entirety. What the scheme lacks thus far is unity of impression. Stimulating as they are in other respects, the Dormitories, the Museum, and the Gymnasium do not

come to a focus. This may and possibly will be corrected later on. Meantime it is impossible not to see in these several units the vitality and vigor of impulse that make for enduring architecture. And after all, architecture, and especially college architecture, must not be a mere array of abstractions but a definite personal expression, a visible record of individual aspiration.



# IN CURE OF HER SOUL

BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON


"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet ;  
Let some great story of a man be sung."

—*Chatterton*.

## BOOK I

Saga :  
"Oh, it was Harold Trygvason,  
Sailing o'er the grey seas young."

### I

T was a little nook of meadow, sloping to a point where the forest edges met. Behind, the hill rose, rocky, covered close with old dwarfed trees. The sun lay hot in the little triangle of lawn, but from the narrow combe below came a strong draught of cool salt air. There the Sea lay, masked.

Altogether one of the sweetest of those sweet places on the Beverly shore where the sea and forest touch: appreciated as such by the good taste of Mrs. Arthur Shirley and thought worthy, without alteration, of forming a nook within her lawn.

Had you asked young Austin Pinckney, four-and-twenty as he lay there, whether the drama of his life lay yet behind him, I think he would have been honest enough to tell you No. Most young men, however young, fancy they have had experiences; as they fancy always they are in love: they want to be, and it is quite enough if they like one girl better than another. But Pinckney

was no fool; and, born in Germany, he had lived in Paris, had been through colleges in America and England, and now came to the land of his fathers "for good." For the one thing his somewhat purposeless father had determined (he had lived his life as Consul at Carlsruhe) was that his son Charles should make a career at home.

Pinckney, then, had had no experiences—no more than the brook beside which he lay; which was born but a few rods behind him, by some hoary gray rocks in the wood, in a cradle of pines, gurgled merrily out into its first sunlight, sunny and clear; it showed its depths to the sky; then with hardly a fall, it sprang through the little combe and, still all ignorant whether it was to become a Mississippi or a Merrimac, it met the ocean—and all was over. So soon born, so soon to enter the sea.

Pinckney's plans had been to enter public life. It is more difficult in America than in England, and for that purpose, not with much view to practice, he meant to study the law. In America a man must take some mask of serving himself if he would serve his country.

For the furtherance of these two ambitions, he intended to maintain a small office in some upper floor on Pine Street, and had already become an active member of the New York Civil Service Reform Club. Furthermore, he had writ-

ten an essay upon the Australian ballot and become a member of the Charity Organization Society. He was now considering whether he should go to the Cambridge Law School or first pass a year with the New York firm whose leading partner was their family trustee.

If he had any other musings, plannings, or dreamings—they were probably plannings: one only dreams of the unattainable—the day and place discouraged all but dreams. And even if our hero had the wish so strongly as to be the subject of a dream, the very real Miss Dorothy Somers that was its object was so tangible and near a possibility (she only lived so far away as Philadelphia) as hardly to disturb his waking hours. Her he had met abroad: with her he had come through that American form of trying-it-on flirtation which (however unelevated) serves a practical nation a practical purpose. It is as much as to say, Would we like it were we wed? And—wisely perhaps—our matrons allow their young to spend half the day and night together, to see if they are bored in that. She was very beautiful, only eighteen; certainly he had been “taken with her.”

But that she filled no great space, in his mind at least, for the moment, would appear from the start with which he heard her name mentioned. For his musings, plannings, dreamings were disturbed just here by old Tom Brandon, called by all the world the Major, who sauntered agreeably up to tell him, first, that the dressing-bell had sounded, and second (but of less personal importance) that young Gansevoort was “caught” at last.

“And by the Somers, of all people in the world,” said he, “Miss Dorothy Somers; they say she is a beauty.”

And this it was that made our hero start; could the Major have been aware? But furthermore he said nothing; and the two went in to dinner.

It must not be thought Tom Brandon

was a gossip. Men really do not gossip so much as women; and Tom Brandon only liked to hear the news: he did not fabricate it, nor anticipate it; and when he had fairly heard it, he dismissed it from his mind with, at most, a remark or two. No, he was not a gossip; but he took a kindly interest in the affairs of men. He belonged to that large fellowship who must get their interest in life from the lives of others, not their own. They are not to be confounded with an analogous company that live on others' money, houses, and yachts, and give return of gossip and fine raiment; he was rich enough; to the race of our Tom belonged the nobler renunciators and the kindly companions. Perhaps he had had a dream in his youth; a dream with no awakening. And Tom had taken a fancy to our hero; forgive him, then, his little experiment.

“Gansevoort? Petrus Gansevoort? Why, he's half-witted,” was all our hero said, as they approached the veranda from the lawn.

“Oh, no—only reserved—kept apart from an avid world,” said Tom. But Pinckney had pulled himself together and expressed himself no more. From which Mr. Brandon was too old a bird to draw conclusions.

## II

MRS. ARTHUR SHIRLEY was Charles Pinckney's first cousin. Her mother's sister had been Mary Austin, who married her cousin Austin Pinckney, and died many years before. As they walked up her lawn there was a glimmer of bright dresses on the veranda, no unpleasant thing to see even when a man is hungry; and a glimmer of white arms and shoulders (for dinner was at eight, to do no injustice to her sunset), no unpleasant thing to see even when a man is cold. And there was already an evening chill in the air.

There was a murmur of excited voices

as our men came up. It was soon evident that they, too, were discussing the great engagement; that gossamer "maiden's yes" that determined the future of so many millions. Our dear old Doctor Holmes has told us of that yes of another Dorothy, and that it determined future men; yet probably the newspapers of that time did not chronicle it. But to-morrow you would find in most newspapers of the land a space awarded to this affirmative of Dorothy's rather more than was given to the great labor troubles—only less perhaps than they accorded to a murder with an ax, followed by dissection, authorship unknown. There would be a picture of the murdered woman's body; perhaps also there would now be one of Miss Somers; her person would at all events be described minutely, as well as the contents of Gansevoort's purse.

The girls did not stop talking upon Pinckney's approach, and he felt glad of the chance that he had had previous notice of their news; not dreaming that old Tom Brandon had wandered in the shrubberies for half an hour to find him. But it was evident that some of them, at least, did not take the newspaper view of the situation. If some of the younger were dazzled by its prominence, American women fortunately are too fine for any solution of life problems but the truth. A woman of thirty, just married (and American girls at thirty are at their best), spoke openly. "I have had a letter from a friend in Philadelphia," she said. "She tells me that her mother has brought the whole thing about. She was a Riddle, you know."

Pinckney excused himself on the plea that he must dress for dinner. A leather bag for the house letters hung always at the Shirleys' front door; his eye caught it as he passed, and going to his room, he seized a sheet of note-paper and began to write. He had but half an hour to dress, and twenty minutes were spent in the writing of this note:

"DEAR MISS SOMERS:

"Is it true what I heard to-day? Are you engaged?"

Yours,  
"——"

Fifteen minutes of the time was spent in determining the signature. He wrote "Yours ever," "Yours sincerely," "Yours faithfully," and finally settled on just "Yours." He addressed the note and sealed it carefully. Then he dressed hurriedly, still thinking; so carelessly that his tie became an object of contemptuous notice to Sammy Bowles, downstairs. As Pinckney came down and crossed the slippery hall, he saw that all the company had gone in to dinner. He stopped a moment by the leather post-bag, the note in his hand. Then he tore it up, threw the fragments carefully in the fireplace, and went in.

It has been said that you have three chances of happiness at a dinner (wherein it is three times a better thing than life)—the woman to the left of you, the woman to the right of you, and the cook. Older men, they say, have a fourth in the bottle. But youth is indifferent to its chances, exacts its choice of fate, and has a digestion too perfect to be discriminating. To Pinckney's left was a clever-hearted woman, to his right a sweet-minded girl; the Major would have looked at the one and talked to the other; Pinckney looked and talked haphazard and ate no dinner. His mind was busy assuring his heart that it had no personal interest in the future of Miss Dorothy Somers. Then suddenly he heard her name and felt the blood mounting to his beardless cheek. Boys are very like girls; despite any difference of moral code or conduct, prudence is shared by both sexes alike; most men will blush longer than a woman will. As if one should be ashamed of caring, however lightly, for another one!

"Why does she do it?" his married neighbor had said; and it became evident that Gansevoort was regarded as

quite impossible. The Major asked how old she was.

"Not twenty," said Mrs. Shirley. "I remember when Dolly Riddle married Mr. Somers at Newport in the sixties; nobody knew much about him; he was thought rich. But the daughter cannot be twenty."

"Too young," said the Major, "to have had the usual explanation—" The Major seldom forced his efforts, but this time he paused for the expected question. Every woman at the table asked it except the young girl on Pinckney's right, who opened expectant eyes.

"Another man," said Brandon, sententiously. His glance fell upon Pinckney as he spoke. But Pinckney knew it was not he. He knew well enough what the Major meant, and his consciousness got a lonely moment while the others were asking the oracle to be explicit.

Suddenly his pulses bounded again. Could it be—but no; he was not vain enough for that. Yet he had never asked her to marry him.

"If there wasn't a man in the past to make her do it, there ought to be a man in the present to prevent her," went on Brandon. "Where are all you young chaps? Is your blood all cooled by money-making? Ah, there was a use for the gentleman of leisure."

"Why don't you try it yourself, Major Brandon?" It was the clever lady on Pinckney's left who spoke.

"Ah, madam, I am too old for love-making—"

"I shouldn't think so," said the lady gallantly.

The Major pressed his hand to his heart. "But perhaps with me there was a long time ago. I remain true to an early dream," closed Brandon with mocking solemnity. For he had a cynic's disbelief in the world's understanding.

"You?" cried Mrs. Shirley. "Girls, he was the greatest flirt I ever knew."

"My flirtations were but a mask to

hide my constancy." There was a general laugh, and the conversation drifted from the danger point.

But after dinner, on the piazza above the sea-broken crags, Pinckney found the Major beside him, and they smoked together. Pinckney hoped the older man would talk of Miss Somers again; but the Major persistently didn't. On the contrary, he maintained entire silence; but the Major's silence could be suggestive. So pretty soon our hero found himself asking the Major if he knew Miss Somers.

"No," said the Major, "do you?"

"A little—is Pete Gansevoort as bad as he is represented?"

"He is very bad, very coarse, very stupid, very rich—"

"It seems a pity she can't be saved from it."

"Is she worth saving?"

Pinckney's voice shook, ever so little. "I think so," said he. "I don't know her very well."

"Then I advise you not to trouble yourself about her."

"But—suppose one were her friend—apparently she has none near her—would it not be rather terrible not to trouble oneself? Her soul is too fine for his."

"Young man," said the Major sententiously, "one lesson I learned in early life: never to trouble oneself about young women's souls."

### III

PINCKNEY had only been landed a very few days from a summer spent in Baden, the country of his birth. He had come to New York; and there had only stopped to report at the prominent firm already alluded to and to engage himself rooms in a fashionable bachelors' flat on Fifth Avenue. All this his patrimony permitted. His father was deceased, and his three sisters had married three German barons. Then he had come right on to the North Shore. It was in the

most practical state of mind that he had returned from London; he was about to enter into American civilization in good earnest and begin by mastering the as yet undecided intricacies of the New York code of practice. He also meant to read some law. Eclecticism is the vice of America's youth.

But, besides this, Pinckney had been brought up abroad by a father who was expatriated, side-tracked. Possibly to such the home looks fairer; at all events, the son was full of enthusiasm about America. He hoped to adorn it, with his life; but furthermore to live his life, as a citizen. His lot to work among the poor in college settlements, among the poor in spirit, in courageous action, among the poor in ideals, in the higher civic duty. Among his side motives, it is quite possible the poor boy counted the regeneration of the city government of New York, for that was to be the town of his adoption; it was the biggest place, the most typical. Yet the guidance of his country's women, still less of any one countrywoman, had never yet assailed his mind. In the American girl, as Pinckney believed, there was no flaw. She was no part of his problem. But the streamlet flows where the land falls.

Coming out before breakfast, next morning, he met one of the most charming of them; she was climbing on the cliffs that fringed the lawn, holding on to the overhanging birch trees, and the sea made a raucous noise at her feet. When they came back to breakfast, he asked his cousin if it was *de rigueur* for them to go to church. But the Shirleys were good old Boston Unitarians, and his cousin seemed rather puzzled at the question. A Boston Unitarian rarely knows, before his funeral, what church he does attend. "The church is at Beverly," she said. "You may go if you like; I think there will be room. The break will start at ten."

The break started without Austin, or his companion, who was his young din-

ner neighbor of the night before. They walked along the cliffs to the beach, and then along the beach to Manchester, where Pinckney managed to hire a dory to row home. Fortunately, the day was still, and the young lady was in russet shoes and short skirt. Pinckney liked the young lady very much; but he did not ask her how much she liked him. Mrs. Shirley seemed rather pleased at their being late to luncheon, and suggested they should go to drive in the buckboard for the afternoon. Pinckney was already too much of an American to be misled by the national temper of kindly approval of the companionship of young people; but it is a dangerous thing to talk long to one young girl when thinking of one other. The boy found himself in a gentle mood that evening. He half regretted not sending that letter. After dinner he had little mind for the men's talk, but a certain inbred sense of conduct bade him avoid the young girl. So pretty soon he joined his cousin and her married friend on the dark piazza, where the sea was making reminiscent noises.

"I assure you that it is all the mother's doing," the friend was saying. "She writes me that she is constantly with her, but the poor girl is crying night and day."

Our hero promptly sheered off, crossing the lawn; under the shadow of some cedars he lit a cigar; and then went down the cliffs and wandered on the strip of shingle, as he thought, to think. But the sea, or anything eternal, is a most dangerous companion at such times; entering into our emotions with a relation quite temporary and personal. Only persons without imagination call the ocean or the night sky of stars or the void prairies unsympathetic at such moments. To us others it seems to say: We are indeed eternal, but our courses are fixed; you may really will something. We have no passions; but you can act. We feel with you; and you are right in feeling as you do. Generally, this con-

verse with inanimate nature impels to animate action.

And then, the young man didn't sleep; or not for some hours. Visioned in the darkness was the image of a lovely girl, crying in her room, alone.

There is something reassuring in the voice of birds, even after the most unquiet night; and the moment they began to sing, outside amid the fruit trees, Pinckney fell asleep. He woke with a start, at breakfast time; and hurrying downstairs, he had another start as he went through the hall. For there on the table, amid all the less momentous letters, lay one whose postmark the young man divined before he snatched it up to look at it; it was Philadelphia, in a hand he knew; and he blushed as he thrust it hastily into his pocket. Fortunately, it was his left hand, so that his right was free to shake his cousin's; his other hand still grasped the letter tightly as if it were needful to hold it down.

There was no chance to look at it before he sat down to breakfast, and he wondered how she could have learned his address. "No sugar, please," he said to Mrs. Shirley for the second time. After all, it was probably a mere note, announcing her engagement, written to him with fifty other friends. At last, the meal was over; he ran up to his bedroom and broke the seal—it was addressed to him at Mrs. Shirley's:

PHILADELPHIA, *June 13, 1884.*

"DEAR MR. PINCKNEY:

"Have you heard of my engagement to Mr. Gansevoort? I know you have returned, and though you have not come to congratulate me, I am still

"Yours, DOROTHY SOMERS."

There was the faintest possible dash before the word "congratulate"; otherwise the note was a natural enough note, he argued, if written to an old friend. It was odd she had used the form of signature adopted for the note he had

torn up, and the "still" might mean anything. Nonsense, it referred to the "though" before it.

As he folded it and replaced it carefully in his pocket, he noticed that his heart was beating violently.

#### IV

"A MAN need love a woman very little before he begins to think that he alone can make her happy," said the Major impressively. It was the middle of the same morning; Youth and Age were lying on the grass together; and Youth, in form supposititious, had been laying before Age something of his own case. "She'll do very well."

"I don't think I alone can make her happy," said Youth. "I have no intention of trying. But I can't avoid going to see her."

Age paused, before replying, to listen to the long smooth slide of the pebbles in the chasm below.

"You live in New York, she in Philadelphia; there is an excuse in ninety miles. She can hardly telephone you—that distance——"

"Her note requires some answer——"

"It needn't be personal."

"Look at it," cried Youth impulsively, thrusting the document in the hand of Age. The Major fingered it as if it were a bomb.

"Please read it," said Pinckney.

The Major unfolded the note slowly, held it between his thumb and finger, and carefully adjusted his eyeglasses. He paused some moments over the signature. "Dorothy Somers—pretty name," said he. "The note is a masterpiece of concise English. Did you know her as well as this before she became engaged to young Gansevoort?"

"As well as what? She wrote fifty such notes, I suppose——"

"Then why does it require a personal answer?"

Pinckney colored. "Well, no, I didn't."

"Hm," said the Major, and looked out to sea where an ocean tug was towing a train of coal barges. "Why can't they hitch on to one man without towing another in their wake? It doesn't appear," he concluded, handing the letter back to Pinckney, "whether she wants your congratulations or your condolences."

"Condolences, very likely," said Pinckney with a laugh.

The Major's face darkened. "You must remember, there's but one way to console a woman for her emotional misfortunes— You have decided to go to-night?"

"I've got to go to New York to-night, anyhow——"

"And to Philadelphia to-morrow."

"I'll think it over."

"My goodness, don't do anything of the sort," cried the Major in alarm. "Don't think anything at all about it. And don't go to Philadelphia. Go to Plunder's and send her twenty dollars' worth of flowers, with a pretty letter. Regard no expense at critical moments. And in a letter you can say what you like."

The Major waited, and both were silent, looking over a radiant, almost luminous sea: not a shadow but of bright color lay in the day, and the whitecaps dazzled where the ultramarine broke. Over such a sea sailed Tristan, bound from Ireland, or Helen, bound for Troy. The Major seemed to hope that his young friend would reply, but Pinckney was silent.

"In a letter you may say what you like," the Major repeated, and then, "She won't show it to her husband," he added. The addition was a mistake. Pinckney started up.

"Take another cigar," said the Major. "To try Man, the Lord created Woman—but then, relenting, gave him tobacco and rum that he might bear her ways." But the young man shook his head and ran into the house.

## V

At dinner the Major ascribed Pinckney's departure to a sudden political engagement in New York. "This nomination of Crane means much to a young man with a fresh eye. He has proclaimed himself a Democrat and gone on to work for Mr. Sidney. It makes little difference in the end. Every party in power develops its own rump." Thus pleasantly did old Brandon divert the minds of his hearers and screen his young hero from the ridicule which in America attaches to the man whose actions are ever swayed by his emotions.

But the cries of the longshoremen on a New York pier woke Pinckney the following morning. He drove to his simple little club for breakfast and a change of raiment, called at a florist's, and took the noon train for Philadelphia.

That city was wrapped in slumberous heat. Our hero walked, desirous of arriving quietly. A cab rolls to the door, creates a certain excitement! The neighbors look out, the servant is impressed; you leave a card, and that is definitive. But arriving quietly on foot, if the lady be out, it is easy to say you will come again in an hour or so. Perhaps, then, the lady will be in. Or, if she be not (and the butler knows his business), you may as well stay away for good; in either case, your mind is relieved.

And Pinckney was determined to relieve his mind. He had no idea of not seeing Miss Somers. He knew she was at home in her own house—probably preparing the wedding trousseau. If that were to be a sacrifice, it should at least be a voluntary one, made of her own free will. (Heaven knows what picture he had in his mind of a fair girl weeping in an upper chamber while the piles of cartons, of laces, and *chiffons*, accumulated at the front door.) However, it was an unconscious picture; Pinckney thought he was looking at the quaint little red-brick houses, wooden-

shuttered, marble-rimmed, with the toy white marble stoops; these houses were all hermetically sealed; the tinkle of the horse-car on its single track sounded lonely on the narrow street. He felt glad that all the world was away. Though, on the surface, it was to be a call of congratulation, Pinckney was subtly not completely unconscious that it conveyed, alternatively, the invitation to lead the higher life. Consciously, he was quite sure—almost as sure as he had been with the Major—that it proffered no such romantic alternative. But not to have come would have been delinquent, if there were any—if on the chance—Pinckney took his thoughts by the neck and shoulders and placed them back on the track. To send merely flowers had been a cold acceptance of a situation which, after all, given such acquiescence, might some time, in some future spiritual state, be in part his fault.

The sound of the doorbell startled him. As it reverberated through an empty house, it seemed to advertise his coming throughout all the street. The house was more pretentious than its neighbors and presented edgewise a higher, narrow front of brown stone; behind the twenty-foot *façade* it was tunnel-shaped and ran back indefinitely. This Pinckney well knew, and after a proper delay he heard the butler's steps echoing along the wooden-paved hall. "Not at home." Of course not. "Give her this card—perhaps I can call again in an hour." To send up his card, then, was practically to insist; he did not wish to force his visit; the delay gave her at least the option. So his thoughts repeated themselves; and he went and sat, like any other loafer, in the little park near by. This was empty, even of nursemaids and children; in their stead were strange visitants, barbarians, to whose incursions it lay open in the summer months. He sat down and waited.

The hour passed by slowly. In front of him was a club, with awnings at the

open windows. It seemed empty; but Pinckney had no desire to be seen by any possible acquaintance, and he changed his seat. The hour lagged interminably; he counted the people in the square; then he counted the negroes among them. He tried to collect his thoughts; he had none. He only felt that he should keep this episode in his life unknown, and as a gentleman passed by with clothes of a familiar cut, he decided that this place was too public. Four blocks south, one east, and then returning, should make a mile; in that heat it might dispose of twenty minutes. But when this evolution was performed the chimes struck only the half-hour. Yet he felt a sort of duty in keeping the date exact; his half of the tryst should be performed punctiliously. He was building a clear conscience for his after life.

When at last he stood before the door the house seemed as lonely as he had left it. The thought then first crossed his mind that a denial would hardly be noncommittal. Would it not perhaps imply a reason that they should not meet? Again he heard the butler's ringing step—what a singular messenger of fate! "Miss Somers will receive you, sir," he said; Pinckney fancied, with a shade more intention than an ordinary call required. He hated to feel himself blush before the butler; and he entered the dark drawing-room too conscious that his emotions lay but throat-deep.

But Pinckney, at his first glance, blushed again for his fatuity. Dorothy (he had called her Dorothy) might already have been Mrs. Petrus Gansevoort for the aplomb with which she received him. And suddenly he felt himself at a loss to justify his call.

"I—I only landed from Europe last week," he began. (*Banal*—and she knew it already.) "I—I have come to congratulate you upon your engagement."

"Yes—I am so much obliged to you for the flowers you sent. We are to be



married next month. Mr. Gansevoort desires it and mamma—does not believe in long engagements.”

She indicated, with a turn of her hand, the flowers on a table beside her. He saw then that there were many others. His modesty now ran to the other extreme and pictured him but one of an indistinguished multitude. Why should he call more than the rest? Perhaps they had called, and she was used to it.

“Is your mother well?” He felt himself a boy again, for saying it.

“Oh, mamma is quite well.” A slight note of impatience arrested his attention, and, for the first time, he looked at her. And then, perhaps, the man in him was conscious of a thrill. For no man can so look on a woman without it. She had but the usual ivory pallor of her unusual beauty. True, there were dark rings under the strange eyes—there often were, when she looked her best—those strange eyes that seemed to drink in all the light and give out none. Yet, for the first time, it struck him how young she was; there was a something shrinking about the girlish frame she carried so well; as he looked she met his eyes for half an instant, then sank upon a sofa.

“I’m so sorry you cannot meet—Mr. Gansevoort. His business called him West for a few days.”

“I am sorry,” said Pinckney grimly. There was something about this perfect acceptance of the situation to make him a trifle angry. He changed his cane from his right hand to his left. After all, he was ready to go.

“But please sit down,” said Miss Somers.

After all—he could hardly go yet. She seemed taller sitting; her fine white gown fell in maturer folds, above which the deep bronze of her hair was lost in the shadows of the room. Then he looked at her, steadily. After all, he was not in love with her—definitely. Yet he wondered if she remembered? It was not for him to remind her.

“Did you have a pleasant summer?”

“Very,” said Pinckney dryly. “I think I must be going—my train leaves at five. I only ran down to—” He left the sentence unfinished, surprised at the slightest possible click in his throat. He hoped at least she had not heard it—absurd as it was. He rose hurriedly. But she did not get up. He extended his hand. She did not grasp it. Slowly her shoulders sank to the arm of the ottoman; she was breathing rapidly. She leaned her head upon her hand.

His face burned. Her other arm lay nerveless on her lap. With an effort he did not grasp it. “Good-by,” said he.

Then he saw that the slender frame was shaken with sobs. “Miss Somers—Dorothy!”

There was no reply, but she was clearly crying. Her white wrist was burning hot. Slowly, slowly he bent over her, waiting; lower, lower. She turned her face. Their lips met.

## VI

“WHAT was the last thing she said to you?”

It was the Major who spoke, after a long pause. It was two o’clock in the morning by this time at the Major’s club in New York, where Pinckney had met him just before midnight. The meeting was not by appointment, but Pinckney had found him there, the Major having returned from Beverly by the day train. He said the house was stupid after his young friend’s departure. A champagne glass stood at his elbow, empty; another stood at Pinckney’s, full.

“The last thing she said to me was ‘Go.’”

“Which is as much as to say ‘Come.’”

“I shall go back to-day,” said the young man. “Do you think she will break the engagement formally?”

“It strikes me you have broken it yourself. You should save her further trouble——”

"By seeing him?"

"By managing her."

"Her mother will never consent——"

"We won't consult the old lady. I'll give her away myself." The Major's face was radiant. "I'll see you through." Pinckney's eyes flashed, but about the lips lay also a curve of determination.

"I must see her first."

"Certainly. But I'll see everybody else. Parson, clerk, reporters—and Gansevoort, too, if he wants it. I'll give them all satisfaction." The Major looked ten years younger as he spoke.

"It must be in a church——"

"Certainly. And I'll have my sister there——"

Pinckney grasped his hand. "I can't say it, but you know what I feel."

"Don't try to say it. Of course I do! Why, it's like being married myself! The one experience I've never had—everything comes to him who waits. I know just how you feel. I'm dead in love myself. Don't try to say it to me—tell her, though." And the Major poured out a glass of wine.

Pinckney thought to let pass his pretended misunderstanding of his gratitude—obviously pretended, for the Major's eyes were moist. He sprang up.

"It's three o'clock. I must take the train at six at Jersey City. I'll have a bath first—I must take the train, though. I must see Miss Somers the first thing in the morning."

"Of course you must. I'll go with you—telegraph my sister to come on later."

"We must be married to-morrow."

"Nonsense. To-day, man, to-day. You should remember that you have placed Miss Somers in an impossible situation. Not a moment should be lost in regularizing it. As for Mr. Gansevoort—he may come back sooner than he said—almost at any moment. Then think of the poor girl's position—getting notes or telegrams from him every two hours, I suppose—knowing all the time what she means to do."

But Pinckney required no argument. "Of course, if it can be done."

"Certainly, it can be done—if you don't mind being married in the afternoon. I'll be your best man, and my sister her bridesmaid—her sister is too young to be told—otherwise, I'd tell her. You can usually trust a girl to take the proper view. Brothers are unsafe. Fortunately she hasn't any. And I'll telegraph a High Church clergyman I know—Father Conyngham, a real good fellow who believes that marriage is a sacrament and the civil law an impertinence—and I'll get a judge—and a bishop——"

Pinckney looked up interrogatively.

"Of course you must have a bishop. My dear fellow, you must pardon me, but in view of the—somewhat sudden engagement between you and the lady and the—improbability—of there being many invited guests, it is advisable that the wedding should be celebrated with all possible ceremony."

"But without the mother's consent?"

"I'll give the bishop a hint that the mother *can't* consent. Trust me for that—and a good High Churchman to take the catholic view. It's divorcing they jib at, not marrying."

"When will you tell her?"

"Well," said the Major, "I'll do that after dinner."

The events of that day passed over our hero like a dream. His emotions were too much roused to leave to his mind much contemplation of the actual facts. But the facts succeeded each other with a decision and rapidity that would else have taken his breath away. And through them all he was conscious of the ever-present activity of his best man. It was under his advice that he telegraphed Miss Somers that he was returning to Philadelphia and would call in the course of that morning, also giving his address at a certain hotel. "She may prefer the meeting elsewhere than at home; we must disregard trifling conventions." Under his advice steps were

taken to borrow his aunt's house in Lenox. "A trip to Europe would be a common performance; we must avoid all that looks sudden or unpremeditated, as well as any appearance of concealment. At Lenox you may have solitude and yet be in Society." The Major spoke sentimentously, as became one who spake whereof he knew. All our hero did was to obtain a stay of all these proceedings until he had seen Miss Somers—a decision the propriety of which the Major did not question, though he considered it unnecessary. His confidence in her love for his young friend would have been touching to a bystander; there came a time when it touched Pinckney himself. "She will never marry *him* now," he said. "If she does, you don't want to marry *her*."

But the Major himself was to be given a lesson in good breeding on this occasion. The hours passed long upon the railway and yet Pinckney could have wished they had been longer. So to every young man, at the moment of plighting his troth to a young lady, I suppose—certainly to every one on the verge of marriage—there comes a moment, not of revulsion, but of acute perception. Besides the intoxication of having another life with yours, the rapturous modesty of undeserved consecration to intimacy with a more sacred being, the glamour that the mystery of Sex throws over purity—and Pinckney was both pure and modest—there must flash with all the aggregate definiteness of a camera obscura upon the mind the visions of all things present and to come, in the path chosen or beside it. He had no concern about his own happiness: the witchery of Sex is always at his age strong enough to reassure upon that point. But he felt, as her mother would say, "all that she was giving up." It was true, she had chosen for the ideal life, and that this choice must always be well. But was he strong enough to give it to her? The fact, so obvious to the Major, that she was simply in love with him, lay well in

the background. And on coming to the hotel the first thing he asked for and found was a note from Miss Somers. It had been brought by a messenger in the ordinary way, and was as follows:

"I have received your telegram, and shall be at home at eleven this morning.

"DOROTHY."

The Major walked with him to the house and waited outside with a sheaf of his telegrams in leash.

## VII

How can biography be an exact science? Who knows enough of anybody else, who is not a Frenchman, or a Russian girl, to write the life of him? Is a man's life (a woman is more cognizant) known even to himself? Shall not we, all but the Puritans, go to the last trump as uncertain of the Judgment as of a woman's favor? Yet a man knows the events, the acts and sayings of his career, though rarely the motives which influenced them, his own or those of others; his own acts which result come to him frequently enough with surprise. He sees himself do it as he sits on his horse and sees it take a fence.

The imaginary biographer is supposed to know it all; and yet the conventions of English fiction are against his telling it. Under this rule the epochal moments of a man's life are nearly all untellable. The touch of the hot face, the kiss given in a passion of tears, determined their lives; yet my gentlest reader may not yet have forgiven to Austin and to Dorothy her knowledge of it, though Major Brandon had grasped the fact without an intimation.

Pinckney's memory always was that he went into the house that morning with a matured mind, the Major's plans all at his finger ends, the course of action (if any was to be taken) coldly blocked

out. First, it was for her to decide; despite all his love, he would not urge. If she wished, the kiss should be as if it never had happened. But Miss Somers came to the door herself; and before they had entered the dark drawing-room her figure was clasped closely and her lips drawn up to his. So much must be told the reader; what the Major learned was this: That she had simply told her mother that she wished to be in alone to see him, Pinckney, and had sent the butler on an errand and dispensed with the maid's attendance. It appeared that she had even mentioned, to her mother, his name. Except for just the things that Austin did not mention (and which perhaps the Major's imagination supplied), her conduct was that of the ideal *grande dame* which the Major roundly declared her to be. She had consented to the marriage taking place that very afternoon; she had even considered the question of informing her mother of her plans upon her mother's return from shopping. (At that the Major gave a bound.) She had only concluded not to do so in consideration of her mother's peace of mind. As she, Miss Somers, had quite determined to carry it through, it might be best to do it as quietly as possible; and, for quiet, Mrs. Somers could not, upon such short notice, be counted on. She would wish at least for delay, she might want to telegraph to Mr. Gansevoort; in short, Miss Somers was quite convinced that her mother's peace of mind would be best preserved by hearing of it first as a fact accomplished and to which she was not accomplice. She must then be told, of course, at once.

"I'll tell her myself—I'll do it to-night," said the Major enthusiastically.

The Major had fought a duel in his day.

Then, went on Pinckney, she had called upstairs and presented him to a Miss Winifred Radnor (whom, indeed, he had slightly known before) somewhat in these words (Miss Radnor had

been there looking at the wedding presents): "Winnie, I am going to be married to Mr. Pinckney this afternoon, and I want you to be my bridesmaid."

("Splendid!" ejaculated the Major.)

Miss Radnor had shown considerable excitement not unmingled with opposition; but as she had been Dorothy's most intimate friend, nearer than her mother to the secrets of her heart, it had been surmounted. It was all arranged, and they were to call with a carriage for the young ladies at six o'clock, when it would be nearly dark.

"At Miss Somers'?" said the Major.

"At Miss Radnor's."

The Major was off with his bundle of telegrams.

## VIII

THEN Austin went back to the hotel to write his letters. They were to be given to the Major, after the ceremony, to be posted by him, and were addressed, first, to his three married sisters in Germany, the Baroness von Schröder of Wurtemberg, Gräfin Marie von Stolzfeld, at Hanover, and Madame von Pauli, the wife of an Austrian general. He wrote, of course, to his old Aunt Emily who had the Lenox house. ("I know her very well," the Major said. It was a thing he said of all nice old women, were it London or New York.) And he also wrote to Mrs. Arthur Shirley.

At two the Major returned and insisted on their dining: green turtle and champagne he ordered, of which latter he seemed in little need. The Major looked twenty years younger. It seemed as if the heart hunger of a lifetime were being filled. "It's all right," he said; "I've seen everybody—Father Conyngnam attends to the church, the judge'll have the papers ready; I've ordered the flowers, got the bishop and the railway seats; my sister'll meet us in Camden at the station, and I've invited both the Associated Press correspondents and two or three fellows from the club to

dinner. I've just been to see Miss Radnor, and I've promised to bring her home by seven. She says it's splendid. Then I'll go and see Mrs. Somers and be ready to receive my guests at the club at eight. In fact I've asked several fellows at the club to meet us, and two, that I could trust, to be ushers. It's all right," he concluded, to Austin's start of surprise; "they only know your name as yet; it's as sacred as a duel. Now you go out and pass the time in getting a ring."

Pinckney afterward believed he would have forgotten that. "Go to Caldwell's and mention my name." It was lucky Major Brandon mentioned this also. For our hero, thinking that economy would best begin with their home, purchased not only a wedding ring but a string of pearls. The stones were not so large as in the triple rope that Gansevoort had sent her—now to be returned—but still it was a string of pearls, and as such represented about half a year's income. For it he gave his check—and the Major's reference—and put the two caskets in his pocket. It was, of course, unsafe to send anything to the house. He had a horror of taking anything from the house. By an old rule of law a man who weds his wife "in her shift" takes her free of all her previous debts. It was only Dorothy he wanted; their evasion (the Major vigorously denied that it was an elopement); their sudden marriage was justifiable only on the necessary ground of pure emotion. All dross of earth his bride should leave behind her; he took just her—barely equipped with her girlish belongings, free of past emotional obligations. Nothing that appertained to her much-advertised engagement, not even the trousseau given by her mother, was to come.

The hour approached; it now was. Pinckney was feverishly anxious; the Major was in no hurry, calm with Napoleonic consciousness of battle planned—how completely planned, it did not dawn upon its hero for some days after-

ward. Their carriage, a modest hackney, stopped at the street corner; the Major issued, to return forthwith with the two young ladies. No baggage was loaded except a pasteboard box which the Major opened on the ferryboat; it contained two bouquets of roses and four button-hole gardenias, each of which was affixed by a pearl scarfpin. At one of the bouquets was pinned a locket of small pearls; at the other (the bride's) a cluster of five pearls to make the center of Austin's necklace. Had Pinckney known it, the center stone was finer than any of the Gansevoort string. It is possible that the Major for the moment was the happiest person of the four. Generally speaking, at a wedding, the groom drives to the church with the best man, the bride with him who is to give her away. The Major (who has, however, tried but two of these three places) has assured me that the last is the best. But he had feared the processional effect of two carriages in Camden, and they were all together. The bride was undemonstratively, Austin joyfully, Miss Radnor excitedly, silent. Only the Major talked.

It was dusk when they landed and drove to Judge Gallison's office. Here the two principals had to comply with the unexacting formalities of Jersey law. Austin always remembered the large office or Judge's chambers, considerably dark, with only the very oldest and red-tapest of clerks; the jovial judicial magnate, himself in wedding garb, who began by congratulating them on what they were about to do, who afterward, in a separate carriage (into which he was careful to invite the two young ladies), accompanied them to the church ceremony. "I am to give her away, you know—knew her father all his life"—Judge Gallison had never before heard of the gentleman alluded to—leaving the Major, a little crestfallen, to go alone with the bridegroom.

However, the drive was none too short for the Major to give to Austin his directions. They were to go, of all places, to

Atlantic City that night ("If you can't have real solitude, the next best thing is a vulgar crowd—they'd look at you at Newport, but they see too many weddings at Atlantic City."), whither the luggage had already been expressed. ("To-morrow's newspapers will be down with the right story, but before they find you you'll be off to Lenox.") They would find their rooms all ready at the best large hotel, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney. ("Would be a great error to show any attempt at concealment—fortunately, your name is quite unknown in Philadelphia.") On the morrow, a competent lady's maid would arrive.

The carriage stopped at the church. The bride's party had already entered; but in the vestibule Austin was introduced to a dear young Quaker lady of sixty as the Major's sister; then to two elegant young gentlemen already vested in the usher's pin. "Mr. Riddle, Austin, of Philadelphia; Mr. Schermerhorn of New York, I think you know." Austin did know him as a personage whose presence lent social sanction to almost anything and—now he remembered it—one who had figured rather prominently in a club dispute with Petrus Gansevoort. (Had he known it, Dallas Riddle also, a beau of rising forty, had offered himself to Miss Somers at a last winter's ball.)

"The Bishop of Appalachia—" Austin bowed deeply to a benevolent, well-nurtured High Churchman—the metropolitan of Philadelphia was, at that period, Low. "Father Conyngham"—Austin grasped the hand of an emaciated enthusiast, with a gaunt face and a burning eye. The peal of an organ then startled him, and his best man hurried him to the chancel door.

The Major hurried him on with no time for reflection. One never does reflect on these momentous occasions. With the two ushers before them, the Major led him out amid the first triplets of Mendelssohn and a mighty

rustling caused by the rising congregation.

To our hero's amazement, the church was full of people. It was done as if prearranged. The Major afterward admitted (to the Judge) that "the house" was "paper." And then, when all was over, when the carriages had all left, the Major goes back alone to meet Mrs. Somers.

## IX

A CLEVER Yankee girl once averted compassion for marrying and going to live in a remote Western town by remarking that the first year she would be too much in love to care where they were, and in a second year she should be used to anywhere. Austin never again went to Atlantic City. The long board walk, lined with cheap raree-shows, the flat and noisy ocean, passed like an unheeded panorama upon his world of will. Schopenhauer, having none, gives no marvelous analysis to the subjective state of humor; but though they had two long board walks together, emotion overshadowed even Austin's humorous apperception; and his bride had none.

The novelist who would write of the day after the marriage must shed ink like a cuttle-fish: so a Browning could envelop the theme in inky meter, a Meredith in turgid prose. Its nakedness allures the Frenchman, but English letters scream at life's essentials like a woman at a mouse. Then, too, the Frenchman's hero is a past master in seduction—self-conscious even in his caresses, fearful of anticlimax, burdened with his rôle. To such as he passion is never pure; to America it always is; but just for that your Frenchman makes an art of love. The brutality of innocence knows no delay, in measure as its modesty shrinks at non-essentials; and while our sex has held free merchantry of lips, soft lips, where inmost nerves do center, the cool chaste arm is covered. Body is

undemonstrable, while the blushing face is unveiled to your scrutiny. Virginal lilies are unspeakable, while telltale eyes are trained to dalliance. But your Mohammedan veils lips, disguises eyes, and cares not if the breast be bare; to the real master of sensuousness, personality, not person, is the ultimate spice. Our Puritan inversion reverses the nature of things, deifies the body by withholding simple knowledge of it, overemphasizes the woman's person to ignore her soul; hence the purest of honeymoons begin with a shock of horror. The bourgeois customs emphasize the physical surrender which, more innocently, had been a forgotten episode. The Greeks revered the human form and were not troubled by it; the higher lover's progress should be from body to the soul. But now the sudden revelation shocks the consciousness; bourgeois vulgarity brusques the situation that should be natural, gradual, holy (for the normal of the world is holy, else are we apes, indeed)—holy as the opening of flowers, to the sudden nakedness of shame. It may be hazarded, to most young people, the first day of honeymoon is one of stormy doubt, of shock and question to the maid, perhaps a degradation. She hurries to her own room (if it be a gentleman, she has one) to hide herself while still the lips are red with kisses. He, perhaps, escapes to walk alone in an agony of contrition; his forgiveness seems impossible, his life is blasted. This tradition hath monkish coarseness bequeathed to protestant prudery. Since Daphnis and Chloe became sinful to our monkish modes, there is no chance for better, save for the satyr—a thing the sensualist has learned to profit by; it is your rake who manages susceptibilities, reconciles the idealist of Northern virgins to Sex; most signally

if she be—after all of temperament to be won this way, a thought, as the poet said, to show one shapes of night at loftiest noon. Your gentleman, Parsifal-pure, at best may have his chance to hold, by very contrast, the young Faustine; he has none with Seraphita. For Parsifal, no pity knowing, hath killed the swan; Parsifal may never wed; to a Tristan, wedding matters little; and they—kissed first. It was this kiss saved them. Or how is the great circle better? Burning in the calm that warns of storm, a painted ship upon a painted ocean; an ancient mariner's chart to young lovers, the alternative is impossible. When Tristan sailed Iseult from Ireland, his helm was straight. No fears for either till the kiss had come; but will it last a lifetime? Who can tell? theirs lasted well till death. Dorothy had had our hero's kiss; no chalice-d potion could have been more potent, no Brangoena certainer to turn the world.

But that day, that dreadful day, passed. Happiness now—the Bird with oily breast sleeps, for our Tristan, on the wave of Tintagel. Yes, happiness now. The halcyon morn is early to be so fine—no mists upon the mountain tops, the warm sun bright at the heart. The cobwebs at one's feet are swept away; they never were; no thought for the morrow, not even for the evening. The stormy unrest was short; that agony of joy, a horror to remember, soon forgotten; the shock of daylight soon strengthens the eyes, softens the light to steady calm. A night of madness, a day of doubt, a night of journey—and it is the dreamy Berkshire hills, the wholesome swelling of the earth, the gold witch-hazel's guerdon of the coming spring, the leafage scarlet with fruition, the brown earth plowed for future harvest, and God is with the World.



# THE COMMODORES OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES

HOPKINS, JONES, BARRY

BY MARTIN I. J. GRIFFIN



WHEN the colonies by successive acts of the King and Ministry were forced, by the logic of events proceeding from their rejected appeals for redress, to take up arms to resist the oppressive measures of Great Britain, naturally, of course, their resistance took the form of a military or army force by the organization of companies or regiments effective for defense.

When this armed resistance had become so strong that the army of Washington besieged the British forces in Boston, just as naturally also came the purpose of preventing the besieged from being reenforced with provisions or ammunition by vessels bringing such supplies from across the ocean.

Rhode Island, in those days, was an important maritime colony. Its chief port—Newport—was the seat of a more important trade than even New York.

Resistance, not only by protest but by action, had early manifested itself in that colony and always by decisive proceedings against British vessels.

Thus Rhode Island by its maritime prominence and its many men of the sea sailing to and from its ports recognized, sooner than the other colonies, the war force of the sea and the power it could be in upholding the claim of the colonies. That colony early in the struggle main-

tained, as did Washington in the later years of the war, that only by an efficient sea force could the colonies continue successfully the resistance they were making and would make against Great Britain.

The Continental Congress had been maintaining an armed force on land under General Washington and so had been giving its attention to army matters throughout the colonies. In the early days nothing of record appears to show that any consideration was being given by the Congress to the organization of a naval force until October 3, 1775, when the Representatives of Rhode Island presented the resolution which that Assembly on August 26th had adopted declaring: "This Assembly is persuaded that building and equipping an American fleet, as soon as possible, would greatly and essentially conduce to the preservation of the lives, liberty, and property of the good people of these colonies, and therefore instruct their delegates to use their influence at the ensuing Congress for the building at Continental expense of a fleet of sufficient force for the protection of these colonies and employing them in such a manner and places as will most effectually annoy our enemies and contribute to the common defense of these colonies."

The subject was brought up for consideration on October 7th. John Adams





ESEK HOPKINS, OF RHODE ISLAND

tells us that some thought the project "the maddest idea," that when Rutledge, of South Carolina, moved the appointment of a committee to prepare a plan and estimate of a fleet, timid ones made the proposition a subject of such ridicule that Gadsden had to protest against his associates doing so. Silas Deane advised Congress to give it "serious debate." He did not consider it "romantic."

The thought of fitting out a fleet to combat the powerful sea force of Great Britain did, indeed, seem, even to resolute defenders of liberty, a most foolhardy undertaking.

Deane, Langdon, and Gadsden were

appointed the committee. On the 13th, Congress, "taking into consideration the report of the committee appointed to prepare a plan for intercepting vessels coming out with stores and ammunition, and after some debate, resolved" that two vessels, carrying, one fourteen the other ten guns, a proportionable number of swivels and men, should be fitted out.

On the 30th the committee reported and Congress resolved to fit out "two other armed vessels," one not exceeding twenty guns, the other not exceeding thirty-six.

The committee was increased from three to seven. The added members

were Stephen Hopkins, Joseph Hewes, Richard Henry Lee, and John Adams.

Thus was begun THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES. The committee on November 23d "brought in a set of rules for the government of the American Navy" which on the 25th were adopted under the title: RULES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED COLONIES.

Captain Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, through the influence of his brother, Stephen Hopkins, a member of the committee, was, on November 5, 1775, appointed Commander-in-chief of a fleet to be organized and of the expedition on which it would be sent.

Who was this Commander-in-chief, "Admiral," or "Commodore" as he was by courtesy called?—the first of our naval commanders to be thus titled, though not so by official designation, as these terms "Admiral" and "Commodore" became official only during our Civil War.

Esek Hopkins was born April 26, 1718, at (now) Scituate, R. I. Prior to the beginning of hostilities with "the Mother Country" Hopkins had been engaged in the merchant sea service as captain of Rhode Island vessels.

In July, 1775, Captain James Wallace of the British fleet threatened Newport with assault unless he was furnished sup-

plies. A town meeting ordered fortifications to be built. On August 29th Hopkins was appointed by the Town Meeting to direct a battery at Fox Hill to command the harbor. On October

4th Hopkins was appointed Commander-in-chief with the rank of Brigadier-General. This commission he held two months and eighteen days—thus being a General and a "Commodore" at the same time, as it was not until December 22, 1775, that Congress approved of his appointment as Commander-in-chief.

He arrived at Philadelphia, January 14, 1776, in the *Providence*, formerly the *Katy* of the Rhode Island fleet.

The day of Hopkins's arrival at Philadelphia is believed to be the day Lieutenant John Paul Jones "hoisted by my own hand," as he wrote, "the first American flag," when Hopkins came

on board the flagship *Alfred*, commanded by Captain Saltonstall.

Detained by the ice in the Delaware and an epidemic of smallpox among the crew, Hopkins's fleet—the first American naval expedition—did not sail until February 17, 1776. Though it had been organized mainly to assist Charleston, S. C., yet the necessity for doing it so late did not exist. The expedition sailed further southward to the Bahama Islands, where, at New Providence, a

*1st John Barry* *Chas. May 8 1776*  
*Yr*  
 Officers are hereby directed  
 to Collect Your Officers of Men and again to  
 to the Provincial Armed Ships Capt. Hall, and  
 supply him with as many of your People as  
 he may stand to completely man that Ship fit  
 for immediate service, you are also aware  
 of them that may be wanted on board the Fleet  
 "Betsy" ordered that Ship repaired and in order  
 We repeat the utmost cautions from your  
 Your Officers of Men in defending the Cape  
 at Fort Island, and to prevent their coming  
 up to this City, also that you will speak in  
 taking notice of destroying the Enemy's  
 it is thought advisable to pursue them to  
 obtain the Commission of this Board more  
 down the River with safety.  
*1st* *My order of the Marine Board*  
*You may go down*  
*in the Ship Armch*  
*under Capt. Hall's*  
*Capt. Hall by official*  
*Commissioners in the Commission*  
*of the Board's Targe*

*1st*  
*Captain John Barry*  
 FIRST ORDER ISSUED TO AN  
 OFFICER OF THE COLONIAL  
 NAVY ON ACTIVE SERVICE

descent was made, arms and ammunition so sorely needed by Washington's army were taken, and the Governor and other inhabitants seized as hostages. The fleet sailed homeward on St. Patrick's day, 1776, the day Washington was driving the British out of Boston—a somewhat remarkable coincidence and one worthy of being remembered on each annual recurring anniversary of Ireland's patron saint.

On the way homeward Hopkins, off Long Island, encountered the *Glasgow*, a British man-of-war. An engagement took place, but, notwithstanding the superiority of Hopkins's fleet, the *Glasgow* succeeded in escaping when, in the opinion of those not witnesses of the engagement, she ought to have been captured.

At any rate the result was not regarded by the Continental authorities as satisfactory, so that after Hopkins's arrival at New London, Conn., although he still retained command he was not again employed in any naval ventures. Though not formally tried nor "dismissed," as some assert, the Marine Committee of Congress adopted the plan of a reorganization of the navy and on October 10, 1776, presented Congress a list of appointed Captains among which the name of Esek Hopkins did not appear.

Thus without glory, nor yet in disgrace, disappeared the first "Commodore"—the native-born American—Esek Hopkins.

In the popular mind all other active commanders in the navy of the colonies are unknown, save John Paul Jones.

Born in Scotland, and in youth known as John Paul, he, on settling in America two years before the outbreak of hostilities, added "Jones" thereto.

The first mention on the records of the nation presents his name to Congress on December 22, 1775, as first on the list of lieutenants of the new navy reported by the Marine Committee for

confirmation. His biographers usually state that this was the day of his appointment. Jones, however, records that he was appointed on December 7th. Concerning his appointment as Lieutenant and not a Captain, Jones recorded, in 1783, that he had been offered a captaincy but he did not consider himself "perfect in the duties of a Lieutenant." He was appointed to the *Alfred*, commanded by Captain Saltonstall. It was the flagship of the Commander-in-chief.

The incident of raising the flag on the *Alfred* is always related with patriotic glamour as though the present Stars and Stripes was "the American flag" hoisted by Jones and the first occasion of its display as has often been stated.

Jones considered the act as "a slight circumstance," though he was always proud of it, as he had "chosen to do it with his own hands."

The *Alfred* carried two flags when she sailed southward. Which one did Jones hoist? It is generally stated that it was the Rattlesnake and Pine-tree flag. There was no such flag. There was a Pine-tree flag. There was another, the Rattlesnake flag. This latter was the personal ensign of Hopkins, indicating the ship from which he commanded the expedition. Jones speaks of "the American flag" as the one he hoisted. In January, 1776, that was the Union flag which Washington had raised at Cambridge, January 1, 1776—the thirteen stripes with the English cross where now are the stars. This, undoubtedly, was "the American flag" hoisted by Jones. No other could in 1783 be referred to as "the American flag."

Biographers place the time at periods from November 25, 1775, to January 14, 1776, but the latter seems the most probable, as on that day Hopkins, the Commander-in-chief, arrived at Philadelphia and took command of the fleet. So it is reasonable to conclude that on his coming on board the *Alfred* the new flag—the flag of Washington—was raised.

That was the flag the *Alfred* carried when she sailed on the expedition southward.

Lieutenant Jones thus began his naval services. There is no official record of any duties performed prior to those on the *Alfred*—no Committee on Naval Affairs being appointed as early as June—no consultation with such a committee which, it is said, had sent to Jones, the Virginia planter, to come to Philadelphia and select vessels for naval operations. These and many other alleged services are without foundation.

After the expedition had returned and the fleet had entered the harbor of New London, Conn., Jones was, on May 10, 1776, appointed by Hopkins to the command of the *Providence*. Later transferred to the *Alfred*, on which he did good service on the northeastern coast, he was successively assigned to eight other vessels.

"Will posterity," he wrote in 1783, "believe that ten commands were taken from me and that the best vessel my country ever gave me was the *Ranger*." He underscores "*my country*," as if to show that with all the many commands given and taken from him, but one was a vessel of such build and force as to enable him to do service in accord with his spirit of adventure.

In the *Ranger* he had, in the English Channel and tributary waters, captured the *Drake* and many other prizes and created consternation in mercantile and marine circles of England. Yet the *Ranger*, on his entry to Brest, was taken from him, while he was soothed at its loss by being told that the *Indien*, building at the Texel, Holland, would be assigned him; but, alas! he never got the command, owing to complications regarding her building having arisen between England and Holland.

All this while Jones was in France, moving from Brest and L'Orient to Paris and Passy, interviewing Franklin and seeking court influences reaching to the King, Louis XVI, striving to have a

ship given him and so give his active spirit an outlet.

Franklin was unable to secure him an American vessel. But for the King's action of taking the French ship *Duc de Duras*, making needed repairs, and changing her name to the *Bonne Homme Richard* in compliment to Franklin's character of *Poor Richard*, it is probable that Jones would to-day be little known.

Jones sailed as the nominal Commander-in-chief or "Commodore" of a fleet of five armed ships of which but one, the *Alliance*, was of American build, and that was commanded by Pierre Landais, a Frenchman, erratic, if not of infirm mind.

The expedition sent out by the French King to keep up "a plan of annoyance" which had been arranged to harass English commerce, was a French enterprise, but one wholly in accord with the energies and spirit of Jones, who chafed at the eight months' idleness to which he had been subjected. He seems to have started on this expedition with an acute and sensitive spirit, determined to encounter, and not evade, a force double his own, as he expressed, in order, as it were, to convince his country, and especially its naval authorities, who had treated him so shabbily.

View as we may with candor and yet with that partiality which ever causes us to honor as meritorious those who have well served our country, especially those heroes who aided in placing ours among the nations of the earth, many who have studied his career do not escape the conviction that Jones was of that class to whom the term "adventurer" in the common mind best conveys the idea which study embodies. That seems to a great degree to be decided to be correct by his letter to Lady Selkirk in which he said: "I am not in arms as an American. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or country which diminish the



*From an old lithograph.*

#### BARRY RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION FROM WASHINGTON

benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy."

Jones fought valiantly and well for America and was a powerful factor in upholding and winning the cause of the colonies. Yet with equal facility of action and, doubtless, with equal fervor, he entered the service of Russia and served her with as strong a devotion.

But our country at the time—1788—had no navy, no use for Jones or other naval commanders. Jones, by taking service in the Russian navy as Rear Admiral, believed he was again perfecting himself in knowledge which might sometime be useful to our, if not his, country. He was serving, not forsaking, the country. He ever held the "glorious title of a citizen of the United States," though but a decade before he had proclaimed he strove for it not as an American but "as a citizen of the world."

Now our country hails him as Found-

er or Father of the American navy. This is, again, going to the opposite extreme. History, moving our country to do exact and equal justice, will, and perhaps before long, place Jones in his true historical position where fame will ever rightly guard his name untainted by "romantic literary productions," but in proper "proportion to the real magnitude of his achievements," which ended with his death in Paris in 1792. The Scotchman, the "foreigner," as John Adams classed him, was faithful to America.

Of all the naval commanders of the navy of the colonies it can truthfully be claimed that John Barry was the most conspicuous for length of service and continuous employment in the several duties assigned him. Indeed, a critical examination of the records will prove he was the most trusted as well as a most faithful officer. Important com-

mands were assigned him. Missions fraught with serious consequences were given him to fulfill, and these, successfully performed, were more important than battles won or prizes captured. Indeed, he was commanded, at times, not to make captures, lest so doing would delay or endanger the missions upon which he was sent. He was always on duty. He was the first to begin under Continental authority and the last to cease operations—fighting the last battle of the Revolution and commanding the whole navy of the new United States and its last, as it was its best, vessel of the United Colonies' navy. When the new navy of the United States was founded in the administration of Washington, in 1794, of all the living commanders of the Revolutionary navy, the first President of our country chose John Barry to be Number One in rank as the head or ranking officer of the new navy and its first Commodore in command of its first fleet in naval operations.

Like other officers of the navy of the colonies he has been overshadowed by John Paul Jones, whose one most brilliant and certainly most startling action has caused the practical obliteration of all other names from the public mind.

Yet it is becoming clear, by the consideration of the services of John Paul Jones, that if the title FATHER or FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY may rightly be bestowed upon anyone, it is justly due to John Barry, as was declared by Editor Dennie of the *Portfolio* in 1813. This is true whether we consider his services in the navy of the United Colonies or in the navy of the United States. These, separately or combined successively, must be regarded as THE AMERICAN NAVY. In each and in both John Barry stands conspicuous for fidelity. He alone in the number of later distinguished officers of the navy who were trained under him must truly be declared FATHER, for none other had such a number of young officers who

later merited the renown won by services for our country.

John Barry was a native of the County Wexford, Ireland, where he was born in 1745. Coming to Philadelphia in early manhood, he, from 1766, was actively engaged in the merchant marine service, mainly to and from the West Indies, until in 1774, in the *Black Prince*, the finest and largest of the American commercial fleet, he made a voyage to Bristol and London. Affairs in the colonies were becoming more and more strained with England. A Congress of the colonies met at Philadelphia. The non-importation resolve debarred for a time the return of Barry's ship until, observing the trend of events after the battles of Lexington and of Bunker Hill, he determined, in September, 1775, to return to Philadelphia. He arrived home on October 13, 1775, the very day Congress had resolved to fit out two armed cruisers of fourteen and of ten guns—of nine-pounders. This was done on recommendation of a committee appointed October 3d. Two vessels were obtained. They were named the *Lexington* and the *Reprisal*. The former, the heavier armed, was given to Captain John Barry, the latter to Captain Wickes. Barry's vessel was named after the first battleground of the Revolution and was the first fitted out—and Barry the first appointed officer. Selected prior to that date he was appointed CAPTAIN on December 7, 1775.

Barry not only prepared the *Lexington* for service, securing for her the only nine-pounders in the city, owned by his former employers, Willing & Morris, but he did, says Cooper's "History of the Navy," "shore duty" during the winter of 1775-76. These duties kept him engaged until, at the end of March, 1776, he sailed down the Delaware and on April 1st put to sea. On the 7th, off the Capes of Virginia, he captured the *Edward*, tender to His Majesty's ship of war the *Roebuck*, which cruised off the Delaware Bay. Barry had suc-



*John Barry*

THE STUART PORTRAIT OF BARRY

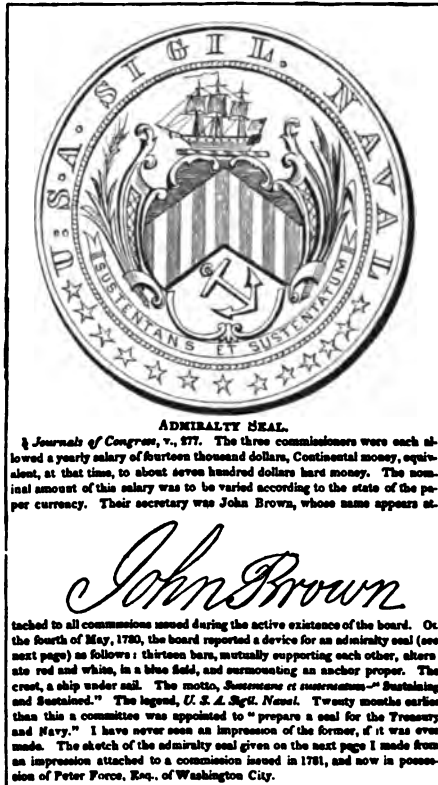
ceeded in getting to sea, and with his prize succeeded in entering the bay and returning to Philadelphia on April 11th, bringing to Congress the first prize captured under Continental authority and rejoicing the hearts of the patriots so much that John Adams gleefully wrote: "We begin to make a show in the navy way."

Later assigned to the command of the *Effingham* by the reorganization system of October 10, 1776, Barry became Senior Commander at the Port of Philadelphia. When, in December, the British advanced on Philadelphia, Barry organized a company for land service and engaged in the Trenton campaign, in which he served as an aide to Washington, who placed him in charge of a body of Hessian prisoners sent to Philadelphia.

When, in 1777-78, the British held possession of Philadelphia, Barry, from the upper Delaware, below Bordentown, set in operation the plan of firing the British shipping by projectiles concealed in floating enclosures—the famous "Battle of the Kegs" which caused so much consternation among the naval officers of the enemy. At this time all the American vessels in the upper Delaware were ordered by the Marine Committee of Congress and by General Washington to be sunk. Barry protested against this, as he had been ap-

pointed to command the *Effingham*, not to sink her. In his vehement objections against the sinking, he offended Mr. Hopkinson, of the Naval Committee, who reported Barry to Congress as guilty of disrespect. Of this he escaped censure by a tie vote. Barry soon gave effective

evidence of his worth by his services on the lower Delaware while yet the British remained in Philadelphia. He captured many prizes carrying supplies to the British. He sent much of his captured stores to Washington, then at Valley Forge in destitution of supplies. Washington wrote congratulations on his services, expressing the hope that "a suitable compensation would ever attend your [his] bravery." His services, alone, on the Delaware entitle him to commemorative praise. To have lightened the heart of Washington at that dire



SEAL ATTACHED TO BARRY'S COMMISSION

period so as to gain his hearty commendation alike sets forth his bravery and his prudence in relieving the wants of the suffering army.

Assigned to the *Raleigh*, he prepared her for sea, but being pursued by two British cruisers of much superior force, he was obliged to beach his ship after a most heroic defense, to save her from capture by setting her on fire. But in this he was not successful, owing to the treachery of the one entrusted with the firing. He was then made Commander



of the naval forces intended to coöperate with the army against East Florida. This was abandoned because the British sent reënforcements from New York to Savannah and Charleston.

No other vessel being available for Continental commission, Barry took service in the *Delaware* under private commission of Pennsylvania, and in that cruiser did valiant service in capturing prizes. He so continued until sent to superintend the building of the *America* at Portsmouth, N. H., on which service he continued until the arrival at Boston of the *Alliance*, commanded by the erratic Frenchman, Pierre Landais, who was at once relieved of the command. It was given to Captain John Barry, who was succeeded at Portsmouth by John Paul Jones.

Barry in the *Alliance* rendered the most efficient service. He took Col. John Laurens to France to procure money to move the French army to Yorktown. He took Lafayette to France after the Battle of Yorktown to secure additional, especially naval, aid. While returning he captured a number of prizes. His most notable engagements during this cruise were with the *Mars* and the *Minerva* and with the *Atalanta* and the *Trepassy*, capturing two armed ships in each battle. Barry was wounded.

A later and a most memorable event, though not of common knowledge, is that

Barry fought the last battle of the Revolution when, on March 10, 1783, he encountered the *Sybilie*, an English warship, while conveying the *Duc de Lauzan*, both bringing specie on Continental account from Havana.

He remained in command of the *Alliance* and with the *Deane*, the only ship of the United Colonies, and thus had under him the whole navy of the United States at the close of the war, as Washington had command of the army. He so continued until both ships were, by order of Congress, sold. The famous *Alliance*, the pride of the navy, which had on her appearance at French ports excited the admiration of all seafaring and shipbuilding experts, became a merchant vessel. Commodore John Barry had commanded the first Continental cruiser—the *Lexington*—and had in her made the first capture under Continental authority. He closed his Revolutionary career in command of the finest vessel of the United Colonies—after fighting the last battle of the Revolution and commanding the whole navy, small as it was.

When the depredations of the Algerians became unbearable and the Government decided it were better to build ships to fight these preys upon our commerce than to pay millions in money as tribute to secure immunity, John Barry was again, in 1794, the first called into service by the supreme authority.

and Mr. Deane shall thank her out of danger of the enemies Tendency and cutting. Wishing you swift  
We are your friends  
Not more  
Joseph Hewes      Rep. Hopkiss  
John Alsop      Wm Whipple  
Richard Henry Lee

Washington appointed him Captain and as Number One on the ranking list. He was appointed to superintend the building of the first frigate, the *United States*, constructed by Joshua Humphreys, the first Naval Constructor. Under Barry's direction she was built and on May 10, 1797, launched at Philadelphia, amid the loud and proud acclaim of the entire city, which crowded to the wharves to see the first war cruiser enter the placid waters of the Delaware.

When ready for service the *United States* was commissioned to stop, not the Algerines, but the French, from spoliations on our commerce. In that vessel he made successful cruises and as Commodore commanded the fleet sent to the West Indies to protect our merchants. Details of his operations in this war with France need not be entered upon as we have not done so with his career during the Revolutionary War. These recitals would take too much space, though essential to all who wish to become fully informed of the zeal and fidelity of this Irish-born hero to liberty. Animated by that racial love for liberty, and moreover, by its intense quickening when stirred to activity against the oppressor of his native land, Americans need not be told that John Barry must have loved and labored in the cause of American independence with a heartfelt intensity that none could surpass.

He served steadily, continuously, from the first to the very last. The Continental authorities seem never to have doubted him, never distrusted him, did not make frequent changes in commands given him, nor keep him in idleness for long periods. Barry was always doing. Each assignment had its known cause and each was a betterment until the very best vessel the colonies ever had was given him, and it remained ever in his command while the Continentals owned it. It had really but two commanders, Landais and Barry, though Jones was in charge of her while Landais was, in response to summons, at

Paris accounting for his erratic conduct in firing at the *Bonne Homme Richard* instead of into the *Serapis* during that famous engagement off Flambough Head, on September 23, 1779.

Barry died September 13, 1803. He is buried in St. Mary's Cemetery, Philadelphia.

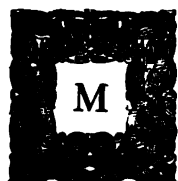
Commodore John Barry is THE FATHER OF THE NAVY by reason of his early employment—the very first vessel—his continuous and meritorious service—his steady employment by Congress—his several promotions—his commissions on special and most important voyages—his selection as commander of the expedition to East Florida, though it was later abandoned by Congress—his command of the best vessel of the new republic, and when our present navy was founded, his selection as its chief by President Washington, who well knew his Revolutionary services and so selected him out of all the survivors to be the head of the new navy, commissioned him to build its first armed battleship and placed all others under his command, as did his successor, President Adams, when operations against the French were ordered. So the very first record book of our Navy Department has for its initial entry that a commission had been delivered to Commodore John Barry to make seizures of French ravagers upon our commerce.

Obscured as have been all the officers of the Revolutionary navy by the brilliancy of the one exploit of John Paul Jones, made famous because all the world witnessed it, John Barry has not received that recognition which his merits and his services should have secured, and had he had biographers even in lesser numbers than Jones, his fame would have been more prominent than it has been.

But America is ever generous to those who served her. Our President has recognized the worth of both and recommended public monuments to commemorate their valor.

# AN INTERRUPTED PROBATION

BY HELEN M. GIVENS



"My dear boy," said Miss Desmond, "I know you're in love. I am sure that Constance and you have not quarreled. Now, what is the cause of your gloom? You're not in debt?" she added as an afterthought.

The man she addressed straightened his tall figure and ceased his pensive contemplation of the ceiling. "Aunt Kate," he replied, "your discrimination does you credit. I love, am loved—I hope—and do not owe even my tailor. Yet," he sighed, "like the rest of mankind, I pine for the unattainable thing——"

"And that is——"

"A model."

"What do you mean?"

"My picture of 'Salome' is at a standstill. The figure and accessories are completed. The type of face, or rather the expression I require, is not to be found."

Miss Desmond looked thoughtfully into the fire, and Raymond Harland looked at Miss Desmond. His artistic taste was always gratified by a sense of harmony between this Old World lady and her Old World room. She had been considered a beauty in her day, and had not yet given up all pretensions to the title. Although Raymond called her "aunt," they were really not related. She and Robert Harland had been great friends—some said lovers—in the old days. At any rate, they had remained staunch allies until his death, and his son

had always been a welcome guest at the old-fashioned house at Chelsea.

Finally Miss Desmond turned again to the young man. "Ring the bell, please," she said.

Raymond complied, wondering a little. She was usually more responsive. With a slight sense of injury, he returned to his station by the fire, paying no attention to John's entrance and exit.

A moment afterward he heard a slight sliding step, and the murmur of a singularly sweet, low-pitched voice. There was a slight purring slur of the final syllables infinitely attractive. As he glanced around he was unable to repress a start of surprise at the strange beauty of the girl to whom Miss Desmond was giving some low-voiced directions. Thoughts of crimson and gold sunsets, of tropical forests, of tangled scarlet-spotted vines, passed through his mind. A mass of tawny hair, brown in the shadows, was folded smoothly about her head; but he could imagine it loosened and framing the creamy oval of her face.

She did not look at him, and his eyes followed her until the closing door and Miss Desmond's voice recalled him. She was watching him curiously. "What do you think of her?" she asked, smiling.

He drew a deep breath. "A lotus-flower just bursting into bloom—a symphony in yellow. Where did you get her?"

"In a way, she was thrust upon me. You remember Manners?"

"Could I ever forget her or her

gingerbread elephants!" exclaimed Raymond with deep feeling.

"I remember she spoiled you. Well, she had a sister who turned out unfortunately—went to the States and married a good-for-nothing Creole named Lamereaux. He abused her shamefully, and she finally left him and, assisted by Manners, returned to England. Shortly afterward a daughter was born and the mother died. Manners, unlike most of her class, was very reticent, and, in fact, I knew nothing of the girl's existence until just before the poor woman's death. Then I discovered that she had been educating her for a governess, and had spent nearly all of her savings upon her."

"Quite a romantic story," commented Raymond, as she paused. "What is to be done with her?"

"I promised Manners to befriend her until she could secure a place as nursery governess, a position she is as well qualified to fill as—" Miss Desmond looked around vaguely as though seeking a comparison.

"But, Aunt Kate, aren't you too severe? She's a beautiful creature."

"Hardly a recommendation for a nursery governess," was the dry reply. "So far, I have been unable to discover that she is fitted for anything useful," she continued. "Her capacity for absolute quiet is remarkable. She will sit in the sun for hours, and if I give her a task in the sewing-room, throws it aside and goes to sleep on the rug in front of the fire."

Raymond laughed. "That promises gentleness and tranquillity," he said; "two desirable qualities in a woman."

"Don't believe it. In spite of her quietude, she has a frightful temper. When she first came, the housekeeper's son, a respectable young tradesman in the city, was greatly pleased with her, and I began to see a way out of my difficulties, although I am bound to say he received no encouragement. One day, so my maid told me, he went so far as to attempt to kiss his charmer. She

flew at him like a tigress, and, I give you my word, actually scratched."

Raymond flushed. "I don't blame her," he said, with more heat than the occasion seemed to warrant. "The fellow's audacity——"

Miss Desmond smiled ironically. "Her good looks probably prevent you from realizing that he was a very excellent person in her own walk in life."

"But if she was educated for a governess——?"

"I have already intimated that she has neglected her opportunities, my dear boy," rejoined Miss Desmond a little impatiently. "Let us discuss her merits as a model for Salome. She is bizarre enough, certainly."

"That creamy fairness is adorable——"

"Constance is dark," murmured Miss Desmond.

"But," Raymond went on without appearing to hear the interruption, "Salome should be a swarthy maiden. The expression is good—still——" He broke off for a moment, pacing the room with an excited air. "By Jove! Strange I did not see it at first. She's exactly what I want for a picture I have been thinking over for a long time. In fact, I have made a number of studies for it. Of late the other has rather crowded it out."

Miss Desmond looked at him inquiringly.

"You remember I described my conception of it to you once. It embodies something of the idea of reincarnation."

"Yes——?"

"The principal figure has never taken so substantial a form in my mind as during the past few minutes. The sight of that girl——" He paused, looking down musingly. "Would she consent to sit?" he asked after a time.

"The real question, my dear boy, is—would I consent to allow her?"

Mr. Harland moved over to a seat at her side. "Dear Aunt Kate," he said persuasively, taking in his one of her

pretty hands, "you would consent to anything I asked——"

"In reason," she interrupted.

"Well, isn't this reasonable? The picture may make me famous. And besides, you proposed it yourself. Why do you hesitate now?"

"You admire her so much——"

"From an artistic point of view," he interrupted.

"You are not old—and——"

"I love Constance," he said, drawing himself up.

Miss Desmond looked at him critically. "It seems not to occur to you that the girl—well, no matter," she broke off, rising briskly. "You may have your old studio in the attic, and begin the sittings when you please."

Désirée Lamereaux exhibited no surprise and made no objection to the proposed disposition of her liberty. It removed the specter of the nursery from her path, for a time, at least; a quite sufficient cause for content.

Fascinated and absorbed by his work, Raymond soon felt an intense interest in the personality of the strange creature with whom he was so intimately associated. From the first, her quiet had appeared to him more positive than negative; and as the work progressed he made frequent efforts to break down her reserve and draw out some expression of individuality. At times he would be startled at the terseness and point of her low-voiced replies; at others she utterly refused to respond to his overtures, regarding him through her narrowed lids with an inscrutable calm at once perplexing and provocative.

As a model she was perfection, catching his suggestions as to pose and expression with surprising readiness, and sitting for hours with scarcely a movement, and seemingly without fatigue.

Miss Desmond felt compelled to frequently interrupt the sittings, sending Désirée into the garden, and declaring Raymond to be a tyrant who would

immolate the world at the shrine of the insatiable Moloch of his art.

Under these favorable circumstances he worked to such advantage that, in a much shorter time than he had anticipated, the picture was ready for removal to his London studio, where he intended to finish up his sketch of the dead tigress whose spirit had passed into the palpitating body of the girl peering back from the dim recesses of a tropical forest.

During the following weeks, crowded with feverish work, he had not once seen Désirée, and it was now necessary to have a last sitting. Miss Desmond was in London for a few weeks on business, so Désirée was sent to the studio under convoy of a maid, who explained that her mistress would appear later in the day.

Raymond was conscious of an unwonted feeling of buoyancy and exaltation when he heard her light sliding step. He wondered whether the sight of the nearly finished picture would stir her to speech, and watched her anxiously as she studied it. As he looked at her he realized that in some indefinable way she had changed. She was thinner, and the soft oval of her face had sharpened, giving her a new expression—more womanly—less of the beautiful animal.

He looked at her questioningly as she turned toward him.

"You go down—to—the soul," she said slowly, as if finding a difficulty in expression. "It's not—right."

"But why, Désirée?" he cried eagerly. "That should be the aim of all who love their art."

She did not meet his eyes. "Because it should be hidden—it's not for the world——" Something in her expression troubled him vaguely. He felt dissatisfied with himself—with life. For the first time he understood how she had filled his mind and thoughts of late. The delight he felt in her presence opened his eyes—to what? He could not or would not answer. The cold delicate face of Constance rose before him, and he fell to painting fiercely.

The girl's own calm was broken up. Once, when he drew a lock of her tawny hair forward into a better position, she swayed slightly toward him. The impulse to take her in his arms was almost irresistible, and he experienced a feeling of irritation against the maid dozing by the fire. Yet, such is man's inconsistency, Miss Desmond's arrival gave him a feeling of relief. He felt the atmosphere of his own world, commonplace, unexciting.

"By the way," she said, having sent the maid home, and settled herself comfortably, "is it true that Constance and her mother return the eighth?"

"That is the present plan, I believe."

"And the wedding is to be the next month?"

The young man colored, as he nodded, casting an uneasy glance at Désirée. But she was apparently not listening.

"Well, I am glad your probation is so nearly over, my boy. Three years should have proved you both. Such faithfulness in this age is delightfully prehistoric."

Raymond was studying the picture and putting a few last touches to the woman's face. The eyes gazed outward and upward, as if on the new life they were just entering. A movement from Désirée made him look at her. She had risen and with trembling fingers was gathering up her flowing hair. Her face had taken on a gray pallor very different from its usual creamy tint. "I'm—tired—" she stammered.

Raymond started up. Then he felt Miss Desmond's eyes upon him and restrained himself.

"Of course you are, Désirée," said the old lady, kindly enough. "The sitting can be finished another time. I am going to set Mr. Harland down at the picture dealer's, and then the carriage may return for you."

The girl had entered the little alcove and drawn the curtains. She said shortly, from behind them, "I don't want the carriage. I would rather walk."

"As you wish," said Miss Desmond. "Come, Raymond."

He lingered a moment after she had left the room. "Désirée," he called softly.

There was a movement behind the curtain.

"Wait ten minutes," he whispered imploringly; "I must see you."

When he joined Miss Desmond she made no comment, if she had noticed his delay; yet she looked at him keenly, more than once, although he controlled himself sufficiently to keep up a desultory conversation. He had a fear that she might enter the dealer's with him. However, she made no offer to do so, bidding him good-by at the curb. He had an appointment to meet some people, but he had no intention of keeping it, and waited only for Miss Desmond's carriage to turn the corner before calling a cab. Promising the man double fare if he drove rapidly, he threw himself back on the seat in a tumult of emotion. Constance—honor—everything was forgotten. His brain was a chaos. He could think of nothing but Désirée, of her tropical beauty, of her lengths of tawny hair. He felt with a sense of exultation that she loved him. What else could her emotion at learning of his approaching marriage mean?

When the cab stopped he sprang out, and, tossing some coins to the driver, ran up the stairs, conscious of living in the present and looking neither forward nor backward.

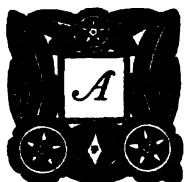
At the door he saw the studio still empty—the curtain drawn before the alcove. He called: "Désirée!" There was no reply. With a chill feeling of dread he crossed the room and pulled the drapery violently aside. The alcove was vacant. He turned, still grasping the curtain, his eyes mechanically seeking the picture. The canvas hung in shreds, rent from top to bottom and from side to side, and the fragments of a fanciful little dagger of Damascus steel still lay at the foot of the easel.

# A PAIR OF MULES

A TALE OF THE PAINTED DESERT

BY KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

I



PAIR of cane mules had been killed on the right of way twelve miles west of Cottonwood, Ariz., and Freddy Gilson was sent out from Kansas City to settle.

Funny to send a man halfway across the continent to pay for a pair of busted mules? Not at all. Of course, back East a mule is just a mule, but it's different in the West. There he may be a gold mine. Especially is this likely to be true if the mule's remains are sprinkled over ten miles of right of way by a shrieking, oil-burning locomotive. And that was what happened in this particular instance. It is passing strange how a mule's value does rise by leaps and bounds in the event of his being hit by an engine. Accordingly, when the correspondence was placed upon his desk, and he noted the O.K. of the second vice-president through whose office all such matters passed, Freddy's only comment was: "Another pair of gold-plated jackasses gone to heaven, eh?" And he whistled softly three bars of "Bedelia."

In his usual indifferent manner he took up the little batch of correspondence relating to the claim. The letter of the agent at Cottonwood was terse and bald. "Two cane mules," so it stated, "belonging to one Jake Lonergan were killed on the right of way by No. 8, east-

bound, twelve miles west of here, last Thursday. Note claimant's letter herewith."

"That guy's a few chips shy on imagination," Freddy observed as he laid the sheet on his desk and took up "the claimant's letter herewith."

Equally terse but less bald was this. A smile spread across the live-stock claim agent's face as he read it:

"Deer sirs one of yur dam tranes kilt to of my muls. they cos me four hundrid Dollars. they wus worth mor if you folks dont settel ill raze hell yrs respcy Jake Lonergan"

"Billy," Gilson called, and a tall, thin man with a gray mustache looked up from his writing, "did you read this letter from Lonergan 'bout his mules?"

Johnson rose wearily and crossed the room. Gilson gave him the note. Johnson laughed as he handed it back.

"You used to be out in that part of the country," Gilson said. "Ever hear of him?"

"Don't seem to recall the name. Goin' out, are you? I do know a chap out there, though, that could tell you anything you want to know 'bout that part of the country. Fellow b'name o' Houston, Hank Houston. Guess he lives in Cottonwood yet. He's an old-timer; he'll give it to you square."

Gilson made a note of the name in his little memorandum book, and Johnson went back to his desk.

The balance of the correspondence relating to Lonergan's deceased mules was commonplace, including the note from the second vice-president's office informing the claim agent that the road would stand for a maximum claim of three hundred dollars. It had been deemed quite unnecessary to add that a lower amount would be allowed. That was "up to" Gilson.

"That's easy," Freddy muttered as he filed the memorandum with the correspondence.

He looked at his watch.

In one hour and fifteen minutes No. 8 would leave for the Pacific coast. He telephoned for a lower berth and, securing it, proceeded to the office of the second vice-president, where, at his request, that official's chief clerk gave him two blank checks properly signed by the official named.

"And by the way, Mr. Gilson," the chief clerk observed, "settle for as small an amount as possible. Mr. Martin referred especially to the matter this morning."

The suggestion hurt Gilson's feelings a little, but he replied, "All right," and left the office.

Who was old popeyed Henning to tell him to settle as low as possible, he grumbled. Lift any man to the chief clerkship of the second vice-president and his vest buttons begin to fly off right away. The lobster! As though Freddy Gilson hadn't settled for more dead mules and live stock damaged in transit than he or any other chief clerk had ever seen! He didn't propose to allo wany guy that wore eyeglasses and a black cord over his ear to tell him what to do in the case of a couple of busted mules.

And until within five minutes of No. 8's scheduled time for departure he went about the office growling until even the silent, cool-eyed Johnson observed to Miss Carsons, the stenographer, "Mr. Gilson seems annoyed."

But in the open air Freddy's cheerful-

ness returned to him and he waved his hand gaily to Enders of the freight department as No. 8 pulled out.

And all day long he sat in the narrow compartment at the rear end of the last Pullman smoking cigarettes.

He was an odd sort of a chap, Gilson. If you didn't know him and some one were to ask you what he appeared to be you'd be more than likely to guess that he was just a papa's boy, or, maybe, a mother's darling. But he wasn't, though he might have been just that if his father and mother had not died when he was a little tad, leaving him to the care of his mother's spinster sister. He was yellow-headed and his cheeks simply would not tan. And his eyes were blue; not a skimmed-milk blue either, but that sort of blue that goes gray and glints—sometimes. He wasn't tall, nor yet short. He was just ordinary in the matter of shape. He was one of those fellows who can wear ready-made clothes without their looking ready-made. And he had thin hands with long, slim fingers. He might have been a corking piano player as far as his fingers were concerned. In the office they called him "The Kid" more often than not, but it was always respectfully, for, you see, every one liked him. As for the second vice-president, he was wont on occasion and in private, always in private, to prophesy great things for Freddy. In a word, Freddy got his job on the strength of a pull—through his aunt; he kept it on the strength of ability—through his work. If this were not absolutely the case he wouldn't be traveling back and forth through the Southwest with a bundle of blank checks signed by the second vice-president in his wallet, on the most delicate sort of work for the road that paid his salary.

## II

HAVE you ever been in Cottonwood, Ariz.? No? Well, I shouldn't worry about it. It consists of a smelter, three



stores, five saloons, one hotel, called the Palace, and a red railway station with a dozen greasers, more or less, sitting in the shade of it. Once in a while some one—usually a greaser—acknowledges a quick call to eternity there, and twice a day three or four twenty-mule teams traverse the main street, which is fringed on the north by the establishments mentioned and on the south by the red railway station, the greasers, and the desert. From the back doors of the Palace Hotel, the stores, and the saloons extends more desert, and east and west from the building extremes, still more. Fifteen miles north are the lands of the Sunset Salt Company.

Freddy Gilson smiled as he dropped to the platform in front of the red station at half-past three on an August afternoon. So far as he could see there was not a human being in the town. Of course he took no count of the greasers on the station platform. Hunching up his shoulders in order that the wide brim of his hat might the better shield his neck and ears from the burning rays of the brazen sun that hung suspended from the turquoise sky, he crossed Main Street and entered the Palace Hotel.

The bartender sat at one side of the door reading a three weeks' old copy of the *Police Gazette*. Across the room at a table, smoking, sat a long, angular creature, with dust on his shoulders and alkali powder on his boots. Gilson set his bag on the floor, removed his hat, and passed the back of his hand across his forehead.

"Jest git in?" inquired the bartender. "Quite warm to-day."

"I want a room; I'll be here a couple of days," the young man said.

The bartender led the way aloft.

"This is fine," Gilson observed.

"Glad you like it," the bartender replied and withdrew.

Freddy washed his face. Before he put his coat on he opened his pigskin traveling bag and took out two things, a pair of leather riding leggings and a con-

trivance. The leggings he buckled on and the contrivance he examined critically. It consisted of a loop like a suspender, and a belt, and where the two joined was riveted a stamped leather holster carrying a "gun." Adjusting this contrivance to his slim body in such a way that the holster fitted snugly to his ribs on the left side midway between his armpit and his waist, he drew on his coat and descended to the barroom. The man with dust on his shoulders still sat at the table.

Gilson approached the bartender.

"By the way," he said, low, "is there a man in Cottonwood by the name of Houston?"

"Hank Houston?"

Gilson nodded.

"Sure; he's the Sheriff; that's him." And the bartender jerked his head in the direction of the man at the table. Then lifting his voice, "Hank, here's a gent inquirin' fer you," he called.

Houston turned his head.

"Who? Me?" he inquired.

"My name's Gilson," the young man said, "and Billy Johnson back in Kansas City asked me to look you up."

At mention of the name the Sheriff's mouth stretched and a twinkle came into his gray eyes. Yes, he had known Johnson, known him well. Both together in Abilene once; sure, knew him well.

"What you doin' out here, yourself?" he inquired.

And Freddy, leaning across the table, told him.

Houston heard him through without comment.

"Thought I'd look you up and find out what sort of a feller this guy is, y' know."

The Sheriff, after an instant, leaned forward and spat. Then: "Got a gun?" he inquired.

Gilson put his thumb to the left arm-hole of his waistcoat. Houston saw and nodded.

"That's all right, if you like them

things," he said. "I never thought much of 'em m'self."

Another period of silence ensued, broken at last by the Sheriff, who said in an undertone:

"Yes, I know Loneran; he's been drivin' for the Sunset Company. He's a skunk. If he gits a chance he'll trim yeh. I've had my eye on him fer the past month. He killed a greaser down here in June. I heard about them mules; they got away in the night, seems, and one of your engines come along an' mused 'em up. Jake's been boozin' all the time since; las' time he was down he talked a lot 'bout leavin' the country. I wouldn't be surprised if he did sooner or later."

"I thought I'd ride out to his place to-night," Gilson suggested. "Can I get a horse here?"

"Let you take mine if you want him."

Gilson was profuse with his thanks.

"Think you want to go to-night, do you?" Houston asked.

"I don't want to hang around here any longer than I have to," was the reply.

"All right, if you think you want to. Wait here, I'll git yeh th' horse."

And Houston reared his angular length and strode out of the place.

Ten minutes later he rode up to the door on a little calico cow pony and, dismounting, dropped the reins from the bit.

"He'll give me some supper, won't he?" Gilson asked, with a smile, as he mounted.

"Sure," Houston replied, "and afterward he'll probably work you for a game of cribbage. He's a great cribbage player, Jake is."

Gilson drew up the reins.

"By the way"—Houston laid a hand on the pony's neck—"he's got the name of bein' pretty handy with a gun. Jus' thought I'd tell you."

Gilson raised a hand.

"Thanks." Then he pressed his heels against the pony's ribs and rode forth to the north in the brazen glare of the desert afternoon.

From the doorway of the Palace, Houston watched him until pony and rider disappeared. Then he turned back into the barroom.

"That boy'll either stay or come back; he's a dam fool er he ain't," he observed aloud.

The bartender raised his eyes momentarily from the *Gazette*, muttered "That so?" and resumed reading.

For a long time Houston sat at the table staring out into the yellow afternoon.



### III

PURPLE evening, following an amethyst twilight,

was creeping stealthily across the desert into the west where the golden sun had dipped. But all the weird mystery of the magic land was lost upon Loneran, who, seated at the door of his shack, his knees drawn up to his breast, his straw sombrero pushed back, pulled at a short-stemmed cob-pipe and scowled. There was something in the man's attitude, a certain apparent tensi-ty of muscle perhaps, loafing at the moment though he were, which suggested the animal, crouching. He was, in a way, a part of the desert, menacing, and the light of the desert glinted from his eyes. Despite the drink there was nothing of physical instability indicated

*"In the office they called him  
'The Kid.'"*



*"The light of the desert glinted from his eyes."*

in his attitude. Each night, since filing his claim he had waited, as now, in the doorway of his house, gazing off to the south whence he knew must come the railroad's messenger.

Suddenly Lonergan rose. Away off there to the south he discerned a speck, that, even as he watched, grew at last to a pony and rider.

"Comin' are yeh?" he growled and, turning, entered the shack. When next he appeared he was wiping his bristly lips with the back of a hand, a bronzed, hard hand, covered with a fell of reddish hair.

While he was yet a long way off,

Gilson waved his hand and shouted. Lonergan returned the customary greeting. The little pony came to a stop with its distended pink nostrils not a yard from Lonergan's bronze face.

"Rode out to see about those mules," Gilson explained.

Lonergan nodded. "Lemme take yer horse," he said, and led the little animal to the narrow corral at the side of the shack.

"Better eat an' hev a smoke first, hedn't we?" he suggested.

And thus it was that Freddy Gilson and Jake Lonergan half an hour later sat on opposite sides of a pine table and

broke bread together, and ate from the same dish of fried potatoes, and carved slices of canned corned beef with Loner-gan's knife, washing the whole unsavory mess down with coffee strong enough to lift the lid of the pot. And later Loner-gan accepted one of Freddy's cigarettes and they sat side by side in the doorway, the while they tried each to dig into the soul of the other—and failed.

"Well," said Gilson at last, "I'm not allowed to offer you more than two hundred dollars—that's the limit."

Loner-gan stood up.

"An' I ain't goin' t' come a dam cent off'n four hundred," he said.

Freddy snapped away his cigarette end.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Loner-gan had walked a little way off, but now he turned quickly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he proposed. "Kin yeh play cribbage? All right; we'll play two games out o' three. We'll split th' difference. We'll call it three hundred—them mules was wuth five an' it'll be three hundred er nothin'. Huh? Wha' d'ye say?"

Now it was not that Freddy Gilson considered himself a master of the cribbage board. It was *ennui*, rather, that induced him to accept the proposal.

"I'll go you," he said, "and just to show you this is O.K. I'll write the check now."

So saying he entered the house, Loner-gan at his heels. A little glass-bowled lamp was brought forth and lighted, and Gilson filled out the check, securing it to the table by a pin.

"Hev a drink?" his host inquired, filling a tin cup from the flask on the table. Gilson shook his head. Loner-gan drank the liquor, wiped his mouth, and produced the board and the dog-eared pack, worn and greasy.

Gilson won the first game by eight holes without counting the crib. Loner-gan grinned and filled the tin cup again. Gilson noted the brown liquor was low in the flask and was glad.

Loner-gan cut a jack, and pegged one. "My game," he declared, "w'en I do that."

Gilson played a three, and Loner-gan paired him. Gilson played a nine and pegged two. Loner-gan made thirty-one with a run of three. Thus it was until halfway down the last row. Loner-gan needed seven to go out, and Gilson ten. Freddy counted. There were nine points in his hand. There were five in Loner-gan's. The latter turned over the crib and spread out the cards.

"Fifteen two, four, six—hell, out——"

"One apiece," Freddy observed quietly, as he lighted a fresh cigarette. Loner-gan poured half the contents of the flask into the tin cup and drank.

Each held "big hands" the first time around the board in the next game. The second time around Gilson held six and Loner-gan ten. The boy bit his lip; Loner-gan grinned. The second hand gave eight to Loner-gan and seven to his opponent. Then Gilson held a hand that moved him forward while Loner-gan could only "see" four. Presently it stood fairly even. Loner-gan needed fourteen to "go out"; Freddy needed twenty, and it was his crib. Loner-gan pegged six. He needed but nine to win. There were eight points in the cards he threw down upon the table with a muttered oath.

"Don't get nervous," Gilson observed quietly, "I haven't got anything in my hand." He laid down his cards.

Loner-gan, breathing fast, and the cords of his stringy neck drawn tense, leaned across the table, but he did not observe the tremor of Gilson's hand as he turned over the crib. Long years of knowledge of the game had familiarized him with all possible combinations. At a glance he saw the points.

Gulping, then smiling weakly, "It puts me out, doesn't it?" Freddy asked. Loner-gan moistened his dry lips with the tip of his tongue and sank back.

Gilson drew out the pin and folding the check thrust it into his pocket.



*"At a glance he saw the points."*

Lonergeran roused himself. "Guess I'll take a smoke," he said. "Better go up and git some sleep; it's a long ride." His voice was steady, but as he rose he staggered and gripped the edge of the table. "Guess I'll take a little smoke."

"I'll give you the receipt to sign in the morning," Gilson said. But Lonergan made no reply as he slouched out.

#### IV

LYING in the bunk, every sense alert, Freddy Gilson became, as never before,

conscious of the desert's menace. For its physical characteristics he knew the land as only one may know it who has met it often, face to face. Its plant and animal life, the prickly-pear, the stately cactus sheathed in spiny mail, the Spanish bayonet with its long steely spears, the huge furry spiders and loathsome centipedes and the rattlesnakes—these desert things he had seen, and had recognized the harmony between them and the land in which they lived. But now the subtle magic of the desert was working in his blood. What was Lonergan doing out



*"Gilson covered It with one of the bunk blankets."*

there among the cacti, alone with the velvet night and its frosty stars and the near, glistening moon? And Gilson, what a fool he had been to accept the proffer of a bed! What might Loneragan and the stars and the moon and the drink not conspire? He recalled a multitude of legends of the land, terrible stories wherein the desert had always won in its warfare with man, and there appeared to him the faces of prospectors whom he had met here. One of them had gone mad in Death Valley after seeing his three companions die from drinking the water of an arsenic spring. Recovering, this man went about among his fellows with hair as

white as snow, with an ashy, drawn face, and was ever glancing back over his shoulder with horror-lighted eyes. Amid these images of his imagination Gilson dozed.

When he awoke a path of moonlight had crept half across the rough floor of the loft. He listened. A long time he listened. From the corral came the shivering bray of a burro, then silence. Suddenly Gilson started. He had heard a sound. From its stamped leather holster, which he had not removed when he threw himself upon the blankets of his bunk, he drew his gun, and hid it, in his hand, beneath the bedding. From behind the narrow slit of his eyelids he

watched the hole in the floor across the loft. Once he smiled, and was for dropping his gun, but the spirit of the desert was in him and his grip tightened. Below, something creaked. An age, it seemed to him, he waited, scarcely breathing. And then, as he watched, Lonerган's head appeared above the level of the floor, followed by his shoulders. A moment, and the complete, gaunt figure of the man rose before him, across the path of moonlight. Stealthily he came forward, and the white light glinted from the trigger guard of the gun in his hand. Almost imperceptibly that hand lifted.

Startled by the two reports the burro in the corral brayed. For a long time Gilson watched, motionless, the Still Thing lying in a black heap upon the floor across the path of moonlight. And then suddenly he sprang from the bunk. Lonerган's gun lay beside him. Gilson knelt. Lonerган was breathing. He dragged him into the moonlight and, gripping his shoulders, raised him to a sitting posture, the head against his knee.

"Lonerган," he called softly.

The man opened his eyes—"Lonerган."

And in a rasping whisper he said:

"I's a' ri'; i's a' ri'; yeh got m'; i's a' ri'; lemme lay do'; sleepy——"

Gilson covered it with one of the bunk blankets and descended the ladder.

Over in the east a gray ribbon was unwinding as he rode out of the corral. In the half-light all the desert images were distorted; near things looked far away, and far things near. And as he rode on to the south, suddenly, as though lifted by an explosion, the sun leaped into the sky. In the new light Gilson discerned a rider. As the distance lessened he saw that it was Houston.

Nose to nose the horses stopped.

"All right, are yeh?" the Sheriff said.

"All right," Gilson confirmed.

Houston turned, and they loped away together.

"Did he settle?" the Sheriff asked.

Gilson twisted in the saddle until his eyes met the Sheriff's.

"He settled," he said quietly, and something in his eyes, or some note in his voice, made Houston understand.

"Did you hev t' do it?" he asked.

Gilson nodded.

"Shall you want me to stay for the inquest?" the young man asked, as the Palace Hotel came into view.

Houston shook his head. "They won't be any," he said.



*"'He settled,' he said quietly."*



*"What he saw reflected there, Christ alone knows."*

—Page 615.

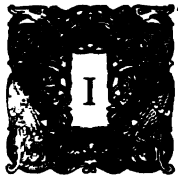


# THE RECKONING

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

## CHAPTER XI

### THE TEST



IT was after breakfast the next morning that Colonel Willett rose from the table, and, laying a familiar hand on my arm, led me to the sunny bench outside the door, where, at his nod, I seated myself beside him.

He drew a map from his breast-pocket and studied in silence; I waited his pleasure.

The veteran seemed to have grown no older since I had last seen him four years since—indeed he had changed little as I remembered him first, sipping his toddy at my father's house, and smiling his shrewd, kindly, whimsical smile while I teased him to tell me of the French war, and how he had captured Frontenac.

I was but seventeen years old when he headed that revolt in New York City, and, single-handed, halted the British troops on Broad Street and took away their baggage. I was nineteen when he led the sortie from Stanwix. I had already taken my post in New York when he was serving with his Excellency in the Jerseys and with Sullivan in the West.

Of all the officers who served on the frontier, Marinus Willett was the only man who had ever held the enemy at check. Even Sullivan, returning from

his annihilation of Indian civilization, was followed by a cloud of maddened savages and renegades that settled in his tracks, enveloping the very frontier, which, by his famous campaign, he had properly expected to leave unharassed.

Colonel Willett had lighted his clay pipe, and now, map spread across his knees and mine, he leaned over, arms folded, smoking, and examining the discolored and wrinkled paper.

"Where is Adriutha, Carus?" he drawled.

I pointed out the watercourse, traced in blue, showing him the ancient site and the falls near by.

"And Carenay?"

Again I pointed.

"Oswaya?"

"Only tradition remains of that lost village," I said. "Even in the Great Rite those who pronounce the name know nothing more than that it once existed. It is so with Kayaderos and Danascara; nobody now knows exactly where they were."

"And Thendara?"

"Thendara *was*, and *will be*, but is not. In the Great Rite of the Iroquois, that place where the first ceremony, which is called 'At the wood's edge,' begins, is called Thendara, to commemorate the ancient place where first the Holder of Heaven talked face to face with the League's founder, Hiawatha."

The hawk-faced veteran smoked and studied the map for a while; then he removed the pipe from his mouth, and, in silence, traced with the smoking stem a

path. I watched him; he went back to the beginning and traced the path again and yet again, never uttering a word; and presently I began to comprehend him.

"Yes, sir," I said; "thus will the Long House strike the Oneidas—when they strike."

"I have sent belts—as you suggested," observed Willett carelessly.

I was delighted, but made no comment; and presently he went on in his drawling, easy manner: "I can account for Sir John, and I can hold him on the Sacandaga; I can account for Haldimand only through the cowardice or treachery of Vermont; but I can hold him, too, if he ever dares to leave the lakes. For Sir Henry Clinton I do not care a damn; like a headless chicken he tumbles about New York, seeing, hearing nothing, and no mouth left to squawk with. His head is off; one of his legs still kicks at Connecticut, t'other paddles aimlessly in the Atlantic Ocean. But he's done for, Carus. Let his own blood cleanse him for the plucking!"

The gaunt Colonel replaced his pipe between his teeth and gazed meditatively into the north:

"But where's Walter Butler?" he mused.

"Is he not at Niagara, sir?" I asked.

Willett folded his map and shoved it into his breast-pocket. "That," he said, "is what I want you to find out for me, Carus."

He wheeled around, facing me, his kindly face very serious:

"I relieved you of your command, Carus, and have attached you to my personal staff. There are officers aplenty to take your rangers where I send them; but I know of only one man in Tryon County who can do what is to be done at Thendara. Send on your belt to Sachems of the Long House. Carus, you are a spy once more."

I had not expected it, now that the Oneidas had been warned. Chilled, sickened at the thought of playing my

loathsome rôle once more, bitter disappointment left me speechless. I hung my head, feeling his keen eyes upon me; I braced myself sullenly against the overwhelming rush of repulsion surging up within me. My every nerve, every fiber quivered for freedom to strike that blow denied me for four miserable years. Had I not earned the right to face my enemies in the open? Had I not earned the right to strike? Had I not waited—God! had I not waited?

Appalled, almost unmanned, I bowed my head still lower as the quick tears of rage wet my lashes. They dried, unshed.

"Is there no chance for me?" I asked—"no chance for one honest blow?"

His kind eyes alone answered; and, like a schoolboy, I sat there rubbing my face, teeth clinched, to choke back the rebellious cry swelling my hot throat.

"Give me an Oneida, then," I muttered. "I'll go."

"You are a good lad, Carus," he said gently. "I know how you feel."

I could not answer.

"You know," he said, "how many are called, how few chosen. You know that in these times a man must sink self and stand ready for any sacrifice, even the supreme and best."

He laid his hand on my shoulder: "Carus, I felt as you do now when his Excellency asked me to leave the line and the five splendid New York regiments just consolidated and given me to lead. But I obeyed; I gave up legitimate ambition; I renounced hope of that advancement all officers rightly desire; I left my New York regiments to come here to take command of a few farmers and forest-runners. God and his Excellency know best!"

I nodded, unable to speak.

"There is glory and preferment to be had in Virginia," he said; "there are stars to be won at Yorktown, Carus. But those stars will never glitter on this faded uniform of mine. So be it. Let

us do our best, lad. It's all one in the end."

I nodded.

"And so," he continued pleasantly, "I send you to Thendara. None knows you for a partisan in this war. For four years you have been lost to sight; and if any Iroquois has heard of your living in New York, he must believe you to be a King's man. Your one danger is in answering the Iroquois summons as an ensign of a nation marked for punishment. How great that danger may be, you can judge better than I."

I thought for a while. The Canienga who had summoned me by belt could not prove I was a partisan of the riflemen who escorted me. I might have been absolutely non-partisan, traveling under escort of either side that promised protection from those ghostly rovers who scalped first and asked questions afterward.

The danger I ran as clan-ensign of a nation marked for punishment was an unknown quantity to me. From the Canienga belt-bearer I had gathered that there was no sanctuary for an Oneida envoy at Thendara; but what protection an ensign of the Wolf Clan might expect, I could not be certain of.

But there was one more danger. Suppose Walter Butler should appear to sit in council as ensign of his mongrel clan?

"Colonel," I said, "there is one thing to be done, and, as there is nobody else to accomplish this dog's work, I must perform it. I am trying not to be selfish—not to envy those whose lines are fallen in pleasant places—not to regret the happiness of battle which I have never known—not to desire those chances for advancement and for glory that—that all young men—crave—"

My voice broke, but I steadied it instantly.

"I had hoped one day to do a service which his Excellency could openly acknowledge—a service which might, one day, permit him to receive me. I have never seen him. I think, now, I never

shall. But, as you say, sir, ambitions like these are selfish, therefore they are petty and unworthy. He does know best."

The Colonel nodded gravely, watching me, his unlighted pipe drooping in his hand.

"There is one thing—before I go," I said. "My betrothed wife is with me. May I leave her in your care, sir?"

"Yes, Carus."

"She is asleep in that room above—" I looked up at the closed shutters, scarcely seeing them for the blinding rush of tears; yet stared steadily till my eyes were dry and hot again, and my choked and tense throat relaxed.

"I think," said the Colonel, "that she is safer in Johnstown Fort than anywhere else just now. I promise you, Carus, to guard and cherish her as though she were my own child. I may be called away—you understand that!—but I mean to hold Johnstown Fort, and shall never be too far from Johnstown to relieve it in event of siege. What can be done I will do on my honor as a soldier. Are you content?"

"Yes."

He lowered his voice: "Is it best to see her before you start?"

I shook my head.

"Then pick your Oneida," he muttered. "Which one?"

"Little Otter. Send for him."

The Colonel leaned back on the bench and tapped at the outside of the tavern window. An aide came clanking out, and presently hurried away with a message to Little Otter to meet me at Butlersbury within the hour, carrying parched corn and salt for three days' rations.

For a while we sat there, going over personal matters. Our sea-chests were to be taken to the fort; my financial affairs I explained, telling him where he might find my papers in case of accident to me. Then I turned over to him my watch, what money I had of Elsin's, and my own.

"If I do not return," I said, "and if this frontier cannot hold out, send Miss Grey with a flag to New York. Sir Peter Coleville is kin to her; and when he understands what danger menaces her he will defend her to the last ditch o' the law. Do you understand, Colonel?"

"No, Carus, but I can obey."

"Then remember this: She must never be at the mercy of Walter Butler."

"Oh, I can remember that," he said drily.

For a few moments I sat brooding, head between my hands; then, of a sudden impulse, I swung around and laid my heart bare to him—told him everything in a breath—trembling, as a thousand new-born fears seized me, chilling my blood.

"Good God!" I stammered, "it is not for myself I care now, Colonel! But the thought of him—of her—together—I cannot endure. I tell you, the dread of this man has entered my very soul; there is terror at a hint of him. Can I not stay, Colonel? Is there no way for me to stay? She is so young, so alone——"

Hope died as I met his eye. I set my teeth and crushed speech into silence.

"The welfare of a nation comes first," he said slowly.

"I know—I know—but——"

"All must sacrifice to that principle, Carus. Have not the men of New York stood for it? Have not the men of Tryon given their all? I tell you, the army shall eat, but the bread they munch is made from blood-wet grain; and for every loaf they bake a life has been offered. Where is the New Yorker who has not faced what you are facing? At the crack of the ambushed rifle our people drop at the plow, and their dying eyes look upon wife and children falling under knife and hatchet. It must be so if the army is to eat and liberty live in this country we dare call our own. And when the call sounds, we New Yorkers must go, Carus. Our women know it, even our toddling children know it, God bless them!—and they proudly take their chances—nay,

they demand the chances of a war that spares neither the aged nor the weak, neither mother nor cradled babe, nor the hound at the door, nor the cattle, nor any living thing in this red ~~fury of~~ destruction!"

He had risen, eyes glittering, face hardened into stone. "Go to your betrothed and say good-by. You do not know her yet, I think."

"She is Canadienne," I said.

"She is what the man she loves is— if she honors him. His cause is hers, his country hers, his God is her God!"

"Her heart is with neither side——"

"Her heart is with you! Shame to doubt her—if I read her eyes! Read them, Carus!"

I wheeled, speechless; Elsin Grey stood before me, deadly pale.

After a moment she moved forward, laying her hand on my shoulder and facing Colonel Willett with a smile. All color had fled from her face, but neither lip nor voice quivered as she spoke:

"I think you do understand, sir. We Canadiennes yield nothing in devotion to the women of New York. Where we love, we honor. What matters it where the alarm sounds? We understand our lovers; we can give them to the cause of freedom as well here in Tryon County as on the plains of Abraham—can we not, my betrothed?" she said, looking into my face; but her smile was heart-breaking.

"Child, child," said Willett, taking her free hand in both of his, "you speak a silent language with your eyes that no man can fail to understand."

"I failed," I said bitterly, as Willett kissed her hand, placed it in mine, and, turning, entered the open door.

"And what blame, Carus?" she whispered. "What have I been to you but a symbol of unbridled selfishness, asking all, giving nothing? How could you know I loved you so dearly that I could stand aside to let you pass? First I loved you selfishly, shamelessly; then I

begged your guilty love, offering mine in the passion of my ignorance and bewilderment."

Her arm fell from my shoulder and nestled in mine, and we turned away together under the brilliant autumn glory of the trees.

"That storm that tore me—ah, Carus—I had been wrecked without your strong arm to bear me up!"

"It was you who bore me up, Elsin. How can I leave you now!"

"Why, Carus, our honor is involved."

"Our honor!"

"Yes, dear, ours."

"You—you bid me go, Elsin?"

"If I bid you stay, what would avail except to prove me faithless to you? How could I truly love you and counsel dishonor?"

White as a flower, the fixed smile never left her lips, nor did her steady pace beside me falter, or knee tremble, or a finger quiver of the little hand that lay within my own.

And then we fell silent, walking to and fro under the painted maple trees in Johnstown streets, seeing no one, heeding no one, until the bell at the fort struck the hour. It meant the end.

We kissed each other once. I could not speak. My horse, led by Jack Mount, appeared from the tavern stables; and we walked back to the inn together.

Once more I took her in my arms; then she gently drew away and entered the open door, hands outstretched as though blinded, feeling her way—that was the last I saw of her, feeling her dark way alone into the house.

I do not here recount in detail the incidents of my journey, of my encounter in the deserted home of the Butlers of the half-breed, Lyn Montour, of my learning from her that she was the wife of Walter Butler and of his desertion, of my being joined by my Oneida guide to the secret sitting of the Council of the Confederacy at the Deadwater, and of the gift of speech that came to me there by which I

was enabled, in a breath, to overturn the entire plan of the Butlers and of the demoralized Iroquois and to win the support of the League for my country.

Neither do I write here of how, while I stood by the smoldering Council fire, from which the Sachems, some taking canoes, others filing off through the forest, had silently departed, dazed as I was that I, a white man, should have done this thing—of how, suddenly, the sounds of a galloping horse were heard, and Walter Butler, out of the forest's edge, drew bridle at the clearing, bent, and examined the covered fire, and stared around him. Of how, when he saw me, his face flushed with passion, and the evil, silent laugh grew terrible as he realized that he had come too late, of the insult he flung into my face and how I stood it, forbearing to slay him then and there for the sake of the woman whom I intended he should yet be made to confess his wife, and of how we struggled and fought, I seeking to make him my prisoner but being foiled by the cunning of the man; of his escape from my hands by the edge of the Deadwater, and my flight from his men, now no longer a spy since Butler had come and discovered my mission.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE BATTLE OF JOHNSTOWN

Two weeks of maddening inactivity followed the arrival at the Yellow Tavern of an express from Colonel Willett, carrying orders for me to remain at Oswaya until further command, bury all apples, pit the corn, and mill what buckwheat the settlers could spare as a deposit for the army.

Not a word since that time had I heard from Johnstown, although it was rumored in the settlement that the rangers had taken the field in scouts of five, covering the frontier to get into touch with the long-expected forces that might

come from Niagara under Ross and Walter Butler, or from the east under St. Leger and Sir John, or even perhaps under Haldimand.

Never had I known such hot impatience, such increasing anxiety; never had I felt so bitterly that the last chance was vanishing for me to strike an honest blow in a struggle wherein I, hitherto inert, had figured so meanly, so ingloriously.

To turn farmer clodhopper now was heart-breaking. Yet all I could do was to organize a sort of home guard there, detail a different yokel every day to watch the road to Varicks, five miles below, by which the enemy must arrive if they marched with artillery and wagons, as it was rumored they would. At night I placed a sentinel by the mill to guard against scalping parties, and another on the hill to watch the west and south. Meager defenses, one might say, and even the tavern was unstockaded, and protected only by loops and oaken shutters; but every man and woman was demanded for the harvest; even the children staggered off to the threshing barns, laden with sheaves of red-stemmed buckwheat, or rolled pumpkins and squashes to the wagons, or shook down crimson apples for the men to cart away and bury.

And on one bright, cold morning in late October, when to keep warm one must seek the sunny lee of the tavern, I sat brooding, watching the crimson maple-leaves falling from the forest in showers. Frost had come, silvering the stiffened earth, and patches of it still lingered in shady places. Oaks were brown, elms yellow; birches had shed their leaves; and already the forest stretched bluish and misty, set with flecks of scarlet maple and the darker patches of the pine.

On that early morning, just after sunrise, I sensed a hint of snow in the wind that blew out of the purple north; and the premonition sickened me, for it meant the campaign ended.

In an ugly and sullen mood I sat glowering at the blackened weeds cut by the frost, when, hearing the sound of horses' feet on the hill, I rose and stood on tiptoe to see who might be coming at such a pace.

People ran out to the rear to look; nearer and nearer came the dull, battering gallop, then a rider rushed into view, leaning far forward, waving his arm; and a far cry sounded: "Express, ho! News for Captain Renault!"

An express! I sprang to the edge of the road as the horse thundered by; and the red-faced rider, plastered with mud, twisted in his saddle and hurled a packet at me, shouting: "Butler is in the Valley! Turn out! Turn out!" sweeping past in a whirlwind of dust and flying stones.

As I caught up the packet from the grass, Farris ran out and fired his musket, then set the conch-horn to his mouth and sent a long-drawn, melancholy warning booming through the forest.

"Close up those shutters!" I said, "and fill the water casks!"

Men came running from barn and mill, shouting for the women and children; men ran to the hill to look for signs of the enemy, to drive in cattle, to close and latch the doors of their wretched dwellings, as though bolt and bar could keep out the red fury now at last unloosened.

I saw a woman, to whose ragged skirts three children clung, toiling across a stump-field, staggering under a flour-sack full of humble household goods. One of the babies carried a gray kitten clasped to her breast.

Pell-mell into the tavern they hurried, white-faced.

In the midst of this howling hubbub I ripped open my dispatches and read:

"JOHNSTOWN, *October 25, 1781.*

"CAPTAIN RENAULT:

"Sir—Pursuant to urgent orders this instant arrived by express from Colonel Wil-

lett at Fort Rensselaer, I have the honor to inform you that Major Ross and Captain Walter Butler have unexpectedly struck the Valley at Warren's Bush.

"You will gather from this, sir, that Johnstown is gravely menaced, and no garrison left except a few militia. Indeed, our situation must shortly be deplorable if Colonel Willett does not deliver battle at the ford.

"Therefore, if you can start at once and pick up a post of your riflemen at Broadalbin Bush, it may help us to hold the jail here, until some aid arrives from Colonel Willett.

"The town is panic-stricken. All last night the people stood on the lawn by Johnson Hall and watched the red glare in the sky where the enemy were burning the Valley. Massacre, the torch, and hatchet seem already at our thresholds. However, the event remains with God. I shall hold the jail to the last.

"Your ob't serv't,

"ROWLEY, *Major Com'nd'g.*"

For one dreadful moment every drop of blood seemed to leave my body. I sank into a chair, staring into the sunshine, seeing nothing. Then the pale face of Elsin Grey took shape before me, gazing at me sorrowfully; and I sprang up, shuddering, and looking about me. What in God's name was I to do? Go to her and leave these women and babies?—leave these dull-witted men to defend themselves? Why not? Every nerve in me tightened with terror at her danger, every heart-beat responded passionately to the appeal. Yet how could I go, with these white-faced women watching me in helpless confidence; with these frightened children gathering around me, looking up into my face, reaching trustfully for my clinched hands?

In an agony of indecision I turned to the door and gazed down the road, an instant only, then leaped back and slammed the great oaken portal, shooting the bars. Destiny had decided; Fate had cut the knot!

Out of rifle-range, I caught my first good view of the marauders passing along the red stubble-fields north of

Warren's barn—some hundred Indians and Tories, marching in columns of fours, rifles a-trail, south by east. To my astonishment, instead of facing, they swung around us on a dog-trot, still out of range, pressing steadily forward across the rising ground. Then suddenly I comprehended. They cared nothing for Oswaya when there was prime killing and plunder a-plenty to be had in the Valley. They were headed for Johnstown, where the vultures were already gathering.

Rifle at trail, teeth set, I descended the hill, dodging among the blackened stumps, and entered the woods on a steady run. I had no need of a path save for comfort in the going, for this region was perfectly familiar to me from the Sacandaga to the Kenneyto, and from Mayfield Creek to the Cayadutta—familiar as Broadway, from the Battery to Vauxhall. No Indian knew it better, nor could journey by short cuts faster than could I. For this was my own country, and I trusted it. The distance was five good miles to the now abandoned settlement of Broadalbin, or Fonda's Bush, which some still call it, and my road lay south, straight as the bee flies, after I had once crossed the trail of the Oswaya raiders.

I crossed it where I expected to, in a soft and marshy glade, unblackened by the frost, where blue flowers tufted the swale, and a clear spring soaked the moss and trickled into a little stream, which, I remembered, was ever swarming with tiny troutlings. Here I found the print of Cayuga and Mohawk moccasins and white man's boots a-plenty; and, for one fierce instant, burned to pick up the raw trail, hanging on their rear to drive one righteous bullet into them when chance gave me an opportunity. But the impulse fled as it came. Sick at heart I pressed forward once more, going at a steady wolf-trot; and so silently, so noiselessly, that twice I routed deer from their hemlock beds, and once came plump on a tree-cat that

puffed up into fury and backed off spitting and growling, eyes like green flames, and every hair on end.

Tree after tree I passed, familiar to me in happier years—here an oak from which, a hundred yards due west, one might find sulphur water—there a pine, marking a clean mile from the Kenneyto at its nearest curve—yonder a birch-bordered gully, haunted of partridge and woodcock—all these I noted, scarcely seeing them at all, and plodded on and on until, far away through the trees, I heard the Kenneyto roaring in its gorge, like the wind at Adriutha.

A stump-field, sadly overgrown with choke-cherry, sumach, and rabbit-brier, warned me that I was within rifle-hail of the rangers' post at Broadalbin. I swung to the west, then south, then west again, passing the ruins of the little settlement—a charred beam here, an empty cellar there, yonder a broken well-sweep, until I came to the ridge above the swamp, where I must turn east and ford the stream, under the rifles of the post.

There stood the chimney of what had once been my father's house—the new one, “burned by mistake,” ere it had been completed.

I gave it one sullen glance; looked around me, saw but heaps of brick, mortar, and ashes, where barns, smoke-houses, granaries, and stables had stood. The cellar of my old home was almost choked with weeds; slender young saplings had already sprouted among the foundation-stones.

Passing the orchard, I saw the trees under which I had played as a child, now all shaggy and unpruned, tufted thick with suckers, and ringed with heaps of small rotting apples, lying in the grass as they had fallen. With a whirring, thunderous roar, a brood of crested grouse rose from the orchard as I ran on, startling me, almost unnerving me. The next moment I was at the shallow water's edge, shouting across at a blockhouse of logs; and a ranger rose up and waved his furry cap at me, beck-

oning me to cross, and calling to me by name.

“Is that you, Dave Elerson?” I shouted.

“Yes, sir. Is there bad news?”

“Butler is in the Valley!” I answered, and waded into the cold, brown current, ankle-deep in golden-bottom sands. Breathless, dripping thrums trailing streams of water after me, I toiled up the bank and stood panting, leaning against the log hut.

“Where is the post?” I breathed.

“Out, sir, since last night.”

“Which way?” I groaned.

“Johnstown way, Mr. Renault. The Weasel, Tim Murphy, and Nick Stoner was a-smellin’ after moccasin-prints on the Mayfield trail. About sunup they made smoke-signals at me that they were movin’ Kingsboro way on a raw trail.”

He brought me his tin cup full of rum and water. I drank a small portion of it, then rinsed throat and mouth, still standing.

“Butler and Ross, with a thousand rifles and baggage-wagons, are making for the Tribes Hill ford,” I said. “A hundred Cayugas, Mohawks, and Tories burned Oswaya just after sunrise, and are this moment pushing on to Johnstown. We’ve got to get there before them, Elerson.”

“Yes, sir,” he said simply, glancing at the flint in his rifle.

“Is there any chance of our picking up the scout?”

“If we don’t, it’s a dead scout for sure,” he returned gravely. “Tim Murphy wasn’t lookin’ for scalpin’ parties from the north.”

I handed him his cup, tightened belt and breast-straps, trailed rifle, and struck the trail at a jog; and behind me trotted David Elerson, famed in ballad and story, which he could not read—nor could Tim Murphy, either, for that matter, whose learning lay in things unwritten, and whose eloquence flashed from the steel lips of a rifle that never spoke in vain.



Like ice-chilled wine the sweet, keen mountain air blew in our faces, filtering throat and nostrils as we moved; the rain that the frost had promised was still far away—perhaps not rain at all, but snow.

On we pressed, first breath gone, second breath steady; and only for the sickening foreboding that almost unnerved me when I thought of Elsin, I should not have suffered from the strain.

Somewhere to the west, hastening on parallel to our path, was strung out that pack of raiding bloodhounds; farther south, perhaps at this very instant entering Johnstown, moved the marauders from the north. A groan burst from my dry lips.

Slowing to a walk we began to climb, shoulder to shoulder, ascending the dry bed of a torrent fairly alive with partridges.

"Winter's comin' almighty fast; them birds is a-packin' and a-buddin' already. Down to the Bush I see them peckin' the windfall apples in your old orchard."

I scarcely heard him, but, as he calmly gossiped on, hour after hour, a feeling of dull surprise grew in me that at such a time a man could note and discuss such trifles. Ah, but he had no sweetheart there in the threatened town, menaced by death in its most dreadful shape.

"Are the women in the jail?" I asked, my voice broken by spasmodic breathing as we toiled onward.

"I guess they are, sir—leastways, Jack Mount was detailed there to handle the milishy." And, after a pause, gravely and gently: "Is your lady there, sir?"

"Yes—God help her!"

He said nothing; there was nothing of comfort for any man to say. I looked up at the sun.

"It's close to noontide, sir," said Elerson. "We'll make Johnstown within the half hour. Shall we swing round by the Hall and keep cover, or chance it by the road to Jimmy Burke's?"

"What about the scout?" I asked miserably.

He shook his head, and over his solemn eyes a shadow passed.

"Mayhap," he muttered, "Tim Murphy's luck will hold, sir. He's been fired at by a hundred of their best marksmen; he's been in every bloody scrape, assault, ambush, retreat, 'twixt Edward and Cherry Valley, and never a single bullet-scratch. We may find him in Johnstown yet."

He swerved to the right: "With your leave, Captain Renault, we'll fringe the timber here. Look, sir! yonder stands the Hall against the sky!"

We were in Johnstown. There, across Sir William's tree-bordered pastures and rolling stubble-fields, stood the baronial hall. Sunlight sparkled on the windows. I saw the lilacs, the bare-limbed locusts, the orchards, still brilliant with scarlet and yellow fruit, the long stone wall and hedge fence, the lawns intensely green.

"It is deserted," I said in a low voice.

"Hark!" breathed Elerson, ear to the wind. After a moment I heard a deadened report from the direction of the village, then another and another; and, spite of the adverse breeze, a quivering, gentle, sustained sound, scarce more than a vibration that hung persistently in the air.

"By God!" gasped Elerson, "it's the bell at the jail! The enemy are here! Pull foot, sir! Our time has come!"

Down the slope we ran, headed straight for the village. Gunshots now sounded distinctly from the direction of the Court-House; and around us, throughout the whole country, guns popped at intervals, sometimes a single distant report, then a quick succession of shots, like hunters shooting partridges; but we heard as yet no volley-firing.

"Tories and scalpers harrying the outlying farms," breathed Elerson. "Look sharp, sir! We're close to the village, and it's full of Tories."

Right ahead of us stood a white house; and, as we crossed the hay-field behind

it, a man came to the back door, leveled a musket, and deliberately shot at us. Instantly, and before he could spring back, Elerson threw up his rifle and fired, knocking the man headlong through the doorway.

"The impudent sun of a slut!" he muttered to himself, coolly reloading. "Count one more Tory in hell, Davy, lad!"

Priming, his restless eyes searched the road-hedge ahead, then, ready once more, we broke into a trot, scrambled through the fence, and started down the road, which had already become a village street. It was fairly swarming with men running and dodging about.

The first thing I saw clearly was a dead woman lying across a horse-block. Then I saw a constable named Hugh McMonts running down the street, chased closely by two Indians and a soldier wearing a green uniform. They caught him as we fired, and murdered him in a doorway with hatchet and gun-stock, spattering everything with the poor wretch's brains.

Our impulsive and useless shots had instantly drawn the fire of three red-coated soldiers; and, as the big bullets whistled around us, Elerson grasped my arm, pulled me back, and darted behind a barn. Through a garden we ran, not stopping to load, through another barn-yard, scattering the chickens into frantic flight, then out along a stony way, our ears ringing with the harsh din of the jail bell.

"There's the jail; run for it!" panted Elerson, as we came in sight of the solid stone structure, rising behind its palisades on the high ground.

I sprang across the road and up the slope, battering at the barricaded palings with my rifle-stock, while Elerson ran around the defenses bawling for admittance.

"Hurry, Elerson!" I cried, hammering madly for entrance; "here come the enemy's baggage-wagons up the street!"

"Jack Mount! Jack Mount! Let us in, ye crazy loon!" shouted Elerson.

Somebody began to unbolt the heavy slab gate; it creaked and swung open just wide enough for a man to squeeze through. I shoved Elerson inside and followed, pushing into a mob of scared militia and panic-stricken citizens toward a huge buckskinned figure at a stockade loophole on the left.

"Jack Mount!" I called, "where are the women? Are they safe?"

He looked around at me, nodded in a dazed and hesitating manner, then wheeled quick as a flash, and fired through the slit in the logs.

I crawled up to the epaulment and peered down into the dusty street. It was choked with the enemy's baggage-wagons, now thrown into terrible confusion by the shot from Mount's rifle. Horses reared, backed, swerved, swung around, and broke into a terrified gallop; teamsters swore and lashed at their maddened animals, and some batmen, carrying a dead or wounded teamster, flung their limp burden into a wagon, and, seizing the horses' bits, urged them up the hill in a torrent of dust.

I fumbled for my ranger's whistle, set it to my lips, and blew the "Cease firing!"

"Let them alone!" I shouted angrily at Mount. "Have you no better work than to waste powder on a parcel of frightened clodhoppers? Send those militiamen to their posts! Two to a loop, yonder! Lively, lads; and see that you fire at nothing except Indians and soldiers. Jack, come up here!"

The big rifleman mounted the ladder and leaped to the rifle-platform, which quivered beneath his weight.

"I thought I'd best sting them once," he muttered. "Their main force has circled the town westward toward the Hall. Lord, sir, it was a bad surprise they gave us, for we understood that Willett held them at Tribes Hill!"

I caught his arm in a grip of iron, striving to speak, shaking him to silence.

"Where—where is Miss Grey?" I said hoarsely. "You say the women are safe, do you not?"

"Mr. Renault—sir—" he stammered, "I have just arrived at the jail—I have not seen your wife."

My hand fell from his arm; his appalled face whitened.

"Last night, sir," he muttered, "she was at the Hall, watching the flames in the sky where Butler was burning the Valley. I saw her there in a crowd of townsfolk, women, children—the whole town was on the lawn there—"

He wiped his clammy face and moistened his lips; above us, in the wooden tower, the clamor of the bell never ceased.

"She spoke to me, asking for news of you. I—I had no news of you to tell her. Then an officer—Captain Little—fell a-bawling for the rangers to fall in, and Billy Laird, Jack Shew, Sammons, and me—we had to go. So I fell in, sir; and the last I saw she was standing there and looking at the reddening sky—"

Blindly, almost staggering, I pushed past him, stumbling down the ladder, across the yard, and into the lower corridor of the jail. There were women aplenty there; some clung to my arm, imploring news; some called out to me, asking for husband or son. I looked blankly into face after face, all strangers; I mounted the stairs, pressing through the trembling throng, searching every whitewashed corridor, every room, then to the cellar, where the frightened children huddled, then out again, breaking into a run, hastening from blockhouse to blockhouse, the iron voice of the bell maddening me!

"Captain Renault! Captain Renault!" called out a militiaman, as I turned from the log rampart.

The man came hastening toward me, firelock trailing, pack and sack bouncing and flopping.

"My wife has news of your lady," he said, pointing to a slim, pale young

woman who stood in the doorway, a shawl over her wind-blown hair.

I turned as she advanced, looking me earnestly in the face.

"Your lady was in the fort late last night, sir," she began. A fit of coughing choked her; overhead the dreadful clangor of the bell dinned and dinned.

Dumb, stunned, I waited while she fumbled in her soiled apron, and at last drew out a crumpled letter.

"I'll tell you what I know," she said weakly. "We had been to the Hall; the sky was all afire. My little boy grew frightened, and she—your sweet lady—she lifted him and carried him for me—I was that sick and weak from fright, sir—"

A fit of coughing shook her. She handed me the letter, unable to continue.

And there, brain reeling, ears stunned by the iron din of the bell which had never ceased, I read her last words to me:

"Carus, my darling, I don't know where you are. Please God, you are not at Osweya, where they tell me the Indians have appeared above Varicks. Dearest lad, your Oneida came with your letter. I could not reply, for there were no expresses to go to you. Colonel Willett had news of the enemy toward Fort Hunter, and marched the next day. We hoped he might head them, but last night there was an alarm, and we all went out into the street. People were hastening to the Hall, and I went, too, being anxious, now that you are out there alone somewhere in the darkness.

"Oh, Carus, the sky was all red and fiery behind Tribes Hill; and women were crying and children sobbing all around me. I asked the ranger, Mount, if he had news of you, and he was gentle and kind, and strove to comfort me, but he went away with his company on a run, and I saw the militia assembling where the drummers stood beating their drums in the torchlight.

"Somebody—a woman—said: 'It's hatchet and scalping again, and we women will catch it now.'

"And then a child screamed, and its mother was too weak to carry it, so I took it back for her to the jail.

"I sat in the jailer's room, thinking and thinking. Outside the barred window I heard a woman telling how Butler's men had already slain a whole family at Caughnawaga—an express having arrived with news of horrors unspeakable.

"Dearest, it came to me like a flash of light what I must do—what God meant me to do. Can you not understand, my darling? We are utterly helpless here. I must go back to this man—to this man who is riding hither with death on his right hand, and on his left hand, death!

"Oh, Carus! Carus! my sin has found me out! It is written that man should not put asunder those joined together. I have defied Him! Yet He repays, mercifully, offering me my last chance.

"Sweetheart, I must take it. Can you not understand? This man is my lawful husband; and as his wife, I dare resist him; I have the right to demand that his Indians and soldiers spare the aged and helpless. I must go to him, meet him, and confront him, and insist that mercy be shown to these poor, terrified people. *And I must pay the price!*

"Oh, Carus! Carus! I love you so! Pray for me. God keep you! I must go ere it is too late. My horse is at Burke's. I leave this for you. Dear, I am striving to mend a shattered life with sacrifice of self—the sacrifice you taught me. I cannot help loving you as I do; but I can strive to be worthy of the man I love. This is the only way!"

"ELSIN GREY."

The woman had begun to speak again. I raised my eyes.

"Your sweet lady gave me the letter—I waited while she wrote it in the warden's room—and she was crying, sir. God knows what she has written you!—but she kissed me and my little one, and went out into the yard. I have not seen her since, Mr. Renault."

Would the din of that hellish bell never cease its torture? Would sound never again give my aching brain a moment's respite? The tumult, men's sharp voices, the coughing of the sick woman, the dull, stupid blows of sound were driving me mad! And now more noises broke out—the measured crash of volleys; cheers from the militia on the

parapet; an uproar swelling all around me. I heard someone shout, "Willett has entered the town!" and the next instant the smashing roll of drums broke out in the street, echoing back from façade and palisade, and I heard the fifes and hunting-horns playing "Soldiers' Joy!" and the long double-shuffling of infantry on the run.

The icy current of desperation flowed back into every vein. My mind cleared; I passed a steady hand over my eyes, looked around me, and, drawing the ranger's whistle from my belt, set it to my lips.

The clear, mellow call dominated the tumult. A man in deerskin dropped from the rifle-platform, another descended the ladder, others came running from the log bastions, all flocking around me like brown deer herding to the leader's call.

"Fall in!" I scarce knew my own voice.

The eager throng of riflemen fell away into a long rank, stringing out across the jail yard.

"Shoulder arms! Right dress! Right face! Call off!"

The quick responses ran along the ranks: "Right! left! right! left!—"

"Right double!" I called. Then, as order followed order, the left platoon stepped forward, halted, and dressed.

"Take care to form column by platoons right, right front. To the right—face! March!"

The gates were flung wide as we passed through, and, wheeling, swung straight into the streets of Johnstown with a solid hurrah!

A battalion of Massachusetts infantry was passing St. John's Church, filling William Street with the racket of their drums. White cross-belts and rifles shining, the black-gaitered column plodded past, mounted officers leading. Then a field-piece, harness and chains clanking, came by, breasting the hill at a gallop, amid a tempest of cheers from my riflemen. And now the Tryon County

men were passing in dusty ranks, and more riflemen came running up, falling in behind my company.

"There's Tim Murphy!" cried Eler-son joyously. "He has your horse, Captain!"

Down the hill from Burke's Inn came Murphy on a run, leading my horse; behind him sped the Weasel and a rifleman named Sammons, and Burke himself, flourishing a rifle, all greeted lustily by the brown ranks behind me, amid shouts of laughter as Jimmy Burke, in cap and fluttering forest-dress, fell in with the others.

"Captain Renault, sorr—" I turned. Murphy touched his raccoon cap.

"Sorr, I hov f'r to repoort thot ye're sweet lady, sorr, is wid Butler at Johnson Hall."

"Safe?" My lips scarcely moved.

"Safe so far, sorr. She rides wid their Major, Ross, an' the shtaff-officers in gold an' green."

I sprang to the saddle, raised my rifle and shook it. A shrill, wolfish yelling burst from the rangers.

"Forward!" And "Forward! forward!" echoed the sergeants, as we swung into a quickstep.

The rifles on the hill by the Hall were speaking faster and faster now. A white cloud hid the Hall and the trees, thickening and spreading as a volley of musketry sent its smoke gushing into the bushes. Then, in the dun-colored fog, a red flame darted out, splitting the air with a deafening crash, and the thunder-clap of the cannon-shot shook the earth under our hurrying feet.

We were close to the Hall now. Behind a hedge fence running east our militia lay, firing very coolly into the wavering mists, through which twinkled the ruddy rifle-flames of the enemy. The roar of the firing was swelling, dominated by the tremendous concussions of the field-piece. I saw officers riding like mounted phantoms through the smoke; dead men in green, dead men in scarlet, and here and there a dead Mohawk lay

in the hedge. A wounded officer of Massachusetts infantry passed us, borne away to the village by Schoharie militia.

As we started for the hedge on a double, suddenly, through the smoke, the other side of the hedge swarmed with men. They were everywhere, crashing through the thicket, climbing the fence, pouring forward with shouts and hurrahs. Then the naked form of an Indian appeared, another, another; the militia, disconcerted and surprised, struck at them with their gun-stocks, wavered, turned, and ran toward us.

I had already deployed my right into line; the panic-stricken militia came heading on as we opened to let them through; then we closed up; a sheet of flame poured out into the very faces of Butler's Rangers, another, another!

Bolt upright in the stirrups, I lifted my smoking rifle: "Rangers! Charge!"

Beneath my plunging horse a soldier in green went down screaming; an Indian darted past, falling to death under a dozen clubbed rifles; then a yelling mass of green-coated soldiers, forced and crushed back into the hedge, turned at bay; and into this writhing throng leaped my riflemen, hatchets flashing.

"Hold that hedge, Captain Renault!" came a calm voice near me, and I saw Colonel Willett at my elbow, struggling with his frantic horse.

A mounted officer near him cried: "The rest of the militia on the right are wavering, Colonel!"

"Then stop them, Captain Zielie!" said Willett, dragging his horse to a stand. His voice was lost in the swelling roar of the fusillade where my rangers were holding the hedge. On the extreme right, through an open field, I saw the militia scattering, darting about wildly. There came a flash, a roar, and the scene was blotted out in a huge fountain of flame and smoke.

"They've blown up the ammunition-wagon! Butler's men have taken our cannon!" yelled a soldier, swinging his

arms frantically. "Oh, my God, the militia are running from the field!"

It was true. One of those dreadful and unaccountable panics had seized the militia. Nothing could stop them. I saw Colonel Willett spur forward, sword flashing; officers rode into the retreating lines, begging and imploring them to stand. The pressure on my riflemen was enormous, and I ordered them to fall back by squads in circles to the fringe of woods. They obeyed very coolly and in perfect order, retiring step by step, shot by shot.

Massachusetts infantry were holding the same woods; a few Tryon militia rallied to us, and Colonel Gray took command. "For God's sake, Renault, go and help Willett stop the militia!" he begged. "I'll hold this corner till you can bring us aid!"

I peered about me through the smoke, gathered bridle, wheeled through the bushes into the open field, and hurled my horse forward along the line of retreat.

Never had I believed brave men could show such terror. Nobody heeded me, nobody listened. At my voice they only ran the faster, I galloping alongside, beseeching them, and looking for Willett.

Straight into the streets of Johnstown fled the militia, crowding the town in mad and shameless panic, carrying with them their mounted officers, as a torrent hurls chips into a whirlpool.

"Halt! In Heaven's name, what is the matter? Why, you had them on the run, you men of Tryon, you Ulster men!" cried Colonel Willett.

A seething mass of fugitives was blocked at the old stone church. Into them plunged the officers, cursing, threatening, imploring, I among them, my horse almost swept from his legs in the rushing panic.

"Don't run, lads," I said; "don't put us all to this shame! Why, what are you afraid of? I saw nothing to scare a child on the hill. And this is my first battle. I thought war was something to scare a

man. But this is nothing. You wouldn't leave the rangers there all alone, would you? They're up there drilling holes in the Indians who came to murder your wives and children. Come on, boys! You didn't mean it. We can't let those yagers and Greens take a cannon as easily as that!"

They were listening to Willett too; here and there a sergeant took up the pleading. I found an exhausted drummer-boy sitting on the steps of the church, and induced him to stand up and beat the assembly. Officer after officer struggled through the mob, leading out handfuls of men; lines formed; I snatched a flag from an ensign and displayed it; a company, at shoulder arms, headed by a drummer, emerged from the chaos, marching in fair alignment; another followed more steadily; line after line fell in and paraded; the fifes began to squeal, and the shrill quickstep set company after company in motion.

"It's all right, lads!" cried Willett cheerily, as he galloped forward. "We are going back for that cannon we lost by mistake. Come on, you Tryon County men! Don't let the Rangers laugh at you!"

Then the first cheer broke out; mounted officers rode up, baring their swords, surrounding the Colonel. He gave me a calm and whimsical look, almost a smile:

"Scared, Carus?"

"No, sir."

"D'ye hearing that firing to the left? Well, that's Rowley's flanking column of levies and the Massachusetts men. Hark! Listen to that rifle music! Now we'll drive them! Now we've got them at last!"

I caught him by the sleeve, and bent forward from my saddle:

"Do you know that the woman I am to marry is with the enemy?" I demanded hoarsely.

"No. Good God, Carus! Have they got her?"

His shocked face paled; he laid his

hand on my shoulder, riding in silence as I told him what I knew.

"By Heaven!" he said, striking his gloved hands together, "we'll get her yet, Carus; I tell you, we'll get her safe and sound. Do you think I mean to let these mad wolves slink off this time and skulk away unpunished? Do you suppose I don't know that the time has come to purge this frontier for good and all of Walter Butler? You need not worry, Carus. It is true that God alone could have foreseen the strange panic that started these militiamen on a run, as though they had never smelled powder—as though they had not answered a hundred alarms from Oriskany to Currietown. I could not foresee that, but, by God! we've stopped it. And now I tell you we are going to deal Walter Butler a blow that will end his murdering career forever! Look sharp!"

A racket of rifle-fire broke out ahead; two men dropped.

We were in the smoke now. Indians rose from every thicket and leaped away in retreat; the column broke into a run, mounted officers trotting forward, pistol and sword in hand.

"Why, there's our cannon, boys!" cried Colonel Lewis excitedly.

A roar greeted the black Colonel's words; the entire line sprang forward; a file of Oneidas sped along our flanks, rifles a-trail.

Through the smoke I saw the Hall now, and in a field to the east of it a cannon which some Highlanders and soldiers in green uniforms were attempting to drag off.

At the view the yelling onset was loosed; the kilted troops and the green-coated soldiers took to their legs, and I saw our militia swarming around the field-piece, hugging it, patting it, embracing it, while from the woods beyond my rangers cheered and cheered. Ah! now the militia were in it again; the hedge fence was carried with a rush, and all around us in the red sunset light shouting militia, Royal Greens, and

naked yelling Indians were locked in a death struggle, hatchet, knife, and rifle-butt playing their silent and awful part.

An officer in a scarlet coat galloped at me full tilt, snapped his pistol as he passed, wheeled, and attempted to ride me down at his sword's point, but Colonel Willett pistoled him as I parried his thrust with my rifle-barrel; and I saw his maddened horse bearing him away, he swaying horribly in his saddle, falling sideways, and striking the ground, one spurred heel entangled in his stirrup.

Sickened, I turned away, and presently sounded the rally for my rangers. For full twenty minutes militia and riflemen poured sheets of bullets into the Royal Greens from the hedge fence; their flank doubled, wavered, and broke as the roaring fire of Rowley's men drew nearer. Twilight fell; redder and redder leaped the rifle-flames through the smoky dusk. Suddenly their whole line gave way, and we broke through—riflemen, militia, Massachusetts men—broke through with a terrific yell. And before us fled Indian and Tory, yager and renegade, Greens, Rangers, Highlanders, officers galloping madly, baggage-wagons smashed, horses down, camp trampled to tatters and splinters as the vengeance of Tryon County passed in a tornado of fury that cleansed the land forever of Walter Butler and his demons of the north!

In that furious onslaught through the darkness and smoke, where prisoners were being taken, Indians and Greens chased and shot down, a steady flicker of rifle-fire marked the course of the disastrous rout, and the frenzied vengeance following—an awful vengeance now, for, in the blackness, a new and dreadful sound broke—the fiercely melancholy scalp-yell of my Oneidas!

Galloping across a swampy field, where the dead and scalped lay in the ooze, I shouted the Wolf clan challenge; and a lone cry answered me, coming nearer, nearer, until in the smoke-shot darkness I saw the terrific painted shape

of an Indian looming, saluting me with uplifted and reeking hatchet.

"Brother! brother!" I groaned, "by the Wolf whose sign we wear, and by the sign of Tharon, follow her who is to be my wife—follow by night, by day, through the haunts of men, through the still places! Go swiftly, O my brother the Otter—swiftly as hound on trail! I charge you by that life you owe, by that clan tie which breaks not when nations break, by the sign of Tharon, that floats among the stars forever, find me this woman whom I am to wed! Your life for hers, O brother! Go!"

### CHAPTER XIII

#### BUTLER'S FORD

FOR four breathless days the broad, raw trail of a thousand men in headlong flight was the trampled path we traveled. Smashing straight through the northern wilderness, our enemy with horses, wagons, batmen, soldiers, Indians burst into the forest, tearing saplings, thickets, underbrush aside in their mad northward rush for the safety of the Canadas and the shelter denied them here. Three-score Oneida hatchets glittered in their rear; four hundred rifles followed, for the Red Beast was in flight at last, stricken, turning now and again to snarl when the tireless, stern-faced trackers drew too near, then running on again, growling, impotent. And the Red Beast must be done to death.

What fitter place to end him than here in the wild twilight of shaggy depths, unlighted by the sun or moon?—here where the cold brawling streams smoked in the rank air; where black crags crouched, watching the hunting—here in these awful depths, shunned by the deer, unhaunted by wolf and panther—depths fit only for the monstrous terror that came out of them, and now, wounded, and cold heart pulsing terror, was scrambling back again into the dense and

dreadful twilight of eternal shadow-land.

One by one their pack-laden horses fell out exhausted; and we found them heads hanging, quivering and panting, beside the reeking trail; one by one their gaunt cattle, mired in bog and swamp, entangled in windfalls, greeted us, bellowing piteously as we passed. The forest itself fought for us, reaching out to jerk wheels from axle, bringing wagon and team down crashing. Their dead lay everywhere uncared for, even unscalped and unrobbed in the bruised and trampled path of flight; clothing, arms, provisions were scattered pell-mell on every side; and now at length, hour after hour, as we headed them back from the trail and highway, and blocked them from their boats at Oneida Lake, driving, forcing, scourging them straight into the black jaws of a hungry wilderness, we began to pass their wounded—ghastly, bloody, ragged things, scarce animate, save for the dying brilliancy of their hollowed eyes.

On, on, hotfoot through the rain along the smoking trail; twilight by day, depthless darkness by night, where we lay panting in starless obscurity, listening to the giant winds of the wilderness—vast, resistless, illimitable winds flowing steadily through the unseen and naked crests of forests, colder and ever colder they blew, heralding the trampling blasts of winter, charging us from the north.

On the fifth day it began to snow at dawn. Little ragged flakes winnowed through the clusters of scarlet maple-leaves, sifted among the black pines, coming faster and thicker, driving in slanting, whirling flight across the trail. In an hour the moss was white; crimson sprays of moose-bush bent, weighted with snow and scarlet berries; the hurrying streams ran dark and somber in their channels between dead-white banks; swamps turned blacker for the silvery setting; the flakes grew larger, pelting in steady, thickening torrents



from the clouds as we came into a clearing called Jerseyfield, on the north side of Canada Creek; and here at last we were met by a crackling roar from a hundred rifles.

The Red Beast was at bay!

Up and down, through the dense snowy veil descending, the orange-tinted rifle-flames flashed and sparkled and flickered; all around us a shower of twigs and branches descended in a steady rain. Then our brown rifles blazed their deadly answer. Splash! spatter! splash! their dead dropped into the stream; and, following, dying and living took to the dark water, thrashing across through snowy obscurity. I heard their horses wallowing through the fords, iron hoofs frantically battering the rocky, shelving banks for foothold; I heard them shriek when the Oneida tigers leaped upon them; I heard their wounded battling and screaming as they drowned in the swollen waters!

We lay and fired at their phantom lines, now attempting to retreat at a dog-trot in single file; and as we knocked man after man from the plodding rank the others leaped over their writhing, fallen comrades, neither turning nor pausing in their dogged flight. The snow slackened, falling more thinly to the west; and, as the dazzling curtain grew transparent, a mass of men in green suddenly rose from the whitened hemlock scrub and fired at our riflemen arriving in column.

Then ensued a scene nigh indescribable. With one yelling bound, Ranger and Oneida were on them, shooting, stabbing, dragging them down; and, as they broke cover, their mounted officers, dashing out of the thicket, wheeled northward into galloping flight; and among them at last I saw my enemy, and knew him.

A dozen Oneidas were after him. His horse, spurred to a gallop, crashed through the brush, and was in the water at a leap; and he turned in midstream and shook his pistol at them insultingly.

By Heaven! he rode superbly as the swollen waters of the ford boiled to his horse's straining shoulders, while the bullets clipped the gilded cocked hat from his head and struck his raised pistol from his hand.

"Head him!" shouted Elerson; "don't let that man get clear!" Indians and Rangers raced madly along the bank of the creek, pacing the fugitive as he galloped.

"Take him alive!" I cried, as Butler swung his horse with a crash into the willow thickets on the north. We lost him to view as I spoke; and I sounded the rally-whistle, and ran up the bank of the creek, leading my horse at a trot behind me.

The snowfall had ceased; the sun glimmered, then blazed out in the clearing, flooding the whitened ground with a dazzling radiance. Running, stumbling, falling, struggling through brush and brake and brier-choked marsh, I saw ahead of me three Oneida Indians swiftly cross my path to the creek's edge and crouch, scanning the opposite shore. Almost immediately the rangers Murphy, Renard, and Elerson emerged from the snowy bushes beside them; and at the same instant I saw Walter Butler ride up on the opposite side of the creek, glance backward, then calmly draw bridle in plain sight. He was fey; I knew it. His doom was upon him. He flung himself from his horse close to the ford where, set in the rock, a living spring of water mirrored the sun; then he knelt down, drew his tin cup from his belt, bent over, and looked into the placid silver pool. What he saw reflected there, Christ alone knows, for he sprang back, passed his hand across his eyes, and reached out his cup blindly, plunging it deep into the water.

Never, never shall I forget that instant picture as it broke upon my view; my deadly enemy kneeling by the spring, black hair disheveled, the sunshine striking his tin cup as he raised it to his lips; the three naked Oneidas in their glis-

tening scarlet paint, eagerly raising their rifles, while the merciless weapons of Murphy and Elerson slowly fell to the same level, focused on that kneeling figure across the dark waters of the stream.

A second only, then, God knows why, I could not endure to witness a justice so close allied with murder, and sprang forward, crying out: "Cease fire! Take him alive!" But, with the words half-spoken, flame after flame parted from those leveled muzzles; and through the whirling smoke I saw Walter Butler fall, roll over and over, his body and limbs contracting with agony; then on all fours again, on his knees, only to sink back in a sitting posture, his head resting on his hand, blood pouring between his fingers.

Into the stream plunged an Oneida, rifle and knife aloft, glittering in the sun. The wounded man saw him coming, and watched him as he leaped up the bank; and while Walter Butler looked him full in the face the savage trembled, crouching, gathering for a leap.

"Stop that murder!" I shouted, plunging into the ford as Butler, aching head still lifted, turned a deathly face toward me. One eye had been shot out, but the creature was still alive, and knew me—knew me, heard me ask for the quarter he had not asked for; saw me coming to save him from his destiny, and smiled as the Oneida sprang on him with a yell and ripped the living scalp away before my sickened eyes.

"Finish him in God's mercy!" belled the ranger Sammons, running up. The Oneida's hatchet, swinging like lightning, flashed once; and the severed soul of Walter Butler was free of the battered, disfigured thing that lay oozing crimson in the trampled snow.

Dead! And I heard the awful scalp-yell swelling from the throats of those who had felt his heavy hand. Dead! And I heard cheers from those whose loved ones had gone down to death to satiate his fury. And now he, too, was

on his way to face those pale accusers waiting there to watch him pass—specters of murdered men, phantoms of women, white shapes of little children—God! what a path to the tribunal behind whose thunderous gloom hell's own lightning flared!

As I gazed down at him the roar of the fusillade died away in my ears. I remembered him as I had seen him there at New York in our house, his slim fingers wandering over the strings of the guitar, his dark eyes drowned in melancholy. I remembered his voice, and the song he sang, haunting us all with its lingering sadness—the hopeless words, the sad air, redolent of dead flowers—doom, death, decay.

The thrashing and plunging of horses roused me. I looked around to see Colonel Willett ride up, followed by two or three mounted officers in blue and buff, pulling in their plunging horses. He looked down at the dead, studying the crushed face, the uniform, the blood-drenched snow.

"Is that Butler?" he asked gravely.

"Yes," I said; and drew a corner of his cloak across the marred face.

Nobody uncovered, which was the most dreadful judgment those silent men could pass.

"Scalped?" motioned Colonel Lewis significantly.

"He belongs to your party," observed Willett quietly. Then, looking around as the rifle-fire to the left broke out again: "The pursuit has ended, gentlemen. What punishment more awful could we leave them to than these trackless solitudes? For I tell you that those few among them who shall attain the Canadas need fear no threat of hell in the life to come, for they shall have served their turn. Sound the recall!"

I laid my hand upon his saddle, looking up into his face:

"Pardon," I said, in a low voice; "I must go on!"

"Carus! Carus!" he said softly, "have they not told you?"

"Told me?" I stared. "What? What—in the name of God?"

"She was taken when we struck their rear-guard at one o'clock this afternoon! Was there no one to tell you, lad?"

"Unharmed?" I asked, steadying myself against his stirrup.

"Faint with fatigue, brier-torn, in rags—his vengeance, but—*nothing worse*. That quarter-breed Montour attended her, supported her, struggled on with her through all the horrors of this retreat. He had herded the Valley prisoners together, guarded by Cayugas. The executioner lies dead a mile below, his black face in the water. And here *he lies!*"

He swung his horse, head sternly averted. I flung myself into my saddle.

"This way, lad. She lies in a camp-wagon at headquarters, asleep, I think. Mount and your Oneida guard her. And the girl, Montour, lies stretched beside her, watching her as a dog watches a cradled child."

The hunting-horns of the light infantry were sounding the recall as we rode through the low brush of Jerseyfield, where the sunset sky was aflame, painting the tall pines, staining the melting snow to palest crimson.

From black, wet branches overhead the clotted flakes fell, showering us as we came to the hemlock shelter where the camp-wagon stood. A fire burned there; before it crowded a shadowy group of riflemen; and one among them moved forward to meet me, touching his fur cap and pointing.

As I reached the rough shelter of fringing evergreen Mount and Little Otter stepped out; and I saw the giant forest-runner wink the tears away as he laid his huge finger across his lips.

"She sleeps as sweetly as a child," he whispered. "I told her you were coming. Oh, sir, it will tear your heart out to see her small white feet so bruised, and the soft, baby hands of her raw at the wrists, where they tied her at night. . . . Is he surely dead, sir, as they say?"

"I saw him die, thank God!"

"That is safer for him, I think," said Mount simply. "Will you come this way, sir? Otter, fetch a splinter of fat pine for a light. Mind the wheel there, Mr. Renault—this way on tiptoe!"

He took the splinter-light from the Oneida, fixed it in a split stick, backed out, and turned away, followed by the Indian.

At first I could not see, and set the burning stick nearer. Then, as I bent over the rough wagon, I saw her lying there very white and still, her torn hands swathed with lint, her bandaged feet wrapped in furs. And beside her, stretched full length, lay Lyn Montour, awake, dark eyes fixed on mine.

She smiled as she caught my eye; then something in my face sobered her. "He is dead?" she motioned with her lips. And my lips moved assent.

Gravely, scarcely stirring, she reached up and unbound her hair, letting it down over her face. I understood, and, stepping to the fire, returned with a charred ember. She held out first one hand, then the other, and I marked the palms with the ashes, touched her forehead, her breast, her feet. Thus, in the solemn presence of death itself, she claimed at the tribunal of the Most High the justice denied on earth, signing herself a widow with the ashes none but a wedded wife may dare to wear.

Lower and lower burned the tiny torch, sank to a spark, and went out. The black curtains of obscurity closed in; redder and redder spread the glare from the camp-fire; crackling and roaring, the flames rose, tufted with smoke, through which a million sparks whirled upward, showering the void above. Dark shapes moved in the glow with a sparkle of spur and sword as they turned; the infernal light fell on the naked bodies of Oneidas, sitting like demons, eyes blinking at the flames. And through the roar of the fire I heard their chanting undertone, monotonous, interminable, saluting their dead.

And I heard from the forest the deadened blows of mattock and spade, and saw the glimmer of burial torches; and, through the steady chanting of the Oneida, the solemn voice of the chaplain in prayer for dead and living.

It lacked an hour of dawn when the harsh, stringy drums rolled from the forest and the smoky camp awoke; and I, keeping my vigil, there in the shadow where she lay, listening and bending above her, was aware of a bandaged hand touching me—a feverish arm about my neck, drawing my head lower, closer, till, in the darkness, my face lay on hers, and our tremulous lips united.

"Is all well, my beloved?"

"All is well."

"And we part no more?"

"No more."

Silence, then: "Why do they cheer so, Carus?"

"It is a lost soul they are speeding, child."

"His?"

"Yes."

She breathed feverishly, her little bandaged hands holding my face. "Lift me a little, Carus; I cannot move my legs. Do you know he abandoned me to the Cayugas because I dared to ask his mercy for the innocent? I think his reason was unseated when I came upon him there at Johnson Hall—so much of blood and death lay on his soul. His own men feared him; and, Carus, truly I do not think he knew me else he had never struck me in that burst of rage, so that even the Cayugas interposed—for his knife was in his hands." She sighed, nestling close to me in the rustling straw, and closed her eyes as the torches flared and the horses were backed along the pole.

In the light glow I saw Jack Mount approaching. He halted, touched his cap, and smiled; then his blue eyes wandered to the straw where Lyn Montour lay, sleeping the stunned sleep of exhaustion; and into his face a tenderness

came, softening his bold mouth and reckless visage.

"The Weasel drives, sir. Tim and Dave and I, we jog along to ease the wheels—if it be your pleasure, sir. We go by the soft trail. A week should see you and yours in Albany. The Massachusetts surgeon is here to dress your sweet lady's hurts. Will you speak with him, Mr. Renault?"

I bent and kissed the bandaged hands, the hot forehead under the tangled hair, then, whispering that all was well, I went out into the gray dawn where the surgeon stood unrolling lint.

"Those devils tied their prisoners mercilessly at night," he said, "and the scars may show, Mr. Renault. But her flesh is wholesome, and the torn feet will heal—are healing now. Your lady will be lame."

"For life?"

"Oh—perhaps the slightest limp—scarce to be noticed. And then again, she is so sound, and her blood so pure—who knows? Even such tender little feet as hers may bear her faultlessly once more. Patience, Mr. Renault."

He parted the hanging blankets and went in, emerging after a little while to beckon me.

"I have changed the dressing; the wounds are benign and healthy. She has some fever. The shock is what I fear. Go to her; you may do more than I could."

As the sun rose we started, the Weasel driving, I crouching at her side, her torn hands in mine; and beside us, Lyn Montour, watching Jack Mount as he strode along beside the wagon, a new angle to his cap, a new swagger in his step, and deep in his frank blue eyes a strange smile that touched the clean, curling corners of his lips.

"Look!" breathed Murphy, gliding along on the other side, "'tis the gay day f'r Jack Mount whin Lyn Montour's black eyes are on him—the backwoods dandy!"

I looked down at Elsin. The fever

flushed her cheeks. Into her face there crept a beauty almost unearthly.

"My darling, my darling!" I whispered fearfully, leaning close to her. Her eyes met mine, smiling, but in their altered brilliancy I saw she no longer knew me.

"Walter," she said, laughing, "your melancholy suits me—yet love is another thing. Go ask of Carus what it is to love! He has my soul bound hand and foot and locked in the wall there, where he keeps the letters he writes. If they find those letters, some man will hang. I think it will be you, Walter, or perhaps Sir Peter. I'm love-sick—sick o' love—for Carus mocks me! Is it easy to die, Walter? Tell me, for you are dead. If only Carus loved me! He kissed me so easily that night—I tempting him. So now that I am damned—what matter how he uses me? Yet he never struck me, Walter, as you strike!"

Hour after hour, terrified, I listened to her babble, and that gay little laugh, so like her own, that broke out as her fever grew, waxing to its height.

It waned at midday, but by sundown she grew restless, and the surgeon, Weldon, riding forward from the rear, took my place beside her, and I mounted my horse which Elerson led, and rode ahead, a deadly fear in my heart, and Black Care astride the crupper, a grisly shadow in the wilderness, dogging me remorselessly under pallid stars.

And now hours, days, nights, sun, stars, moon, were all one to me—things that I heeded not; nor did I feel aught of heat or cold, sun or storm, nor know whether or not I slept or waked, so terrible grew the fear upon me. Men came and went. I heard some say she was dying, some that she would live if we could get her from the wilderness she raved about; for her cry was ever to be freed of the darkness and the silence, and that they were doing me to death in New York town, whither she must go, for she alone could save me.

Tears seemed ever in my eyes, and I

saw nothing clearly, only the black and endless forests swimming in mists; the silent riflemen trudging on, the little withered driver, in his ring-furred cap and caped shirt, too big for him; the stolid horses plodding on and on. Medical officers came from Willett—Weldon and Jermyn—and the surgeon's mate, McLane; and they talked among themselves, glancing at her curiously, so that I grew to hate them and their whispers. A fierce desire assailed me to put an end to all this torture—to seize her, cradle her to my breast, and gallop day and night to the open air—as though that and the fierce strength of my passion must hold back death!

Then, one day—God knows when—the sky widened behind the trees, and I saw the blue flank of a hill unchoked by timber. Trees grew thinner as we rode. A brush-field girdled by a fence was passed, then a meadow, all golden in the sun. Right and left the forest sheered off and fell away; field on field, hill on hill, the blessed open stretched to a brimming river, silver and turquoise in the sunshine, and, beyond it, crowning three hills, the haven!—the old Dutch city, high-roofed, red-tiled, glimmering like a jewel in the November haze—Albany!

And now, as we breasted the ascent, far away we heard drums beating. A white cloud shot from the fort, another, another, and after a long while the dull booming of the guns came floating to us, mixed with the noise of bells.

Elsin heard and sat up. I bent from my saddle, passing my arm around her.

"Carus!" she cried, "where have you been through all this dreadful night?"

"Sweetheart, do you know me?"

"Yes. How soft the sunlight falls! There is a city yonder. I hear bells." She sank down, her eyes on mine.

"The bells of old Albany, dear. Elsin, Elsin, do you truly know me?"

She smiled—the ghost of the old gay smile, and her listless arms moved.

Weldon, riding on the other side, nodded to me in quiet content:

"Now all she lacked she may have, Renault," he said, smiling. "All will be well, thank God! Let her sleep!"

She heard him, watching me as I rode beside her.

"It was only you I lacked, Carus," she murmured dreamily; and, smiling, fell into a deep, sweet sleep.

Then, as we rode into the first outlying farms, men and women came to their gates, calling out to us in their low Dutch jargon, and at first I scarce heeded them as I rode, so stunned with joy was I to see her sleeping there in the sunlight, and her white, cool skin and her mouth soft and moist.

Gun on gun shook the air with swift concussion. The pleasant Dutch bells swung aloft in mellow harmony. Suddenly, far behind where our infantry moved in column, I heard cheer on cheer burst forth, and the horns and fifes in joyous fanfare, echoed by the solid outbreak of the drums.

"What are they cheering for, mother?" I asked an old Dutch dame who waved her kerchief at us.

"For Willett and for George the Virginian, sir," she said, dimpling and dropping me a courtesy.

"George the Virginian?" I asked, wondering. "Do you mean his Excellency?"

And still she dimpled and nodded and bobbed her white starched cap, and I made nothing of what she said until I heard men shouting, "Yorktown!" and "The war ends! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted a mounted officer, spurring past us up the hill; "Butler's dead, and Cornwallis is taken!"

"Taken?" I repeated incredulously.

The booming guns were my answer. High against the blue a jeweled ensign fluttered, silver azure and blood red, its staff and halyards wrapped in writhing jets of snow-white smoke flying upward from the guns.

I rode toward it, cap in hand, head raised, awed in the presence of God's

own victory! The shouting streets echoed and reëchoed as we passed between packed ranks of townspeople; cheers, the pealing music of the bells, the thunderous shock of the guns grew to a swimming, dreamy sound, through which the flag fluttered on high, crowned with the golden nimbus of the sun!

"Carus!"

"Ah, sweetheart, did they wake you? Sleep on; the war is over!" I whispered, bending low above her. "Now indeed it is all well with the world, and fit once more for you to live in."

And, as we moved forward, I saw her blue eyes lifted dreamily, watching the flag which she had served so well.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE END

THAT brief and lovely season which in our Northland for a score of days checks the white onset of the snow, and which we call the Indian summer, bloomed in November when the last red leaf had fluttered to the earth. A fairy summer, for the vast arches of the skies burned sapphire and amethyst, and hill and woodland, innocent of verdure, were clothed in tints of faintest rose and cloudy violet; and all the world put on a magic livery, nor was there leaf nor stem nor swale nor tuft of moss too poor to wear some royal hint of gold, deep-veined or crusted lavishly, where the crested oaks spread, burnished by the sun.

Snowbird and goldfinch were with us—the latter veiling his splendid tints in modest russet; and now, from the north, came to us silent flocks of birds, all gray and rose, outriders of winter's crystal cortège, still halting somewhere far in the silvery north, where the white owls sit in the firs, and the world lies robed in ermine.

All through that mellow Indian summer my betrothed grew strong, and her

hurts had nearly healed. And I, writing my letters by the open window in the drawing-room, had been promised that she might make her first essay to leave her chamber that day—sit in the outer sunshine perhaps, perhaps stand upright and take a step or two. And, at this first tryst in the sunshine, she was to set our wedding day.

From my open window I could see the city on its three hills against the azure magnificence of the sky, and the calm, wide river, still as a golden pond, and the white sails of sloops, becalmed on glassy surfaces reflecting the blue woods.

Too deeply happy, too content to more than trifle with the letters I must pen, I idled there, head on hand, listening for her I loved, watching the fair world in the sunshine there. Sometimes, smiling, I unfolded for the hundredth time and read again the generous letter from Sir Peter and Lady Coleville—so kindly, so cordial, so honorable, all patched with shreds of gossip of friend and foe, and how New York lay stunned at the news of Yorktown. Never a word of the part that I had played so long beneath their roof—only one grave, unselfish line, saying that they had heard me praised for my bearing at Johnstown battle, and that they had always known that I could conduct in no wise unworthy of a soldier.

Too, they promised, if a flag was to be had, to come to Albany for our wedding, saying we were wild and wilful, and needed chiding, promising to read us lessons merited.

And there was a ponderous letter from Sir Frederick Haldimand in answer to one I wrote telling him all—a strange mélange of rage at Butler's perfidy and insolence, and utter disgust with me; though he said, frankly enough, that he would rather see his kinswoman wedded to twenty rebels than to one Butler. With which he slammed his pen to an ungracious finish, ending with a complaint to heaven that the world had used him so shabbily at such a time as this.

Which sobered Elsin when I read it, she being the tenderest of heart; but I made her laugh ere the quick tears dried in her eyes, and she had written him the loveliest of letters in reply, which was already on its journey northward.

Writing to my father and mother of the happy news, I had not as yet received their approbation, yet knew it would come, though Elsin was a little anxious when I spoke so confidently.

Yet one more happiness was in store for me ere the greatest happiness of all arrived; for that morning, from Virginia, a little packet came to Elsin; and opening it together, we found a miniature of his Excellency, set in a golden oval, on which we read, inscribed: "With great esteem," and signed, "Geo. Washington."

So, was it wonderful that I, sitting there, should listen, smiling, for some sound above to warn me of her coming?

Never had sunshine on the gilded meadows lain so softly, never so pure and soft the aromatic air.

A faint sound behind me made me turn, start to my feet with a cry.

All alone she stood there, pale and lovely, blue eyes fixed on mine; and, at my cry, she took a little step, and then another, flushed with shy pride.

"Carus! Sweetheart! Do you see?"

And at first she protested prettily as I caught her in my arms, lifting her in fear lest her knees give way, then smiled assent.

"Bear me if you will," she breathed, her white arms tightening about my neck; "carry me with all the burdens you have borne so long, my strong, tall lover!—lest I dash my foot against a stone, and fall at your feet to worship and adore! Here am I at last! Ah, what am I to say to you? The day? Truly, do you desire to wed me still? Then listen; bend your head, adored of men, and I will whisper to you what my heart and soul desire."

# AN OVERLOOKED UNDERSTUDY

BY EDWIN BATEMAN MORRIS



**M**R. PARTI was a graduate of the Ecole de Beaux-Arts, and boasted that he had built half of Newport and all the decent French Renaissance in New York. He started to practice in the early seventies, when no one in America purposely built anything good. He had a fixed belief in his own genius and a complacent conviction of the helplessness of the rest of mankind; for they had taught him in Paris that Architecture was heaven and earth and the Ten Commandments, and that a man who had no appreciation for architectural detail was as diseased in his intelligence as he was in his taste. Therefore when Mr. Parti saw the rows of brownstone fronts he gave up all hope for his countrymen, and from that time forth his object in life was to reclaim his native land from the sinful rut of disregard for beauty in all its correctness. And he was successful. He did show New York what architecture—French architecture—was; and French architecture, including imperfections, is a long way better than anything they had seen in New York before. He had grown rich; he was a two-millionaire, and that is a limit beyond which men of his profession, except by marriage, never pass. He had always on hand a little more work than he could possibly attend to, so that he could afford to do only the things that particularly interested him and to say, whenever a commission that he did not care about came into his office,

“Let the other architects do that.” Competitions—in which he brought his wits to bear against those of other men—were his delight. There was more joy in his big office when they had won a competition than in Massachusetts after the Battle of Lexington. He and his hundred men believed that their brains were the keenest in the country—and they liked proof of it.

Therefore when the program of the competition for the Cathedral of St. John the Less was laid on the head-draughtsman's table, a murmur of excitement ran around the room. Nineteenths of the men who knew anything about it, and three-quarters of the rest, said it would be done in Byzantine. The others were equally divided between Romanesque and Renaissance—which the better trained men saw at once were equally impractical. One had the hardihood to hope Mr. Parti's sketch would be in Gothic—a hazard which almost resulted in his being expelled from the building; for who in the world ever heard of a man who depended for his daily bread on a Renaissance architect—and moreover a Beaux-Art graduate—allowing the name Gothic to pass his lips.

It was three weeks before Mr. Parti brought out his sketches. And they were Byzantine.

Now he who had raised his voice in favor of Gothic was a boy who had learned all the architecture he ever knew in Mr. Parti's office. Five years before, when he started his career, he had made blue prints for the office. Since then he



had gradually progressed until now he was making details at three-quarters of an inch to the foot for fifteen dollars a week.

College men who came and went in Mr. Parti's office felt sorry for the boy who sat in the corner inking in his own monotonous details; for they thought

office who would never be anything but a drudge—they recalled him when they were pessimistic and wanted to prove there was no buoyancy even to true genius. But the boy Murray had his own ideas.

The work on the church progressed. On the big table beside Murray they



*"Without waiting to puzzle it out, he started to draw."*

there was something in him. He laid the point of his pen on paper with the dainty assurance older men tried in vain to imitate. But he knew nothing; he had the ability to convey big thoughts without the training to develop them. "Four years at the university," said one man, "would do wonders for him." And many of the best draughtsmen in the country often recalled the boy in Parti's

were laying out a perspective of it. Murray spent his lunch hours mooning over the maze of points and traces laid out on the paper. Often he would refer to a bundle of reproductions of pen-and-ink drawings he kept carefully stowed away and, spreading them out on the drawing, plot and devise schemes of rendering the perspective, until the other men returned.

One day, after it had been drawn on a big sheet of Whatman's paper, a stranger came into the office—a broad-shouldered man with a Vandyke beard—to render the drawing. Murray looked at him with awe as he helped him turn the board to the light. The new man was very rapid. He laid the lines on cleanly and evenly without the slightest hesitation. Whenever Murray had the shadow of an excuse he would stray over to the board and watch the little pen go scratching over the paper.

Murray did not like the new man's work. When he compared it with the reproductions he was fond of, he saw how little feeling, what an absolute lack of personality there was in the work on the perspective. It was impossible to pick out any portion of the new man's work and say it was bad, but the thing as a whole was unsatisfactory—machine-made—and Murray was disappointed. And from that disappointment came his great scheme.

There was a little corner of the same floor on which Parti's office and draughting room were that had somehow got lost in the plan, and, having slipped in between a light-well and the elevator shaft, was never noticed until the building was finished, when it was too late to do anything with it. It was a closet about five feet by six, lighted by a little hole, often supposed to be a window; it was used to store away old drawings that would never be needed again but which no one had the heart to destroy.

It was only a part of Murray's scheme, therefore, when one Saturday afternoon, after a greater part of the office had gone home, save only the men who were toiling on the competition, he had an unaccountable impulse to put the little closet in order. All the afternoon he worked away at dusty rolls of drawings piled up against the window in chaos. Out into the hall he threw pounds of paper reeking with dust, until he had cleared a space in front of the window down to the floor. Into this space he laid the draw-

ings in order, until they reached up to the window sill, forming a sort of desk. This was what Murray wanted, so he went out to supper; and at the same time bought a very expensive piece of hot-pressed paper.

The offices were deserted that night, save for the mice that scampered behind the plaster and a boy who sat beneath a lone electric light nursing the big piece of paper he had pasted down and stretched on some one else's drawing board. It was all wet and still in billows and humps; it looked as if it would never dry. But after an hour he decided it was thoroughly weaned and went to cut himself a large piece of thin tracing paper. This he tacked down over the perspective of the cathedral. Long into the night he traced. The clock chimed twelve and he began to break the fourth commandment without knowing it—oblivious to everything as the church grew under his sure, rapid touch. He paid no attention to the ink lines the man with the beard had put on. It was only the lines that indicated the mass of the building, the position of the windows, and the character of the detail that he wanted.

There was not a sound in the long room—as dark and mysterious as a cathedral with its lone electric light—except for the occasional investigations of a little mouse in the corner. Then after an interminable while—so long that the little mouse had gone to bed and his relatives had ceased scratching behind the plaster—the tracing was finished. Murray looked through the east windows in surprise as he saw the first tinge of morning light. With a sigh of content he flung a lot of drawing-board covers over one of the long tables and, curling himself up with his coat as a pillow, was soon asleep.

On Sunday morning after breakfast he carried the big board on which he had stretched his paper (now as smooth and flat as a ballroom) into the little closet by the hall and put it on the pile of

drawings he had built the day before. Over the paper he laid a beautiful sheet of brown transfer paper and tacked on top of all his tracing of the church. In the morning he had hoped to be finished by noon; when noon came he hoped to be finished by three; at three before dark; and at dark by bedtime. As it was, it was a very late bedtime indeed when he finally stripped off the tracing and transfer paper, disclosing the perspective in stunning brown line ready to be rendered.

There was excitement in the office the next day, for the competition drawings were ready to go on white paper. Murray went the rounds to see the tracing-paper studies, most of which were now completed. There was a young fellow near him who was working on a sixteenth-scale section — easily the most charming drawing of the set. He had

only been out of college a year, but he had a feeling for detail that even the veterans held in respect. There had been no sketch for his drawing—they had simply given him the paper and said "Make a section," and he had done something creditable, as they had expected.

"It's merely a case of sticking to the style and taking your own wherever you find anything good enough," he told Murray. "You never worked on a competition, did you?"

Murray admitted the accusation.

"Well, it's exciting. We are all going to work here every night until after midnight for the next two weeks—until the competition goes in; and when we get it finished it will be something to be proud of. If it wasn't for the perspective I am sure we would win."

The man at the next table stopped in the midst of sharpening a pencil.



*"'Tear that thing up,' he ordered harshly."*

"What did you say about the perspective, Byrd?"

Byrd lighted a cigarette.

"I was just saying, Johnson, I don't believe in bringing men in from outside to do the rendering. That man is too professional. He has no feeling. I believe I could fuss up a drawing as well as he does."

"I think it looks like h—," began Johnson, but just then Parti stalked in.

That evening Murray worked behind closed doors in his little closet. For a fortnight he had known just how to render the perspective, so without waiting to puzzle it out he started to draw. In the next room he could hear them singing as they worked. The strains of a popular march floated across the still, summer night from the roof garden. Murray could see the maze of light and color over there and the white-shirted waiters moving among the tables. The boy's penscratched, scratched, scratched. Closer and closer to the horizon slid the moon; the orchestra at the roof garden put their horns in black cases and went away; in the next room, tired long ago of singing, they scarcely made a sound now.

The steeple clock boomed one.

Some one bawled for a clean towel. They began to sing again. Then there was a snapping of electric-light keys, the door banged, and they were gone. Murray sighed and pushed back his stool.

And from that time on every night he saw the dented moon, more and more behindhand, swing out from the top of his little window and slide down the sky until it finally dropped into a chimney. It was warm in his little den—so warm that one night he flung open the door in desperation to let a few of the ninety degrees float out into the hall. He could hear sighs in the next room. It was a still night; the heavy air hung listlessly about, immovable and stifling; the water in the cooler, long since innocent of ice, sizzled in its hot barrel,

untasted; the big windows, opened to the very last inch, breathed in the languid air from the roofs and bricks beneath them; the electric fan blew out its fuse and stood stupidly looking at them sweltering over their drawings until some one threw a board rest at it and flattened its wings against the wall. Murray heard the noise and went out of his bake-oven for a minute to peep into the room and cool off in the sweltering hall. Then, crawling back, he tied a towel about his head and went on.

He worked unceasingly at the drawing. He was faint from loss of sleep and too little to eat, aching from his long hours, but perfectly happy. He had struck his gait and he knew it.

But at last he awoke to the fact that he had only one more night before the competition went in. However, he knew he could finish.

Johnson came over to his table the next morning.

"Will you work to-night?" he asked.

Murray thought of his perspective.

"I'm afraid I can't," he said; "I've another——"

"Tut, tut," interrupted Johnson, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You can't go calling the night before a competition goes in. See here, Byrd, Murray says he has another date."

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Byrd. "You had better break that. It's for the good of the office, you know. It doesn't look right to back down."

Murray flushed.

"I'll work," he said.

"Come over and get busy, then," said Johnson; "there's plenty to do."

And Murray started to work on the competition in earnest, all the while thinking of his perspective waiting in the hall closet. His only hope was that they would send him home before midnight. But there were so many things to be done on the big plan that Murray saw he would have to stay nearly all night to finish his perspective afterwards.

The excitement as the competition



*"Johnson bent over the drawing eagerly."*

was thus drawing to a close was contagious. Every man in the office who could find a corner on a board was put to work, until the room looked like groups of flies around sugar-lumps. Even Mr. Parti took off his frock coat and, surrounding himself with a maze of water-color saucers, gave an exhibition of monotone rendering that opened the younger men's eyes. He was so engrossed with his work—dabbing away with his eyeglasses balanced on the hump of his nose and his dainty handkerchief smeared with India ink—that the clock struck seven before he had begun to think it was five.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch to see if anyone had moved the clock ahead. "Come to supper, everyone. Only shut the windows first. It's going to rain."

They all went to supper at the roof

garden, except the man with the Vandyke beard, who expected to finish the perspective in about ten minutes and would not be back again. Just as the twenty men had taken possession of the roof garden (which was a fair-weather resort) it started to rain. Waiters began rushing about gathering up tablecloths; the architects made a unanimous rush for the inside dining room; the musicians packed up and fled; chairs and tables blew over and huddled up against each other, while the rain beat and splashed furiously about them. Nothing could be heard but the solemn roar of the storm on the tin roof and the rush of the water as it coughed and sputtered in the downspouts. As they drank their unwholesome iced tea, the men congratulated themselves that they had shut down their windows.

"Although the Vandyke beard would

have shut them if we hadn't," volunteered some one.

When they left the restaurant the rain had stopped. They hurried along the wet pavements, Mr. Parti bringing up the rear in the midst of his famous story of the Grand Prix of '77.

"Look here!" exclaimed Byrd, as they entered the room.

The window by which the Vandyke beard had been working was wide open.

He rushed to the perspective in front of the window, followed by half a dozen others, and pulling off a sopping red cover disclosed a saturated drawing, hopelessly smeared with aniline dye. The water ran down from the board in an ugly red streak and splashed on the floor.

"Great God!" cried Byrd.

"Get a sponge," Johnson cried at last, "we must do something."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Parti, at his elbow.

The young man started—but before he could reply Parti had seen. Brushing him aside, he walked straight up to the drawing. His eyes were cold as steel; his lips tightened at the corners of his mouth. The men stood in a silent group, aghast at the big red spot before him. Suddenly the great man turned away.

"Tear that thing up," he ordered harshly.

"But shan't we try to clean it?"

"No. Tear it up. I'm going home." And turning on his heel Parti stalked out of the room. The men, holding their sponges and cloths, stared stupidly.

"Aren't the drawings of any use without the perspective?" asked Murray.

"No, you little fool," snapped Johnson. "Three months' work wasted."

Murray bolted from the draughting room and rushed into Parti's office. He was solemnly brushing his hat.

"I don't want to hear anything about it," he said. "Go back again."

"Mr. Parti, I——"

"Go back and burn it, I tell you."

"But, Mr. Parti, there is a way out of this," cried Murray.

The older man looked at him coldly.

"What?" he asked, with a note of contempt.

"I've drawn a perspective of the church myself."

Parti eyed him doubtfully.

"Well, well," he cried impatiently, "take me to it and be quick. I'm going home."

Murray, his heart thumping violently against his ribs, led the way through the staring, amazed draughting room to his little closet. He turned on the light and nervously pulled the cover from the drawing. Parti, who was irritably mopping his forehead in the stuffy room, started. He looked at the drawing, incredulous, while the beads of perspiration gathered and trickled down his face unmolested. For five minutes nothing was heard but the excited breathing of the man and the boy. Then Parti arose, upsetting the stool.

"Bless my soul!" he muttered.

"Johnson," he called.

"What do you think of that?" asked Parti, with the air of a man announcing the discovery of a new planet.

Johnson bent over the drawing eagerly. His eyes sparkled.

"You've quite excelled yourself, Mr. Parti," he burst out excitedly.

"I think I did," returned the older man dryly. "You can finish up the drawings now," he added to the men who had gathered round. "The boy has just presented me with a perspective I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for."

Murray, fiery red, shifted from one foot to another in a vain attempt to appear modest. Parti put a hand on his shoulder.

"I have hoped for twenty years that some day a celebrity would spring up in my office. And I'm proud of you."

With the great man's hand gripping his shoulder, Murray murmured something inappropriate and incoherent.

"Get my table ready," said Parti.



A SHOOTING STATION WITH TWO GUNS

## AT WAR WITH THE CLOUDS

BY WILLIAM G. FITZ GERALD

**T**HE vine-growers of Styria have reason to bless the name of Herr Albert Stiger, burgo-master of the little town of Windisch-Feistritz, who first conceived the idea of "warring with the clouds." For, as we shall see, his invention is a proved success recognized by the venerable Kaiser of the Dual Monarchy; and the system has spread far and wide into Hungary, Germany, Italy, and even fair France, whose champagne growers of Rheims have found in the hailcloud an enemy even more pitiless and destructive than the dread phylloxera. For not only will a hailstorm rob them of their precious

grapes, but it likewise maims the vines and impairs their productiveness for years.

In the lovely valleys of Styria the moment a local hail station gives notice that its delicate instruments presage a coming storm, over a hundred vertical cannons prepare to open fire upon the dread clouds as soon as they lower. Then thousands of shots are fired by these strange heaven-pointing guns, until at length the hailclouds are driven away by the mere concussion of the air to discharge their icy bolts upon waste places or to dissolve into gentle summer rain.

Noise and uproar have been employed to "frighten" away the demon of the storm since the dim days of Norse Odin.

The crashing and pealing of the church bells during a dangerous thunderstorm is as old as Christianity in Austria-Hungary; and as the ringers in the belfries were so frequently struck dead by lightning the Empress Maria Theresa, in 1750, issued a special decree prohibiting this altogether. The peasants were tenacious of their old customs, however—especially where the village possessed a “thunder bell”; and so forty years later we find the Emperor Joseph II confirming his mother’s decree. Yet in rural districts of Austria to-day you will hear the “thunder bells” during a storm; or you will hear the huge “weather horns” blown from the church tower on the hilltops of Styria, while the herdsmen set up a terrific howl, and the women rattle chains and beat together the lids of their milk pails to scare away the destructive spirit of the storm. For centuries the Austrian peasants have also *shot* at destructive clouds. But the act had no scientific motive. Consecrated guns, powder, and bullets were used, these last with a pious cross scratched upon them. In some districts horseshoe nails were fired from the guns; a different name being called out at each shot. If by chance it fitted the evil witch of the cloud, she fell dead—though none saw her remains. To make still more noise, the peasants shot through empty barrels or used small

mortars. Accidents were frequent, and the authorities interposed; but it was impossible to convince the country folk that shooting at the thunder clouds was of no avail. The peasants do at last appear justified when they see the Imperial Government, as well as local authorities subsidizing guns and fortresses in every direction, selling powder at cost or giving it away, remitting taxes in energetic cloud-fighting valleys, and generally coming round to *their* way of thinking!



LOADING A CLOUD CANNON

Authorities differ about the origin and formation of hail. Some point to the fact that shortly before a hailstorm the clouds are heavily charged with electricity; therefore, they argue, it must be this mysterious force which forms the destructive ice fragments. On the other hand, Professor Bombioi, of Bologna University, thinks the water drops freeze at very high alti-

tudes, then meet and freeze with themselves other drops on their way down to earth, and so form a hailstorm.

The hailshooters say the discharge of their guns prevents the formation of hail altogether. Their theory is that the aerial concussion decreases the electric tension in the air, so that in the first instance each water drop freezes singly and does not unite with others. Then, as the ice drops from the coldest air strata find no water drops in the lower regions with which they can join, they



melt and drop "as the gentle rain from heaven."

Herr Albert Stiger, the burgo-master of the Styrian town of Windisch-Feistritz, was the first man to cannonade the hail-laden clouds with scientific intent. From 1860 to 1890 it hailed more or less disastrously every summer at Windisch-Feistritz, so that the vineyard proprietors were in despair. They worked hard, only to see their season's profits destroyed in ten minutes. The rates demanded by the hail insurance companies for that region finally grew prohibitive. The vine-growers—Herr Stiger among them—faced absolute ruin.



THE AIR RING OR VORTEX



A STATION IN ACTION

In 1895 came an unusually violent hail-storm that simply annihilated the hardy American vines which the burgo-master had imported at heavy expense. "I will give up vine-culture," he said sadly, "and sell my ancestral land."

But he tried again. Once more he planted American vines, and then racked his brain by day and night for means of protecting them. At one time he resolved to cover the vineyards with wire netting of small mesh. But he found this too costly for all his acres. Now there was not a man in all the Dual Monarchy who had studied hailstorms so closely as the intelligent burgo-master of Windisch-Feistritz. He had long observed that before the storm broke, the air was strangely still for several seconds—for minutes, even. "This stillness," Herr Stiger argued, "must be most important for the formation of hail; therefore, if only it could be broken up—!" Forthwith he set upon the neighboring heights, about half a mile apart, a number of *poeller*, or small mortars, such as are used by local shooting clubs in the Styrian valleys on festive occasions.



A TEST: THE AIR RING APPROACHING THE FIRST POLE

It was on June 4, 1896, that he had his first opportunity of testing the germ of a scientific invention. A heavy thunderstorm brooded over the lovely valley. Stiger and the few friends who believed in him manned the *poeller*, and soon the hillsides gave back roaring echoes of a cannonade of the clouds.

The result was astonishing. All around, out of range of the concussion set up by the mortars, hail fell fiercely and did great damage; but over Herr Stiger's fields and vineyards, and also over the little town of Windisch-Feistritz, nothing fell but a shower of shining summer rain!

The burgomaster did not lack converts. He himself shot and fought the clouds no fewer than forty times that year. Meanwhile he was constantly improving his "artillery," that he might produce yet greater concussions in the upper air.

"At first," the burgomaster told me, "I used simple little conical cast-iron mortars, thirty centimeters long. These I loaded with about one hundred grams of powder, well rammed, and set off by means of a slow match. As some of the mortars burst, I had others made to my own design of wrought iron and steel, capable of taking without danger a far larger charge."

In order still further to multiply the effects of the explosion, Herr Stiger fitted his mortars with high funnel-shaped pipes, using for this purpose the smokestacks of worn-out railroad engines of the state lines. These he got free of charge, for all classes were interested in fighting the storms.

At this period Stiger's apparatus was constructed as follows: At a spot very carefully chosen for "strategic" reasons, a strong block of oak was driven into the ground, above which only three or four

feet of it protruded. This block was hollowed out so that the mortar could be slipped exactly under the lower opening; and then when the funnel vent of this strange-looking cannon was screwed on, all was ready for the aerial enemy. Naturally, frequent use and unvarying success brought vast improvements in this artillery. At this day many of the most important iron foundries of Austria regularly make hail-shooting ordnance.

A very important improvement recently introduced into the hail-shooting guns, is a steel ring about five inches wide, welded inside the vertical tube, or funnel, near its muzzle. This contrivance acts very much as the rifling of a gun. Its presence causes the air in the big funnel, compressed by the sudden expansion of the gases of the exploding powder, to be driven through the ring with enormous force, so that it ascends to immense heights like an invisible rocket, and

violently agitates the upper air where the hail is formed. After a discharge of one of these late-pattern cloud cannons, I have heard the rushing, screaming whistle of the tremendously violent ascent for fully twenty seconds.

One experiment, conducted by soldiers of the Imperial army with a regulation war balloon, showed that the concussion and aerial agitation were perceptible at heights even beyond 3,000 feet.

The stage when the cannons were erected without protection in the battlefield soon passed, and Herr Stiger recommended the construction of huts of various sizes, according to the number of the guns mounted. In this way the powder was kept dry, and shooting might be continued, even during the heaviest downpour of rain. It was, of course, the mortar that needed protection; the barrel of the cloud-fighting gun stuck out chimney-wise through the roof. At certain important strategic



A TEST: THE AIR RING HAS PASSED THE FIRST POLE

points, these huts may now be seen with two, three, and even four guns. They are planned precisely as fortresses. Their location is matter for much thought and generalship. They are manned by officers, artillerymen, and signalists. Great judgment and experience are necessary; and it is a vast mistake to suppose that the systematic and scientific firing at hail-laden clouds in this way is no more difficult than aiming a rifle at a haystack.

"To begin firing at precisely the right moment," the inventor tells me, "is of vast importance. The bombardment can only be effective if it breaks up the ominous calm preceding the storm, when the hail is about to form. Once the frozen masses have actually come into being, shooting is of little use."

A waste of ammunition is avoided by not beginning the battle merely when the dark squadrons of the aerial enemy appear, but rather when the magnetic needle in the telegraph office at Windisch-Feistritz indicates by its agitation the presence of great electric tension in the air.

When this disturbance is noted the central hail-shooting station fires a sharp warning shot, and men come hurrying to man the guns. At their posts, they await the signal, and soon the green walls of the valleys, the tiers of mountain shoulders and peaceful rocky dells, echo and reëcho the roar of artillery—often at the same time the artillery of heaven and earth together.

Every year sees hundreds and thousands of tons of powder shot off at menacing clouds between the Savoyard Alps and the smiling Campagna Felice, and from thence to the orange and lemon groves of Messina and Palermo. And the custom is fast spreading. In many provinces of Austria, the landowners, especially village communities, receive subventions or bounties from the Provincial Government. These small hamlets early saw that union and system were imperatively necessary. Therefore

they banded themselves into groups each commanded by a kind of "general officer" whose duty it is to see that the guns are ready and the powder dry. Let the enemy take the countryside by surprise rout and ruin follow inevitably in a few minutes. For each hail-shooting gun a community mounts, the Government allows a bounty of twenty dollars, and, moreover, permits powder to be obtained from the Ministry of War at an extremely low rate per hundredweight.

Furthermore, the Provincial Governments now take a hand in the instruction of the artillerists, while it is only natural that communities dotted with "forts" should get very easy terms from the Insurance Companies of Graz and Vienna.

When the mayors of a group of villages decide to introduce the guns in common, the first thing to do is to decide where they shall be set up. Their distance is usually fixed at half a mile apart, as it was and is at the parent station in Windisch-Feistritz. In narrow valleys, where the hail does most damage, the stations are placed on high plateaux, whence the concussion of the air may be sent very high into the clouds. The "general's" fort, too, is high up the hillside, so that he may observe the maneuvers of his subordinates in other huts and instruct them by signal.

The construction of the huts is not uniform. They are generally of rough timber and divided into two sections. The larger compartment is occupied by the artilleryman, with his reserve store of powder, spare mortars, etc., while the smaller division contains the gun itself. This shooting is very seldom (there are exceptions, however, rendered necessary by the known vagaries of the storm) conducted near buildings or in village streets, so that accidents are extremely rare.

At present the firm of Carl Greinitz Neffen, of St. Katharein, in Styria, is most favored by the communities of Austria and Hungary, as he makes a



FACTORY AND PROVING GROUNDS, ST. KATHAREIN, STYRIA

new type of cloud-fighting gun, said to be the least dangerous of any, seldom or never bursting, easy to load, and yet producing tremendous agitation and concussion far higher up in the air than any type built. These guns cost more, but then fewer of them are required. Each one is tested both vertically and horizontally before it leaves the works. At St. Katharein many experimental forts have been set up, and not a day passes but tests are made with new guns, different charges, angles, new targets, and the like. The most important of these tests have to be made horizontally, as with any other cannon, and an expert is always on the spot noting results through his field glasses, and working out mathematical problems.

The gun is aimed not at the targets, but at a point as far away from them as is consistent with their feeling the air concussion and so collapsing. Often one may see the great air ring ejected with terrific velocity from the muzzle of the gun, and also hear it whistling

shrilly up the valley. To be struck by that air ring means death, such is the force with which it is ejected by the powder charge.

The ring in the barrel that suddenly narrows the rush of air as it leaves the muzzle, is now made smaller than ever, while the huge funnel is twelve feet long. Also in the Austrian hail-shooting forts of to-day, the old slow matches have given place to friction matches which make rapid firing easy. No sooner is one shot fired, than the used mortar is quickly replaced by another. Six mortars are kept in reserve in the storeroom so that it is easy to allow of cooling. The artilleryman, too, is provided with from fifty to sixty glasses, each containing 180 grams of powerful Austrian service powder. In this way no time need be lost weighing out powder in the heat and fury of battle, when every moment saved may mean a great property wrested from destruction. Last of all there is a powder chest with a final reserve of 100 pounds or more of powder.

All this organization may convey an idea of great expense. Such is not the case. The work is conducted with the wonderful economy everywhere noticeable in the Austrian public service. The entire cost of the average cloud-shooting fort does not reach \$100. To this, however, one must add the cost of powder, a very trifling one, and the artilleryman's wage. All kinds of men enlist as "soldiers," and many become valuable advisers and experts in other districts after a few seasons' experience. They are paid either by the season, or so much for each "battle" with the hailclouds.

Altogether the total cost, *personnel* and *matériel* alike, averages about \$30 per season for each fortress; and this, be it borne in mind, will afford absolute protection to a valuable vineyard one hundred hectares in extent. The expense is met in the first instance by the landowners and local rates, but the bounties minimize these levies.

Many districts provide themselves (especially if their land produce grapes used for costly wines) with watchtowers or stations for signaling the approach of these storms. Here are installed, under the direction of a competent electrician, wonderfully delicate instruments, sensitive enough to give ample warning of increasing electric tension in the air. Other districts rely upon the instruments in the local telegraph office—just as Herr Stiger himself does at Windisch-Feistritz.

In remote and poor regions, where neither of these electrical warnings prompt the gunners, the onus of firing the first shot, and that at the proper moment, falls upon the local "general." His men in the minor stations of the chain follow him, firing perhaps two

shots a minute until the storm has passed away and the clouds been dispersed.

A special flag, flung out from the "general's" own fort is the signal to "cease fire."

As accidents through scared horses are not unknown, the forts run out red flags by day and red lights by night that drivers may be warned in due time. A night bombardment of the heavens is a truly diabolical spectacle with columns of fire, detonations of guns and thunder, multiplied a hundredfold by the rocky slopes and wooded hills, and unearthly screaming of the uprushing air from the big vertical guns. During a long thunderstorm each fort may fire one hundred shots (the average is not much more than fifty); and in one day a group of threatened villages may blaze away Government powder in thousands of kilograms.

There is "system" everywhere, now that Herr Stiger's idea is universally adopted. Every fort, whether mounting one gun or three, contains a "Book of Records." In this is entered the number of shots fired, the date, conditions prevalent, and many remarks and observations. In this way data above all price are being accumulated for the Government records.

The Imperial Government of Austria-Hungary still considers it premature to state positively that the gunners have the best of it, absolutely and every time. This much, however, is established beyond controversy: That in districts where terrible damage and havoc were wrought by hail every year in cornfield, orchard, and vineyard, there have been no such disastrous storms, or their effect has been insignificant, since the introduction of these "fortresses."





## The Derelict

By James Barnes.

**B**ound for the Haven of Nowhere  
Hailing from Ports forgot  
**F**eared and Hated - an Outcast  
Craving a resting spot.  
**S**leams there no light or beacon  
**L**ooms there no friendly Land  
**T**he Soul that was mine died in me  
For lack of a guiding hand.  
**H**opeless I see the Sunrise  
Groaning I greet each day  
**A**imless I grope and falter  
Into the Beaten Way!

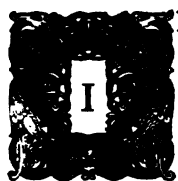
**G**ive me a blow in the darkness  
**S**ink me deep, deep, in the sea  
**P**ut me to sleep forever  
**O**ut of this misery!  
**A**dieu! I watch my Brethren  
Turn from me, passing by,  
**C**ursing me long for living!  
Vainly I wish to die!  
**L**ord of the Storm and Tempest  
**S**trike me the welcome blow  
**G**rant me a grave in the coral  
**A**rest in the sands below!





# THE TAX WE PAY TO INSECTS

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD



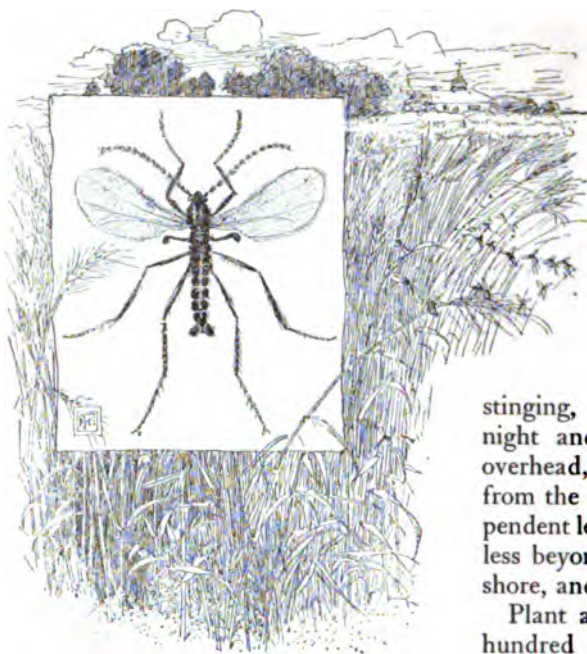
If the destructive insects of the world were to increase tenfold in any one year the human race would go out of existence.

It is not likely that such an increase in the fly and bug population will ever take place, but the hypothesis is interesting nevertheless as an impressive illustration of the tribute levied upon mankind by the worms and the weevils and their many unholy relations; for to say that their numbers need be multiplied only ten times in order to famish the earth is but another way of presenting the fact that under present normal conditions they are exacting an annual tax of ten per cent upon our food. Stated thus it may mean very little or it may mean a great deal. A bald statement of percentage is without significance or dramatic effect until we know with what quantities we are dealing. To declare simply that the insects destroy each year one-tenth of everything we sow or raise does not signify until we calculate the amount and value of our food products. Only then do we realize that this one-tenth means an annual loss to the people of the United States of more than \$800,000,000.

This is the value of the produce that is deliberately seized upon and destroyed year after year by the insect marauders of this invincible republic. If the assessment this represents were levied in the form of a poll tax it would cost every voter of the United States something like

fifty dollars a year. But however it may be divided or distributed, this approximate billion dollars is a tax which the nation is obliged to pay each year to the grasshoppers and the bugs and the worms. To support these predatory insects costs us more than it does to support the entire United States Government, and this, be it remembered, includes not only the army and the navy, but a patriotic band of a million pensioners besides.

As in the days of Moses every tiller of the soil was called upon to contribute one-tenth of his produce to the Levites, so to-day the farmers of America pay their tithes to the insects—the Levites of the field. Following in the footsteps of the bonded Israelites the field workers of other nations, through many succeeding generations and dynasties, gave of their crops the traditional one-tenth, in order that the parasites of society might live and prosper. But in time they grew rebelliously sick of this unworthy taxation and cast it from them; yet although the American farmer, in this his heyday of liberty and enlightenment, is beholden to no one save of his own choosing, he is powerless to escape the yearly tithe that the insects, these Levites of the field, demand of him with insatiable persistence and with the always accompanying menace of increased tribute. And would we know what this tithe, this one-tenth, means in terms of land—what it means for the farmer to give up one acre in ten for the purpose of meeting this tax—let us but bear in mind that ten



#### THE HESSIAN FLY

He exacts yearly Fifty Million bushels of wheat equivalent to more than Two Billion loaves of bread.

per cent of the total farm lands of the United States, not including those devoted to live stock, amounts to nothing less than fifty million acres.

Fifty million acres is equal to the combined area of all the New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, and the District of Columbia thrown in. If planted in grain, fruits, and vegetables this area would be more than sufficient to supply ten million families. All of the wheat produced in the United States, which is not only enough to give our eighty million people their daily bread, but helps also to feed the hungry mortals of other lands to the extent of several million barrels of flour a year, is raised on a total area of only a little over fifty million acres. In other and more impressive words, our insects destroy the yield of as much land as is required for the growing of our entire wheat crop.

And what are these insects, these pests, these ravagers, these enemies of the race that lay us under bondage and hold

before us the constant threat of starvation? Their name is legion. Their kinds and varieties are without number—crawling things and flying things and things that hop and jump; flies and worms, moths and bugs and beetles and maggots, lice, midges, grubs, and ants and weevils, a varied and myriad host of pillagers and despoilers, biting, boring, stinging, and devouring; attacking by night and by day, underground and overhead, openly and stealthily, and from the ambush of fruit and bark and pendent leaves. Their number is countless beyond the proverbial sands of the shore, and their presence is everywhere.

Plant a potato crop in virgin soil, a hundred miles—a thousand miles—from any other potato field, and lo! there is the potato bug. Set out an apple orchard, and when the trees are ready to bear, behold! the codling moth is lying in wait to lay its eggs upon the fruit. There is not a single product of the earth designed for man's food that is not without its special insect enemies. And lest the tithe demanded by these Levites of the field should not be forthcoming, care is taken that every growing thing shall have not merely one collector of taxes—not merely one kind of insect to prey upon it—but a dozen or a score or a hundred as the nature of the food may require.

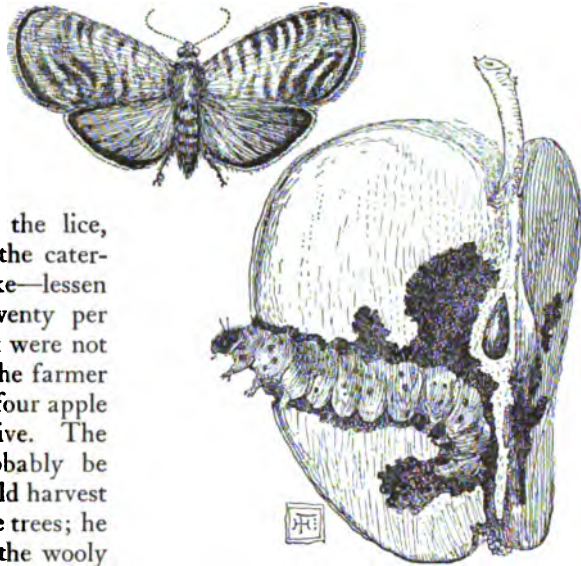
There is perhaps no product that is levied upon so rapaciously and so numerously as the apple. More than two hundred different kinds of insects are constantly at work upon it. They attack it from all points—the roots, the trunk, the bark, the stems, the leaves, the blossoms, the fruit. The woolly aphis is the leader of the attack on the roots; canker worms and caterpillars set the pace for depredations on the foliage, while the codling moth is captain of the fruit raiders; and why the lot of them to-

gether do not devour the entire apple crop—trees, fruit, and all—is a mystery for whose existence we should be devoutly grateful.

Those affecting the health and the vigor of the tree itself—the aphids, the borers, the lice, the worms, the scale insects, the caterpillars, and the rest of their like—lessen its productiveness nearly twenty per cent; which is to say that if it were not for these rascally plunderers the farmer would get as much fruit from four apple trees as he now gets from five. The farmer, however, would probably be more than contented if he could harvest the present fruitage of the five trees; he would willingly put up with the woolly aphid and the canker worm and the rest of the gang, if he could but rid himself of the codling moth.

The codling moth is the insect that levies on the fruit itself. It is not the only one. The apple maggot and the curculio and a score of lesser lights follow its example more or less industriously; but it so far outranks the others in the extent of its depredations that it is naturally looked upon as the chief offender. The larva which hatches from each of the eggs laid by the moth resembles a small white worm, and this is the creature that works the mischief by burrowing into the fruit and thus either ruins it or renders it unfit for marketing. It is this puny worm, this dab of mushy whiteness, scarcely the sixteenth of an inch in length when it makes its appearance upon the globe, that constitutes the unit of a destructive force which each year causes a loss of food valued at no less than \$12,000,000.

Fully 30,000,000 bushels of apples are annually spoiled or made unmarketable by this one insect, the codling moth; and when we take into account the cost of fighting this pest its tax upon the country is vastly increased. Practically all commercial apple orchards are sprayed with

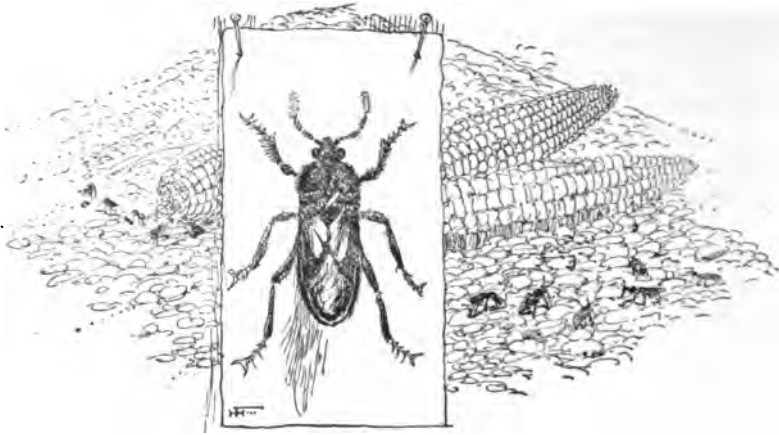


THE CODLING MOTH AND LARVA

This pest consumes over Twenty Million Dollars' worth of apples a year.

poison every spring for the purpose of checking the ravages of the codling moth. This operation involves an expense averaging five cents a tree. A nickel for each apple tree may not seem worthy of mention as an investment, but multiply it by 165,000,000—the number of trees that are annually treated to a dose of arsenic—and the resulting \$8,250,000 is no small item to be tacked on to an already existing bill of \$12,000,000 for spoiled apples.

Such a tax as this upon the apple crop is necessarily a matter of economic importance; but of more vital significance is the loss occasioned by the insects that prey upon our wheat. As in the case of the apple, there are several hundred different kinds of these creatures that attack the growing grain, though the chief work of destruction is in charge of less than half a dozen species. Straw worms, bulb worms, army worms, and cutworms, and sawflies of various sorts and dispositions, not to mention locusts and grasshoppers, are quite bad enough and are capable of working a deal of mis-



### THE CHINCH BUG

He collects an annual tax of more than a Hundred Million Dollars' worth of grain.

chief in the course of a season; but it is the Hessian fly, the chinch bug, and the plant louse that hold the record for destructiveness and possess the ability, if so minded, to eat up the entire wheat crop.

The Hessian fly alone has no trouble in destroying 50,000,000 bushels of wheat in a season, and this is his average record. This is equivalent to about a million tons of flour, or enough to make over two billion loaves of bread—twenty-five apiece for every man, woman, and child in the United States. A full-grown Hessian fly is about an eighth of an inch long and looks very thin and delicate. It is much more ravenous some years than others, and will often single out certain sections of the country for particularly heavy onslaughts. About five years ago, for example, it selected Ohio and Indiana for a special invasion, and as a consequence the farmers of those two States found it next to impossible to raise wheat at all. Of the area normally devoted to the growing of wheat more than two and a half million acres were abandoned and planted in other crops. This represented more than half of the usual wheat area, and of the grain that was raised on the remaining acreage the Hessian fly helped itself to about twenty-five million bush-

els, or two-thirds of the entire remaining crop. As the result of this one season's special activity it caused a loss in these two States alone of \$24,000,000. Its record for the entire country that year was over \$100,000,000. This exhibition of its capabilities warrants the prayerful hope on the part of every bread-loving American that the Hessian fly will never take into its fragile head the notion of making a special raid on the whole country in any one year.

This abominable creature is a legacy from King George III. He sent it over here in the straw that accompanied his dirty Hessian troops, and since that time it has been steadily at work levying a retributive tax upon the American nation for its rebellion against the motherland. In one year we will give up to this tax collector as much money as it cost us to gain our independence. The cash represented in the losses caused by twelve months' work on the part of the Hessian fly is sufficient to have paid the entire cost of our eight years' war with Great Britain—a source of grim satisfaction, no doubt, to the shade of the wily King George.

Then there is the chinch bug. It is twice as big as the Hessian fly and four times more villainous. The entomologists say that no other injurious insect

causes anything like the damage that is chargeable to this pest. Let us be thankful, therefore, that the chinch bug is fond of corn and oats and several other things besides wheat; otherwise we would not have any wheat. Of the hundred million dollars' worth of food that this arch despoiler ruins in one year (and this is merely his minimum record, expressed in round numbers) probably not more than one-fifth of it is wheat. That, however, is more than enough; and when we figure up the damage done by the plant lice and the host of lesser wheat ravagers, in addition to the work of the Hessian fly, and add this sum to the results attained by the pillagers of other grains, we come upon the disquieting knowledge that we permit the insects of the United States to rob us annually of some two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of cereals.

Nor does this tell the whole story. This is merely the tax we pay to the insects of the field. After we have gratefully gathered in the crops they have spared us we find ourselves at the mercy of another lot of grafters—the worms and the weevils that feed upon the stored grain. Their specialty is corn; and the amount of corn they can eat without showing anything in return for it is certainly remarkable. Before the corn gets out of the field the chinch bugs and the billbugs, the ear worms, the cutworms,

the wireworms, the army worms, and the root worms, the stalk borers and the locusts and the grasshoppers and the lice and some fifty other kinds of robbers have helped themselves to about 250,000,000 bushels. After the crop is harvested the granary weevils and the fly weevils, the snout beetles, the saw-tooth beetles and the square-necked beetles and the wolf moth—in short, a whole tribe of granary pests fall to and do the best they can to beat the record of their field competitors. This they actually succeed in accomplishing in some sections of the country. In Texas, for instance, nearly fifty per cent of the corn harvest of the State is sometimes destroyed by weevils. The Southern States are particularly subject to the attacks of these granary insects, and the loss to stored corn in that part of the country alone amounts each year to something like \$20,000,000. And what is true of corn applies in only slightly diminished proportions to all other cereals and meal; the total quantity annually destroyed in the United States amounting in value to nothing less than \$100,000,000.

As with apples and grains, so it is with all other food products. There is not one of them exempt from insect taxation. More than \$50,000,000 a year is levied on vegetables; \$35,000,000 on fruits; \$5,000,000 on sugar, and over \$50,000,-



THE OX WARBLE

He makes away with Forty Million Dollars' worth of cattle a year.

ooo on hay, the sustainer of our cattle and horses. Nor is this taxation confined alone to food products. Cotton, tobacco, lumber—in fact, every growing thing needful for the maintenance or comfort of mankind is levied upon for its tithe.

The bollworm and the boll weevil look after the cotton. The weevil is the chief offender. It will destroy in one season as much as twenty million dollars' worth of cotton, and does not hesitate, when given an opportunity, to leave the disheartened planter a mere forty per cent of his crop. The bollworm supplements the work of the weevil to the extent of an additional twelve million dollars' worth; and what these two grafters fail to get, the leaf worm and a band of petty thieves appropriate to themselves, with a net result to the profit of the gang of ten per cent of the total cotton crop. This tithe in 1904 amounted to about 600,000,000 pounds, at a market value of over \$60,000,000.

In the case of tobacco the insects levy an annual tribute of some 85,000,000 pounds; helping themselves indiscriminately to smoking and chewing varieties and paying but little attention to grades. Wood, timber, and forest products generally—nuts, fruit, bark, etc.—are held under contribution by beetles, borers, ants, bees, weevils, and various other despoilers, and through their combined efforts they succeed each year in ruining or rendering unfit enough

building lumber to house a dozen cities, and upon the whole destroy needful material to the value of \$100,000,000.

Not content with laying tribute upon the produce of the fields and the forest, these insect enemies of the human family must needs go farther and demand their tithe of the cattle and other animals necessary for man's food and

service. And so the ox warble, or bot-fly, gets after the cattle and is not satisfied until it has driven thousands of animals to death with its tormenting attacks and lessened the value of the hides and the beef of multitudes of others through its grubby methods of warfare. By the end of each year it may credit itself with having added to the financial burdens of the American consumer an item of about \$40,-

000,000 to meet the losses produced by its pestiferous industry. Gnats, gadflies, ticks, lice, worms, and a crowd of other noisome pests are coworkers with the ox warble, and include horses, sheep, cows, pigs, and goats in their booty. One hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year is a fair estimate of what these animal parasites demand as their tribute, and the ranchmen and the farmers are forced to deliver it through sacrifice of their stock and depreciation of animal products.

And while these insects are demanding and receiving without hindrance or comment their annual tribute of nearly two hundred million dollars, the good



THE BOLLWORM

This humble worm cleans up a neat Twelve Million Dollars' worth of cotton yearly.



people of America are crying out in hysterical wrath against trusts. Let some one devise a means of destroying the ox warble (and who shall say it may not be accomplished if there be brought to the task but one-tenth the amount of money, energy, power, and determination now being expended against the beef trust?), and with the extermination of this one insect the people of America would be rid of a far more dreadful, more expensive, and more dangerous foe than that which lurks in the fancied hideousness of a mere human corporation.

The scope of these remarks on the taxes we pay to insects does not extend to a consideration of mosquitoes, house flies, and such other creatures as are carriers of human diseases and whose work in this field of spoliation, through sickness and death, involves an almost incalculable cost to the human race; nor does it take account of roaches and ants and moths and other household pests, which are not only an item of expense by

reason of their destructiveness, but which involve a total outlay of millions of dollars in the purchase of poisons, traps, and screens.

There is something essentially humbling—even humiliating—in a realization of our enforced annual tribute to the bugs and the worms.

Let there be but a temporary cessation of but one of the several conditions that now act as checks upon the unlimited propagation of destructive insects, and the living world would be consumed. When we peep beneath the cover of nature's mechanism and behold how delicately

adjusted is the equilibrium of forces that maintains the human race upon the planet, and how infinitely slight need be the quiver of this balance to destroy our tremulous foothold in the universe, we turn back with chastened pride and meekly go our way, rejoicing that we are here at all and are permitted the privilege of living among the insects at so small a cost.



THE BOLL WEEVIL

His assessment is more than Twenty Million Dollars' worth of cotton per annum.



THE GRANARY WEEVIL

With others he mulcts stored grain and meal a Hundred Million Dollars' worth per annum.

# JAPAN:

## OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

BY HAROLD BOLCE

### I. JAPAN'S IMPENDING DOMINANCE OF THE PACIFIC \*



LIKE Balboa, Japan with flag held high has waded into the Pacific. The contest for actual commercial mastery of that sea promises to be prolonged, and the ultimate victories will be no less renowned than the peace which the President made possible. But the covenant will doubtless prove a greater blessing to Japan than to us. It may be a humane thing to send the broken armies of the Czar back to the sobered cities of Moscow and St. Petersburg. It is a far different thing to clear the way for competitive Japan to invade the markets of the Pacific, and the world.

With the recall of its forces from Manchuria, the concentration of its ingenious and virile masses upon every line of modern industry, and the return of its merchantmen, which have been serving as naval conscripts, to the channels of commerce, greater Japan launches itself upon a new world campaign which promises to eclipse even its triumphant conflict with the Russian Empire. For many years, far-seeing

statesmen and traffic managers in America have been emphasizing Seward's prophecy that the Pacific Ocean was to be the scene of a commerce greater than that borne upon the Atlantic. And while we dreamed dreams, the Sunrise Kingdom was capturing the trade. In 1903 Japan had upon the Pacific more than 1,000 steamships of modern construction whose combined tonnage exceeded that of our entire merchant marine engaged in foreign trade.

No nation ever needed foreign trade more desperately than Japan does. America in its continental prosperity can afford perhaps for a time to stand pat and let the opportunities oversea pass by; but Japan to be great must traffic with the nations. It is impossible to comprehend the needs of Japan's maritime expansion without keeping in mind the littleness of its area. Its hara, or plains, from which the main support of the empire is derived, if assembled into one prairie would make a field about half the size of some of the counties in American States. For example, all the level land of all the islands of Japan comprises an area of 2,895 square miles,

\* This is the first of a most important series of articles on the future of our commerce with the Orient in the light of the new era which begins for Japan with the conclusion of her war with Russia. The series has been specially prepared by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Treasury Department, Washington, from information gathered by him during a recent trip to China and Japan, taken specially for this magazine.—The Editor.



whereas the single county of Okanogan in the State of Washington boasts 4,300 square miles, and is but one of the many rolling grass areas of that commonwealth. From its "postage-stamp" farms Japan's 45,000,000 inhabitants, increasing at the rate of half a million per annum, have crowded up the mountainsides and even dwell precariously within the rims of craters.

It is impossible for Japan to go farther inland. In all the empire you cannot get 100 miles from the sea! The future of Japan lies beyond its own shore lines, and its ambition is as wide as the world. Not only are its valleys diminutive and its mountains inhospitable and dangerous, but the thin soil of the empire has been exhausted by two thousand years of tillage. Only by the prodigal use of fertilizers, whose manufacture is one of the leading industries of the nation, are the incredible harvests made possible. In constant need of revenue, Japan levies a duty, ranging as high in some instances as 150 per cent *ad valorem*, upon nearly every commodity entering the empire, but animal bone ash for the replenishment of its worn-out plains it admits free. Yet if all the outer world were a boneyard, the supply applied to the narrow and depleted fields of Japan would not keep from starvation the ultimate millions of that country. Moreover, monsoons add to the uncertainty of harvests in those islands. To keep them from being blown up by the roots, the Japanese with patient art trellis their fruit trees upon overhead latticework. A farmer in Japan can walk across the top of his orchard.

To the masses of Japan who thus struggle against wind and earthquakes and volcanoes, who till with matchless diligence narrow and infertile plains which in America would be sold for taxes or classed with abandoned farms, and who look upon an acre of their poor land as we regard a plantation, the continent of Asia, the great islands of

Oceanica, and the fields of our Pacific slope loom large and alluring. It is not to be wondered that the merchant princes of Japan have already taken possession of the commerce of Korea; that Japanese drummers, credit agencies, and importers have begun to revolutionize the trade of Asia; that they are slipping into our open door in the Philippines; that the Hawaiian Islands have become a virtual Japanese colony; and that the coolies of the empire are swarming in increasing thousands into the orchards and cities of California.

Such was the wide activity and success of Japan upon the Pacific even before the war. No one now questions Japan's might as a military power. It is equally formidable as a trading and colonizing nation. Unless some great need or sense of danger awakens the American people, Japan within a decade will probably be the commercial master of the Pacific. We cherish the delusion that the expansion of Japan means a great trade in the Orient for America. Temporarily the war gave a marked stimulus to our exports to the Sunrise Kingdom, but the record of our shipments of manufactures to that empire before the conflict with Russia indicates that Japan in normal periods of industry is determined to shut out finished products and purchase only raw supplies. It is a manufacturing nation, and is in the same line of business that we are. The five thousand factory whistles of Osaka will not long salute the arrival of competitive goods from the United States.

In these articles I have tried to make clear the valuelessness of statistics unless they are used comparatively. Any strenuous American, for example, can lift a hundred pounds, but it would be foolish to brag of such an exploit when the record shows that Thomas Jefferson and other strong men have lifted a thousand. There has been much said of our exports to Japan. Before the war all our manufactures sold to that country amounted to a little more than nine

million dollars annually, and of that paltry total more than five million consisted of mineral oil.\* Manufacturing America produces more than five million dollars' worth of wares every working hour of the day! That is more than all the factory goods, exclusive of kerosene, shipped to the Sunrise Kingdom in either 1902 or 1903. National boasting of so insignificant a trade is obviously absurd. If all our shipments of strictly factory goods to Japan had been lost in the Pacific in either of these years, it would have been no more significant than the closing of the factories of the United States one hour earlier than usual in any one day of the whole twelve months.

If in any measure the fullness of the American dinner pail is to depend upon our invasion of foreign markets with our surplus wares, we must find some more promising field than Japan. Up to the present our oversea exports of manufactures to all the nations is but a drop in the American bucket! At the rate of last year's traffic with the world it will take us seventy years to ship across the seas as great a volume of factory wares as we manufacture and consume annually at home.

Last year we exported in ships to all countries two hundred and thirteen million dollars' worth of factory goods, exclusive of kerosene and copper. That sum divided per capita among the inhabitants of the United States would not quite pay for one twenty-five-cent meal a month! Such is the paltriness of the

oversea trade in finished products which has filled the American mind with delusion and pride. For several months I have been calling to the attention of the readers of this magazine and the United States Government to the fact that we are losing ground in Europe, that the great field of South America is being harvested by our rivals, and that to all the islands of Oceanica, some of them continental in size, we export less than our ~~own~~ Philippines purchase from our competitors. One thing that has served to minimize the startling revelation of America's world-wide defeat as an exporter of finished products has been the care-free optimism that in the awakening of Asia there was abundant promise of a great trade destiny abroad for the United States.

To secure that mighty commerce we are building the Panama Canal. That waterway, in our sanguine fancy, is to be the path, Hawaii the halfway station, and the Philippines the stepping-stone to the Open Door. But to-day we are confronted across the Pacific with a nation, let loose from war, needing the commerce of Asia more than we do, and infinitely better equipped to secure it. Japan has its ships on the sea and its samples and drummers in the field. It is not only prepared and determined to dominate the rich markets of Cathay, which for centuries have lured the adventurous traders of all lands, but it is already actually defeating America in exploiting that kingdom. Even in the year before the war Japan's exports of merchandise to China were greater than our own.

#### THE MONROE DOCTRINE OF JAPAN

By the Treaty of Westminster Japan has built a wall around Mongolian Asia. With the backing of Great Britain the Sunrise Kingdom will police the Far East from Persia to the Pacific. The thing which no nation may attack without encountering Japan and its powerful ally

\* The official record shows that our exports to Japan in normal periods of its competitive activity were not only insignificant but declining at a rapid rate. Up to the war, the only American manufacture that was holding its own in Japanese markets was petroleum. Other manufactures had fallen off as follows: \$1,000,000 in 1901, and \$4,000,000 each in the two subsequent years, making an aggregate decline of \$9,000,000 in the three years just prior to the conflict with Russia. In 1900, the greatest year of our Japanese trade, up to war times, the total revenue from factory goods, aside from kerosene, shipped from the United States to Japan amounted to only \$8,000,000. Distributed among the American people, that would amount to only ten cents per capita, and but a certain per cent of that would represent profit.

is the *status quo*. In substance, it is a new Monroe Doctrine applied by victorious Japan to the Orient. Behind that barrier Japan will become the hegemon of Asia. It has announced that the trade of the Orient will be open to all. In reality there are no open doors there. That is one of the polite phrases of diplomacy. China, like its island leader, has a high tariff, and many of its schedules were prepared by economic experts from Japan. Moreover, the passage of our cargoes through Chinese ports would be futile if railways owned by a hostile government and operated by Japanese imposed discriminating rates against us or granted clandestine rebates to our Sunrise rivals.

There is significance in the reiterated statements that Japanese helped to augment the Chinese boycott against American goods. The cables report that one of the newspapers of Shanghai most active in the anti-American propaganda is owned and edited by loyal subjects of the Mikado. Dispatches from that part of the world also intimate that Japanese influence induced China to force Americans to abandon their holdings in the Hankow Railway. While these statements are unofficial, there is absolutely no rule of ethics or international law to restrain Japan from taking advantage commercially of the present Chinese hostility toward American trade and American exploitation of its empire. And as an opportunist, Japan has nothing to learn from the alert nations of the West.

The promise of American trade supremacy in the Orient is vague. The eminent pessimism, which I quoted a few months ago, that the United States had lost its opportunity in the Far East could be supported now with gloomy arguments. Yet it seems incredible that great America is to be shut out of a share in developing the Chinese Empire, which Senator Beveridge well calls the "world's remaining wonderland." Secretary Taft, who has talked with Chinese officials,

believes (according to the reports) that the boycott will not be an active instrument against American trade. What seems to be overlooked in our optimism is that the movement is primarily a student agitation, and fanned by students who, within a few years, will be in administrative control of China and who to-day are being educated by thousands in the universities of Japan.

We may lift the embargo from a few cargoes, but that will not eradicate the deep antagonism, racial or commercial, that has prompted the feeling against our nation, its products, and its operating genius. The awakening of China is like the discovery of a new planet, and the American people, if they want foreign trade and foreign outlet for energy and capital, should be among the first in this vast field which destiny seems about to throw open for development. In a former article I urged the importance of inviting to our universities the young men of China who are being educated to fill the offices of their empire. It is a matter of no passing significance that these young men fear to come to this country lest they be mistreated at our ports or in transit across our country. Among them are the sons and relatives of Chinese millionaires, scholars, and viceroys. They are all, under our laws, entitled to admission and just treatment, but they have been led to believe that America is a hostile land. Meanwhile, they are getting their ideas of our institutions and our standards from Japanese newspapers and Japanese textbooks, and all their associations and sympathies are with Japan. The Japanese, in furthering their own programmes of trade expansion, will seek concessions in China, and the officials to whom such requests will come will be these students now being schooled in the colleges and universities of Tokio.

Some missionary work on the part of American diplomacy would seem to be in order among these young men of

China. Japan, which aspires to be and is rapidly becoming the Great Britain of the Pacific, cannot but profit immensely by a continuance of the sentiment in America which inspires the Chinese student body in Japan with hostility toward the people and the laws of the United States.

The Chinese, who are above all a commercial people, can be easily induced to abandon a measure which is disastrous to themselves financially, but that they will continue to buy American cotton goods after Japan is equipped to supply them fully with all they need, and at prices perhaps which would be ruinous to our exporters, is hardly to be expected. China has been the best customer as a purchaser of cotton goods the United States ever had. In fact it is the only market in which our sales of cotton manufactures do not present an absurd spectacle on the part of the nation producing three-fourths of the raw cotton in the world. And yet in the year before the war, Japan's exports of cotton goods to China exceeded ours in value by over \$2,000,000.

We have been boasting anew in 1905 because our exports to Japan have suddenly jumped in value. But we neglect to notice that that empire's greatest purchase from us is raw cotton. Its value was nearly four hundred per cent greater than that of any other commodity shipped by us to the Sunrise Kingdom. And after it has passed through Japanese spindles and is placed on the markets of China, its value will be multiplied many fold, and the revenue from the traffic will be Japan's. It is likely that our shipments of raw materials to Japan will steadily increase, and if our boasting is to be based forever on our oversea sales of crude supplies, we have little occasion to be concerned over Japan's impending conquest of the many markets of the Pacific.

With erroneous standards of patriotism, our statisticians are parading, in the case of our trade with Japan, the con-

fusing totals which have long led the American public to believe that we are a great exporting nation.

#### AMERICA DOING DAY LABOR FOR JAPAN

Unless some national impulse transforms the character of our Pacific commerce, we shall experience in the Orient the same trade defeat that has attended our mythical commercial invasion of Europe. To sell raw cotton to Japan, and thus enable that empire to manufacture for markets which we should dominate, is akin to shipping the same material to Germany and England and buying back from those countries the goods that we should produce ourselves. Already our Southern planters are raising strong protest against the international iniquity that enables Europe to fix the price of American raw cotton. It may not be long before Japan will have a voice in fixing that rate. The fact is that we are doing day labor for Japan. We are toiling in our plantations, sending our bales to our Pacific shore line, where Japanese ships pick them up and carry them to the factories of the Mikado's country. There the finished work is done. Like Europe, Japan is making more money out of our cotton than we are. In fact, in the fiscal year 1905 we bought back from Japan 902,228 yards of cotton cloth, upon which we paid the Dingley duty. These are little facts, but they constitute an auspicious beginning—for Japan.

The truth is that Japan is fast becoming a world trader. A bareheaded race itself, it is manufacturing "European" hats for sale abroad, and even exports them to the United States, although it has not yet set the style in this country! It ships carpets to Europe, coal to England, and Portland cement to America. It buys bristles in Germany and bone in the Chicago stock yards, combines them into brushes, and with them is beginning to outsell those of French make in the stores of Boston and

New York. We are not only beginning to buy from the wide world breadstuffs, provisions, poultry, and sheep to add to our continental banquet table, but we are importing toothbrushes from the Land of the Rising Sun. Of these in the year before the war, Japan sold us a great number, valued at no less than 472,000 yen. We are to Japan what England is to us—its best customer. In 1903 we bought \$44,000,000 worth of merchandise from Japan. A large sum of that money Japan spends in buying goods from our European competitors, some of it comes back to us for machinery with which our Pacific competitor equips factories in replica of our own, and the bulk of the remainder is expended in this country and elsewhere for raw materials to enable the Sunrise Kingdom to manufacture the same kind of wares we do, and to outstrip us in selling them.

It is obvious that Japan is outwitting us in international trade. Our conspicuous fiasco in South America is largely the result of inattention. But in China we are in danger of losing absolutely a commerce which, whether through the need of the inhabitants or because of our enterprise, has been ours. Will Japan take it from us, even though we allay the opposition of the Chinese? Its loss will spread industrial ruin over many States of the South now dependent upon the Chinese cotton-goods market.

Although such would be the catastrophe resulting from the loss of our \$27,000,000 export cotton-goods trade with China, it is not easy to see how we can prevent Japan from crowding our cargoes out of the ports of that country. In the Sunrise Kingdom in the year before the war there were 2,478 factories engaged in the textile industry. Every reader knows that Japan is a great manufacturer of silk goods. It may surprise many, as it did me, to learn that that empire actually produces more cotton goods than silk. The 128,000 operatives in the cotton mills of Japan

receive twenty and thirty yen a day, according to the sex of the worker. A yen is equivalent to half a cent in American money. The Japanese factory owner has made sure of our methods and machinery, and with his pauper pay-roll he can outsell us in any market in the circle of the Pacific.

Against that army of Orientals who cannot afford to buy even the cotton garments they make and who go about half clad, toiling all day for what many an American workingman spends daily for car rides to and from his factory, the cotton-mill men of the South and their employees must compete to hold the markets of the Celestial Empire. Can America hold out in the contest? The total imports of raw cotton into Japan rose from 35,000,000 yen in 1904 to 68,000,000 yen in 1905. In that brief statistical statement is an epitome of the new programme of commercial Japan. The large increase of raw material is for the manufacture of goods for export trade. That is the imperative campaign for these island people. In the case of cotton, Japan's export market for fabrics in China, and the opposition to America, latent or avowed in the Flowery Kingdom, comes at an opportune time for our ambitious competitor across the Pacific. In our robust optimism as a nation, we are apt to underestimate the commercial power of the Japanese Empire.

We should keep in mind that with every additional cargo exported, Japan becomes a greater nation. Nor is its future confined to China, although the invasion and conquest of that field will alone make the Sunrise Kingdom one of the leading exporting nations. We are alarmed over Japan's advance in China as a seller of cotton goods, simply because we happen to have a commerce with that country. We fail to realize that Japan is planning to shut us out of the whole import trade of the Pacific, whose value already exceeds \$1,500,000,000 annually. This does not now

greatly appeal to us, because we have thus far secured so pitiful a share of this great traffic. If we could get half of this commerce, just as we have managed to obtain half of the import trade of Mexico and Canada, it would amount annually to almost as much as the value of our entire cotton-goods exports to China in three decades, even at the rate of last year's unusual transactions with the Chinese Empire.

In the vast Pacific field Japan with its thousand steamships, its four thousand sailing vessels, and its three million junks, not including the uncountable number under fifty koku tonnage, will have virtually a free field, so far as America is concerned, unless a new movement in the United States forces us to embark seriously in search of foreign markets. We have splendid delusions regarding our trade status in the Pacific. Little things, in addition to the remorseless statistics, reveal the truth of our unsuccess.

At a native restaurant in Tokio after fumbling with chopsticks I was offered a fugitive knife and fork. The fork was made in Germany, the knife in Sheffield. We are proud of the opening of Japan at the mouth of our Christian cannon, and there is a statue of Perry in the empire, but it was erected at American expense. We call their manufacturing city of Osaka the Chicago of Japan, but they call it the Manchester of the East. Numberless minute indications of Old World rather than Yankee influence in the Sunrise Kingdom are inclined to abash the American traveler. In fact he is not even an American there, but a European. His clothing is European and so are his customs, from the Japanese point of view.

It would be, of course, a curious ambition to try to sell knives and forks to a nation that still clings to chopsticks, yet the fact that German and English cutlery was dished up in an obscure native eating-place in Japan illustrates in an odd way the extreme competition

of the nations dependent upon foreign trade. Japan well knows that the unfolding of Mongolian Asia presents to the maritime nations the greatest and most dazzling opportunity since the discovery of America. Our inattention to the markets of our own Philippines would seem to indicate that the United States need not greatly be feared by Japan in the contest of nations for the trade of the Pacific. Yet our alarm over the threatened loss of the Chinese trade, and the fact that the Panama Canal, our consular reports, and the investigations of special commissioners in Asia point to a new international trade programme on the part of the United States, has bestirred Japan to prodigious endeavor.

#### JAPAN IS WATCHING THE PANAMA CANAL

While we are cutting the waterway at the isthmus in the sanguine hope of getting the markets of Asia, which Japan is now securing for itself, that empire is deepening its harbors and otherwise arranging shipping facilities to further its oversea efforts when the time comes to steam through our canal to the ports of Argentina, Uruguay, Venezuela, and Brazil. So confident is Japan of large participation in the commerce of eastern South America, which we are ignoring, that it has appropriated \$12,000,000 to make these port improvements in anticipation of that traffic. This trade of eastern South America which we are passing by in the optimistic idea that something better awaits us beyond, when we can sail through our Panama Canal, is as I have previously stated, and as Japan fully realizes, greater than that of China and Japan combined.

A few weeks ago an economic expert sent out by the Japanese Government to study the opportunities of the eastern seaboard of South America arrived in Washington and secured from the Bureau of American Republics complete data and maps in regard to that

great Atlantic domain of the southern half of our hemisphere. Japan has a conventional tariff system and, like Germany, furthers its foreign commerce, when necessary, by making tariff bargains with nations. It is now announced that it has arranged to get its wheat from Argentina. Although it was not an outcome of the negotiations of Japan, it is a curious coincidence that at the same time that South American republic raised a tariff against certain American manufactures. This is curious as indicating that the United States to-day, as the result of its walled-in indifference to the great world-wide interchange of competitive goods, does not take the lead in making tariff adjustments. Our foreign traffic and our tariff wars are virtually thrust upon us. Even our Chinese trade, now menaced because of our indifference to the demands of its people, is found to be handled mainly by German and English houses. Exporters have no adequate knowledge of how the Chinese trade was developed, for they have no dealings with the consumer.

Japan's alertness in going into distant markets and negotiating for concessions puts it in the progressive class with Germany. The fact that it has come across the wide Pacific to arrange trading terms with eastern South America, whose commerce we could have if we sought it, but which we have permitted to pass to Europe, reveals the marked difference between the foreign policies of the Sunrise Kingdom and the United States. We are building the Panama Canal, it is true, but the federal power constructing it has nothing to export, and as a commercial people we are making little preparation, if any, to utilize the waterway. That it will prove a greater benefit to Japan than to America will probably be one of the startling surprises of our enterprise.

Editorials and speeches in Japan now flame with prophecy of the rôle that country is to fill, both as the leader of

Asia and the commercial master of the Pacific. Possibly the menace of Japan as a trade conqueror in fields which we have vaguely imagined were to be ours will arouse the whole American nation to the opportunity and need of a new policy regarding our foreign commerce. But the advance of Japan as a Pacific power will probably be forced upon our attention by that empire itself.

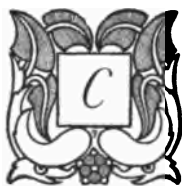
At the last session of the Legislature of California a resolution was passed by both houses protesting against the unrestricted immigration of Japanese to America. Hawaii, too, has joined in the protest, adding that while the Japanese are a disturbing element in the industrial life of the islands, a limited number of Chinese laborers to solve the urgent problems of sugar-cane cultivation would be welcomed. These memorials have reached Washington, and I am informed by a member of Congress that he has learned that the Government at Tokio will not consent to any treaty or convention aimed specifically against the coolies of Japan; that such anti-Japanese legislation in America would be a blow at Japan's new prestige, and that the Japanese nation would not submit to such humiliation, even at the hands of the United States. It is represented that the Government at Tokio is keeping in close touch with the situation, regarding it as one of grave importance. My informant further stated, upon what he believed to be reliable authority, that Japan realizes the reasonableness of California's complaint that Japanese labor is demoralizing the industrial life of that State; that the Mikado and his advisers earnestly desire to avoid rupture with the United States; and that they will propose, through proper diplomatic channels, the enactment of amendments to the American immigration law which, while not nominally aimed at the Japanese, will add to the list of undesirable aliens a classification which will include certain grades of coolies from Japan without naming them.

It is hardly likely that such a subtle provision would be satisfactory to the robust opponents of Japanese immigration. And Japan, flushed with victory, and hailed by the world as a first-class fighting nation, will doubtless be in no mood to submit to an exclusion of its subjects. On the contrary, I have heard intimations that Japan will be more disposed to join with China in demanding less rigorous treatment of the citizens of that empire. The voice from California is that all Mongolian laborers, whether from the mainland of Asia or its islands,

be put on the sea level and deported. It is clear that out of this new immigration question some kind of serious conflict will arise with Japan. The issue may open the eyes of America to the fact that the Pacific coast advance of the Japanese is but a part of a national movement which is planting the trade and industrial forces of the Sunrise Kingdom in all the alluring parts of the entire Pacific field. That sea has both an Oriental and an Occidental shore, and Japan may be destined to take industrial possession of them both.

## CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



CANDIDATES for the Protestant ministry are still comparatively scarce, and the lists of entries at the theological seminaries this fall show no improvement. Some one has computed the present extent of the disposition of ministers' sons to become ministers, and reports it to be very much restricted. Ninety per cent of the farmers, it seems, are farmers' sons; forty-one per cent of the lawyers are lawyers' sons; thirty per cent of the doctors are doctors' sons, but only eight per cent of the ministers are sons of ministers. That may be partly because there is so large a demand for ministers' sons to be presidents of banks, railroads, and insurance companies, to be brokers' clerks and ultimately brokers, to work for corporations or advise them, and to occupy various other posts of worldly advantage. But it must be due also to the fact that the ministers' sons, seeing the ministerial profession near to, are not drawn to it.

That is not very seriously significant. Ministers don't raise as many sons as they used to. Nobody does. The ministry is not so good a calling to raise a family in as it used to be when everybody was poorer than now. The Roman Catholic Church, which seems to have no trouble about recruiting all the clergymen it needs, gets none whatever from its clerical families, since its clergy do not marry. It isn't the defection of ministers' sons that makes candidates for the ministry scarce.

I SHOULD THINK the chief trouble was that these are times when a great many of the most religious-minded Protestants are uncertain about various details of their belief, and are wary of committing themselves to opinions which they may presently come to question. A thoughtful layman may revise and re-revise his religious details without anguish or embarrassment. He may let whole groups of matters rest in doubt from year to year until he gets further light about them, preserving his soul in



peace meanwhile, and letting his mind work on the best material he can furnish it. But a minister enjoys these invaluable religious privileges in a much more restricted degree. He is expected—is he not?—to come out of the seminary at twenty-five with everything settled and ready to be expounded. If he gets a new point of view about anything after that, he does it at his peril, so that his profession seems the one in which religious thought and research are most dangerous to peace of mind and material welfare. What is remarkable is, not that there is some dearth of Protestant ministers, but that the calling is so attractive to certain minds that in spite of all risks and drawbacks more than sixty per cent of the number of candidates desired is forthcoming.

TOLSTOI'S RECENT discourses about religion have seemed, so far as I have seen them, to make more for fruitless mental disturbance than for edification, but an article of his in *La Revue* discloses some considerations which to some minds will appear consoling. It purports to be an introduction to a book in which he purposes to analyze all the religions of the world. The book is not written yet, but the gist of the introduction is that, whereas there seem to be thousands of religions now in existence, there is really only one, since all the existing great religions—of Buddha, of Lao-Tse, of Confucius, of the Jews, of Socrates and Zeno, of Christ—have so much in common that they clearly contain the same truth in different stages of development. They will all blend in time—in about five hundred years he says—in Christianity, the most perfectly developed of them all. This opinion, as coming from Tolstoi, is interesting, and especially so at this time when the demonstration we have had of the character and civilization of the Japanese has stirred up curiosity everywhere about the ethical system on which that character and that civilization are based.

The feeling is that the tree on which grew the fruits of grace, devotion, humanity, and efficiency which the Japanese have exhibited must be a tree of some pretty sound roots. What the Japanese have got out of the various religions, or ethical systems, that they have dealt with, and the close likeness of Japanese virtues to the virtues to which the Christian nations aspire, constitute a timely practical comment on Tolstoi's conclusion as to the near kinship of all the great religions of the present day.

THE LIFE-INSURANCE investigations continue to illuminate various details of our contemporary life. Particularly rich in human interest was the testimony of Mr. George W. Perkins in which he recounted his progress up the industrial and fiscal ladder from his first three-hundred-dollar-a-year-office-boy job to the conspicuous and advantageous round near the top on which he now perches. At fifteen Mr. Perkins was an office boy getting \$25 a month; then a clerk at \$1,200 a year. He got \$1,500 a year at 22; \$3,600 at 23; \$15,000 at 24; \$20,000 at 29; \$25,000 at 32; \$30,000 at 35; \$75,000 at 37, and at 38, relinquishing \$50,000 of his salary, he became a partner in a banking firm, out of which he gave us reason to infer that he has drawn annually a very much larger sum than he gave up when he joined it. So far as figures go this is surely a career to make the heart glad.

IT IS EVIDENT that Mr. Perkins received big salaries because he was worth them. It is clear that he has been a splendid man to hire, else he would not have accomplished such rapid advancements in the price of his services. Whether he has been as good a man to be—whether he has got out of life satisfactions that compare as well with the satisfactions that other men get out of it as his salaries and incomes compare with theirs, is an interesting subject of speculation. He must have worked

horribly hard, but that is no harm, for he could do it. Mark Twain when he published the scrap book with gum on the pages—a mighty poor scrap book for a damp climate—said that he hoped for due reward, part in the consciousness of having served his fellow-men, but the bulk in cash. But a man may get overmuch of his reward in cash. I don't know that Mr. Perkins has done so. He seems by his own account to have cashed in his efforts pretty faithfully, but the very fact that an outside concern, having no responsibility for his maintenance, outbid the biggest salary he ever got, implies that so long as he got salaries he was worth more than he got in money, and had something coming to him in the way of conscious virtue and the grateful esteem of his fellows. He certainly got a lot of men to insure their lives. He testified that he thought he had brought many more people into the New York Life than any other one man ever did. If he inculcated saving habits upon them and made them thrifty and forehanded, they owe him gratitude.

A BIG SALARY is excellent to have; there is do doubt about that. And as we have seen, it can be earned, and the man who earns it may be worth far more than he gets. The most difficult question which the big-salary men who earn their money have to meet must be whether they are not selling larger chunks out of their lives than any man whose life is valuable to him can afford to spare. It seems to me that no matter how big a man's salary may be, if he puts *all* his energy, *all* his thought, into earning it, he pays too much. An able man should not need to spend the whole of himself in making a living. If he does, the game beats him and not he the game. If a man gets a big salary and does not earn it, it may be that he beats the game, but that is not considered altogether ethical, and very big salaries that are not earned at market rates for work seem very apt to crumble. Of course men differ

enormously in what they can do and in what they are willing to do for hire, but it would seem as if a wise man would hate to spare out of his daily life the effort and the energy to *earn* a bigger salary than about \$50,000 a year. If he needed annually more money than that—as many of us do—surely he would rather gamble for it, or do as Mr. Perkins did—give up salaries, in part or whole, and go into that species of gamble which we call business, for himself. I never won any money on a horse race, but I suppose a man can bear it while it lasts. Winning money in the stock market is disgusting and demoralizing, but not intolerable—for a little while—and you never have to bear it very long. Making money in business or by the advance in value of something you own can be blithely borne, but to accept an enormous salary and feel bound to earn it is surely to bow one's shoulders to a pulverizing burden. We ought to wonder not that so many salaries are so big, but that so many men are willing to assume the responsibility of earning them.

THE PERCEPTIBLE quickening of American sympathies toward Russia which attended the achievement of peace was a timely and fortunate emotion and there is good reason to be glad that it appeared. The old-time friendliness between the Russian Government and ours is a fact of history, and though its depth may at times be exaggerated, it has had some strong roots and has produced some excellent fruits, and is a tangible thing and fit to be cherished. Our spontaneous, natural, and irrepressible sympathy with Japan in the late war was never attended by enmity toward Russia. We have deplored the influences that have lately directed her Government, and railed at her political vultures and her ecclesiastical reactionaries, but our sympathy with the mass of her people has been strong. We have hated Russia's worst enemies, those of her own household. M. Witte has

the reputation of being Russia's best friend. We have never disliked him or what he stood for, and the friendliness of the reception that he met with here, beginning when he landed and culminating in the distinguished civilities of Colonel Harvey's dinner, was the expression of feelings that we have had all along.

THERE HAS BEEN no change in our feelings toward Russia. We hate her vultures, loathe her liars, deplore her robbers, honor her good men, and feel a lively desire that the great mass of her kindly people may progress in liberty, intelligence, prosperity, and happiness. The friendly demonstrations to M. Witte betoken no new attitude of mind. They were perfectly sincere, but we have felt that way all along. Where we have changed is in our feelings toward Japan. We have been very friendly to Japan ever since we have known her. Our sympathies were with her cause in the late war, and we are friendly to her

now. If she should think we had cooled toward her since M. Witte came she would be wrong. Our feelings about her have changed much within two years, but it has been because of the enormous increase in our interest in her as a collection of extra-intelligent, ordered human beings, with a home, a history, and a character.

There was a man who used to say he could not bring himself to be interested in the Japanese. They bothered him, he said; they were so nearly human. He admits now that they *are* human, and that he wants to understand them better. So do most of us. The war has made us know the Japs well enough to want to know them better—to understand them; to get their measure.

War is a wonderful introducer. A little one-hand-tied-behind war lately reintroduced the United States to Europe, with remarkable effects. Small wonder that such a war as Japan has been fighting should have made her acquaintance desired.



## THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

ON TUESDAY, September 5th, just one month after the Russian and Japanese peace envoys were brought together by President Roosevelt on board the *Mayflower*, the four statesmen, Witte, Rosen, Komura, and Takahira, signed the Treaty of Portsmouth and ended the greatest war of modern times. Peace was virtually assured so far back as August 29th, when Baron Komura, for Japan, to the surprise of all the world, waived the demand for an indemnity. "In that case," said M. Witte for Russia, "we will give you half of Sakhalin." Accordingly Japan obtained the southern and better part of that island.

The remaining terms of the treaty are that Japan have preponderating influence in Korea; that Manchuria be evacuated by both belligerents and revert to Chinese administration. Russia is to transfer to Japan leases obtained from China for the occupation of Liaotung peninsula, as well as all docks, magazines, and other government works in Port Arthur and Dalny, which Japan had already captured, and also the Eastern Chinese Railway from a point some miles south of Harbin to Port Arthur. Japan obtained fishing rights on the Siberian coast, which promise to be lucrative, and Russia will pay for the mainte-

nance of the prisoners by Japan. There was some rioting in Tokio due to dissatisfaction with the terms, but this was quickly checked.

EARLY IN SEPTEMBER the Tatars about Baku Transcaucasia began to pillage and kill the Armenian and other Christian population. Oil wells, houses, and factories to the value of a hundred million dollars were burned by the fanatic Mussulmans, and the killed and wounded numbered several thousands. The rising was said to be fanned on by Turks in the interests of the pan-Islamic propaganda. Aid from the Russian Government was slow to come and the greatest destitution prevails in the stricken district. Thousands are suffering from famine.

KAISER WILHELM is bellicose. The day the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed six American Congressmen, who attended the International Parliamentary Union at Brussels, paid a visit to the Kaiser, who spoke approvingly of the progress of our navy. "We are just back from the peace conference, the aims of which are to replace warships and armies by arbitration," remarked Congressman Bartholdt. Answered the Kaiser dryly: "Your best arbitrators are your battalions and men-of-war."

BY DIRECTION of President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft appeared as American boycott breaker extraordinary in China. The boycott had spread and threatened serious loss to our Chinese trade. The Secretary of War, while traveling in the Orient, delivered speeches in Canton and Amoy, hotbeds of anti-American feeling, with excellent result. The consuls report that the boycott is dying a natural death.

THE WORST DISASTER in the history of New York's elevated railways, "the real accident on the elevated" that New Yorkers have long imaginatively pictured, happened on September 11th. A

train bound downtown went off the tracks at Fifty-third Street and Ninth Avenue, one car falling to the street below. Twelve people were killed and forty-two wounded, some of them maimed for life. The scene of the disaster was full of horrors.

At Fifty-third Street the Sixth Avenue trains turn from the upper west side elevated trunk line, while Ninth Avenue trains go straight ahead. C. K. Jackson, the tower switchman, had set the switch for Sixth Avenue. Paul Kelly, the motorman, took the train at high speed as though he were going straight down Ninth Avenue. The first car miraculously sailed over the flat curve and held the rails; the second car broke the coupler and was hurled end foremost to the street, turning over roof downward, and leaning against the elevated structure. From the windows and through the breaking roof of this car people dropped out like peas from a bursting pod. The third car, also derailed, ran into a flat building and lodged there, giving the passengers a chance to escape through the flat. The forward truck of this car fell to the street, killing and injuring a number of people.

AS A RESULT of the disclosures in connection with the Equitable Life Assurance Society, the New York State Legislature appointed a committee composed of three senators and five assemblymen to investigate the conditions of life insurance in New York. The committee is headed by Senator Armstrong, and is known as the Armstrong Committee. It began its sessions on September 6th. More than fifty subpoenas were served on officers of the Equitable, the New York Life, the Mutual Reserve, and the Metropolitan. Charles E. Hughes was chief counsel for the committee.

One of the first facts to come out was that voting by policy holders in the mutual companies is a sham. Only 200 of the Mutual's 650,000 policy holders vote for trustees. At the last meeting

of the Metropolitan only three out of 6,000,000 policy holders voted in person. The officers of the company hold proxies which they vote as they choose. It was found that the officers of some of the companies participated in syndicates which sold securities to those companies; that the New York Life, for instance, has often entered into "joint accounts" with banking houses for the flotation of speculative securities. In those cases the company supplied all the money, giving the bankers half the profits. The New York Life, it appeared, had a way of "retiring" blocks of securities worth millions to a hospitable trust company, in order to keep up the market prices. And all these actions were warmly defended by the officers of the companies.

THE GRAND OPERA season will begin at the Metropolitan on Monday, November 20th, with a repertory more rich and varied than ever before. Thirty-two operas will be given in seventeen weeks. Carl Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," which has not been heard here for years, will be the opening performance. "Haensel and Gretel," "La Favorita," "La Sonnambula," and "Mignon Lescaut" are to be some of the other revivals. Among the new singers engaged are Mlle. Berta Morena, Luisa Tetrazini, a colorature soprano, and Signor Belrescke, barytone. Mme. Ackte did not return. For all the operas Professor Leffler, of Vienna, has designed costumes, 1,254 of which are for

the "Queen of Sheba" alone. After the season in New York the company will make a four weeks' tour.

ROBERT BACON, of New York, a close friend and classmate of President Roosevelt, and formerly a partner in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., has been appointed to succeed Francis P. Loomis as Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Bacon has a brilliant record as a business man, and the President confidently believes that he will make a splendid aide to Secretary Root.

BEFORE LEAVING this country Monsieur Witte announced to President Roosevelt that the Czar has ordered to discontinue the extra duties levied on American goods in consequence of our tariff war with Russia. The Czar's, or rather Monsieur Witte's act, is meant to strengthen such friendship as there is between the United States and Russia.

ADMIRAL TOGO's flagship, the *Mikasa*, caught fire on the evening of September 10th, and blew up early next morning by the explosion of her magazines. She sank in the harbor of Sasebo, and 600 lives were reported lost.

THE PROVINCE of Calabria, Italy, has been visited by a series of earthquakes, which devastated whole towns and villages, killed thousands of people, and spread famine and destitution through the district.

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## RESPIRE

By BETH SLATER WHITSON

SOFTLY, speak low, spirit of wood and stream!  
 Well sleeps my heart to-day, wrapt in its dream.  
 Whisper thy thoughts to me: it must not wake,  
 Full of its bitter loss—ah! it might break.  
 Help me to hide my pain; it must not know  
 All of thy gifts were vain—softly, speak low!

## THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

**THE MISSOURIAN**, by **EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.** (Doubleday, Page), is a brilliant and dashing romantic novel. In John Dinwiddie Driscoll, the daring and gallant young Missourian, the author has achieved a creation second only to d'Artagnan. Driscoll is the bearer of a message from the Confederate general, Joe Shelby, and his entire command, who would not surrender to the Yankees, but offered their services to Maximilian, of Mexico. The Storm Center, as Driscoll is called, no sooner enters Mexico with his message than adventures begin to crowd thickly upon him. He undertakes the protection of a fascinating young French woman, the Marquise Jeanne d'Aumerle, known as Jacqueline, whose secret mission from Napoleon III to Maximilian happens to conflict with that of the Confederate trooper. Incident enough to fit out three ordinary novels fills the course of the love that springs up between the two strong young people. The tinsel empire of Maximilian, aping as it does the brilliancy of the Second Empire, gives the author admirable chance for the play of humor.

**THE MOTHER**, by **DUNCAN (Revell)**, is a novelette of only some 220 pages, but it is an excellent study of the single emotion of motherhood. A poor and rather vulgar young widow of the tenements, who earns her livelihood in a reeking music hall, has one great passion—her little son—and that transforms her life. Ashamed to make him part of her own hard world, she tells him the most fabulous stories of her grandeur, and subsequently immolates herself to give him to a curate who works in the slums in order that the boy's upbringing might be proper. One day, despite all

precautions, the boy is taken to the "show" and he sees his mother in her sphere. But filial love triumphs and the boy elects to go back to his mother.

**HERETICS**, by **GILBERT K. CHESTERTON** (Lane), is a collection of essays, some of which have already appeared in various English prints. "Mr. Bernard Shaw," "The Mildness of the Yellow Press," and "On Sandals and Simplicity" are some of the titles in the book. All are in Mr. Chesterton's paradoxical vein of glittering paradox.

**RUSSIA FROM WITHIN**, by **ALEXANDER ULAR** (Holt), begins with the assumption that the revolution from which Russia is to emerge free has already begun—with the assassination of Von Plehve. The best part of the book is that which deals with Witte's régime as Minister of Finance, showing how our one-time guest failed to build up the vast empire he dreamed of.

**LOVE ALONE IS LORD**, by **F. FRANKFORT MOORE** (Putnams). In "The Jessamy Bride" Goldsmith was the theme; in the present book it is Byron, whose only overlord is love—idealized by Mr. Moore. In early youth Byron falls in love with his cousin, Mary Chaworth, only to find that she is pledged to another. He fares forth a wanderer on the face of the earth, goes East, writes "Childe Harold," and, in the phrase grown familiar since his day, wakes up one fine morning to find himself famous. The celebrated Lady Caroline Lamb and other women come into his life, but when, years later, he again beholds his cousin Mary, he knows that that love only had endured. Mr. Moore is at his best in depicting, not without irony, the

lionizing of the great, wayward, romantic poet by the conservative, church-going British public.

**THE BEAUTIFUL LADY**, by BOOTH TARKINGTON (McClure, Phillips), a novelette about the length of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is a fine example of Mr. Tarkington's art. Lambert R. Poor, Jr., a young American, owner of a rich papa, is traveling in Europe with a sort of tutor and courier in one, Ansolini, a starving but distinguished Italian his father had picked up in Paris. Poor, Jr., is following Alice Landry, the beautiful lady, across Europe, but alas! she is all but engaged to Prince Caravacioli. But Ansolini is the half-brother of the prince; he knows him well, exposes his meanness and dyed hair, and, of course, Poor, Jr., marries Alice. A slender story, but full of life, and movement, and gayety.

**THE COMING OF BILLY**, by MARGARET WESTRUP (Harpers), is a boy book strongly reminiscent of Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age"—by no means a bad recommendation for a book. Billy comes from India to live with his four maiden aunts, whose ideas about bringing up boys are peculiar. He is a brave, hearty little chap, with an affinity for scrapes. He plays his master stroke when he gets himself nearly drowned so that the curate, Mr. Selden, might save him, become "solid" with the aunts, and marry Primrose, the prettiest of them all.

**MRS. RADIGAN**, by NELSON LLOYD (Scribners), is a sparkling, humorous skit on the "smart-set" life in New York. From out of the far West and humble station the Radigans come up, and Mrs. Radigan's one aim becomes to break into society. Her cleverness, her adroitness in the task, and the background of the "society" itself give Mr. Lloyd a fine opportunity for his native unstrained humor.

**FOND ADVENTURERS**, by MAURICE HEWLETT (Harpers), is a collection of four tales "of the youth of the world," that is, of mediæval France and Italy, in Mr. Hewlett's best style. Would you read at length the story of Buondelmonte de' Buondelmonti and how he abandoned his choice, Cunizza of the Uberti, and betrothed himself to the beautiful daughter of Forese Donati, and how he was slain therefor? All these fair names, so familiar to the student of Dante, figure here in a stirring tale, and there are others of similar kind.

In **THE MAN OF THE HOUR** (Bobbs-Merrill), her last novel, OCTAVE THANET departs from her usual field so far as to choose for a hero John-Ivan, the son of an American manufacturer and a Russian princess. Happily he lives in America, a *milieu* more suited to Miss Thanet's art than Russia. Dowered with his mother's high-strung sympathetic nature, the young man, after leaving Harvard, goes to work as a mill hand. After enduring the severest hardships, he succeeds in winning his spurs in the industrial world, only to find that the patrimony withheld by his father's will was not withheld at all. The book is not without interest, but Russian character creation is not Miss Thanet's forte.

**MY FRIEND THE CHAUFFEUR**, by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON (McClure, Phillips), belongs to the new class of motoring novels created by these authors. Sir Ralph Moray, who wishes to help his friend, Lord Terence Barrymore, an Irish peer in difficulties, advertises in the *Riviera Sun* that a titled automobilist offers to conduct ladies in his car to picturesque centers. Three American ladies arrange to go and, even if nothing else happened, their trip over Europe was delightful. But other things did happen. Lord Terence fell in love with one girl, an heiress; Sir Ralph became engaged to another. It is a sprightly tale.

## WITH THE PUBLISHERS

THERE IS a word that must be said here about the Christmas number, which will be on the news stands and in your homes by November 20th.

BOOTH TARKINGTON has written a story, in characteristic vein, for this number, entitled "Mr. Brooke." It will be illustrated in color by Lawrence Mazzanovich.

HENRY LEON WILSON, author of "The Spenders," furnishes a short story called "The Sage Hen's Samson," a delicately humorous incident of the West.

AS A BIT OF GOSSIP, our readers will be interested to know that Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Wilson have both settled at Capri, Italy, for the winter, and that these stories were the last they wrote before sailing. They will not, however, be the last of theirs that will appear in APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE.

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE, who wrote "Nancy Stair," the most popular book of this year, is disobeying the oculist's strict injunctions in order to finish a little Christmas story, which may reach us too late to be illustrated.

KATE JORDAN has written for us a story entitled "Two Americans," which has a sweet holiday flavor together with much homely philosophy. Robert Shackleton has sent us a strong story dealing with a real Civil War incident and its ultimate result many years after. This will be illustrated with drawings by De Thulstrup. A charming little holiday sketch, entitled "The Cloisonné Vase," by Mabel Herbert Urner, a new

writer of rather remarkable ability, completes the list of short stories. This last will be illustrated by Harrison Fisher.

WE MUST not forget Frederic J. Stimson's serial, "In Cure of Her Soul." A taste of its quality is given by the first instalment, in the present number. No stronger work of fiction has come from an American writer for some time. It pictures some social and political conditions of modern American life, that have been claiming more and more the attention of the judicious during the past decade. Mr. Stimson's style and mellow attitude toward life are remarkably suggestive of Thackeray, and our readers may expect great things from this serial. The pictures are from Mr. Wenzell's well-known brush.

THERE WILL BE a double frontispiece in color by Charlotte Weber Ditzler, illustrating a Christmas poem by Bliss Carman. Mrs. Ditzler, who used to sign her work "Ch. Weber," since her marriage has been devoting herself to portraiture and to more purely illustrative work. She is one of the few women artists whose work combines strength and feeling with such technical skill that, for a long time, critics took it for granted that "Ch. Weber" was a man. In the illustrations for Bliss Carman's poem, she has indulged in a somewhat allegorical, and we think unusually pleasing, portrayal of the spirit of charity.

ANOTHER WOMAN-ARTIST, whose work is quite as remarkable, is Mrs. Henry Leon Wilson, better known as "O'Neill," who, in the midst of preparations for a



long residence abroad, kindly consented to illustrate her husband's story.

OUR ENDEAVOR to meet the desire for pictures in color will be evident in the Christmas number, which, in addition to Mrs. Ditzler's frontispiece, and illustrations by Wenzell and Mazzanovich, will contain four reproductions from paintings by Robert Reid, together with some account of the notable work of this artist.

THE EDITORS believe that our readers appreciate good poetry, and in addition to Bliss Carman's poem there will be the usual sprinkling of shorter verse, together with a poem in Canuck dialect, written and charmingly illustrated by Charles S. Chapman.

THE SPECIAL ARTICLES in the Christmas number will include an appreciative account of "Montmartre," by Alvan F. Sanborn, illustrated with some fine etchings of this unique republic of arts and letters by V. Trowbridge. Some of the etchings will be reproduced in tint. A pleasing description of "Taormina, the Beautiful," and now popular Italian resort, by Caroline Baker Keuhn, and a view of "Algiers in Transition," by Dr. Maurice Baumfeld, will be of interest to our readers, not least because of the unusually fine photographs with which these two articles will be illustrated.

APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE does not purpose to enter the field of sensationalism by constantly raking up some public abuse to be "exposed." The facts, however, in the case of "The Looting of Alaska," told by Rex E. Beach, are so astounding to everyone who believes ours to be a country where each man has a fair show, that we should be almost accessories to some of the worst crimes ever perpetrated against public morals should we hesitate to give them publicity in our pages. Full announcement of Mr. Beach's

series of six articles will be found in the advertising pages of this issue.

AN EXTRAORDINARY AND INTERESTING series of four articles will be published immediately in the magazine, on the general subject of "Japan: Our New Rival in the East," written by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Department of the Treasury, in Washington, and the first of the four appears in this number. Everyone's sympathy was with the "little Japs" in the magnificent fight which they made against the Russian Bear; and no one could help admiring the extraordinary thoroughness of their military system and the accuracy of their plans and judgment. So far, the American people are unquestionably with the Japanese. We have no hostility toward the nation, therefore, and there seems little probability that we ever shall have. Nevertheless, the facts that are coming before the American people, and will come with greater force as time goes on, are as follows:

ONE GREAT COMMERCIAL MARKET of the world which is left to the United States to develop, one of the greatest outlets for our surplus of manufactured products, is the Chinese Empire. With our position in the Philippines, with our increasing recognition of the necessity for developing foreign markets, we inevitably turn toward the Far East for our chief market. Nothing beyond ordinary competition can prevent the Pacific coast of the United States and the eastern coast of Asia from coming closer and closer together as time goes on—except a strip of land that looks on the map almost like a shield to protect the coast of China. That is the Empire of Japan. To those who have not studied the question, the history of the commercial development in Japan, with regard to China, in the last decade, is something unbelievable. They copy our products, while they exclude the manufactures of this country from Japan; they have

agents in China constantly developing their own business. That Japanese shield across the front of China is becoming a stronger and stronger defense against American commercial advancement, and there is no question that, unless extraordinary measures are taken, Japan will shortly supply to China what would otherwise naturally come from the United States. Mr. Bolce, in four consecutive articles, will take up the whole question and discuss it, not only in theory, but from actual observation, for he was sent out by this magazine about six months ago to investigate the whole matter. These four articles give the result of his exhaustive studies in Japan and in China. No man engaged in the commerce of this country can fail to be interested in the remarkable collection of facts which Mr. Bolce has brought back with him.

WE HAVE MADE some changes in our Advertising Prize Competition. It seems that in our October number we transgressed the regulations of the Post-Office Department, and incidentally broke the Lottery Act. The idea when we began this contest three years ago was to have our readers select the best advertisement, and then have a board of judges decide on the best answer submitted. The Post-Office Department at Washington says that a decision arrived at by a vote of our readers is subject to the element of chance, and so long as this feature of our competition is continued, we are technically carrying on a lottery.

The post-office law, or regulation, which prevents this is, without question, an admirable law. It is only necessary to think, for a moment, of the extraordinary evils of lotteries of all kinds to make one approve heartily of such a measure. When we published our Prize Competition last month, we were quite unaware that we were technically breaking this law; but the moment we became aware of it we proceeded at once to change the matter in the following manner:

WE SHALL AWARD prizes in the November competition for the best answers only, and the prize list will remain the same in point of value. The committee of judges will decide which are the best answers submitted, irrespective of the advertisements voted on. Of course readers will naturally select the advertisement that pleases them most, but a majority of votes cast for any one advertisement will have no bearing on the result; *it will be the reason that counts.* In announcing the prize winners, we shall state, as formerly, which advertisement received the largest number of votes, simply as a matter of interest.

The prize winners in the October contest will be announced in the December issue, and the November prize list will be published in the January issue. We want to take plenty of time so that everybody will be satisfied. The judges are well-known advertising men, and their decision will be final. The competition will be continued in the December number.



## APPLETON'S BOOK GOSSIP

THE GREATEST SUCCESS of the present season in London is "Vivien," by W. B. Maxwell. It is on all the lists as the best selling six-shilling novel. The London *Outlook* insists that the author must be a woman, though the publishers use the masculine possessive pronoun in their announcements. The American edition will be published here next month by D. Appleton & Company. The following is a passage from their London correspondence:

"When it became known that Mr. Methuen had been declaring to his personal friends that this book was going to be, almost of a certainty, the biggest success of the season, I began to receive overtures from other quarters for the American rights. I have never known Mr. Methuen to be so enthusiastic over the prospects of a book as he is over this. And the enthusiasm of one of the American publishers who saw an advance copy of the book was equal to his. A second edition of the novel was announced on the very day of publication, and I understand that the first edition was rather larger than usual. The book bids fair to be a gold mine."

IT IS INTERESTING to note that "He and Hecuba," by Baroness von Hutten, is dedicated to Henry James. The writer addresses the great American author in the following modest words:

"To Henry James, Esq., whose kindly criticism of the short story of the same name encouraged me to lengthen it to its present form, I dedicate this book on the principle that a cat may look at a king."

Thus it is seen that this book, which



MR. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

has achieved a great success, is an evolution from a strong short story. It is not generally known that the publishers waited for two years seeking the right moment to publish the book, and totally unaware that it was going to be a marked success.

"TIME, THE COMEDIAN," by Kate Jordan (in private life Mrs. Vermilye), is the result of a sojourn in Paris some seven or eight years ago with two other "girl bachelors." The author knows Paris as she knows New York, and kept house for some time with her two friends and a smart young cosmopolitan chaperon in the Rue de Chaillot just off the Champs Elysées.

Her book is full of descriptions of the haunting beauty of Paris in which she

revels, and of pen pictures of the artistic life; and yet it is so full of action that the author has been able to turn it into a four-act play which will soon be produced in New York.

MRS. FREMONT OLDER, who has written a book on the methods of the Oil Trust in the early days in California, is in close touch with her subject. Henry Hardy, of whom Ida Tarbell speaks in her history of the Standard Oil Company as the first man to organize a company to lay a pipe line from the Pennsylvania oil fields to the sea, is Mrs. Older's first cousin. Her husband is editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*. Much of her information was supplied her by Governor Joseph Folk of Missouri.

ALL THE DEPARTMENTS of D. Appleton & Company have had to add to their quota of space allotted to C during the last year. Extra leaves have been put in the ledgers under C, extra cards in the files, extra drawers in the cases, and extra type in all the fonts in the composing room. This shows the expensiveness and inadvisability of publishing too many books by successful authors whose names begin with C. There is Hall Caine, whose "Prodigal Son" is now playing at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York; Robert W. Chambers, whose book "Iole," published this spring, exceeded all expectations of the publishers, and whose historical novel, "The Reckoning," is the most important book of fiction on the Appleton list this fall, and Anna Boykin Chesnut, whose enthralling memoirs entitled "A Diary from Dixie" are selling faster and faster as their reputation spreads. Three books under C in active eruption is enough to make any house long to revise the alphabet.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON is one of the few modern writers who can revivify the days of the Civil War, a task especial-

ly difficult at this time of rapid changes in the relations of the great nations of



MRS. BURTON HARRISON

the earth. She has done so in her novel entitled "The Carlyles," which the Appletons publish this fall. One of the Appleton readers is quoted as saying that this is the best work Mrs. Harrison has ever done.

HAVE PARENTS CEASED to give good advice to their boys? It is apparently only during the last decade that youths just entering into manhood are eager to listen to the voice of experience. Where formerly many of them shunned it, now many are willing to pay for it in book form. Perhaps it is the change in form, the absence of personalities, that makes the book attractive. D. Appleton & Company have published such a book by Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana. "The Young Man and the World" is the title, and it is the frankest kind of a talk between a United States Senator who has been through the mill himself and every young man who must go through the mill in his turn. The book will go into every home.

# APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE



# CREAM of WHEAT



## SANTA CLAUS' CHRISTMAS BREAKFAST

*Good, old Saint Nick knows that*  
**CREAM of WHEAT**  
*is best for boys and girls, little  
and big. There's the making of the  
sunshine of health in every bowl.*

*A dainty breakfast  
A delightful luncheon—A delicious dessert.*

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*The Princess of the Tower.*





*The Princess of the Tower.*



# Appleton's Booklovers Magazine

Vol. VI December 1905 No. 6

## The Princess of the Tower by Bliss Carman

Once yearly is the heavenly host  
Reviewed and marshaled post by post.  
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael—  
Each captain his account must tell  
Of how the battle went with him  
In regions terrible and dim.

**T**HERE came from out the strife of men,  
One of the Warriors of the Fen  
Who war on evil, lance and sword,  
Take little thought of the reward,  
And lavish all their generous youth  
In the white cause of deathless Truth.

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With tempered will, with tested nerve,  
Grim-armored in his fixed reserve,  
He sought among the mighty hills  
A respite from the crowding ills,  
Sought strength's renewal, not to yield  
To the long anguish of the field.

He mused, "It may be I shall find  
Some consolation of the mind,  
Some phrase of glory or of power  
Struck by the mistress of the Tower,  
A talisman to hearten those  
Who bear through life her battle throes."

He did not ask for joy nor ease,  
Praise nor immunity; all these  
He had foregone in those far years  
When he took service with his peers.  
He asked but strength of heart to go  
Back to the unrelenting foe.

So through the darkening of the days  
He kept the steep and lonely ways,  
Until he saw at a keen height  
A castle and a beacon light.  
"Who keeps, O wayfarer," he said,  
"The tower wherein the light is fed?"

Amazed the other stood. Said he,  
"Why, who but Princess Charity!  
Dost thou not know that here to-night  
They keep the Feast of the World's Light,  
And she herself will pour the cup  
Of Peace—for whoso stays to sup."

Wondering, the wearied traveler came  
Up to the port, and in the name  
Of Truth, he served, did gently pray  
Place at the board. Then answered they,  
"The Wine of Joy at Beauty's board  
Is taken of one's own accord."

Such was his welcome. "Strange," thought he,  
"Is Beauty known as Charity?"  
Until at the mysterious hour  
Appeared the Princess of the Tower,  
And all the world was changed thereby  
To a new earth with a new sky.

That fair young head, that lyric mien,  
So strong, so gentle, so serene!  
The rhythm of time, the poise of space,  
Were in her hands, and in her face  
The meaning of all things that are,  
From evening star to evening star.

Then in her pure, cool, tender voice  
She said, "O faithful one, rejoice!  
Because thy striving soul was found  
Unfaltering, thy quest is crowned.  
Take thou my gladness, love, and youth!  
The wine is Wisdom. I am Truth."

Thereat was all the silence riven,  
As when there is great joy in Heaven  
And the tall angels of the Lord  
Receive the word of their reward—  
Gabriel, Michael, Rafael,  
With all their hosts no man can tell.





SACRÉ CŒUR, FROM RUE DE L'ABRÉVOIR

# MONTMARTRE

By ALVAN F. SANBORN

"That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,  
Rarer, intenser,  
Self-gathered for an outbreak as it ought,  
Chafes in the censer."

—ROBERT BROWNING.

"Where the men and women think lightly of the laws—  
Where outside authority enters always after the pre-  
cedence of inside authority—  
There the great city stands."

—WALT WHITMAN.



INE Americans out of ten have never heard of Montmartre, and most of the remaining tenth have a totally erroneous conception of it. The few who have been in Paris are only a shade better informed regarding Montmartre than those who have not been there. A part of them know it only as the seat of a ponderous modern basilica to which they have been hoisted by a deplorable *funiculaire* or driven by an exasperating *cocher* (himself justly exasperated by the steepness of the ways); and the rest fancy it to consist solely of the show places of the Boulevard de Clichy and Boulevard de Rochechouart, which bear, in point of fact, about the same relation to the real Montmartre as green cheese bears to the moon, as the side show of a circus bears to the ring performance, or as the life of Coney Island and the Bowery bears to the life of the real New York.

The latter, the would-be "sports" among tourists, have had themselves conducted through the various resorts which they fancy to be particularly naughty, and hence particularly French, but which are kept up, broadly speaking, primarily for the delectation of just such "easy" foreigners as themselves.

And, having made this round, as likely as not in a single night—such is the expedition of the Yankee even in his vices—they assume to know Montmartre.

But of Montmartre as a community; Montmartre *ville libre*, a city within a city, commonwealth of culture, republic of arts and letters, center of literary and artistic initiative and inspiration; of Montmartre, the Parnassus of Paris, abode of the muses and of the poets, painters, sculptors, romancers, and musicians the muses love; of Montmartre, the home of robust sentiment, healthy impulse, and virile emotion; of Montmartre the literary and artistic Bohemia of Paris and of the world, perhaps, *par excellence*—of the real Montmartre, in a word, they know nothing. How should they? These were not the things they went out for to see; and in Paris, more inevitably than anywhere else on this round earth, one finds precisely what one looks for.

The artist, musician, or *littérateur* who deliberately fixes himself at Montmartre is a free-thinker and a free-liver; in all essential respects the freest of the free.

"Nothing shows more clearly," says La Bruyère, "what a trifle God deems He is according to those to whom He abandons riches—than the kind of persons on whom He bestows them most



RUE GARREAU





#### SACRÉ CŒUR

lavishly." The Bohemian Montmartrois has as poor an opinion as La Bruyère's deity of riches and rich men. "Mr. Gripeman," "Mr. Money-love," "Mr. Save-all," and "Mr. Worldly-wiseman" are, to his way of thinking,

no better than they should be; sorry fellows all, scarcely deserving to be called men. He is not deceived by the ostentation of wealth nor deflected from his course by its glittering but specious promises. The golden calf is to him no



KITE FLYING ON MONTMARTRE

less a calf for its bright yellow color; he is not in the least tempted to fall down and worship it. And he has but scant reverence, to put it mildly, for other things to which the average man bends the knee. He is neglectful of appearances, indifferent to respectability, refractory to precedent, contemptuous of custom, and implacable to snobbishness. He ridicules rules and regulations. He flouts earthy, unadventurous, mercenary maxims and precepts, "cowardly and prudential proverbs," cut-and-dried formulæ, stereotyped processes, pedantic systems.

The fact is he elevates independence into a religion. He has faith in little save his instincts and is obedient to nothing but his impulses. Sure, with Montaigne, that "it is not our follies that are laughable but our wisdom," he is not deterred from becoming what he aspires to be by the fear of appearing ridiculous.

His extreme love of independence is manifested in his dress and demeanor, his manners and morals.

He lodges where, other things being

equal, the rent is the smallest and the outlook the biggest—in tiny cottages set in tiny gardens, in ancient country mansions broken up into suites, or in the top stories of common tenement houses—and holds himself ideally lodged when, for a few hundred francs a year (400 to 800 francs, say), he has an atelier or a two- or three-room *logement* with both a garden (in which he can dine and take his after-dinner coffee) and a view.

On the steep northwest slope of the Butte which abuts on the rue Caulaincourt is a section, a sort of reservation, where, by paying a scarcely more than nominal ground rent, the Montmartrois may build himself a cheap wooden chalet, of which he cannot be dispossessed until that probably remote time when the land shall be needed for permanent building purposes. In this reservation, known as "Le Maquis" and as "La Petite Suisse," because of its steepness and its chalet architecture, he gives himself the illusion of leading a Virgilian existence. He keeps a pullet or two for fresh eggs and a goat, perhaps, for fresh



milk, sets out a plum or a peach tree, raises a bunch of table herbs and a handful of table berries, coaxes a lettuce head or so to crispness and a rosebush into bloom, and adds materially to the number of hollyhocks, sunflowers, lilacs, and honeysuckles that adorn and to the number of pigeons and rabbits that enliven or infest the Butte.

On the southwestern slope, almost under the sprawling arms of the somber Moulin de la Galette, there is another and a smaller "Petite Suisse," consisting of a number of diminutive, fenced-in garden holdings well supplied with summer houses, arbors, and bowers. Here, the artists and littérateurs who live in the studios and tenement houses of the neighborhood hoe, weed, and prune, especially mornings and evenings, as

diligently as if they had no other interest in life, and hither they repair with their acquaintances for *al fresco* dining and highly colored *fêtes champêtres*.

With the accredited moral code which has been aptly called "a dull, pinched conventionalality of negations" the Montmartrois has nothing in common. It has never occurred to him that the normal satisfaction of normal desires is not normal living. He does not know the meaning of Puritanism and never heard of Mother Grundy. He reserves his respect and his enthusiasm for the fundamental emotions. What Robert Louis Stevenson has called "truth of intercourse" and Edward Carpenter "honest, daily living" is, therefore, pre-eminently his portion. Free and natural conduct is the only conduct he can admit



CABARET ARTISTIQUE DU LAPIN AGILE



#### STREET VENDERS

or even apprehend. His walk and conversation are sincerity itself. He holds tenaciously to the realities of life. Brillat-Savarin's famous classification of the senses as six finds in him ample illustration and wins from him unqualified assent. Whatever his shortcomings, he is in no danger of being chidden (as the red-blooded Browning chid the great Duke Ferdinand) for failing to realize

"The use of the lip's red charm,"  
for not turning

"As the soul knows how  
The earthly gift to an end divine."

On the contrary, he is vastly fit to sing, with the street roisterers of the same red-blooded Browning,

"Flower o' the clove,  
All the Latin I construe is *amo*, I love."

He is seldom absolutely unattached, and when he is, prefers to take his meals, at least a part of them, in his own quarters; a manner of proceeding that offers little difficulty to him, since he, like every





CORNER OF RUE LEPIC

Frenchman, is a born cook and Parisian lodgings are admirably arranged for light housekeeping. Consequently, the restaurant holds no very important place in his day-to-day existence. Any restaurant he does frequent, moreover, speedily takes on an atmosphere that lifts it quite out of the category of the public eating house into that of the dining club; almost—thanks to the mural decorating he indulges in, wherever he goes—into that of the art museum.

When the typical Montmartrois

changes his atelier or lodging, he hires a handcart at a few sous per hour, harnesses himself into it like a horse, and transports his *lares* and *penates* to their new abode in the sweat of his own brow. Similarly when he has a picture or statue to get to the Salon he has recourse, more likely than not, to this cheap and primitive vehicle.

He is no disciple of the "cuff-and-collar cult," nor votary of the starched shirt front, the boot tree, or the trousers' crease. He is a warm friend of the tag-



MOULIN DE LA GALETTE

lock and the patch; condones, in fact, almost anything in dress except slavish uniformity. If he particularly favors soft felts and berets, flannel shirts and corduroys, it is not from a desire to impose a standard, but because they are durable, economical, comfortable, and picturesque. He does his marketing in dressing gown and slippers or in a pair of trousers hastily drawn over a nightshirt. He is not ashamed to be seen straining under a sagging *filet* or a brimming market basket. He goes bareheaded into the street, imperturbably smokes his pipe there, and saunters all over the Butte at any and every hour of the day in his shirt sleeves or his frock indifferently. He works at his easel in the middle of a street as unconcernedly as in his studio, with the result that certain streets are rarely empty of busy brush handlers during the possible painting hours. He is careless to the last degree about shutting the street doors of his studio, whatever may be going on within it, being so unspoiled in his estimate of "the value and significance of flesh" that he can imagine nothing but edification to the casual passer from the posing of a scantily draped or undraped model.

The Montmartrois seems to desire little in the line of diversion beyond what his beloved Butte provides. He finds its atmosphere eminently propitious and seldom forsakes it, letting weeks slip by oftentimes without passing beyond its borders. He goes rarely to the Grands Boulevards, except on business errands; still more rarely to the court quarter, since there he must endure the sore discomfort of the claw hammer or the redingote and the still sorer discomfort of the insipidity and stupidity of the swells. He even goes little—except possibly at the hour of the *apéritif*—to the *cabarets* of the Boulevard de Clichy and Boulevard de Rochechouart, the frequentation of which is popularly supposed to constitute his entire existence. His chief pastime is the dispensing of hospitality

of the most cordial and informal sort. The arrival of a check, a box of goodies, or a cask of wine from home, the baking of a *galette* or the roasting of a *gigot*, the finishing of a poem or play, the selling of a picture or the placing of a manuscript is made by him the excuse for a banquet of jubilation, at which the viands and the fizz, however plentiful and delectable, are no match for the quantity and quality of the funning.

Furthermore, he usually belongs to a *cénacle* that holds weekly, fortnightly, or monthly meetings ("literary and artistic soirées") in the basement, back room, or upper room of a wine shop or in the studio of one of its members; on which occasions every person present is expected to take some part; to offer, that is, to the assembled company the freshest achievement of his special talent.

When the Montmartrois spends an evening in a public place, he chooses, as a rule, not one of the resorts by which the stranger knows Montmartre, but either a quiet café where he can take a cue at billiards and a hand at *manille* with his cronies, or a *cabaret intime*. The *cabaret intime* appeals to him because it is *intime*; because it is cheap; because it is free from fuss and feathers; because it is uninfested and even undiscovered by the ubiquitous provincial and foreign tourists—who are his pet aversion; because the flannel shirts and the broad-bottomed velvet trousers he loves are in the majority; because he rubs elbows there with wholesome, unaffected workmen and picturesque ruffians; because he can talk familiarly with his neighbors and chaff, guy, and shout as unrestrainedly as in his own *cénacle*; because the programmes, being held by the censorship quite beneath its notice, include many shrill cries of revolt; finally (and this is probably the decisive reason), because he, or any other person present, is at liberty to sing an original *chanson* or recite an original monologue or poem if the spirit moves.

The heaviest millstone that can be



hung about the neck of originality is, in the very nature of the case, servility. Even innocent-appearing deference is the mildew of genius, the dry rot of talent, and conformity is the running

strained." So it is that at Montmartre this free-and-easy living with its unmitigated, undisguised contempt for conventionality in dress, taste, manners, and morals is not uncondusive to the conse-



RUE DES CALVAIRES

mate of mediocrity. The artist who allows himself to be other than his best self is foredoomed.

"The least forced and most natural motions of the soul," says Montaigne, "are the most beautiful; the best employments, those that are the least con-

cration which is well-nigh indispensable to achievement along creative lines. For all its liveliness and apparent flippancy, and all its seeming shirking of what the respectable exponents of dogmatic social ethics have conspired to call the serious obligations of life (by which they mean,



of course, the amassing of wealth and the rearing of a family), it possesses great power of concentration and a high degree of moral earnestness. Its recalcitrance to the petty tyrannies of

faith in the holiness and the ultimate triumph of the beautiful and the true. While its reluctance to assume the obligations of bread winning for others is not due to poltroonery but to an honest and



LOVERS' WALK, RUE ST. VINCENT

society, far from being an indication of frivolity, is rather a sign of absolute determination, of the existence of an exalted governing purpose which no consideration of profit or prudence can change; an earnest of enthusiasm, a token of zeal, and a proof of limitless

rational doubt of the right of a man to give hostages to fortune who has a message in his soul. This downright, defiant manner of living is one way (which is not saying it is the only way) of setting honesty above policy, truth above consistency, art above interest, the essential

above the casual, the real above the artificial; one way of subordinating the part to the whole, the detail to the ensemble; of detaching the worthy thing from the unworthy thing, of differentiating the spiritual and eternal from the material and transitory; one way—with all due apologies for the strenuousness of the phrase—of serving God rather than Mammon. St. Francis and Thoreau would have understood, for whatever frailties this course includes, it excludes relentlessly that only unpardonable sin of being recreant to a high inspiration and renegade to a realized mission.

The genuineness and strength of the Montmartre consecration, underlying the Montmartre nonconformity, are evidenced by the hardships the Montmartrois voluntarily endures. Industry and economy—appearances to the contrary notwithstanding—are the presiding geniuses of the Butte.

Hard work is a fashion there and sacrifice a habit. There is not a corner of Paris where so much night oil is burned over the poem and the novel, nor yet one where nerves are so martyrtized, backs so racked, and fingers so numbed by overapplication to the obdurate etching plate or canvas.

Nowhere is the strenuous life (in the earlier and higher acceptance of that now degraded term) more consistently and persistently followed. Nowhere is the yearning for perfect beauty more intense, the endeavor to give substance to visions and texture to dreams more resolute and more unremitting than in this laughing, lightsome, liltful, love-making, law-mocking, rollicking, reckless, reprobate Montmartre.

At Montmartre, if anywhere in a modern, civilized community, living has been reduced (mathematically speaking) to its lowest terms. *La vie simple* is there a condition, not a theory; a hard, stern, unchanging reality, not a passing fad. The average Montmartre poet or painter lives on less than the average petty clerk or day laborer. His annual budget

would appear to the uninitiated small and contemptibly finikin.

"To starve in a garret" is for him no idle form of speech. Scores of splendid, talented men have done it, are doing it; and surely a fellow is no trifter who is willing for love of his chimera to go hungry and cold.

This *misère* which it would be guarantee enough of moral stamina to bear at all, your dyed-in-the-wool Montmartrois bears blithely. He "makes haste to laugh at it," like Figaro—and in this he is eminently French, eminently Parisian—"for fear of being forced to weep over it."

His gayety never abandons him. In season and out of season, in woe as in weal, a little more even in woe than in weal, he is *blagueur*, *farceur*, wit, and practical joker. When his hollow stomach is clinging to his spinal column to keep itself from dropping into space, and his frosty toes to the soles of his feet to make sure of their bearings; when illusions are his only food and fiery imaginings or the fumes of fancy his only fuel, he can still revel and rail.

Montmartre is the place where the young artists, musicians, and *littérateurs* who have finished their studies but have not yet "arrived" try to solve the difficult double problem of supporting themselves and of discovering their respective ways in their respective arts; a place of growth between the Quartier Latin and the literary and artistic court quarter (des Ternes and de Courcelles) where the *arrivés* have their private *hôtels*, but where, too often, alas! they stop growing.

Montmartre, like heaven (and its opposite), is "less a place than a state of mind"; and as a state of mind it represents heroic loyalty to ideas and ideals, mellowed (but not weakened) by the buoyant gayety of youth and the *esprit moqueur et sceptique* of the Parisian.

# W'EN BATISTE HE PLAYS

*by*  
CHARLES S. CHAPMAN



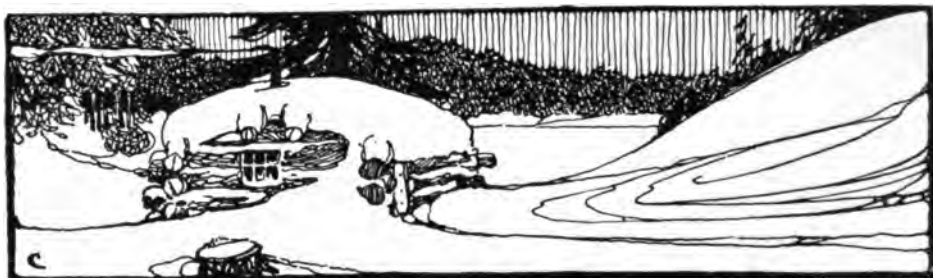


**I** Wondair eef I'm evair play ~  
On de violeen lak dat some day.



CHARLES S. CLAPMAN

**I** don't care eef eet's cold outside  
Or de montagne deep wid snow.



**I** Wondair eef I'm evair play  
 On de violeen, lak dat some day.  
 I don' know whedair eet's jus' me  
 But I know var well I'd lak to be  
 Lak Bateese playin' dar;  
 An hol' de bow jus' so:  
 Makin de violeen whispair  
 A song lak de nord wind blow.  
 To speak wid de trees an de montagnes,  
 An' know what dey're sayin' back;  
 An' anyair de music de water she's mak'  
 On de shore of de leetel lac.  
 To-night Bateese when I listen  
 An' de violeen whispairs low,  
 I don't care eef eet's cold outside  
 Or de montagne deep wid snow.  
 For de music ees bringin' summair back  
 So I feel de warm win' blow:  
 An I know some day I'll learn de way  
 Of de violeen an' bow.



# MR. BROOKE

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

*"Cho.: 'In the good old Colony times,  
When we lived un-der the King. . .'"*



HAD attended Mrs. Betty Winter's rout the evening before, and repaired late to Mr. Mitts's, where we played until morning. We had over-plenty wine with our play, so that we left his house in a tumbling fashion and smashed old Bender, the watch, who was silly enough to interfere with our progress, which was already difficult enough for some, heaven knows! There was the Major (that rat of Mars) and Keeswick, and Noisy Charingford and young Mitts, who insisted upon coming forth with us, and myself. The last I could not swear to; I think I was there. I had a dream of a brown dawn and us lurching through it with uproarious songs and a slamming of all the knockers we passed. I remember that silly old creature, Bender, accosting us, and when I awoke at noon, he seemed to be just falling upon the pavement before me. There was a clamor in my head and the whole hot room at Mitts's, where we had played, seemed to have got inside it. Jim fetched my clothes; I dressed with difficulty, being in an ache all over, and, eating nothing, went forth to walk.

My hand shook; it would not grip my cane; my head rang with the racket of songs without an air, the bellows of Charingford, Keeswick, and the Major; and I would have given all that I had

left of my aunt's fortune to be just a clean, white-and-black tabby cat that I saw sunning herself in a doorway. She moved gracefully and without pain, and it staggered me to see a being that could lower its head and waggle it about without agony.

I crept out of town, following a path into a grove, and, groaning in every part, sate my poor bones on a log in a dense thicket. I cursed play, wine, and especially my associates, forswearing them all aloud. At this there was a laugh from behind me. I did not turn to peer into the underbrush, but requested the mocker to come forth and beg my pardon, and, for answer, there came the sound of giggling.

"I fancy, sir," I cried, "I could cure that habit of eavesdropping for you, and if you will have the kindness to come where I can see you, I will mention the first dose of physic to be taken."

Then there was a strange, high voice close to my shoulder. "Turn about. There will be two physicians, sir!"

"Come in front of me," I replied, for I did not wish to turn. "Come in front of me."

"Sheba to Solomon," replied the voice, and there swished round the log that minxy cousin of Charingford's, Miss Pruitt.

I stumbled to my feet and made a sad bow.

"Pray, Mr. Brooke, renew your meditations," cried she. "I would not interrupt such virtue for worlds! Only, until



*"You have done it now, Mr. Brooke."*

I get out of hearing, forbear to use wicked words!"

"Madam," said I, "the oaths were none so bad."

"Whr-r-itt!" She made a mock-chiding sound at me, with perfect impudence. "And the worst of all upon my cousin's singing!"

"You shall hear no more," I returned coldly.

She turned, one hand holding her skirts, as if to go (to which she had my

heartiest consent), and yet she did not.

"Now that you have forsworn swearing, sir," she said, laughing at me all the while, "tell me, is it true that you have forsworn the society of ladies?"

"Can Miss Pruitt believe one so ungallant who lives but in her smile?" I bowed, and the effort gave me a twinge.

"Ah, that," she returned, "may be called the proof contrary!"

"Why? Are such speeches out of fashion?"



"Nay," she answered; "but to deliver them with a groan might well be!"

I received this in patient silence, and she, regarding me with a certain twinkling curiosity, continued: "Is it not true that you shun us poor creatures completely? I fear the ladies complain of you, Mr. Brooke. At an assembly, you begin to collect what gentlemen you can as soon as your compliments are made; then you hurry them quickly to a night of dice, cards, and wine. And the next day you curse them! Fie, sir! Why have you forsworn us? It might be that we should use you better!" The girl laughed in my face.

"Unhappily, I doubt it," I replied with some disdain. "I find little favor with the sex."

Miss Pruitt looked upon me languishingly and sighed. "How little you have sought where you might have found it!" says she, murmuring; and laughed openly again.

"This confession is touching, madam," quoth I, my head ready to burst and my whole body faint with the effort of standing to attend her.

"You have little perception, Mr. Brooke," she gibed. "And yet, in all the follies of the gentlemen, I hear you are the foremost leader."

This was not true; she was twitting me maliciously; for the common talk held that the Major was plucking me, though that he never did. I bowed, however (ignoring what she designed to sting me), and, as I did so, my cane fell from my hand.

I was afraid that if I stooped to pick it up my head would swim, and I let the thing stay where it was. She laughed, so that I think she understood—and more, I believed that her cruelty in not bidding me to resume my seat upon my log was deliberate and did not spring from mere thoughtlessness.

"There are some things I admire in you, sir," says she, looking very solemn.

"I am happy."

"One of them is your braggadocio."

"Miss Pruitt's servant."

"Ah!" she exclaimed quickly, "I should not have said braggadocio. That is no word for a brave man such as your present conduct shows you to be. And I confess"—she faltered and looked down—"I confess I find the quality vastly becoming."

"I fail to comprehend you, madam."

"What!" cries she, "when here am I, so charmed by your indifference to what hangs over you, that I stand chatting in a wood with you, regardless of what tatters the proprieties would leave of me if they should ever hear of it! Is it strange that I must pause to admire a gentleman who lounges on a log while a rope's end dangles above him?"

"Will Miss Pruitt explain?" I was entirely puzzled; for she spoke with complete earnestness.

"What need to explain that any man's courage in the face of such a death is a thing worth living to see? The others make off on fast horses, but Mr. Brooke, so please you, strolls through the streets as if nothing had happened, and lounges indifferently in a grove upon the very borders of the town!" Her face glowed with incomprehensible fervor, and I stared at her, amazed.

"Ah!" she cried. "It was a sin to strike down the old man, but a woman of heart might forget that, sir, in her love of a daring so splendid as yours!"

There was not a vestige of mirth or mockery in the girl's face; nothing but a profound and exalted enthusiasm; and it is cause for no wonder that I began to be alarmed.

"I should be glad to know your meaning," I said, with no inconsiderable anxiety.

"Have I not made it clear?"

"No," I replied emphatically. "I have not the least vestige of it!"

"How!" she cried, falling back a step. "Am I to find my admiration so misplaced? Is it possible that you do not know that the man is dead?"

"What man?" I stared at her in horror.



*"The faint sound of fisticuffs was borne to my attentive ear."*

"Angels of mercy!" She lifted both her hands as though lamentably amazed. "How I have been deceived! I had thought your bearing the wildest bravery, and I find it mere ignorance!" She gathered her skirts. "Oh, I could be careless of gossip for a hero; but I find little advantage to risk my reputation for stupidity! Adieu, sir. I must be off indeed!"

She began to move away from me, but I sprang forward and caught the edge of her cloak.

"Tell me what you mean!" I cried.

"Unloose my cloak."

I dropped it at once; I had forgotten myself for the moment; but her hints had been no pleasant hearing.

"Will you not tell me?" I repeated, and I could hear my voice shaking.

She looked at me gravely over her shoulder, without saying a word, while I fell a-trembling with nervousness, awaiting, in an anguish of suspense, what she would say, for now I was sure that some horrible thing had happened. She spoke at last.



*“‘There are some things I admire in you, sir.’”*



"And you do not know it was your blow that did it?"

"In heaven's name, did what?"

"Killed the watchman!"

On my honor, my first thought was of poor old Bender. I would not have hurt the man for the world! (We had met him often in the early hours, but it had always been one of the others who had knocked him down.)

"Truly," said she slowly, "do you not remember?"

I leaned against the trunk of a tree, and, in answer, shook my head.

"I will tell you. You struck him behind the ear with your cane."

I was glad I had let the thing lie where it had fallen, and I shuddered.

"After your party had passed," she continued, "the watchman was discovered and carried into the nearest house; insensible, though still living. The physician said he would die within three hours; the news was noised abroad, and your companions took horse and fled—evidently so panic-stricken that they could not even pause to warn you. The poor old man became conscious at noon and swore with his last breath that you had struck the mortal blow. You must have left your house just before they came to take you—and I fear it can be the matter of but a little time until they track you hither. Should you not take some thought of flight? Since it seems that you have not that gaudy quality of courage which I dreamed was yours!"

I tried to answer, but no more than an incoherent syllable came, like the ghost of a word, from my dry throat. I stared at her, without seeing her, my mind's eye pitifully fixed on the far flight of my companions, galloping on the long road to the coast. They had left a scapegoat to bear the punishment and take whatever might come, while every moment they were safer! I saw the sun shining on the broad back of the Major, thumping in his saddle, like the bad rider he was; upon Keeswick and

Charingford and little Mitts. They had left me to bear the brunt alone, the cheap rascals! Well, thought I, there might be some stories told, ere Robert Brooke stood on the scaffold!

This last contingency made its apparition plain. For I could not hope to hide in the woods, nor escape to the tender mercies of the aborigines. I had no woodman's craft; had been but four months in the Colonies; I was soft with sweet living and wine, and doubted my capacity to run a hundred paces before my heart would break and halt. Now that I am free with my confession, I would have none decry me; for there be few who cannot understand (either through some youthful memory, or by shame of later lapses) what agony of apprehension sate upon me as a fog upon the bosom of the hysterical sea. I was lost: the ultimate had stricken me. If I had laid low a young man fairly! But no! *My* lot was to murder a defenseless octogenarian. Defenseless—yes! He carried a truncheon, fit weapon for a gesture; but take him all in all he was a jest, a butt, an aged dolt to push, as if he had been a toy mandarin. Unhappy pensionary! he had been knocked down safely a hundred times by a hundred smug drunkards, safe now, all of them. But I—me miserable! *I* so much as touch him—and he shrivels up and dies! The others pound, hammer, choke, beat, bruise, stun, strangle him, and he springs elastic, but *I* lay my slender cane to his ear, and he withers like a melon in the sun—evaporates—is fitted with the coffin in three hours! The incredible devilry of it! The horrid lawlessness of it!

This girl had thought I knew that horror and carelessly lingered in the neighborhood—waiting to be caught and hanged! That was what she had admired! Even in my anguish I found time to wonder what things she deemed a man could bear and of what consist. I had heard it whispered that she inclined to her cousin Charingford, that she was kind to him and loved to please

him; but it seemed to me that this flight of his should cure her, since she professed herself a lover of heroes. Despite my anguish I thought of her, and that was a strange matter; for I had heretofore given her scant notice. In truth, before I crossed to the Colonies, I had some sorrows which justified her sling at me that I was no admirer of the sex. In spite of that there was something so compelling about this fanciful trix that I found her imperial over my distress and hated her the more on that account!

She stood looking at me. The thicket was mottled with sunshine behind her; brown leaves lay strewn upon the ground; the picture she made against this woodland (even in my tremors, I thought) might have seemed enchanting to a mind untroubled. And she had thought me a dare-devil and had liked me for it!

In a trap as I was, I had no more influence than a rat, neither great wealth nor powerful relatives; there were many in the Colonies, from Boston to Georgia, who had connections that might have saved them in such a strait, but I was no more than the grandson of a draper, and had sailed for the New World with a design to make me a name—which conception I had carried out, but the name, I may say, was none of the handsomest. It came over me sorrowfully that though a certain notoriety I had achieved, of true friends to stand by me in my trouble there were none! The whirl of life was at an end for me—ah, truly it had been but a whirl! And I was brought to such a pass that this girl, this uppish maid, this Miss Pruitt, stood—like a Brahman idol—with an impassive serenity, almost a smiling curiosity, watching me.

The pursuit would seek me out, of course; at any instant I might see the constables break through the thicket. If there had been a hiding place near by, I could not have reached it. I was like one in a dream who would fly and can-

not. I had faced in my time (for I was thirty-five) some evil situations blithely, but this was beyond my calmness. It is the truth that my companions had sometimes made little gibes at me, referring to occasions when I had withdrawn with dignity from brawls and the like, but I passed over such jests good-humoredly, satisfied with my own conduct and knowing that I had never been a jot of a coward. Yet the dreadful thing I now confronted might have daunted a Paladin, and, as I leaned against the tree, I own I shook with fright. I could not think; my mind was a horrid chaos; despair howled in my ears.

"For God's sake, tell me what to do!" I cried miserably. And that was the depth of my humiliation.

I saw a deep light gleam suddenly in her eyes, and feeling myself the creature most outcast of all the world, I knew that its fuel was mirth. I could not endure her gaze; my own dropped before it, the which was my salvation, for my eyes fell upon a bush which stirred, but, palpably, not with the wind, and through a small parting in the thick underbrush I saw the purple, choking face of the Major and a woman's brow and laughing eyes.

I had the sense to place my hand immediately upon my eyes, and looked out between my fingers. I had made no mistake. It was the Major, and Mrs. Keeswick, Keeswick's hoydenish wife. More! As I peered, I caught a gleam of an epaulet through some moving leaves, so Charingford crouched there; and, near by, the edge of a brocade skirt glimmered from behind a stump—a skirt which I knew belonged to Mrs. Keeswick's gossip, that rollicking widow, Mrs. Mavitt.

At once I understood, and a great rage took the place of fear in my bosom. If Mrs. Keeswick, Charingford, Mrs. Mavitt, and the Major were there, then the others were there—Mitts, Keeswick, Betty Winter, the whole roaring, cantankerous crew of them; every one of

them now, I knew, in agonies of suppressed laughter, while that worthless old Bender was no doubt at home snoring out his day sleep. They had planned it carefully—following me, and sending this girl to make a spectacle of me for the mirth of gods and men, while the others crept to their hiding places and half died of stifled laughter. I had walked into the rascal trap as a sheep goes to the slaughter pen—and yet, perhaps my discovery had been made not too late, perhaps there was still time for a just vengeance. . . . I would try!

She stood with her face partly turned from me, and a little distance away. I dropped my hand, drew myself to my full height, stepped close to her, and looked at her. When she saw me, calm and smiling, beside her, she started.

"What!" she exclaimed in evident puzzlement. "Are you intending an escape? A moment ago you seemed unable to move!"

"Conscience, madam," I replied; "not fear!" I bowed. "I was for an instant overcome by the thought of the poor fellow-creature whom I had destroyed with such tragic carelessness. Pity for him almost unmanned me; even so that I appealed to you. What folly! The thing cannot be undone——"

"But," she interrupted, amazed, "you cried out to me, begging me to tell you what to do!"

"Yes, madam, for Bender—in expiation; for my remorse seemed greater than I could bear. It was sheer folly; for it is beyond the power of man to make reparation to one deceased. Let us speak of other matters. See how beautifully the sun falls through the trees——"

She interrupted me, the look of wonder growing deeper in her eyes: "But do you not realize that you may be seized at any instant? The pursuit may be within sound of our voices——"

"Believe me," I smiled, waving my hand, "flight would prove not only un-

becoming but useless. As you say, the officers of justice may be very near. Well, I am at their service, for I am not one to shun the consequences of any act of mine. My companions are doing the running away, which is almost laughably in keeping with their character—as one of them, himself, not long ago confessed to me. 'Brooke,' said little Mitts, 'tis my profound belief that Keeswick, the Major, and Noisy Charingford are cowards, all three of them.' And to-day they are proving his words. Does Miss Pruitt connect me with so craven a crew?"

"I am beginning not to," she replied in a low and troubled voice.

She had fallen back from me, the most amazed person I ever saw, and with her astonishment I saw commingling a look of consternation and shame. "I trust you will continue that beginning, madam," I said gently. "They have been my companions, never my friends. Such as they are, they are all that the place affords, and—may I tell you something?" I spoke hesitatingly, as a tutor who had a gentle chiding of some loved one to perform. "A man in my situation, Miss Pruitt," I continued, "feels the follies of the world drop from him, and he may be frank. In the few moments of liberty yet left me I should be happier if I might effect a good deed. May I speak?"

"Yes," she answered softly. "What is it?"

"'Tis but that during the months I have been here, I have for some time observed you with great wonder and trouble."

If anything could have astounded her more than what had gone before, it was this. "Observed me?" she cried. "You never looked at me!"

"Nay," said I. "I am a quiet man in my inner self. I do not live on the surface, nor wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at. I have been in this little hurly-burly attempt at fashion here, but never of it. I confess to a profound

amazement that one like you should appear its center. These others, these Keeswicks and the rest, are unworthy to be the associates of so much beauty and virtue!"

"You mock me!" cried the lady, and blushes like waves suddenly ran over her face and neck.

"Madam"—I infused a quality near sternness into my voice—"is it probable that at this time I would waste one precious instant in mere impudence? Nay!" I exclaimed, "I have looked upon you, surrounded by these pinchbeck fashionables, as the single flower among so many weeds! How I have wondered that you could endure them! And my only conclusion is that you have not understood them, have not seen through them!"

"Well?" says she, somewhat breathlessly.

"Ah!" cried I. "These people are as transparent as glass and as cheap as tinsel! Do you not read them? No, because you are too young, too light-hearted, too trusting! What better can I do than utter a last warning against them, before I go to the cell which awaits me? Miss Pruitt, there is not one of them fit to touch your shoe! To begin with, they have not even the virtue to like one another; they have not even loyalty; and in all the Colonies you cannot hear such backbiting and slander as in this small circle. Do they not ape the vices and folly of London and forget its wit? Is there one stupid and unmannerly prank to which they would not stoop, or any consideration of the anguish of the victim which could prevent them?"

I paused and her eyes fell before mine; her head bent slowly, and the blush darkened upon her cheek. "None," she murmured. "But I—I am not better than they."

"As much better," I cried, "as light than darkness! Surely you could never think yourself so base, for instance, as Betty Winter, who but last night spoke

titteringly in my ear of her bosom friend Mrs. Keeswick as——"

"Be careful!" cried Miss Pruitt with a slight scream.

"Nay," I replied. "Let my last act be to reveal these people to you! She said——"

"Do not tell what she said!"

"But why?" I asked. "It was mere slander, and I did not believe it. Indeed, I have heard Mrs. Keeswick say worse against Betty Winter!"

The lady cried out again, and the crimson of her cheek had gone to white. "In pity's name, Mr. Brooke, you do not know what havoc you——"

"But how?" I asked. "No one shall know these things but you, and I feel that you should know the worst." (There was a stirring in the thicket that was sweet to my ears.) "If you will not let me tell you how these two ladies speak of each other, you will surely hear me when I repeat what Mrs. Mavitt, whom *they* unite to call the 'harridan,' says privately of them?"

"No!" cries she. "No! No! No!"

"But why?"

"There are reasons," she stammered. "You must not."

"Do not fear," I returned, taking care all the while to keep my voice clear and loud. "I should so modify the original speeches as to make them modest enough for your ear——"

"Alas!" She lifted both her hands and dropped them in despair. "You have done it now, Mr. Brooke!"

And by the increasing stir in the bushes I thought she spoke the truth.

"I have done what?" I inquired.

"I cannot tell you," she answered, with every appearance of confusion and distress. "I cannot tell you."

"I am sorry that the revelation should have pained you," I said gravely; "but I think it best that you should know, just as you should know that little Mitts suspects the Major and Keeswick of dividing their winnings from him, and that they suspect *him* of unfair devices with



the cards, and intend laying a trap to detect him. And they——”

“Stop,” she cried faintly. “Pray, pray, stop, Mr. Brooke.” And she leaned her back against a tree and shuddered.

“Nay,” I answered, “let me do this little act of kindness and continue. It will comfort me in my cell to have caused this enlightenment.”

“Enlightenment!” she whispered.

“And the strangest thing in the world,” I went on rapidly, “is this friendship between Keeswick and the Major; for the Major brags to the rest of them that he is making a conquest of Mrs. Keeswick, while Keeswick confided to Charingford—who cannot keep a secret—that his wife was making a fool of the Major, who sends them baskets of game and wine which Keeswick gorges! And——”

But at this she gave a scream and covered her ears with her hands. I paused and heard the stirring in the thicket increasing mightily; also there was a sound like a groan.

Again I caught a glimpse of Noisy Charingford’s epaulet and my purpose deepened. Well I knew that the plot against me was his, and that it was he who had persuaded this girl to her part in it. That was why I had saved him for the last.

I stepped close to her, confronting her, but she kept her hands to her ears, and shook her head at me violently to make me understand that she would not hear me. Therefore I looked sadly into her eyes, like one nobly compassionate, lifted my hands and gently took hers (which were small and shapely in green gloves) and pulled them down.

“Not another word!” she cried, struggling.

“Yes,” I said. “There is something more needful that you should hear than all I have said, for it nearly concerns yourself.” At that she stopped struggling, and in the compelling curiosity that shot into her eyes, I saw that she

truly forgot that I had not dropped her hands. (I did not forget it, and was suddenly aware—without any astonishment, which was the strange part of it—that I might never forget.)

“What do you know that concerns me?” she whispered; but though I stood so close to her I did not whisper in return.

“Captain Charingford,” I began, in a firm and resonant voice.

“My cousin,” she interrupted.

“Yes. Noisy Charingford.”

“What of him?”

“He tells,” I said. “He tells when he kisses!”

She sprang back from me with a loud cry.

“Last night at Mitts’s house, in his cups,” I went on rapidly. “I believe he said it happened when he put you in your chair on your departure from Betty Winter’s and——”

“He stole it!” she cried, the crimson flaming up in her face. “He stole it!”

There was a mighty to-do in the underbrush now; crackling of twigs and branches, a scurry and the sound of running feet, and at this, as it could be no longer ignored, I stepped toward her.

“Hark!” I said over my shoulder to her. “The pursuit is upon me and I go to meet it. Good-by. If you will walk in the opposite direction, no one need ever know that we have met. Good-by.”

I turned and started to break through the thicket, but she leaped forward and caught the cuff of my coat between her fingers. “There is no pursuit,” she said, and I saw the tears of shame and anger shining in her eyes. “There is nothing except a pitiful plot to make a brave man play the woman!”

“But I heard them,” I answered sharply. “There was a great stir here!” And I pressed forward into the underbrush, which I found untenanted, though there was noise in plenty beyond. In a moment I came out into the open,

clearer grove and was pleased with all I saw.

In the distance, upon the edge of the woods where the trees gave way to meadow, were three men busy with a running battle, Keeswick, the Major, and Mitts. They engaged each other impartially; not two of them allying to fall upon one; but each assaulting each of the other two, now and then tripping, anon running a space and coming again together, when the faint sound of fisticuffs was borne to my attentive ear. And after them ran a woman, hallooing anxiously, Keeswick's lamentable wife. Mrs. Mavitt had disappeared entirely, but down a pathway that led to the high-road I saw the figure of Miss Pruitt's red-coated cousin hastily making off alone, and she saw it too; for she had followed, and stood beside me.

Not far from us upon a log sat Mrs. Winter, heaped up and rocking herself. "God forgive you, Robert Brooke!" she said, rising at the sight of me, "I should hope to live to see you hanged if I were sure you would make no last speech upon the scaffold!"

And, taking her head in her hands, she set off, groaning, following the others.

As I stood staring after her, I heard the girl at my elbow catch her breath, almost as if she had sobbed; but when I turned, I found no trace of the tears I

had seen upon her cheeks; for her eyes were dry and angry.

"And so," I said sorrowfully, "this is how you tricked me!"

"Yes," she said between her teeth.

Again I bent upon her a gaze of lofty yet gentle reproach. "You tried to frighten me, to make me a butt for these weaklings, who fly at the first breath of truth—dead leaves before a breeze—you set out to make me comedian before this audience of——"

"Yes," she repeated doggedly. "Think what you like of me!" (Her little face was pale and I vow it was a pretty one!)

"But what do you think of them?" I asked.

"They deserved it all," she answered fiercely. "Every word!"

"And do you not think," I pursued, "that you and I are of a finer metal than they?"

"Not I!" She shook her head, but suddenly her anger seemed to depart from her, while something warm and yielding took its place. "I—could never ask you," she faltered, "to forgive me—though all that I did—only showed you forth as the—the daring man you are."

Her upturned face was no great distance away—and she had called me daring. . . . But I am no Charingford!

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## NATURE'S SOLACE

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE twilight is for thought, the night for grief,  
 And so the wounded heart that may not rest  
 Has mourned the lighter for the sheltering leaf,  
 Has wept the deeper for the darkening West!



## THE SAGE HEN'S SAMSON

By HARRY LEON WILSON



AT sunset I had missed a deer—missed under circumstances that seemed at the moment to make the disgrace of it absolute. At no small square of grayish brown, glimpsed uncertainly through curtains of leafage, had I been compelled to aim; but fairly in the open, a hundred yards distant, the creature had stood to paw the earth and to erect a most desirable pair of antlers in splendid challenge.

Free had I been to fix the tiny bead immovably upon his lithe fore shoulder. But, with the shot, a flash of lightning struck the edge of the forest—and left no mark.

Mechanically I pumped out the empty shell and, in a tremble of dismay, turned to Marvin Twilley, who had crouched near me in the buck-brush that fringed the base of the hill. I had long known Marvin for an able and unscrupulous diplomat, but the atrociousness of my late performance was too brutally obvious to sustain any friendly misinterpretation. There, under the peace that slept along the mountain tops, amid the chastened serenity of that little cup in the hills, I was ready to face Marvin Twilley as man to man. I expected and wished nothing but the frankest admission of my wretched failure, and such simple honest comment as would

readily emanate from a tired and disgusted woodsman who had watched a novice throw away the single chance of a toilsome day.

But Marvin was to reveal new and amazing capacities for dissimulation. He had come quickly to his feet in an admirable pleasure of excitement, his blue eyes glinting, his partially grayed mustache bristling over a smile of keenest enjoyment in my prowess, his browned and weathered face lighting with a friendly shrewdness.

"You got him! Good work! Notice how his tail was down?"

The tail had been up—flaunted most arrogantly. I had been quick enough to see that. But Marvin's little fiction was appealing to the verge of pathos, so I weakly stammered that I had not noticed.

"Well, it was down. He'll stagger in there about a hundred yards. Then he'll tumble over and bleed to death."

But this was too brazen.

"Marvin," I said, "I don't know where you gathered your notions of a staggering deer, but if they're accurate this one is staggering something like a mile a minute. We'll never see him again, Marvin, unless he runs into one of those big spruces and breaks his neck. I shan't be surprised if he does—the careless way he started through those thick woods."

Marvin dropped into deep silence and lighted his pipe, turning partially away from me. He was hurt by my coarseness.

"Oh, well, we'll go over and look," I said, relenting; whereupon Marvin revived to his mendacious eagerness.

"Wait till you see the trail of blood he's left. I'm only afraid you've tore him all up. Them thirty-forties are sure a great gun for true shooting and plumb deestruction. They go right where you hold 'em."

For half an hour, at the other side of the opening, Marvin strove loyally to feign the suppression of such excitement as should justly attend our search for the mangled remains of my quarry. He simulated the most poignant expectancy. At intervals along the trail of the fleeing buck—a trail with ever-widening intervals between the heart-shaped hoof prints—he pointed out minute specks on fallen leaves which he declared to be blood. These I had the grace not to examine too closely.

But presently the strain told and my overloyal companion relaxed from his dogmatic positiveness so far as to say, with a speculative eye upon the ascent up which the trail led:

"Well, you certainly shot it *some*. I can tell a hit deer as fur as any man. Likely you paunched it and it'll worry on for two, three miles, account of our coming in here so quick. If we'd stayed over there and smoked a couple pipes, all quiet, it'd run about this fur and then laid down and got all stiffened up, but it heard us comin' and kep' on goin'."

His glance shifted uneasily to the back trail, and I promptly took the lead.

"No, sir, I wouldn't have one o' them thirty-forties. They ain't balanced right. You can't tell *where* to hold 'em."

This as we first turned back. But as we crossed the little "park" Marvin spoke of weather signs.

"A red sun's got water in his eyes.

Yes, sir. And see the way them quakin' asp turn up their leaves. Yes, sir, rain to-morrow, sure."

Having thus dismissed a particular deer, it was not ungraceful to return to deer in general. That Marvin should return to missed deer in general was to be anticipated. That he returned to deer that he himself had missed was fresh testimony of his guile. As we made back to camp he regaled me with vivacious narratives of wild shots he had unaccountably made at deer happened upon absurdly close. Invariably these had been occasions when no excuse could be found for missing. He had not been hurried; he had taken careful aim; his sights were not jammed. Once he had emptied his last three shots at a recumbent buck, only to have it rise and walk off in disdainful leisure; and this at a distance from which he might have clubbed it to death—"almost."

This was not bad of Marvin, in theory. Done with moderation and a trifle of finesse, it is conceivable that I might have found a legitimate consolation in the tales. But Marvin's sense of proportion was, for the moment, faulty. He became slightly feverish, I believe, in a fear that he might not think of a new one before he finished the anecdote in hand. One who had tramped those last three miles with us would have been obliged to believe that Marvin Twilley had spent his life in vain efforts to shoot a deer; that he had missed them under all possible circumstances in which a miss would be unpardonable and inexplicable. In not one instance was there a single unfavorable condition.

Clearly then did I see how wholly bad, how baldly inexcusable, was my own exhibition held in the secret soul of Marvin Twilley. I perceived, too, how adroitly he had glided from feigned certainty that I had hit my deer to this tacit assumption that I had scored a clean miss.

But I could still be a man among men.

"Marvin," I said coldly, in the midst

of his interminable "Yes, sir, there he stood, plain as day, horns like a big armchair settin' up on his head—so I gets a good rest over this here down-timber I'm tellin' you about——"

"Marvin—did you ever hit a deer?"

He stopped abruptly, I believe to light his pipe; for I, pushing on, heard him mutter profane disparagement of his pipe, his tobacco, his matches, and his luck. He lingered behind me thereafter and went for a look at our tethered horses when we reached camp.

Through the cooking of supper, he was taciturn, even avoiding my glance. Not until we had eaten and Marvin had lighted his pipe over a last tin cup full of the black coffee did he again become at all possible. Not of guns nor of deer, hit or missed, was our talk at first. The situation being yet a little difficult, we spoke of matters foreign to the chase—of Marvin's now ancient visit to the Chicago Fair—that being the occasion of his only sortie from the big hills since he had invaded them in '75—of local affairs at Pagosa; of the snowslide that carried off a whole night-shift up at Red Mountain the winter before; of the alarming shrinkage of free range in Colorado; of what any self-respecting man should do to a Mexican when he finds one running a bunch of sheep over good cattle country. And of the West at large we spoke.

In the opinion of Marvin there was, strictly speaking, no longer a West.

"What does a boy run away from home for nowadays?" he asked somewhat petulantly. "To fight Injuns? No, sir. It was that way in my time—to fight Injuns and be trappers and scouts. Now they run away to be detectives or to join a circus or something. Yes, sir,

there ain't no more picturesqueness to the West. Its romance is plumb faded. Now you take Buckskin Charley. He was the last surviving monument, as the feller says, to them old days. *He* was picturesque, good and plenty, up and down and across the board. But what befell him? Why, the Sage Hen befell him, and now Buck ain't a mite more picturesque than me or you. Buck ain't a right bad fellow, but he had ought to of been shot and stuffed and set up in a musee up in Denver or some place. But, 'stead of that, what does the Sage Hen do——?"

"Well, what did she do?" I asked this because Marvin had stopped as one

meeting a counter train of thought. He waited a moment, then slapped his thigh with the vigorous satisfaction of a discoverer.

"There, now, *that's* why you missed—you clean overshot in that there twilight."

I was willing to accept this, for the man seemed honest at last. I beamed cordially upon him.

"Do you really think so?"



"*'Him being a romantic and picturesque figger.'*"



"She had the powers and capacities to make some man a true and valuable wife."

"Surest thing you know! You got to hold low when the light's dim. You overshot that deer a good inch. I wouldn't 'a' thought of it, mebbe, but for speaking of Buckskin Charley."

"Who was befallen by the Sage Hen," I prompted.

"He had such beautiful long, silky curls, and wore such purty clothes." As this came with the reminiscent gleam of the determined raconteur, I waited in silence.

"And that's why I ain't went down to Rock Creek this last summer and mebbe not this winter, till I see things are good and settled."

"The Sage Hen," I suggested.

"Oh, jest a name they give her at Pagosa; and so it kep' a clinging to her after she moved herself and six little Pulcifers up to Rock Creek to make their daily bread—and giving it out plain, the day Tobe Mellish freighted her in, that she had the powers and capacities to make some man a true and valuable wife—some steady, God-fearing man

that would come home at mealtimes and be a father to the fatherless. That's the kind of a lady she was—no simpering or beating about the bush—but downright outspoken, looking you square in the eye meantime, she being of the true pioneer stock that had come across in the wagons and lived hard all her days—cut wood, drew water, plowed and planted and shot bob cats and already buried three——"

"Bob cats?"

"Husbands—and a fearless, capable lady, six foot and over, strong as an ox. I bet she could 'a' gone on up to Red Mountain and made her two and a quarter a day tramping ore if she'd wanted to; and yet a very womanish person, surprisingly, having romantic pains and streaks that would of astonished any good judge who'd only witnessed her chopping wood or plowing up her truck garden, with proper speech to the mule. But she'd always read the *Family Story Paper* and such like fiction writing, and she had romantic dreams. You might say she was full as poetic inwardly as Buckskin Charley himself, only she'd never had time to make much of it, being took up continuously with reg'ler toil, so's it hadn't a chance to break out on her like on Buck—he having no cares to speak of and poeticals being his sole pursuit."

"Poetry?"

"Yes, sir—that's the way the bills read—'Buckskin Charley, the Cowboy Poet.' Me? I don't know. It might 'a' been good poetry; might 'a' graded way above standard for all I know. Good for a cowboy anyway, prob'ly. I ain't ever set up to pass on that kind of literary writing. I get so dog-goned nervous wondering if the last ends of the lines is going to rhyme, why, I lose the sense of it. I get to making bets with myself that its bound to fall down and miss the rhyme, next line. It always looks to me like taking a lot of fool trouble to be fancy when you really got something to say. But that's neither here nor there.

"Buck was the cowboy poet, or sometimes 'the Poet Scout,' with long brown curls hanging down on his coat collar and dressed up ornamental with buckskin pants and coat, all fringed, and a low-necked shirt and the hat all proper——

"Yes, sir—jest like a Wild West—that's it. He'd go off with one o' them shows every spring, selling his poetry and his photos and taking tickets and telling his recitations and adventures among the red devils of the far West at various entertainments, and bringing back pieces in the paper about him being a romantic and picturesque figger with his flashing eyes and his gift of song.

"Well, yes, of course—he'd been West. He was with the chuck wagon for the 'S-lazy-S' outfit one round-up that I know of, and he'd seen plenty Injuns when he clerked at the agency store down to Ponce, but he had to send to a Jew firm in Cincinnati for his buckskin clothes, and he didn't make no big hit when he got back to the San Juan country with 'em. They chiefly wear 'You-can't-bust-'em' overalls 'stead of buckskin pants around here. I took it Buck kept his costume on after he come back as a matter of economy. He cal'lated to wear it out among us and get a new one in the spring. And he wa'n't ever molested much after a couple years when the folks around Pagosa and Rock Creek got kind of used to the sight.

"Well, it's a year come next month Buck gets back to Rock Creek for the winter, and I fall in with him the first day I go down, me being also there for the winter, having left Jeff and Aleck up here to the ranch to feed stock. We met in front of the All Friends' saloon, where I'm going for my morning dram, and while I'm shaking hands with Buck the Sage Hen rides up. Well, sir, that woman was plump buffaloeed the minute her eyes fell on this long-haired Buckskin boy. She jest sets and gazes spell-bound, like they say. Having been West so long she'd never had the chance to



*"Making a low bow to the lady, like on the stage."*

see anything like him before. And Buck, being a great grand-stand player, straightens up, brushing back his long silky curls, 'careless wise, and goes on talking to me like he hain't noticed her. You see, I was on to Buck in a minute. That was because he thinks he looks like Buffalo Bill in the side profile. And she sets there looking. Her eyes was plumb wonderful, now I tell you. I could gawp all I wanted to because she didn't even know I was there.

"In a minute I asks Buck in and he accepts promptly, first turning and making a low bow to the lady, like on the stage, with a flashing look in his eye, as if he'd jest happen to notice her.

"Yes, sir, the days that follered was marked by a good deal of gossip first and last. The Sage Hen, as they called her—not to her face—talked free. There was social gatherings, to mingle in the dance and have a few refreshments and so on, and the Sage Hen come near being

gang boss of all the doings. And at everyone I'd pick up something or other. 'There's girls here that will be miss long after my name is once more changed,' says she to a group of ladies. 'And marriage,' says she, 'is a proper estate, honorable and best of all for parties concerned. It's an outward sign,' she says, 'of a holy and undissolving union fortified by grace,' or something like that, though where she got it I don't know. She wa'n't a very wordy person as a rule.

"That was at first—this here vague kind of talk. But purty soon she gets down to cases, like you might say. First it was Buckskin Charles. She said he was a beautiful person and recited his cowboy poetics by heart, and had his show picture nailed up back of the stove—him looking off'n a mountain top watching a wagon train coming in to invade his peaceful solitudes. She let on that she felt powerless in his presence, like a poor little birdy being charmed by a horrible flat-headed serpent with gleaming fangs.

"Well, now, I ain't so awful light-minded, as you know, but it kind of grated on such vanity as a man's got a right to have—I mean her passing me up so entirely for this here cheap valentine boy. Any man feels miffed when something passes him clean by that a-way, even if he don't want it at all. So naturally I began to put forth a few efforts of light conversation in my own behalf—not aiming for anything, you understand, but a jest acknowledgment of my presence on God's green earth, merely as a man and a fellow-citizen. Mebbe I *did* talk a bit strong. Of course I did; because there was a good bit to overcome in the way of this fascination for Buck, and because at first I couldn't seem to get the ground loosened up none—couldn't get below the grass roots, so to speak.

"But all of a sudden one night at the Lit'ry, which was held in the school-house—I'd been talking strong—yes—

having grown reckless from previous rebuffs, as the man said—all at once I seen a new look in her eyes. 'Twa'n't a melting look exactly, but it was highly interested. I'll say that, and a whole lot determined. 'And Mr. Twilley,' she says, 'you'll think me romantic and foolish, but you behold a woman that's been tore between two fires'—or something like that—'my love of the beautiful,' she says, 'and my common sense for what is substantial and solid and has a few dollars laid up in the bank, and those sterling murrits that'd make him a father to the fatherless—has had a fierce combat, them two,' she says. 'And now, Mr. T.,' she ends up with, 'your faithful heart will rejoice to know that my common sense has won out. I have vanished romance, Mr. T., as St. George slayed the dragon.' And she stood, kind of waiting.

"Say, there was such a look in her eyes, with the way her jaws set—I felt like I did that day over on Pine River when I had to get that silver tip with one shot or else be got myself. I looked down, purtending I'd lost my hat, and then stumbled over my own feet and got to the door in a cold sweat. Thinks I, 'I'll get a pair snowshoes first thing tomorrow and work back to the ranch; Jeff and Aleck are good enough company for me. But, come morning, I got back a mite of nerve and made inquiries of a couple ladies I know. 'Why,' says they, 'she's been asking about Charley and about you and she's been told that you're well fixed and would make a good purvider, whilst Charley's a mere butterfly and greatly uncertain. She says Charley is cal'lated to inspire a great passion in a woman's heart, but that you'd make the best father, so she feels at her time of life that she's bound to sacrifice herself to you for the sake of her little ones.' 'Oh, *does* she?' says I, jest like that.

"Well, say, I shivered, but, come to think of it, I see I hadn't signed no papers nor stuck up any claim—only jest





“‘You’re our new papa.’”

prospected the drift rock a bit, so I says to myself, ‘Wait awhile and see.’ And I did—but going to my shack thereafter, mind you, over the hill and not up the road past the Sage Hen lady’s humble dwelling—not no more.

“Yes, sir, then the talk began to go back and forth right lively. This lady gives out that nothing ever turned her back once her mind was set; that she never stopped at anything to reach her goal. You’d give her ‘good’ on that proposition, once you seen her. And she further give out that I am one of the finest men America has yet purduced. Of course, that was drawing it purty strong. But me? I jes’ lay quiet, going home and back over the hill, so’s not to be prominent on the public highway, and turning down invites to several evening parties on the grounds that I wa’n’t well. At least I said that at first, till I heard she was threatening to come and nurse me back to my old time vigger.

“Meantime I get a heart-to-heart talk with Buckskin Charley boy, leaning on the bar. ‘Between you and I,’ I blurts out to him, by way of bringing up the

matter, ‘I’ll bet chips to coppers that you’re as much afraid of her as I be.’ ‘Afraid,’ says he, getting into one of his show attitudes, all graceful—‘I ain’t afraid of anything that wears hoof, hide, or hair, black, white, red, or yellow, bar none. I don’t know the meaning of the word fear. I’m that reckless of life and limb I marvel I’m alive to tell it. *But,*’ he says, ‘they’s a thing about that lady that when she looks at you your energies is paralyzed. You know you’re all in if she gives the word. You’re roped, throwed, and tied, waiting for the iron.’

“‘Then you’re playing with fire,’ I says.

“‘None knows it better than me,’ says Buck, ‘but there are reasons.’

“‘Are there, indeed?’ I says. ‘As what, now?’

“Then he goes on and tells me about setting in a game of cinch with two of the boys from Pagosa, over at the ‘All Friends,’ and he thinks they double-teamed him—him being a bit overdrunked. Anyway they skinned him and they done it purty. He says to ‘em afterwards, kind of sobered, ‘Why, that’s every cent I got.’ ‘Oh, well, that’s

enough,' says they, and when he starts to make a real kick, one of 'em sends him through the front door of the 'All Friends' like the door wasn't there at all. So it seems he's counting on the Sage Hen for a get-away stake, come spring, meaning to keep friendly with her, but no more, she having some little insurance money from the late Pulcifer who was an A. O. U. W. or something. I must say Buck showed nerve.

"Well, things go on, me meeting the lady—but only casual like when not meaning to—and purtending to be a good deal deaf from a blast up to the Last Hope; and reports going about that she is again being torn between love and common sense, owing to my not being so impetuous as first suspected.

"Along comes Christmas. Jest before the glad day, Buck comes and says they's to be a Christmas doings at the Sage Hen's—tree for the kids and folks bid in and dancing later and so forth, and she's set her heart that Buck'll have to be Santy Claus. But he's holding back 'less he's got a friend that'll never leave him the whole night long, not for a minute, and will I be that friend, because he's in hock at the Oro Fino house and has to have his fare East and the price of some new fancy pants when the snow goes off.

"Well, I hemmed and hawed, not knowing what to say. And says Buck, 'Give me no feeble friendship whose chains snap when adversity frowns.' 'Oh, if you put it that way,' I says, 'I'll go. I won't leave you dooring the evening, but neither do you leave me,' I says. 'Mind that.'

"We'll purtend to be jealous,' says Buck, 'and watching each other close,' which was the poet's idea and a good one at that.

"Yes, sir, it's understood that Buck is to come as Santy Claus and I'm to come with him, helping tote the pack of purties for the blessed little ones. We're to come in the back way, jest after they

get through singing a yuletide carol or two.

"Well, Christmas eve is beautiful, all moonlight and clear with the big stars so firm in the sky, and Buck and me start for the scene of innocent gayety about 8.45 P.M., he being rigged out fine in a pink false face with white hair and whiskers, sent up from Durango. Between us we lugged the pack full of dolls and toys and peanut bar and such truck, Buck aiming to take it on his shoulders at the last minute and me to jingle-jingle a string of sleigh bells merrily.

"All went well, as the story says, till we clumb the rail fence back of the house, choosing a place jest by the hencoop where the lady kep' a fine lot of Bramys and buff Cochins. I'd ought to remembered right then that she'd had great trouble over certain people bothering them pullets. In fact she'd got so she'd act awful sudden any hour of the night when she heard scared chicken talk coming out of that coop. I'd ought to remembered that. But so had Buck ought to. He knew it as well as I did. But we was both thinking of the sport and how we'd make jealous cracks at each other all evening and glare like mad and talk fight and so forth, and when we pulled the pack over the fence Buck's foot slipped on the frozen snow and over he went against this coop, so he nearly tipped the thing over. Say them fowl made trouble right off. They'd got nervous and was light sleepers, I reckon, from having been molested so much at night. Anyway they squawked like they was all having their necks wrung at once.

"But still we didn't remember. We picked ourselves up and started on, laughing, when all at once I see the Sage Hen come out into the moonlight. Gosh all hemlock! She looked eight feet high. I dropped quick as a flash, yelling to Buck, but 'bang! bang!' she went—both barrels of her shotgun—before he could duck like I did; and good old

Saint Nick, elias Buckskin Charley, the Cowboy Poet, had two loads of shot into him.

"Ever notice people get shot on the stage? They put one hand on their heart, reach the other up in the air, this way, and say, 'My Gawd!'—then they stagger back two steps and plunge forward like they'd seen a diamond pin on the floor and wanted to nail it first.

"'Oh, no!' says she—'only half a load of fine shot. It couldn't hurt a person so *very* much.' And she looked at me very queer, I must say, and cool like, jest as if her first excitement had been put on. And when I get him in on the bed, with the flustered people and kids all about, she says, still very much collected, 'I plainly see the hand of Fate in this here. Fate is stronger than us all.'



*"So that was the end of poor Buckskin Charley—so far."*

"It ain't right—'tain't true. Buck slumped down like every bone in his body had been took out in a second by some trick or miracle. I h'isted him up at once, and down he slumped, groaning. Then I reh'isted him and starts to get him up over my shoulder.

"Meantime the Sage Hen runs up screaming, 'Oh, what *have* I done, what *have* I done?'

"'Looks like you got Buck that time,' I says, still lifting on him.

"Me? I made off suddenly for Doc Billings. I sent two of the boys back with him to do things needful, told Doc I'd pay his bill, and then—me on to the pinto and a lovely night ride down to Pagosa. Yes, sir. Think I was going back to set up with her and nurse Buck? Not me, with other able-bodied men about. I'd seen that funny look in her eyes when she noticed who it was had the bullet leaks.

"The rest of the news I had to get

from kind friends. Next morning, it seems, Buck is lying in bed, pale and weak, and wakes up to see the six little Pulcifers march in and line up, all staring at him pop-eyed and solemn. Then the biggest one pointed her finger at him and said: 'You're our new papa.' Then they all said together, 'You're our new papa,' and marched out.

Buck groaned and turned his face to the wall. Then the lady comes in and feels his pulse. Buck says, very puny, 'What's all this mean?'

"'Why, you've compromised me,' she says, 'coming on to my place at night and getting shot up that a-way. There's only one thing a gentleman can do,' she says, 'and that's to make good. I'm unprotected and a fair mark for the foul tongue of scandal.'

"It seems Buck got his wits back a little at that and says: 'But I have to be away so much on tour. How lonely you'd be. Why, I have to leave for all summer in a couple months. Mebbe when I come back next fall—' 'Oh, no,' she answers. 'Look there,' and she holds up a glass so's he can see himself.

"At that Buck let out a yell that was heard far and wide, for he saw that the Sage Hen had cut off his lovely long hair in the night. She hadn't taken time to do a neat job, either. She'd hacked a good bit and left Buck's head looking rough and spotty. I'm told he was a sight.

"It seems like he froze into a reg'ler horror when he saw it. His living was gone—they won't stand for a poet scout without long hair—and no telling what time it'd take to grow long enough again. Poor Buck he jest fell back weak and shut his eyes.

"'I've kep' the curls,' she says, 'and I shall treasure 'em ever and ever.'

"Buck took another look at himself, and he must 'a' done some hard thinking about what he owed in town and what he'd do when spring come. Anyway, he put his hand over into hers and says, 'I ain't worthy of you.' 'Oh, never mind—we'll see to *that*,' she says, very

cheerful, and so that was the end of poor Buckskin Charley—so far. Fate's had him down up to date. He's now plain Charles P. Timmins and works around the house and in the truck garden, and is father to the fatherless. At least he done so all last summer. I'm told that every time his hair grows out a bit he gets a far-away look in his eyes; but she gives him a two-bit piece and makes him go down to Dutch Jake to have it cut close again. Threatens to take a pair of clip-pers and do it herself if he don't go."

Hereupon Marvin refilled his pipe, covered some live coals with ashes under the burned side of the log, and went for a last look at the horses.

I had a question to ask, but fell asleep before he came back. I awoke from a dream in which I faced and sought to slay a monster, half deer, half cougar; a dream in which at every shot the bullet rolled slowly to the muzzle of my rifle and dropped straight to the ground.

It was a relief to emerge from this fever of maddening futility; to put my hand out over the edge of the blanket and feel the firm ground, to scent the thin, cold air of morning and then to see Marvin dimly puttering with twigs over the remains of last night's fire. I became aware that he had spoken to me.

"Yes, sir, them trained seals, now, at that Fair—one playing a banjo, and one a drum, and one a mouth harp. It certainly beats me how they teach 'em. Yes, sir, a seal could live in the same house with me for thirty years and never learn a note of music."

"By the way, Marvin, what did your story last night have to do with my overshooting that deer?"

"Oh—that?—didn't you see?"

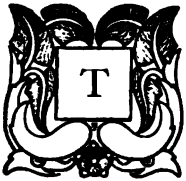
He blew on the bed of coals and stirred a dancing little flame up through his twigs.

"I said you're apt to overshoot in a dim light. Well, there's just enough conceit in me to make me think the Sage Hen overshot her real mark that night—she seen us plain enough."

# BEVERIDGE

## A STUDY OF THE SELF-MADE MAN

BY GEORGE HORACE LORIMER



HE just judge did not die with Brutus, but the impartial friend has not yet been born. For one to tell a friend's faults would be ungenerous; to recount his virtues superfluous. As surely as a man's sin will find him out, a man's strength will be found out. If his light can be hidden under a bushel, we may be sure it is but a one candle-power light. The divine fire is not lit by the hand of friendship, nor quenched by the breath of enmity. Every man must serve his own gods and guard his own altars.

We may write around the living, but our shrewdest analysis will fail to reach that inner man—that subconscious self, so subtle that we cannot understand its reasonings in our friends, nor fathom its motives in our enemies; so elusive that we cannot follow its workings even in ourselves. It is only when the disembodied spirits come trooping back to people the pages of history that we begin to know men as they were and are.

This, then, is not to be an article on "The Real" Albert J. Beveridge—a chronicle of human weakness that lifts us to fellowship with a man in one anecdote; and of superhuman strength that exalts him far above us in the next. Rather it will be a little sermon on The Self-made Man, with Beveridge's name as a text to tie to, and only so much of him in it as I may need for my firstly,

secondly, and lastly. For there is nothing that we cannot best get at by expressing it in terms of some one man. To know whether the Panama Canal will be dug, we need not look over the ground, but we should hunt up Shonts. If he is a strong man, then the canal is an accomplished fact. If he is the right man for the work, then Roosevelt has added another force to those working for his own fame.

Around every great figure in history is grouped a company of the great. Napoleon found not only the crown of France lying in the dust, but swords for the men who helped him hold it against all Europe. He knew military genius wherever he saw it, and in its hands he placed the baton of a marshal. A strong man lets out his strength at usury when he joins strong men to his fortunes.

The tree of life still springs from the same parent stock as in the beginning. Unpruned and unrestrained it still bears the same bitter fruit. Like the wild apple by the roadside, it kills itself by the very exuberance of its growth. And the dominant strain in every boy tends down and back to the primal savage. So life must be a ceaseless pruning back of the bad and a careful grafting on of the good. Every man must be a Burbank, working patiently through repeated failures to fix the good and the true in himself.

The natural man is simply selfishness raised to the  $n$ th power. But that is the

seedling stock which, properly grafted, brings forth the fruits of unselfishness in the end. It is from this natural man that we get our useful variations. It is in the acquired man that we see how any individual has fixed and developed them. And so it is that the acquired, not the natural, man is peculiarly significant.

We know as much about keeping the human body sound as about the care of trees; as much about training a boy as about developing fruits; as much about shaping the mind as about changing the colors of flowers. But we shall not use that knowledge to the full until we really believe that Nature plays no favorites; that she recognizes but one law—obedience. And Success is the science of obedience. It is only because we do not more fully apply our knowledge that we have the anomaly of the self-made man succeeding in almost any given thing out of all proportion to the number who start with the world to choose from for their equipment. For from the first the self-made man has had to obey in order to live.

The law of averages applies to men as well as to trees. There is just as much potential energy and ability cradled in Fifth Avenue as on the farms along the Wabash. But the news of what the old man's son has been doing appears oftenest in the society columns, while the second generation from the Wabash figures in the big political story on the first page.

It is of no significance that Beveridge began life on a farm, became a logger, a book agent working his way through college, a plainsman, a law clerk; but it is significant that by these steps he mounted to the Senate. It is significant that by this process, or its equivalent, so many men win the greatest prizes of life; so few, comparatively, by other and easier ways. The necessity for the old struggle as a means to bread may be removed, but not, apparently, as a means to development. Life is not yet a game for the gentleman amateur.

It must be that in this familiar American process there is something that develops character, that vitalizes education. And if we can make that thing a part of the home and the college life of the boy who starts out with every material advantage, we shall take a step toward replacing natural with intelligent selection in the making of men.

That we are coming more and more to appreciate the importance of starting a boy right is shown in the steadily increasing drift toward country life. For a part of the year, at least, we take our children to the fields. But just when their city pallor has given way to country tan, we hurry them back to town, that they may develop their minds in its schools and their bodies in its streets. As yet we have only half-convictions and the half-courage that goes with them.

When our boys go to the country they play; when they return to the city they study and play; but the real country boys study, play, and work—not the stunting, stupefying work of the town, but the wholesome work of the fields. They are unconsciously, often unwillingly, obeying the simplest and most important of natural laws.

Beveridge and boys like him add pennies to the world's wealth from the day when they first drive home the cows; they are disciplined by duty from the hour when they first grasp the plow handles; they are grounded in health, summer and winter, through the years when one builds the body in which one lives and works through a lifetime; they are at school both in and out of doors, and the lessons of the fields more than equalize the difference between the little red schoolhouse and the big stone grammar school. For here in the country wealth is created; there in the city it is only marketed. The city is simply the business agent of the country. These fields are the basis of every trade, of every business, of every profession. Their lessons we must learn. Of course the city has its lessons, too, but few that



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

cannot better wait. No man can be a great constructive merchant, or an understanding writer, or a wise ruler, who does not know the basic facts of agriculture. And yet there is a curious sort of educated snob who takes a pitiful pride in not knowing these things, as if, in some way, this homely knowledge might jostle rudely against his well-bred culture. Verily, the pride of ignorance transcends the pride of learning.

When you take the son of the average, hard-working, plain-living, God-fearing American farmer, and to the average country boy's education in study, play, and work add a little more than the average country boy's brain, you have about the best stock for making a man that America has yet produced. If anything is holding that boy down, it has got to give. If he wants to go to college, he will go. And usually he does go under the best possible circumstances for his fullest development, because he has to pay his own way.

He goes too, as a general thing, to a small college, in a country town, where for four years he lives in an atmosphere of work, of sacrifice, of wholesome ambition, with play enough and fun enough to leaven the whole. His president may not be so able a man as the head of a great university, but he knows his sheep, both white and black; his professors may not be so "cultured," but they teach small classes, and so they can concentrate and burn into the boy's brain what they have to give; the laboratory equipment may be poorer, but it is enough for the youngster who is willing to add to it the best that is in him; campus, buildings, surroundings, all may be shabbier and meaner, but at least a spirit of friendliness and true democracy pervades them. Last and most important, the boy must work at other things than books. Given a college that is fighting for existence, and a student that is fighting for a chance, and you have a fine combination for producing militant alumni.

I may lay too much stress on the importance of a young man's working at some manual or mental money-making pursuit while he is at school, but it does seem rather foolish to graduate bachelors of arts into the primary grade of the working world. It should, for instance, be impossible for a university to turn out men unacquainted with the simple, fundamental things of business. But we meet them daily in the kindergarten departments of practical life, timid in trying, bungling in doing, all for the lack of a little of the lower education with which to quicken the higher. Yet, ounce for ounce of gray matter, these more favored fellows should beat out the self-made man, if we could utilize our knowledge of the secret, which is not a secret, of their strength.

Beveridge had to support himself straight through his college course. He did that and helped the old folks. Yet he found time to join the debating society, to take an active part in fraternity affairs, to exercise regularly, and to get his share of the college fun. To do all this he had to make things fit together tight. But in doing it, he mastered the greatest secret of efficiency—to waste no time. Most men of seventy have lived only thirty-five years. They have frittered away the other thirty-five.

The ability to economize time implies self-mastery, and that in turn breeds self-reliance. These essentials are simply moral courage, trained and disciplined; and that must be the parent stock of any boy who is going to succeed in this world. There is a good deal to be said in favor of conditions that force a boy to fix in himself at twenty those qualities which so many more favored individuals do not acquire until they are thirty.

Beveridge had taken his course in elementary agriculture while he was going through the public schools; he was now to learn the principles of business along with his Latin and literature. He became a book agent and spotted the



marble-topped tables of Iowa with a portly compendium on the pursuit of health, happiness, and liberty. He did not want to be a book agent, but it offered, and he was not getting money from home; he was sending it there. It was a living, and more—experience.

And experience, like matter, is never lost. To approach the guardian mastiff of the gate with the due-guard and password of a master; to make friends with the baby; to be properly solicitous about the grandmother's rheumatism; and gradually to beguile the wife from her preserving to an inspection of a volume containing 1,001 choice, new receipts—these things are trivialities, but they are the primer of politics. To sell books; to make out five-dollar contracts; and to collect the money from the husband—all that is petty, but it is the first lesson in business.

When a man does a thing well, it does well by him. During his first vacation Beveridge made so much money that, for the second, he was appointed a special agent by the book concern. So he drilled half the college in the mysteries of health, happiness, and liberty during the spring, and took this squad along with him the next summer. Again he did so well that the publishers offered him a large salary to take a permanent position with them. But he would not accept, because he did not want to stay a book agent at any price. He had already heard his call, and it was to the bar.

The small colleges turn out few men that support themselves, either wholly or in part, who do not know just what they are driving at. A man who wants an education as bad as that knows what he wants it for. Necessity develops aptitudes quickly. A man learns early to know himself, and so to "find himself" and his life's work, where, under easier conditions; he might be hemming and hawing over it all through his college years. He does not take courses because they are snaps, but because he needs them in his business. There is no

*perhaps* in his lexicon, but *must* is on every page. And there is no alternative for *must*.

So we find Beveridge in college—determined to be a lawyer, and hoping to get into politics, studying elocution, reading the great orators, and trying his raw powers wherever he found a little assemblage that he could get the drop on. When coveys were scarce and shy, he would go off and declaim to himself. Most doctors, when they are sure they are right, go ahead—on a dog; but Beveridge tried it on himself.

Amusing enough this in its way, but when we have had our laugh, it is worth while stopping to think it over. The school in which Beveridge was educated had taught him the three great lessons—self-support, self-mastery, and self-reliance. From these he was progressing naturally to the fourth—self-advancement. He knew that he was working under a master who had no favorites; that no matter what exceptions there are to man's law, there is none to Nature's; he could win only if he were the fittest. There was no place for him on the team because his daddy had been on it; no class presidency because the old man was a leading citizen. When he went into the law he would get no clients because he belonged to the clubs and had influential relatives; but only because he could win cases hands down. When he got into politics he would be heard only if he could compel attention. He must first conquer indifference and then fight enmity. For the halfway men, the don't-care men, and the what's-the-use men do not like the self-made man. They are discontented, with the discontent that does poor work and sinks; he is discontented, with the discontent that does good work and rises. He makes the judicious snob grieve and the lazy incompetent sneer. Then, too, the self-made man usually has what Sudermann calls "the joy of living," which is Nature's compensation for self-restraint; and than this there is nothing more

irritating to the bored, who are paying Nature's penalty for self-indulgence.

We are often called on to express sympathy for these country boys who have to work about the farm. Myself, I am more inclined to pity the youngster whose education in pleasure begins when he leaves off pinafores; for an easy youth means a jaded manhood and a hard old age.

The country boy is apt to start with health—in itself a pleasure and the basis of all happiness—and, if he is ambitious, to conserve it. Beveridge came to college from the farm and the logging camp as hard as nails; he kept his muscles taut by manual labor and his body sound by walking, Nature's system of exercise, that cures all the ills advertised by the schools of physical culture. He had little time for college athletics. Few men that go to college for an education have. Football, baseball, and all the rest, as they are played in the great colleges to-day, are a profession in themselves. Under different conditions, they would have great play value, but when we begin to justify them, as so many enthusiasts do, purely on educational and utilitarian grounds, we must logically go a step farther and see if we cannot find something better to take their place.

Football, as it is played, is urged because it develops the manly qualities—courage, aggressiveness, self-reliance—in short, as some sort of a substitute for the primitive struggle—with the always implied and often outspoken idea that it fits a man to shoulder himself into a place in the world, grab what he wants from the weaker, and make the front rank in life as he would a touchdown. Yesterday, I talked with one of the old gods of football, a splendid fellow, who, by forgetting much that he should never have learned, and by learning much that should have been the commonplace of his boyhood, is rapidly achieving a position for himself. He spent a delirious senior year at college, with his picture in the paper every day, and columns about him on the sporting pages.

In the early autumn, just before he began to hunt for a position, he received a six-hundred-dollar check for writing a signed column on the chances of the big teams in the coming games. He spent the next year doing a boy's work in an office, and he got a trifle over a hundred dollars for it.

Sometimes, we see and hear things that make us doubt the value of these too strenuous games as a preparation for good health in the thirties and forties. Within the year I have met two captains of great elevens, one under, one over thirty, who walked out of college with the tread of gladiators. One is in the Texas Panhandle now, hunting for his lost health; the other is living on milk and broths, trying to forget his newly discovered stomach. He explained that when he left college and the training table he found it impossible, under the changed conditions, to keep both his health and his place. A turn in his father's fortunes had made it necessary for him to keep his place. Yet we must believe in football, as play—that is, football less the absurdly severe training, less the excessive amount of time wasted on it, less the maimings and homicides that seem to be inseparable from the game of to-day.

We forget that athletics is an artificial way of trying to comply with natural law; that athletics is simply a stimulant for the muscles. Like every other stimulant, it may be abused, and then it may not be discontinued without a violent reaction. At fifty the man whose body has been kept sound by a moderate amount of work and walking in the open air can usually throw his college chum who went in hard for athletics, if he has not already acted as pallbearer for him.

Beveridge, by natural and rational methods of exercise, has conserved the physical capital of his boyhood practically untouched, and reached forty-three with his muscles in shape for a twenty-mile tramp or a day's tree felling. The young man who hoards health has

created a trust fund for his old age. Sickness and slackness breed about all the want in the world.

Again, Beveridge had to follow the natural method when he left college. He had to get his living and his law at the same time. But while he was missing much excellent theory which he might have learned from professors, he was getting much useful practice in the office where he had found a place. And in the end he had the theory, too. He was simply learning his profession as children learn to talk—speech and its practical uses first, grammar afterwards. I have often wondered why some one has not stood up to advocate teaching the babies to parse their words as fast as they learn them. Probably some one has.

It is, though, a pleasant sign of the times to note that there are vague stirrings toward a mingling of practical with academic training. That here and there schools of commerce are being added to colleges, even though they are as yet kept separate from the sacred departments that manufacture "cultured men." It is, too, a good sign to see the schools of agriculture springing up, even though few of them are as yet affiliated with the colleges and some course in them made compulsory on the student body. There would be more virtue, perhaps, in making the freshman class spend a few hours of the week learning something about scientific agriculture than in giving up the same amount of time to graphic algebra; more health and usefulness in a daily hour of work in the fields than at club swinging in the gymnasium. A course in business for the country boys and a course in agriculture for the city boys might not come amiss in after-life.

Here we can leave Beveridge, as we should be able to leave any man who has obtained an education and learned a profession, to shift for himself. He is yet less a man of achievements than of possibilities, but he has acquired the habit of "making good."

The self-made man we have always had with us, and always will, until that day when our ingenuity shall have found a way of evading the last of Nature's laws, as it has of man's. We find him in the Old Testament and again in the New, in Rome, in Greece, in the Middle Ages, springing from the loins of the people, from slavery even, fighting up with bare fists through ignorance, prejudice, and oppression, grasping wealth and power and kingdoms by the sheer strength of his indomitable will and purpose. Sometimes he is a man of violence, sometimes a philosopher, a poet, or a priest; but always he it is who brings hope to man.

All this, if you like, is the doctrine of materialism; but materialism is the soil from which mankind has sprung, in which it grows and flowers into finer things. Man is not yet emancipated from Nature. He must still work under the lash. Much of the old bloodshed and brutality of the primal struggle has been stopped, not by suspending the operation of the law, but by obeying it more intelligently. We may, I venture to believe, develop stronger men when we recognize more clearly that work, as well as books, is a vital factor in the education of the sons of the well-to-do. There are no substitutes for the struggle, nothing "just as good" in developing strong men, self-reliant, "cultured" men, in the true and not the snobbish sense of the word. Culture for culture's sake, like art for art's sake, is a cry that covers a multitude of sins and much tommyrot. The library life, the placid, dark-oak, stained-glass, and vellum-scented existence, in which nobody gets sweaty or excited, and everyone approves the good, the beautiful, and the true, without doing anything to bring them home to men, is as useless as the society life. Like the latter, it produces nothing more than a sense of personal satisfaction and superiority. What the world needs is not the culture that patronizes—it has too much of that already—but the culture that understands, that sympa-

thizes and helps. And you cannot get that, or any other right result, by disobeying natural law. The world is full of ready-made successes, second-hand statesmen, and marked-down reformers, but their clothes do not fit them. Fruit that falls into the lap is already half rotten. We cannot develop great merchants or poets or artists or doctors, unless, somewhere in the background, has been the shadow of the old bread fear, unless some devil of necessity has driven while the talent or aptitude was being developed and the habit of doing good work fixed. The greatest potential engineer, the greatest potential lawyer I have ever met were the sons of millionaires. They simply went to leaves; then rotted where they stood. The soil in which they grew was too rich. Had they been the sons of Indiana farmers, they would have been forced to their best development. Gray's *Elegy* is good poetry, but poor philosophy, as the world goes to-day. You cannot find a "mute, inglorious Milton" on a farm in Indiana. They are all in the little colleges, learning to scan, and working after recitations to pay their board bills.

The individual is nothing to Nature; he must be everything to the man trainer. That is the vital point of difference between natural and intelligent selection.

This self-made man of the centuries is succeeding to-day in every walk of life out of any proper proportion to the number of parent supported and education-thrown-in Americans who are equally successful in the same lines of activity. There must then be certain useful principles of training and education embodied in him which, if we can separate them from the waste and lost motion of purely natural processes, and apply them intelligently, as Burbank does his knowledge of natural laws to fruits and flowers, will make for a larger number of useful and efficient men among the sons of well-to-do Americans—in short, among the sons of self-

made men. For it is a curious thing that the self-made man usually fails to read the lesson of his own life aright, and begins the training of his boy by ignoring every principle that contributed to his own success.

He seems utterly unable to draw the obvious inference from himself that right education for his boy does not begin in sending him to a fashionable school that he may make "desirable acquaintances"; that it is not furthered by entering him at this college "because all the other boys are going there," or to that university because all its graduates have "such a manner." It is so easy to turn out cads and bounders and snobs that it is hardly worth while to specialize a boy in those lines.

Then, too, the self-made man, more than any other, fails to understand that there is no virtue in a diploma and no sense at all in a college education for a boy who has not, at nineteen or twenty, proved his fitness to receive one, and some knowledge of what he is going to do with it when he gets one. Napoleon "found the crown of France lying in the dust and picked it up on the point of his sword." "Good for Napoleon," we say; "let us give the boy a sword." So we hand him a sword that trips him up when he tries to step out. Yet he could do good work if we equipped him with the only weapon that he could handle—a pick.

That is what he would have been given had he been the son of a poor farmer. For under the operation of natural law the unfit have no chance to ride on the shoulders of the strong and hamper human progress with their dead weight. They stay right in the place where God put them, and serve the world usefully, if humbly.

Much more important than the sort of college to which we send a young man is the sort of young man that we send to college. But though the self-made man usually believes that the sons of other men should not receive all through their

formative years, without giving some return in effort and labor, he lets his own boy grow up hit or miss, without a stern necessity for hitting, and then throws him into the university with the assurance that four final years of hit or miss will in some way bring him around all right. That is why he so often misses—altogether, unless there is more latent strength beneath the rubbish than the father himself had; some enormously valuable years, in any event.

So long as the opportunities for men to work out their own salvation in this country continue and broaden, we shall be fulfilling its material mission. But until we can conserve more surely the good of the first generation in the second, and force it in turn to develop to the limit of its capacity, we shall not be realizing its higher ideals. To approach them we need more self-made sons of self-made fathers, men who have fixed in themselves the strength, the resourcefulness, the courage of the first generation, and developed with these qualities a still higher ideal of life and duty.

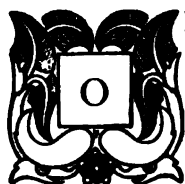
Many people, I know, use the words self-made and money as synonyms, but the right kind of self-made man is only

rich or poor as his lines in life are laid, as the world pays much or little for the work that he loves to do. In all our criticism of wealth we must not forget that a man may win riches and the right kind of success at the same time. Brains are usually well paid, even when they are used to make the world better; it is unfortunate that they are often paid still more when they are used to make it worse. But there is no implied merit in being poor.

We do not need more men who cannot make money, more who profess to despise money, or more who live on the interest of somebody else's money; but we do need more men who will not make or take money that is the fruit of blood and tears and dishonesty; who will not argue that precedent sanctions doubtful methods or that a good cause sanctifies bad money, but will hold fast to the law that all money made by dishonesty and oppression and brutality is a stench not only to God, but to man. The world can wait for justice tempered with mercy, if it can only get justice. And that will not come through kings and legislatures or judges, but only through breeding it in the blood and bone of new generations.

## THE CLOISONNÉ VASE

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER



NE of the finest pieces of Cloisonné in this collection! Iridescent Cloisonné with dragon decoration—and I am bid only eight dollars! Why the silver that it is enameled on is worth twice that. Eight dollars; will you make it ten? A rare bit of Cloisonné! An exquisite Christmas gift for anyone! Will you bid ten? Ten dollars for the vase?"

As the attendant held it up, she leaned forward eagerly. The coloring and shape were good; it would be cheap at twenty dollars. She knew she could not afford it; already she had bought more than she had intended. Her Christmas list was full, but it was well to have an extra present. And this vase was unusually good—she could not resist this one bid.

"Eight dollars only offered! Do you make it ten? Will you give ten?"

"Ten!" but so timidly she said it, that the auctioneer did not hear. "Ten!" she repeated, quite plainly this time.

"Ten dollars, I have ten, will you make it twelve?"

"Twelve!" The bid came in a clear, cold voice that she could not mistake. She glanced around quickly. Yes, Marie Vandivier was but a few seats away—bidding against her for this vase. She should not have it. Not if it took all that was in her purse. This woman who had always been her enemy, who had caused her estrangement from Grant North—oh, no, she should not have it.

"Fourteen!" there was a note of defiance in her voice.

"Fourteen bid, will you give sixteen?"

"Sixteen!" promptly came from Miss Vandivier.

"Eighteen!" she cried as promptly.

The bids soon exceeded the value of the vase. It was a wealthy and fashionable crowd that thronged Lamartine's Art Rooms for these Holiday sales, but it was a curious crowd also. And just now it was watching with interest these two young women bidding against each other with such bitterness. To many they were known personally.

"Thirty-five! I have thirty-five, will you make it forty?" The auctioneer was looking at her expectantly.

"Forty!" She said it clearly, but her heart beat painfully. Fifty dollars was all that she had, all that she would have until Christmas—two long weeks.

"Forty-five!" Marie flashed back.

"Fifty!" She bid it bravely—her last dollar. And now—what could she do now? Would she dare bid any more? How could she pay it?

She was vaguely conscious of some one standing behind her chair. She did not turn, her eyes never left the vase, but there was a subtle sense of a presence strangely disturbing.

"Fifty, fifty is bid! Will you give sixty?" There was a pause. Everyone was looking at Marie Vandivier.

Her heart gave a glad bound. Marie

Vandivier was hesitating, her courage had failed—she would not bid over fifty dollars.

"Sixty!" The bid came with a triumphant ring, the pause had been only to emphasize it.

And then the wave of attention turned back to her. The crowd seemed like a great pendulum, swaying first toward Marie Vandivier and then back to her. At any other time she would have shrunk from the publicity, from the sensation that it caused. But now she was barely conscious of it; she thought only of the money, of the seventy dollars she must now bid or give up the vase to Marie Vandivier. No, no—she would not give it up. Her rings—she could sell them. With the check her father always gave her Christmas morning, she could buy them back. Visions of pawn shops flashed before her as she called:

"Seventy!" It was hardly more than a whisper but so intense was the stillness that it was plainly heard.

"Eighty!" came Marie's voice.

She could not bid any more—she *dared* not. For the first time she was conscious of the many eyes that were turned toward her; a crimson wave swept her face and she bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Eighty dollars, eighty I am bid. Will you make it ninety?"

"Two hundred!" It was a man's voice, clear and determined. There was a subdued rustle of excitement as everyone turned to look at the new bidder.

She caught her breath. Grant North's voice! It was he who had been standing behind her, and he was doing this for her—for her. Oh, the rush of joy that came with the thought! The vase, Marie Vandivier—for the moment everything was forgotten except his nearness.

"Two hundred! Two hundred is bid for the Cloisonné vase. Do you make it two hundred and ten?" There was a deep silence. The auctioneer was looking expectantly at Marie Vandivier, but her eyes were riveted on the catalogue



*"It was a man's voice, clear and determined."*

in her lap, and there was an angry flush in her cheeks.

"Two hundred, two hundred I am bid. Will you make it two hundred and ten? Are you all through? Two hundred—going! Sold to the gentleman!"

Instantly the hall was filled with a buzz of comments. Two hundred dollars for a vase not worth thirty! Who was he, this tall young man that made so reckless a bid? To the few who knew him and the girl by whom he was standing, it was a delightful bit of gossip.

"Antique Shirvan rug, Catalogue number 703. A genuine antique. What am I bid? What do you start it at?"

But the auctioneer tried in vain for several minutes to get the attention of the crowd.

In spite of her joy at his nearness, the position was painfully awkward. She longed yet dreaded to turn and speak to him. But what could she say? She could not thank him for buying the vase, although she knew he had done it for her.

It was two weeks ago, Thanksgiving Day, that they had quarreled, and since then they had not met. Such a pitiful little quarrel. She had listened to a silly story Marie Vandivier had told of him, and then refused to hear him.

She had been cruelly unjust, she soon realized that. But he had been too deeply hurt to make any effort at reconciliation, and it was false pride that kept her from writing him; for she owed him that—an admission of her unjustness and of the utter untruth of Marie Vandivier's story.

And now did this, the buying of the vase, mean that he had forgiven her, or was it merely to spare her humiliation?

"May I come over here by you?"

She started, and glanced up tremulously; he was taking a seat beside her.

"Certainly—I—I think you can see very well there."

It was a foolish thing to say, for the seat was almost behind a large teakwood cabinet. But she had said the only thing she could think of. Her heart

was throbbing violently, and she rolled and unrolled her catalogue to keep her hands from trembling.

"The coloring in that rug is good."

"Very." She had not even glanced at the rug, but that did not occur to her. Oh, if she could only think of something to say, that she might meet him half-way! He was doing it all—everything to make it easy for her. And it was to him that reparation was due. She had wronged him deeply—and now—now—

"Oh, I am sorry—I was unjust—cruelly unjust! And I—oh, I have missed you so!"

"Darling!" It was only a whisper, but she felt as though he had taken her in his arms. The tears were very near; she could not keep them back.

"Oh, say something—quick—anything—to keep me from crying! Oh, I must not cry here!"

He leaned forward quickly, "Do you like that rug? Shall I bid on it? The design is rather unusual."

"Fifty-five dollars! Fifty-five I am bid. Does anyone make it sixty?"

"Sixty," he bid promptly.

"Sixty! I have sixty. Will you make it sixty-five?"

But no one cared to bid against the man who gave two hundred dollars for a small Cloisonné vase.

"It will make a good library rug—" he bent over her and his voice was full of tenderness—"for *our* library."

But she did not answer; she was looking down at the catalogue. The warm color deepened in her face and neck.

"And the vase—I wonder where we shall put the vase?"

"We—we must take very good care of that," she murmured without looking up, "it—it was such an expensive vase."

"No—it was not expensive, it was worth it all—and more. I would have given much more. You know that, don't you? Say that you know it?"

And then she glanced up tremulously, "I *do* know it."



# IN CURE OF HER SOUL

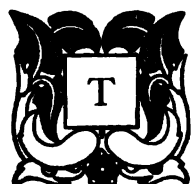
BY FREDERIC JESUP STIMSON

(*"J. S. of Dals"*)

"Plays made from helie tales I hold unmeet;  
Let some great story of a man be sung."

—*Chatterton.*

## X



HE morning lay over the Lenox valley. A week had gone by since their wedding. Austin and Dorothy were in the house their kindly aunt had left for them; and just as the sun rose above the eastern woods our hero came out upon the lawn and ran, like a boy, down the steep-shaven slope. But the face was a man's: the Major, had he seen it then, would have noticed a change. With all the brightness of youth his lips had the firmness, his eyes had now the repose, of man's estate. No longer questioning of the world, no more self-conscious than the West Wind, he ran for very joy of life, chasing the squirrels, scattering the red apples, conscious unconsciously of all happiness and loveliness, hardly more so than the bee that left the tall foxglove at his feet and buzzed into the brown sunlight, golden with the pollen. The secret of the world was his; he was wise with the wisdom that should never be lost, forgotten by the middle years, envied by the elders. But a moment he played about; then, as a shutter opened in the house, he made for it, as the bee for its hive. For his wife, from the open window, called to him. In a moment she was at his side.

They joined hands and raced down the hill. In her muslin morning gown, clinging to her young figure, she yet ran like an Atalanta. Dorothy, too, was changed, and for the better; a warm flush was in the ivory-white face, the cheek was fuller, the eyes two very wells of velvet black. Almost a typical American beauty, there was something Spanish in the type, not unusual with us. The morning was warm enough for them to sit in a garden seat beneath the golden beech leaves. "Dorothy," said he (his arm was at her waist), "Dorothy" (he said it like a prayer), "I've a letter from Major Brandon, dear old fellow!"

"A letter? Oh, let me see it——"

"A letter and a package of newspapers."

Dorothy clapped her hands. "Oh, what do they say? I have been so afraid what they might say of us—what do people think of me?" She had never spoken to him before of this anxiety, and the thought crossed his mind then that it had been nice of her. They knew that the Major had fulfilled his promise and seen Mrs. Somers; for from that lady they had had a letter. But with newspapers they had not yet been troubled.

"Let's read the letter first," said Austin.

It was very short and satisfactory. "I have seen Mrs. Somers again," the Ma-

jor wrote, "and she agrees with me that she should come to you at once. I cannot honestly tell you that she is yet reconciled to the match; but she will play her part, at least in public; she requires a little schooling. So you may expect her on to-morrow's train. She seems to expect that you are living in a tent, or a cave, and is waiting until her maid returns. It might be well to receive her with some display. Yours always," etc.

Austin laughed. "I'll send Wallace with my aunt's best horses." He went on, reading: "'P.S.—Mrs. Pinckney had better meet her alone, at first, and let her have her cry out.' Humph!"

But Dorothy only laughed. "Let's see the papers." There was quite a bundle of them, New York and Philadelphia, and all carefully marked by the Major. Their comments reflected credit at once upon his imagination and his tact. After all the one quality depends subtly on the other. The Major's dinner to the two influential correspondents had evidently done its work. From all accounts of the wedding, you would have inferred rather the keeping of an old promise than the breaking of a new. "Miss Dorothy Somers, whose engagement to Mr. Gansevoort, of New York, had been recently reported, was married to-day" (the more lively journals had it, "with much *éclat*") "to Charles Austin Pinckney, a young lawyer of New York. It is believed to have been quite a romance; the bridegroom made the young lady's acquaintance some years since in Germany. A tacit engagement was contracted between them at that time, and the rumor of his fiancée's engagement to Mr. Gansevoort coming to him at a time when domestic duties required his presence in Germany" (Mr. Pinckney's father will be remembered as our late Consul in Carlsruhe), "it might well have discouraged the hopes of a less earnest suitor. Mr. Pinckney, however, took one of the first steamers for America, where all was happily ex-

plained." It will be seen that in this explanation Mr. Gansevoort's situation was, with delicacy, left out entirely. Several of the papers entitled it, "Romance in High Life"; one even went so far as to caption it, "True to Her First Love." A New York society journal of a literary tendency made a story of it, "Hearts against Diamonds." The Gansevoort tiara was famous. But the graver journals preferred the form, "Miss Dorothy Somers, whose engagement to Mr. Petrus Gansevoort was recently canceled, was married yesterday, from her home in Philadelphia, at Trinity Church, Camden, New Jersey, by the Bishop of Appalachia, assisted by the Rev. Father Conyngham, in the presence of a brilliant company," etc., etc. "Major Gervaise Brandon,"—it was because the Major's name was Gervaise that he was invariably called Tom—"of New York, was best man; the bridesmaid, Miss Winifred Radnor; the ushers, Messrs. Dallas Riddle, of Philadelphia, and Schuyler Schermerhorn, of New York. The happy couple will spend the honeymoon in the house of Miss Emily Austin, at Lenox, Mass., an aunt of the groom, before making a trip to Europe. The presents, said to be numerous and costly, were not shown——"

"A trip to Europe?"

"Would you like to go?" But Dorothy evaded the question; and nothing more, that was spoken, passed between them for the time. The day (a most glorious one) was passed in riding in the woods, and the day, by our hero, was never forgotten. Not the too melodramatic excitement of the wedding day: not the Francesca-like kiss of wooing; far less the delirium of the twenty-four hours following the wedding (what man ever remembers them?) had half the memorable quality, a tithe of the pure human bliss, that gilded those life-climax making hours in the brown mountain woods. Whether it was that his anxieties were lulled; his fears that he had embroiled Dorothy with her family, or whether the

peace of the usual human relation stilled his soul; or whether his heart was subtly conscious that his rash experiment had really brought the woman love—this girl who cantered by his side, her hair unbound for his pleasure and softly covering his eyes as he leaned from his horse to kiss her parted lips. The world was right, their love was right; it was right that he should be the father of her child. The horses seemed to feel it too: it was strange how his own, a spirited over-fed thoroughbred, insufficiently exercised by his old aunt's grooms, who had pulled his forearm to a cramp as they rode apart upon the high road, so that he even dashed ahead of her and the village boys turned round to watch the runaway—when they came to the woods and none could see them, and Austin, thinking little of his horse, half dropped the curb to bend back to the girl, to call her to his side, changing reins to pass his left arm under hers, pressing her full young form, seized not the bit as he slackened, but came to a walk, close beside her quieter mare. So side by side they walked, and his kisses fell almost as thick upon her as the dropping leaves.

They stopped in some country village, far over the mountain in New York, for food or to rest the horses; but shunning the village inns themselves, they walked by a mountain stream which made black pools and silvery plunges beneath the scarlet maple and yellow chestnut and birch. They rode home slower, in the afternoon with tired horses; only as the sun sank beyond Yokum's Seat did their horses' hoofs ring slowly on the pavement of the stable-yard. Then their day of love ended and they must face the world.

The world, for the moment, was personified in Mrs. Somers, and at five o'clock Dorothy, in the finest carriage in the stable, started to drive for her mother to the nearest railway station. But Dorothy was still in the highest of spirits; this young lady evidently did not hold her

mother in much awe. Austin, left at home, was graver. He sat down to write his answer to the Major, before she arrived; it seemed the better taste not to have to refer, even to the Major, to the domestic experiences of his new family circle. As he wrote, he caught himself envying the easy cheerfulness with which the Major had contemplated his first interview with Mrs. Somers.

That lady arrived, somewhat tearful and very tired, at half-past six, and demanded instantly to be shown to her room. Both Dorothy and Austin omitted any presentation of him to her; he had seen her several times the year before, at Baden-Baden; the son-in-law relation was at once assumed. He thanked her for having intelligence enough to accept it. As she allowed him to take her hand, "You must forgive me," he said, "I loved her so." Mrs. Somers only remarked that the train had been very hot and she was very tired, and that her mind was disquieted as to the hour when her trunks would come. "We can easily put dinner off an hour," said Austin. It was rather a master stroke. Mrs. Somers looked covertly about the house; the footman was unexceptional; he betokened full dress. "Surely you don't expect anyone to dinner to-night?" said she.

The question suggested to our hero the wish that he had thought of it; but he only replied in the negative. "We thought of asking the Van Courtlandts to-morrow; they are old friends, I believe; but no one is coming to-night."

Austin was lady's maid to his young wife that night; perhaps it was fortunate that the dinner was put off; and he made her wear all her pearls. For with his own had come a duplicate from the Major. The dinner was excellent.

"You really must go to Europe first," said Mrs. Somers in the evening. "I really couldn't bear it, for a few months."

And that was all.

## XI

BUT first Austin took his bride to Cambridge. The trip to Europe was impossible, for all Pinckney's ambitions were now multiplied tenfold. If it had seemed before that only the highest places in his profession were worth his life, it was tenfold more true now that his end, whatever it be, must be made worthy of her as well. He had money enough to live upon, meanwhile; and the foundation could be none too carefully laid that was to carry him to the Supreme Court of the United States, that highest of tribunals in the world—or to the Court of St. James, if haply she should prefer. As a road to wealth, the law was not so much in his mind; indeed it was not so well-trodden a path on those days as it has since become.

They took a little wooden house on one of the shaded eminences that Cambridge dignifies with the name of hill. They kept but two servants; and while Austin was absent at his law lectures, Mrs. Pinckney was kept busy with the housekeeping. Of this essential art of life she knew absolutely nothing, Mrs. Somers having brought her up to know only the arts she deemed necessary to a brilliant marriage. Probably this made it all the more amusing to Dorothy, who had the Southern woman's readiness at practical affairs without her laziness and tolerance of petty imperfections, and a Northern woman's understanding of the character of Yankee "help" without her tendency to "nag." Her time was sufficiently diversified with society pleasures, for their marriage had made more than a nine days' wonder; Mrs. Shirley and other Boston relatives of our hero made haste to welcome her and make much of the Philadelphia beauty, who had not been tempted by the largest hoard of those New York millions whose existence Boston was already learning to resent.

Dorothy successfully resisted any inclination of her mother to visit her that

winter—which was not indeed difficult, as that gay widow was busy with her balls and already preparing the *début* of the younger sister who should repair poor Dorothy's failure—promising in return a long visit for the holidays. But the Major was an honored guest; first of all to visit them, he stayed a fortnight in the spare chamber without his valet, and threw himself into the academic life and its doings in a manner which did equal honor to his head and heart. By no means an unlettered man (indeed he used to wonder what sort of old age that *jeunesse* which delights only in the strength of a horse was going to lay up for itself) he reveled in the novelty of meeting authors and professors; and, if he was not quite so enthusiastic about their wives, he regarded them with the highest respect. Of many of their daughters he seemed to think that something might be done, provided they were taken young enough. But most of all he was enraptured with Dorothy herself. It was so delightful (as he told Mrs. Arthur Shirley) to see a young lady growing in her home, fitting her niche so perfectly, building about her, as a bird its nest, her house and household. In such households (the Major was then known to say) lay the safety of America that was to come. He insisted that Austin should go to his lectures just the same; fortunately they came in the morning, usually before the Major was up. In the afternoon there was often daylight for a sleigh ride all together, and when Austin had a leisure evening there was the theater in Boston; at other times he would peg away at his lecture notes, and Major Brandon would sit and smoke and watch Dorothy busy herself about household affairs. It was from this time the Major learned to assert that there was poetry in a feather duster, properly applied, daintily and deftly, its owner standing tip-toe on a chair. For Dorothy, finding the law indeed a jealous mistress, asserted her wifely interest in the house, if not in the

head. The sense of possession delighted her. Though they had but a year's lease and the house was "furnished" by the owner (according to stern Yankee standards), their wedding presents and what they had bought since were hers, and gave her pleasure of a sort she had never felt in the more pretentious possessions of her mother's home.

To the Major, who knew Boston almost as well as he knew London, it was a time for taking up past acquaintances. He was put down at the same old club, and met the same old people, too often with a pang caused by the too obvious, in their cases, irreparable outrage of the years. A cosmopolitan existence, after all, conduces to youth; though possibly one's toes must suffer for the more youthful face. After all, his best hours were passed at the little house in Cambridge.

Austin was acquiring an enthusiasm for John Marshall, the father of our Constitution; and the Major thoroughly approved his doing so. "There is a man!" Austin would say; "there is a career! to make a nation of one's own brains! to lead an intellectual life that was also one of the highest patriotism!" Austin swore he would pass the long vacation in writing the life of Marshall, and the Major, having learned that Marshall was a man who had become Chief Justice of the United States, applauded. (This life remains unwritten; for later, in the spring, came the plan of taking his young wife by canoe to the rivers of Canada, and later, in the summer, came the baby.) The Major went with them to several dinners, not only in Boston but in Cambridge, dinners which delighted him, though he wished the living had been plainer. Their house was just about an arm's length from a dozen neighbors', each fronting or sideling upon a neighbor's back yard (one wonders when we shall learn to be suburban in blocks, and be done with it—and so get space for real gardens, and tennis grounds between, and hang our clean linen in a common secret place).

In the rear was a little garden with a walk rimmed in ancient but still-struggling box—a box that had incorrigibly put forth its leaves for pleasure through many Puritan winters: and the Major, on sunny days, would walk and smoke his cigar there, thinking of his good talk of the night before. Knowledge of the world is never at a loss with a knowledge of books, though sometimes it is the other way about; and he felt pleasantly conscious of having carried with him to the entertainment his fair share. "Call it provincial!" he wrote a friend—"why, it's one of the market-places of the world's intelligence!"—"They know the world in a far more real way than I—they know the Cabinet ministers, thinkers, fellers that are doin' things"—he said to Dorothy—"they live just as we do, only more sensibly—and I don't suppose we've met a man who spends more than ten thousand a year!"

Austin contracted a friendship with Wentworth, a member of his class in the law school—and brought him to the house. Wentworth adored Austin, but they used to have the fiercest arguments upon points of law. "When I mail a letter accepting your offer, have I made a contract? If so, can I telegraph you withdrawing the acceptance? If so, you are bound, and I am not bound—" "That invariably happens when you write a love letter," the Major would interpolate. "The only thing is, if she has your letters, to make sure you have her kisses!" But the Major was frowned down and turned to Dorothy, who understood him. "A woman's kisses are hostages given for her good faith." Much time was given by them to this complex question (the mailing of the letter, we mean); they conceived it would be of infinite use to them in after-life. Markoff, another student, used rather to make fun of these questions; he even doubted whether the New York courts would much concern themselves over the great distinction between contracts that were unilateral

and those which were bilateral; a brilliant person, but erratic, whose marks rose sometimes to a hundred and then sank to the danger line. Markoff came from Iowa, but he also meant to practice in the city of New York. He never mentioned his family, though no one was antisemite at Cambridge; in reality he had been born in Iowa, though his father, Markovsky, had been a Russian Jew who had made a competency out of a Keokuk dry goods store. Markoff had left the business to his brothers and taken his share, with a liberal discount, in cash. A very few months in Chicago (it was 1882) had convinced him that a lawyer's fees came from New York; it was a greater proof of his intelligence that a very few months in a Wall Street law office had convinced him that the best avenue of approach even to New York practice—of the kind he only wanted—lay through the Harvard Law School. So there he had appeared, dropping the *sky* on the way; his type of face was too European to call himself Hamilton or Rutherford as his congeners so often do; but he gave his address New York, and dressed as a New Yorker; he had learned the art there. But Markoff cared nothing for John Marshall; he wished to be, not a jurist, but a millionaire; and he wished to spend his million young. The subtleties of the Dane Law School impressed his mind as idle casuistry, but he valued its introductions. After the Major left, he came to the house more frequently. He never could get on with the Major.

For the Christmas vacation they went to Philadelphia; here the open reconciliation with Mrs. Somers took place, and the bridal couple were produced at the more important balls. Philadelphia was charming to them. To begin with, it does not care for money, and it does care for South Carolina Pinckneys; then it secretly enjoyed Mrs. Somers' disappointment; finally, they were young and handsome and the old ladies liked to see them together. The men, to Pinckney,

were most friendly; and Dorothy had never been so popular; while the ushers and other men who had been bidden to the Camden wedding made a little bodyguard to see that Mrs. Pinckney lacked no favors and had always a suitor waiting while she danced. For the world is a kind world to those who take it simply, after all. And they had taken it in the simplest fashion—getting wed.

## XII

THE few who have really found out the delights of canoe voyaging do not boast of their good fortune. The haunts they have discovered must be told to few (and those few feminine), or, at most, shared with a brother canoeist. But you may know them, in May, by their look of Arcady; all day they go to and fro, busying themselves in cities with their affairs, lost daisies in their eyes. Your angler too is uneasy, but (with or without his basket) he is bent upon material gain. He is after the brooks for what he can get there; something of the coarser shine of avarice is in his eyes. But the canoe voyager has the dreamy look of one who has been kissed upon the lips by a woodland nymph and forgotten just where it happened.

For the canoe takes you "by still rivers and solitary mere, and where the water brook delivers [this avoid] its waters to the weir"; behind the villages, at their back doors, where they touch nature, and reveal their life; from town to town by the unknown way, untrodden these two centuries, with fine moss-grown streets of crowfoot and meadow rue; a silent road, for all noise of axle, wheel, or cog, voiceless of steam, but full of the voice of all things else. If you meet the natives, they take you simply: children first, then women (always the easier road to their hearts). You learn no formal front from the river, but the back-yard, the true forum of domestic activity; you learn what they eat, and

wear, and what they think; you eat of their new-laid eggs and sleep (if they will let you) in their haylofts; you talk with Mother of the girls, with the girls of the boys, with Father, in his shirt sleeves, of the well-being of your common country, yourself not too formally clad in flannels and bare sun-burned arms.

Austin had canoed in England, in Lorraine, and in the Netherlands; New England rivers were new to him; but he sought to inspire Dorothy with a sympathy for his enthusiasm for that sweetest, most individual, most personal of sports; a yachting which depends not on millions, but on the person; which requires, not the labor and the company of a dozen hired men, but only a sound heart, a healthy body, and a full mind. It was just the thing for them that summer: to keep them alone together, yet give them the joys of travel and outdoors. He took advice, and got a canvas canoe built for him in Oldtown, Maine; a seventeen-footer, roomy enough for cruising, able to carry four without baggage. In this they had their daily outing on the Charles River, watching the college eights behind the houses on Beacon Street, or pushing up the tidal stream to Watertown, where the country river trickles over the last dam to find itself at sea.

Wentworth was sometimes with them on their trips; he was a sturdy, fair-haired lad from New Hampshire, with sensitive blue eyes. One day in June they were emboldened for a Viking's voyage, nothing less than to paddle down the harbor on a still day and dine at Taft's. For that famous hostelry was still running; it was (as all the world then knew) upon a point near Shirley Gut, through which deep, tortuous tide channel, the story runs, a Yankee frigate once escaped a British cruiser. Outside it was the sea, with real surf upon a beach—upon this occasion he invited Markoff, as a passenger; Wentworth, an athlete and a skilled canoeist, taking the stern paddle, Dorothy on the bottom facing him, her

back upon a cane rest against the thwart, while Austin, slenderer, took the bow, Markoff on the bench behind him.

They had much fun and some difficulty in getting under the many pile bridges that, spider-like, connect Boston with the mainland, railway bridges most of them, making it not too clean a job. And when they swung out, past the navy yard, by the ocean liners at East Boston, a smart short sea met them, making the light bow dance wildly. Markoff wanted to turn back, and whispered to Austin; dipping his paddle to hold the bow up, he looked around; as he did so a swash of salt water came over the side, wetting Dorothy's light gown. "Is it too much, do you think?"

"Nonsense," said Wentworth, laughing up at her as he swung the stern around in a strong curved stroke, "we'll do it splendidly! Shan't we, Mrs. Pinckney?"

"I think its great fun," said Dorothy; and Markoff said no more. But coming back even Wentworth suggested that she should return by train; a strong east wind had set in after sunset and the bridges were not too easy in the dark.

"I'll take her back, with Markoff."

"I'll go with you," Austin said; but Wentworth answered that was nonsense.

"He'll do well enough at bow, before the wind. You take Mrs. Pinckney home." So Austin and his wife were driven in the evening along the beach to the nearest railway; their dinner had been excellent, and a large moon rose out of the unbroken sea line to the east. They laughed a little at Markoff, talked a word of praise for Wentworth, and then, happiest of all themes, of themselves.

But that same full moon brought a tide that made the others some trouble. Wentworth never said a word; but Markoff told them afterwards that they had to lie on their backs under the bridges, were nearly capsized in the dark, and that it was after midnight when they got the canoe to Cambridge.

Bromidon! It is a stream, a lost river, never to be seen again of men. For many years Austin remembered it—I wonder if he remembers it now? He stoutly asserted always that it emptied into the Connecticut; out of which more commonplace river they were lured one late June morning by what curve of lily-fringed lower beach, by what sheen of mist or sparkle of mountain, he never could describe. Then there was a foaming rapid, below a fall, above which the peace of the river lay for many miles. The northern pastures still were a riot of the May: the yellow pollen dust lay on the water, like moss upon black marble; the lower forest glades were lit with red azalea, the pathways with wild rose, the air they breathed was laden, sweet as the breath of a young girl you would kiss, with the sweetest of all odors, the blossom of the wild grape. Bromidon!

For many miles they explored this stream, that comes down from the Delectable Mountains, in a land that has no villages and yet is too tender to be wild; humanized with old wood roads and leveled pastures and blooms that have their birth in gardens. All the hours of that day they spent there, when they should have been down the great river getting on to Windsor—or to Vernon—or to Woodstock—Austin would never tell.

They had left Cambridge ten days before, the moment the examinations were over. By still rivers—Charles, Concord, Assabet—they had reached the swifter Nashua; then there had been a day or two upon the Merrimac, until it began to babble over stones; then the railway had carried them to the Connecticut, down which they were supposed to be returning. But the most sweet hours are those which one loses in this world. That day was given to Bromidon. Above the meadows were the great grave pines; and above the pines came now and then the azure shoulder of some purple mountain, mellowed to a

russet red where outlines struck the sun. When it sank, red and clear, they found the nearest farmhouse.

### XIII

THE morning came gray and doubtful, with a blustering wind. Embarked on the great river, they had to hurry to get to Bellows Falls before the brewing storm. A strong spring flood helped them, and a northeast wind; six miles an hour are easy, done in such conditions. Dorothy was evidently out of spirits; she complained of not feeling very well. Austin hurried and made a long morning of it, digging his shoulder into the stroke; but oftener and oftener the blade of the paddle was needed in the water to steady the frail bark in a swirl of foam or a gust of wind that hurried down the rapid river. So they got to Bellows Falls by two o'clock, not stopping for any lunch; it was well they had it with them though, for "dinner" in the cheerless country hotel was over and they were informed that the "help" had gone out for the afternoon and they could have nothing, not even tea, until supper time at six o'clock. So they ate their canoe lunch upon a marble-topped table and Austin made some tea upon the stove.

But Dorothy did not get any better that night and Austin lay awake worrying about her. And when he did fall asleep, toward morning, he was awakened by the slightest sound from her, but to him the most terrible. Dorothy was sobbing. He sprang to her lips, with loving solicitations.

By daylight it came out. It was not that she was tired of the trip, but—yes, she would like to go back to Cambridge. Dorothy had never been alone in her life before; the cheerless, squalid hotel, the stormy contact with nature. There is a story of a lady of society who for the first time crossing the plains in a Pullman car pinned newspapers to all the



windows to keep out the prairies' vastness. They had been gone over a week and in all that time had spoken with no soul they knew. "I think I should like you better, Austin," Dorothy admitted, in an engaging burst of frankness, "if I saw some other people too."

They came back to Cambridge, where the canoe was housed and Dorothy's trunks refitted, and then went to Bar Harbor. Austin barely gave a sigh at the change of plans, but took advantage of the opportunity to fill his own trunk with law books. After all, Mount Desert would be a great place to study. Dorothy went in to her dressmaker's, while he stirred the dust of the library. At least, this was what he supposed; but (it was only the second evening in Cambridge, the place was hot, and they were to leave on the day after) his wife came home with a changed face. She had complained of feeling unwell that morning, and Austin had begged her not to go to town; but she had persisted and he had desisted, apprehensive of delay caused by dressmaking difficulties and very desirous of getting her into the changed air of the Maine coast. The Cambridge air was lifeless, and the place almost as lonely as that dreadful hotel, memorable always to Austin as the place where his wife had first cried. But to-night her pallor was alarming, and he began to scold.

"O Austin, I have not been to the dressmaker's!" she cried; "I have been to Dr. Byfield's." (Dr. Byfield was the family physician, recommended by Aunt Mary Austin.) "I—I am going to have a baby." Then she burst into tears. Austin flew to her with his arms, and kissed her over and over again. "Darling, oh, my darling," was all he could say; but he said it many, many times, between the kisses that he smothered her with. He kissed her lips over and over again, then her brow, where the wonderful hair like burnished copper was penciled on the milk-white flesh. "Oh, I am so glad we came back from New

Hampshire! Darling, you don't think it was too much for you—the river, I mean?"

Dorothy shook her head. "If only we can go to Bar Harbor just the same." The tears hung on her eyelids, and he kissed them away. Then, his lips still wet, he kissed her lips once more. His arms were tight about her waist. "Don't dear, you hurt——"

Terrified with repentance, the youth sank upon the great chair, his bride in his arms. He arranged her, comfortably and tenderly, and sank upon his knees before her. "Dorothy! Dorothy, do look at me! I am so happy!"

He drew her forward. She was in a white evening gown, half robe, half wrapper; and as she leaned forward to look at him the hollow of her neck was at his cheek. The white lace slipped, his lips following it, until they touched her. Suddenly she returned his embrace, kissing his passionately, with parted lips, as he took his own lips away. Then she turned and looked at herself a moment in the glass; before drawing her wrapper across her bosom, she lifted her elbows, clasping her hands behind her head, to deepen the white hollow between the breasts; a faint down of blonde glistened in the lamp-light. Lovingly she looked at her figure in the glass; lovingly Austin looked at her.

"O Austin, it is so soon! You will not expect me to nurse it, will you?"

#### XIV

IN November their child was born; and it lived a day. Its dying made a dike in Austin's nature as when volcanic lava fills a rift in granite, hardened into permanence. Strangely enough (for such things are thought to mean more for women) Dorothy's nature seemed to absorb the wound. She would not go into mourning for an unchristened child: before the winter was over she was home in Philadelphia.

dancing at a ball with a figure slender as any girl's, only the ripe roundness, the full shoulder, for a girl to envy.

She was the rage that winter. Men were crazy about her. She dressed richly and yet girlishly; the women said too much. Yet her figure was so childish that she might wear what another woman could not. Her loose gown might fall away as from a wood nymph or slip from one round shoulder: the line of the white chest lay straight and pure, like a child's. Artists asked to paint her: she was proud of it. She only wrote Austin of her dances, and how she enjoyed it.

Austin was thankful that she was so: the thing was over, he set his teeth and worked the harder. He did not go with her this time; it was his last year in Cambridge and he meant to take high rank. He had grown very fond of Wentworth: it was settled that they were to go to New York together and (if neither of them was so lucky as to get into a great firm) they were to go into partnership. He was happy, though, when Dolly got back just before Lent and their teas began. Wentworth and Markoff were always present; sometimes others of the Law School men, even a professor or two; Dorothy held quite a little salon.

But one day Wentworth came to him and told him that he had decided to give up going to New York, and nothing that Austin could urge availed to make him change his decision. "He had decided that he was not fitted for the life of a great city. One should be very sure of oneself—very sure of one's own abilities, to risk it. Otherwise it were better contentedly to accept the leadership in some provincial town."

Austin was seriously disappointed. He was not heartbroken; though the young New Englander's friendship had become very dear to him. He begged him again and again to reconsider his determination. He reminded him how they had planned and

plotted to shape their careers—almost to lead their lives together. But Wentworth was adamant. "New York was well enough for Austin—he was sure to take the leadership wherever he went; with his social connections, he could seize the highest opportunities. But he, Wentworth, he was fitted to be the plodding country lawyer."

The matter was first broached by Wentworth at the beginning of a long country walk. Still unshaken by Austin's argument, he came to dinner, and after it Austin returned to the charge in vain. When Dorothy added her persuasions to his he averted his eyes but answered in the same tenor. Possibly he infused a shade more ambition into his reasoning. "His political prospects were greater at home——"

"I see," laughed Austin. "After all, Daniel Webster began at Portsmouth"—and Wentworth joined in the laugh with obvious relief. Dorothy said nothing more; and just then Markoff entered.

The examinations began shortly after this conversation and Wentworth hardly got to the house again. Markoff continued an assiduous visitor. He had always taken very high rank and all believed that he would do so in the finals; yet he only seemed always to have leisure. Austin was wrapped up in his work, so much so that he hardly found time even to urge Wentworth to alter his decision; that might go until the examinations were over; for was it not rumored that certain of the great New York firms left a standing order to receive as students one or more new-fledged Harvard LL.B.'s each year, selected in the order of their rank? And this, to Austin, meant the road to a possible partnership; to Wentworth, a paid clerkship. Such a result might change even his decision, which Austin could not but regard as based on a sort of bashfulness. He was shy, socially shy, before New York and what it represented; he could see it, even in his

manner with Dorothy. But Markoff found time to spend half his evenings with them; even, one night, to escort Mrs. Pinckney to a popular concert when Austin could not go. Was not the examination in Equity Pleading the next morning? Austin sat up many hours after they returned, with a wet towel around his head; even hours after his wife had discussed her caller, gone to her room, returned in the sweetest of laces and blue ribbons, her hair unbound, and then, with a *moue*, gone back again. The birds were singing in the twilight of the dawn when Austin tiptoed gently through his wife's room, just brushing his lips to hers as he passed, to his own little crib in the alcove beyond. Dorothy threw one white arm above her head and sighed; she did not wake up. Since her recovery, she had insisted on having her room alone; she had always had one as a girl, she said; and Austin, of course, had yielded. The Major was fond of saying that her sex were at their best as slaves, she said with a laugh; but even a slave might be queen in her bed-chamber!

When the result of the examinations was known, Markoff led them all; he graduated with special distinction; as we should now say, *summa cum laude*! Wentworth and Austin both got honors, the latter passing a bit the better of the two. "You see, I am right," wrote Wentworth the following morning, "and before you get this letter, I shall be back in New Hampshire." To Mrs. Pinckney he left a very large sheaf of roses; and Dorothy said he was "a nice boy." But Markoff surprised them all by accepting not the coveted studentship in the office of Gresham, Daubeny, Radnor & Haviland—but the paid office of managing clerk with Hitchcock, Pratt & Auerbach. "Why do you do it?" said Dorothy.

Mrs. Pinckney, as she spoke, was standing on the third rung of a step-ladder dismounting pictures. For the dismantling had come; the student life

was over. However brief the home, there is something sad in the taking down of the household divinities: the unhooking of the little pictures—they meant so much, when one put them up! To be sure, one may have grown used to them since—the soft-eyed Madonna is only an engraving, the clouds of Monte Rosa only photographed. Dorothy had no sentiments about the little Cambridge house, and she looked over her muslin straight as she spoke, at Markoff, whom she had permitted, nay insisted, to lounge upon the sofa, while she worked. But as she had looped up her pretty evening dress behind, so she had caught up some of the floating muslin before, with her mouth, to keep it from the dirt of the ladder; a hammer was in her right hand, a coil of picture cord in her left, so that she half-mumbled the question, half-looked it to him with her eyes. Markoff himself lolled on the sofa enjoying a rich cigar, and looking through the smoke rings at her ecstatically. "Why do you do it," she said.

"I must have money," he said; "I cannot afford to wait. The world is not smoothed off before me, like Austin's. I am not, like him, happily married——"

"And you must have the money in time to be," Dorothy burst into silvery laughter. "It's very foolish of you!"

Markoff sighed as gently as he could. Dorothy put her right foot on the rung above. Markoff looked at it, and did not take his eyes off it, as another man might have done; Dorothy had the daintiest of ankles, encased this evening in lavender silk. "Now you had much better wait," Dorothy went on. "You'll simply make the most awful mistake if you don't! Never marry young. Wait ten years, and let me look out a girl for you, when—when——"

"When I can hope to pretend to the lady I want," said Markoff grimly. But he did not take his eyes from her ankle: her skirt swinging revealed, now an inch more, now an inch less, of warm silken roundness.

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Dorothy abashed. "Look out, I am coming!" In an impulse of sympathy for having so belittled him, she stretched forth her hands: Markoff sprang up to meet them, palm to palm, and she sprang from the round of the ladder, dropping hammer, cords, overdress, and fichu. But either he was not in time or he did not resist enough; she fell almost upon his shirt front and, for one epochal second, he felt her soft body against his own—and he kissed her furtively, awkwardly, just above the cheek bone; but he kissed her.

Dorothy sprang away as if he had been a snake. Then first, he flushed. What her words had failed to penetrate, her physical shrinking turned scarlet. He cringed with an apology. But Dorothy, as she believed, had been born a lady, and just then, to her intense relief, she heard the street gate swing to Austin's step. They did not alter their positions, though Dorothy's lips curled a line the more as she saw Markoff reach for his hat. "Forgive it," he whispered to her again. "Forget it." The accent made her shiver, as his glance had not.

"Austin," she said, "Mr. Markoff has come to say good-by to us." The words were simple enough, but an angry look showed that Markoff understood. The usual speeches were interchanged. After he had gone, Dorothy snuggled her arm under Austin's shoulder. It was evident that his simplicity—some would say his nobility—had suspected nothing; even though Dorothy was conscious of being a bit hysterical. "Austin, is Mr. Markoff a Jew?"

Austin looked surprised. "I don't know," he said. "I never thought——"

"I don't like Jews, Austin. Austin, I don't ever want to see him in New York."

## XV

AUSTIN took the place that had been first offered Markoff with Messrs. Gresham, Daubeney, Radnor & Haviland;

Dorothy (who was again spending the summer at Bar Harbor) coming to New York early in September to help him look for an apartment. Austin had had to take up his work in the office on the first of August, that month being a vacation for all the firm-name partners, though there were two or three young young men, with salaries contingent on the profits, who stayed in town to manage the unavoidable business. And here the first important disagreement that arose in their married life was settled in Austin's favor. For Dorothy had inclined to a flat; she had no fondness for house-keeping, and needed all her strength for the social relations she intended to establish; moreover you got more show for your money and in a flat you could not be expected to entertain. And when they set up a house, she was inwardly determined it should be one of a dignity commensurate with her aspirations. Meantime, they might appear, as a charming, young married couple, romantically poor, the more to be entertained by their friends, and for two persons of the names of Pinckney and Somers their friends might be anybody. The best investment they could meanwhile make of their little income was not a brownstone front for their house, but many satin, silk, and lace fronts for her own pretty figure. This would come to be desired at dinner parties, and Austin's brains would have their fair start.

But Dorothy did not venture on this line of reasoning with her husband; and Austin, after gloomily inspecting a few dozen flats, concluded that life in any one of them must be necessarily and inherently vulgar, and at the last gave expression to his invincible preference for his own roof-tree and his own front door. And it was Dorothy who had to yield.

They found a quiet, roomy, dignified old house on east Eleventh Street. The neighborhood had been fashionable once, but the rush of the eighties to the quarter known formerly as Judæa had shrunk the rent of the Washington Square neigh-



*"The rival leaders . . . took her up."*



borhood to within their means, that is, to within Austin's six thousand a year, aided by what might dribble through to him from the elder branches of his many-headed law firm. Dorothy's mother had written her that from now on she should allow her pin-money of twenty-five hundred a year. Austin had been delighted at the news; Dorothy wondered if he expected her to devote any part of it to the household expenses. Perhaps she was secretly apprehensive that he might ask her for it. But it never reached beyond the pins.

For absolute leisure, there has probably (outside the harem) been nothing in the social history of humanity approaching the leisure of the fashionable New York woman, married and childless, particularly before her fashionable position has been fully established. It is peculiarly so in New York: because in no city elsewhere in the world have the leisured classes so little root in the soil. Something of the Hebrew detachment from all surroundings seems to have cast the mold of civic character for our great city; its curious lack of general public spirit, evident even to outsiders; its want of municipal solidarity, of social coordination. Even the forcing-house of municipal corruption had not yet, when the Pinckneys took up their residence there, begun to germinate the sort of antitoxin that has now, at least in politics, become hopefully visible. Whether it be merely the lazy, Dutch farmer blood, egregiously fattened, never educated, into an aristocracy by the unearned increment; whether it be the later population of keen Yankees, commercial Germans, Cubans, South Americans; since the war, adventurous Southerners coming to the teeming isle for what they might get; or whether, finally and again, it is the Jews that really set the New York tone—the fact remains that the people generally share with those same Jews their racial habit of being without a city, and lack the finer Hebrew quality of caring for their own. New Yorkers by their feathers are

unmistakable the world over; but have nothing else—not even speech—in common; their homes are in the air like an orchid box; they share with a bird of less gay plumage the uncertainty of having no nest of their own—a fact of which, to their infinite dismay, even the somber, shabby West has become conscious in its clumsy, national way. But thence comes that leisure of the type of New York woman that Dorothy most wished to know.

She had become very fond of Austin again; perhaps the "again" is unnecessary; but, after all, she showed it more. There was something about the little wooden house in Cambridge which cramped her soul; it now found expression, and in the sunlight and radiance of the brilliant city it expanded freely, metamorphosed like a butterfly. And now she took a real interest in their home, in the furnishing of it; she never could have taken such for one in Cambridge. She adapted herself to her husband's will, after a few sighs for the situation, amiably. She was already proud of being a New Yorker; and there was something peculiarly old New York about the Washington Square neighborhood. Its size, too, reconciled her; but it would take a lot of time to fill the big square rooms. She set about it at once; new cards were engraved, with their new address and "Mondays" in the lower left-hand corner; she left them on all her acquaintances she knew well enough to venture the first call upon, and then went on a looting trip to Philadelphia. The large Somers mansion contained the accumulation of many generations in the garret; it might well be that there, or even lower down, were stuffs or old mahoganies that might give just the touch of antiquity she needed in their white new house.

Meantime Austin was getting absorbed in his own business. The practice of Messrs. Gresham, Daubeney, Radnor & Haviland was very varied; they had their old Knickerbocker landed

gentry clients, their staid old Manhattan Island corporations, a dash of marine business that came in through Hugh Haviland, brother to John, the banker—who had been once four years a sailor and worked himself from A.B. up to first officer at nineteen—their dash of politics of the higher kind from Daubeny, a prominent Tammany Democrat of French extraction. Then they had some fashionable trusteeships, and separate maintenances, or even suppressed divorce cases, through the younger unnamed members of the firm, who were for the most part young gentlemen of high social position, one of them even a leader of cotillons. These family affairs were very paying, and were usually attended to by Daubeny.

To Austin, interested in abstract jurisprudence, all these affairs presented themselves not as persons, but as problems. He hated to have legal principles brought to his knowledge as embodied in individual beings; there came at once to be something squalid about them. And though the happy days were already far off in New York when even a Dana could pride himself on not recognizing in a horse car the client for whom he had been two weeks trying a case, one advantage of a great law-mill like that in which Austin worked was that personal affairs filtered down to him peptonized, as it were, for legal digestion, disinfected of personality, sterilized to an inorganic and external principle. There is something, after all (as in most traditional prejudices), in the old distinction between barrister and solicitor as there is in the old prejudice in favor of the highest personal service professions as against going into trade. For, after all, the parson serves his God, the soldier his king, the physician his fellow-men—even the lawyer (if middling honest) helps to keep straight his sublunary affairs; but your trader is merely trying to make money out of you.

Austin, therefore, was terribly hard at work. He breakfasted at eight sharp,

leaving his wife in bed; by the time he had finished with the pipe and scrap of reading he never dispensed with, morning and night, she had had her coffee and was visible; still in bed, but robed in coquettish ribbons and laces. When she was in the humor, these morning calls of his would lead to kisses. Then he would hurry away, happy, and stride down town; the day was gone in a moment; tired but full of hope he walked back again at six, late enough to be in those most interesting crowds, the bread-winners; the thousands upon thousands of young girls or women that throng the ferry cross-streets seeking their distant little homes, in Long Island or New Jersey, after their ten- or eleven-hour day—how much remained for leisure or for lovemaking? Yet they seemed, on the whole, as happy as the women Austin afterwards met in "society." Some were tired and pale, but many were bright, and many were brave, and quite a few even pretty. Alas, that the prettiest should so often be the brightest and the bravest! But things are not yet all well in this world—were it so, all would be beautiful. For is not all ugliness the result of something wrong?

Dorothy, her shopping over, had found the day go somewhat slower until, coming home, Austin would make love to her as she would let him. Usually in the evening (it was still October) they would go to the theater together and occasionally have supper at Delmonico's. For Austin had joined no important club as yet, in order that he might have pocket money for their pleasures, nor could any club yet compete. Thus their first winter passed. And, secretly, Austin prayed every night and morning for another child.

## XVI

DOROTHY—more easily than she hoped—had found her footing. Birth in America will do as much as elsewhere—even in money-making New York it



has its influence. The Somerses were people of established social relations; the Austins, still more the Pinckneys, were families whose history "bore" (as one would say in heraldry) that of the United States themselves—or shall we say *itself*? All our history has thus far turned on the conflict of those two meanings; and if the Pinckneys, aristocrats of South Carolina, had stood historically for the former, the Austins, Federalists of Massachusetts, had wrought for the latter reading—and prevailed. They had numbered a Signer, an Envoy, a Secretary of State, a Senator, a Governor—until the present John, Pinckney's double cousin, who was only a pillar of Newport society. As such he had, by the very inventor of the famous Four Hundred, a planter at Goose Creek, been referred to as "coming from a middle-class family"! Oh, these South Carolinians! But it did John Austin lots of good; was, in fact, the cause of his leaving Nahant. Pinckney's father, to be sure (no one now quite knew why), with all the family's ability, had been but a poor Consul, accredited in his youth to Carlsruhe, whence he never stirred. But we wander from our subject, which is Dorothy. If the Gansevoorts ignored her, the rival leaders—Mrs. Gower, Mrs. Rastacq—took her up. The latter indeed, on hearing her story, sent her, for the second night of the opera, her box, where she bloomed, radiant to her very eyebrows, before the house of Gansevoort across the way.

And it must have been that this appearance at the opera had seemed in a way to be an assumption of court rank; the newspapers recognized her as one of the younger "queens of society"; her portrait was syndicated to the Woman's section of the Sunday newspapers. She was a "pretty person." Even her husband was presentable and intelligent. And when her visiting card appeared, with its house address and its "Mondays" in the lower left-hand corner,

both were accepted; her afternoons were attended by those whom our newspapers again would call our best people—and indeed you may wish yourself as sure of the next world as they are sure of this. Really, a flat—even a smaller house more fashionably situated—would have been inconvenient. Dorothy often thought how different it all was from those dingy days in Cambridge; this was life.

She had, one Monday afternoon, a curious reminder of those days in Cambridge, though. It was in their second New York winter. By that time her Mondays had grown to be sufficient of an institution to be mentioned in those sometimes inconvenient newspapers; and it was on the first of them, after their return from the Catskills, that he appeared. How did he ever know my day? she unimaginatively reflected. Anyway, he had been clever enough to note it; and she was undeniably at home; there were a dozen people there. But he had not been quite clever enough to walk in, hat in hand; the drawing-room could not have been denied him, had he (she hired a butler for the day) had his name announced; he only sent up his card, "Mr. Augustus Markoff." As it was, she did not hesitate a moment: she was (undeniably to Mr. Markoff) "not at home."

It mattered nothing to her; little more, perhaps, to Markoff, though he smiled a bit grimly in his mustache as he walked back to Fifth Avenue; she was only making her way, he, not without approval, recognized, esteeming her on that account no less desirable; their paths would cross fast enough; how little, after all, she knew! For he was making his way, too.

It mattered more, perhaps, to our hero—and yet, that night, when they talked over the events of the day, she felt as if she could hardly tell him. Bolting it, at last she did, feeling her temples redden; Austin, however, did not notice the blush. "Oh, yes—I remember—you did not like him at the end, in Cambridge—he

has added the 'us' in New York," said he, in amused inspection of the otherwise faultless card. For it was small, quite white, and not shiny; it even had no period after the name, which is the ultimate earmark of a smart pasteboard. And so, as it happened, Dorothy forgot this incident.

And then, in the evening, they went to a dinner, where Dorothy wore—but really one can't be always describing her gowns! It was a very grand dinner, though I fear there was no Roman punch in the middle of it. *Per contra*, there was terrapin; and, when the ladies were alone in the drawing-room, it took four flunkies to serve them their coffee—one the cups, one the coffee, one the cream and sugar, a fourth the cigarettes—there is something peculiarly sensational about lady's cigarettes, particularly when smoked with a low-neck gown. Have we not now got the necessary thrill to our readers of the million?

But oh, our thoughtful thousand, bear with us and desert us not. These are not trifles. The doings of our well to do may neither be all evil nor all dull. There is a world worth studying outside the realms of Dialect, contemporary not historical, whose lives even when idle are not negligible. We make the bluff of thinking not; our magazines ignore them; our newspapers know better. Suggested to the imagination of eighty millions, a Mrs. Gower does not lead her cynic's life in vain; or even reckless Mamie Rastacq copied in manners and in aims, fail to count. And the quiet wives and mothers count—though it be to fewer. They are never described by the syndicates to the middle West, nor are their pictures sold upon Broadway. And, lover and bride, our Dorothy counts—though it be to Austin Pinckney only—for he had married her, in cure of her soul.

(To be continued.)

## THE WORK OF ROBERT REID

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



It is amusing to recall the vehemence with which, from time to time, the different shibboleths of art have been defended or condemned. The upholders of one principle rarely find it in their hearts to admit that those who praise another have either intelligence or good faith. The battle that went on between the French Academicians and the malcontents headed by Gericault, so many years ago, has been fought over and over again ever since. The Impressionists have fallen foul of the painters who have shrunk from the dazzling effects of the open air; or the

men who believe that "subject" has an importance of its own have argued with the men who believe that subject, as subject, has no importance whatever. To the disinterested observer it has often seemed as though a great deal of this debate was beside the point; for, if principles count for much, the genius of the individual counts for more, and it is a curious fact that when the right man arises to take part in the conflict between two schools, he usually shows his invaluable relation to the matter by bridging the gap which separates the opposing interests.

Thus we find an impressionist like Degas venerating the best qualities of a

classicist like Ingres, and bringing to the summary delineation of a modern ballet girl as she flutters before the footlights, a draughtsmanship based in essentials on the law embodied by his beloved master in that superb nude in the Louvre, "La Source," and in a host of impeccable portraits. Thus we find an artist of our own, like Robert Reid, committing himself to neither realism nor idealism, but contriving through the merely natural expression of the instinct that is in him to produce pictures which seem somehow a blend of both. How completely and how easily his work escapes from the trammels laid upon an artist when he thinks more of formulæ—whether they be romantic or classical—than of his own inborn convictions, he has recently shown by the successful execution of a task undertaken in a province outside that with which he had hitherto been most familiar.

The "Adoring Angel," which figures among the accompanying illustrations, forms part of a design made for a painted window erected in the H. H. Rogers Memorial Church at Fairhaven, Mass. When Mr. Reid agreed, some two or three years ago, to produce all of the stained glass for that building—about as elaborate a scheme of the sort as has ever been put into the hands of one artist in this country—he had had no experience whatever on which to make the attempt. Up to that time he had labored exclusively as a painter of easel pictures or mural decorations, and though the latter were bound to have taught him much in regard to the relation of art to architecture, I remember well my own uncertainty as to what he would accomplish with glass. There, I felt, would come in just such a conflict between temperament and precedent as I have touched upon above. I knew that as a painter Mr. Reid had a note of his own. Would he preserve that note in his windows, or would he yield to the almost irresistible force of what I can only describe as the stained-glass tra-

dition? He solved the difficulty with astonishing facility. That first window was unmistakably a design framed with reference to its being executed in glass and in nothing else, but in form, in color, in style, it was as clearly another interesting souvenir of Mr. Reid's special way of looking at nature and at art, and his subsequent pieces for the church have maintained the same independent standard. The achievement is one of rather unusual significance.

The properties of stained glass used to seem to have been permanently fixed by the old masters. Mr. John La Farge proved many years ago that this was not so, but despite the potent influence of his genius convention has flourished, and there are thousands of church windows in America to-day which represent nothing more than slavish imitation of the masterpieces in European and English cathedrals. It required, therefore, courage and a gift in Mr. Reid to avoid the beaten track; he had both, and the result is a series of windows which, though still uncompleted, we may already appraise at a high value. The first thing to impress the beholder in the two great openings which face one another across the length of the church, and which are filled respectively with representations of "The Nativity" and "The Sermon on the Mount," is the artlessness of the grouping. Of course each composition has its central and dominating figure, the Madonna in the one case and the Christ in the other, and, equally of course, the subsidiary figures are so placed as to assure the order and balance indispensable in any work of art, and especially necessary where the decorative factors in an architectural scheme are concerned. But in contrast to the familiar stiff pyramidal effect so assiduously developed by generations of modern workers in glass, the building up of the masses in these windows seems informality itself. Without any loss of dignity the Madonna and the Christ are made human as well as divine types and

in the same bold yet carefully considered fashion the artist has established them in groups which have the spontaneity and naturalness of life; in each case we witness not a stereotyped tableau drawn from the old books of art, but a vivid episode taken from a living world. Is this realism? Yes, but not as it is understood by the crass realist. On the contrary, the truthful rendering of subject here, the freely naturalistic statement of facts, is only the foundation on which the artist has reared impressive interpretations of his high themes.

The faces are not the empty cold masks of the ordinary stained-glass window; they have poignant meaning, and throughout both compositions a great deal is gained through rightness of carriage and gesture. Neither angels nor men are portrayed as if poised forever immobile, but present rather the characteristics of arrested movement. Finally both figures and background are flooded with glorious color. It is color, moreover, which does not stop at being rich and glowing, but aims at giving a proper equivalent for flesh or foliage, metal or sky, the truth as well as the beauty of the scene. The artist who tries to do too much in a painted window is lost; if he meticulously echoes the local color in every detail, he ends by producing an impossible mosaic. Mr. Reid's windows are not kaleidoscopes; indeed, the simple breadth with which the colors in them have been handled is one of their chiefest merits. But there is variety within their simplicity; the last impression they leave is led up to by a multitude of subtle touches, each one possessing a certain interest yet subordinating itself to an ideal of unity. We linger over the fidelity to nature disclosed in a single passage, but we keep the full mead of our admiration for Mr. Reid's fidelity to his art, which has caused him to make a window what it ought to be—an idea expressed in terms of form and color within the conditions imposed by its architectural surroundings.

This rectitude is the more interesting because he has always been, in the strictest meaning of the term, a *painter*—a man, that is, for whom the mere handling of pigment has been the one discipline and joy of existence. But it is precisely such a temperament as his that is stimulated by an artistic problem. Technique, to fulfill itself with any degree of justification, must be spent upon material which brings an element of inspiration with it, and by the feeling with which the technician meets his inspiration halfway is he, in the last resort, to be judged. We have seen how Mr. Reid met the test of the painted window. Long before he had made as triumphant use of the opportunities offered to the maker of pictures and decorations. When he returned from his period of pupilage abroad there was in his work, to my mind, altogether too much of that preoccupation with method which is no doubt inevitable at the outset of a painter's career. Anxiety as to how the thing was to be done proclaimed itself across every inch of the canvas. That soon passed, however, and, with the rapid development of his resources, Mr. Reid forgot in his pleasure at doing the thing to let us see that he was worried about the way of doing it. If his drawing was sound it was now flexible and authoritative also, the drawing of a man for whom the instruments of art have been so far conquered as to have become the servants of his will. His color took on a fuller, richer body, and became more definitely the reflection of his own taste. In design, too, he made great advances, painting pictures with nothing academic about them but significant always of an original point of view. That, to be sure, was the goal at which he was all along moving; as he gained in strength of hand he gained in strength of vision, and, seeing deeper into his subjects, he treated the latter with new address and felicity. In the work of his maturity technique keeps pace so well with the impression that is

to be recorded that the two seem merged in one emotion. He is in equipment a realist, but as he looks about him the things he sees, and prefers to paint, are lovely things, and since he is not ready to be turned into an idealist, duly labeled as such, he gets out of his predicament by simply bridging the gap. Putting the truth upon canvas, he also puts beauty there.

It is a peculiar beauty. Looking only to the surface of what he has done in purely pictorial art, we might say that it was just the beauty of happy young womanhood, radiant in its freshness and grace. But the "pretty girl" as an artistic motive is an old story, and Mr. Reid might have painted her over and over again without exciting much interest if he had stopped at the accurate representation of her prettiness. What he has done instead has been to make his charming models eloquent of a poetry implicit not only in themselves, but in the landscape against which he generally makes them move. I say *move*, having especially in mind the fact that he could not leave a painted figure inert if he tried—a virtue which can never be too warmly praised. I have already commented upon the vitality of the figures in his windows. The paintings vibrate with an even intenser life, as befits works of art dedicated to the fascination of the open air. I remember a picture of his called "A Breezy Day," a half-length portrait of a girl breasting the wind under a brilliant sky. The lithe creature has the elasticity of a fawn in her gait, and we seem as she passes to catch the very sweetness of the air which flutters her draperies. This girl is typical. Sometimes Mr. Reid may give her an essentially decorative character, as in the "Tiger Lilies," which is reproduced with these remarks; sometimes she strays idly in an orchard or among flowers symbolizing summer or the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." But wherever we find her she is palpitatingly alive, a young

and gracious mortal, whom we would not for the world have transformed into a pseudo-goddess. Mr. Reid has never, that I know of, christened one of his sylvan presences Diana or Daphne, nor has he tried in any other way to give them what would really be but an adventitious claim upon our appreciation. Yet there are romantic qualities in these studies of his, there is the romance of exquisite form and grace, of light and air, all coördinated into a beguiling design.

It is of little moment that the women of Mr. Reid's pictures are never doing any of the things that academic figure painters would have them do, that they tell no story through their actions, but are engaged, at the most, in supporting a spray of flowers in their dainty hands. It is enough for the purpose that they exist, that against a background of flowers or leafage they fall into perfect attitudes, and show themselves to us as beings at one with the spirit of nature. Would "The Vine" be any the more interesting if some mythological or otherwise esoteric meaning were to be imported into the composition? It would be the worse for such an infringement upon its utterly artless character. The fall of the light upon the girl's face and hair in this picture is worth a dozen anecdotic appeals. For the fall of the light means, after all, so much more than a bit of technical dexterity. I have spoken of Mr. Reid's faculty for the solution of problems, and this offers a good illustration of the point. The notation of the luminosity about the head in "The Vine" constituted a very serious technical problem. The light might have been made just a shade too brilliant, too garish. It might have been unduly diffused or unduly concentrated. Technique takes care of such matters. But the technique that takes care of them in Mr. Reid's pictures is a technique interpenetrated with a sense of what is beautiful, and thus the sunlit girl in "The Vine" is made finer, more

beautiful, and, in a word, positively romantic, where an equally accurate but less sensitive treatment would have left her on a lower plane. Where she might merely have appealed to the eye, she touches the imagination.

What he does with a single figure in an easel picture Mr. Reid does with a group. The trio in his large and splendid "Autumn," the best picture he has ever painted, is, like the sole occupant of the other canvas to which I have just alluded, "The Vine," expressive of nothing more nor less than feminine beauty placed against a natural background. At the same time he has another string to his bow, and when occasion requires can make effective use of it. When the Chicago Fair of 1893 put the artists of America on their mettle to supply more than one of the stately buildings with mural decorations, Mr. Reid was among those who received commissions. He acquitted himself creditably, but, like most of his colleagues in that enterprise, he was moving on unfamiliar ground, and he needed further opportunities to show the stuff that was in him as a decorator of large wall surfaces. The opportunities came. There was work for Mr. Reid to do in the Congressional Library at Washington; in the Appellate Court building in this city; in the renovated State House at Boston, and elsewhere, and as time has gone on Mr. Reid has done work of the sort with more and more skill. I might

dwell suggestively upon all of his mural decorations, but a note on one of them will suffice to indicate his scope in this field. The spacious canvas at Boston commemorating James Otis at the moment in which he delivered his great speech against the writs of assistance is one of the very few historical paintings we have deserving equal applause for narrative point and monumental character. An old Colonial room is the scene; imposing judges and eager listeners, with Otis in the center, fill it after a fairly informal fashion; and the glimpse that a window gives us of the inclement weather outside only serves to accentuate the intimacy of the subject as the artist has conceived it. Yet the design is so adroitly spaced and balanced, the execution is so virile, and the whole thing is carried off with so distinguished a style, that this decoration made a profound impression when it was first affixed to the wall, and, as I have found from repeated examinations of it, has worn well, as the saying goes; for my own part, I like it better to-day than I liked it when it was first painted. On that saying it is appropriate to take leave of Mr. Reid's work. His paintings have a durable charm. The loveliness of his flower-laden girls does not fade; his windows and his mural decorations are as persistently persuasive. The reason, I think, is that he has a true perception of beauty, and never wearies in his pursuit of technical excellence.





*THE CONFIDENCE OF YOUTH. BY ROBERT REID.*







*EXPECTANCY. BY ROBERT REID.*

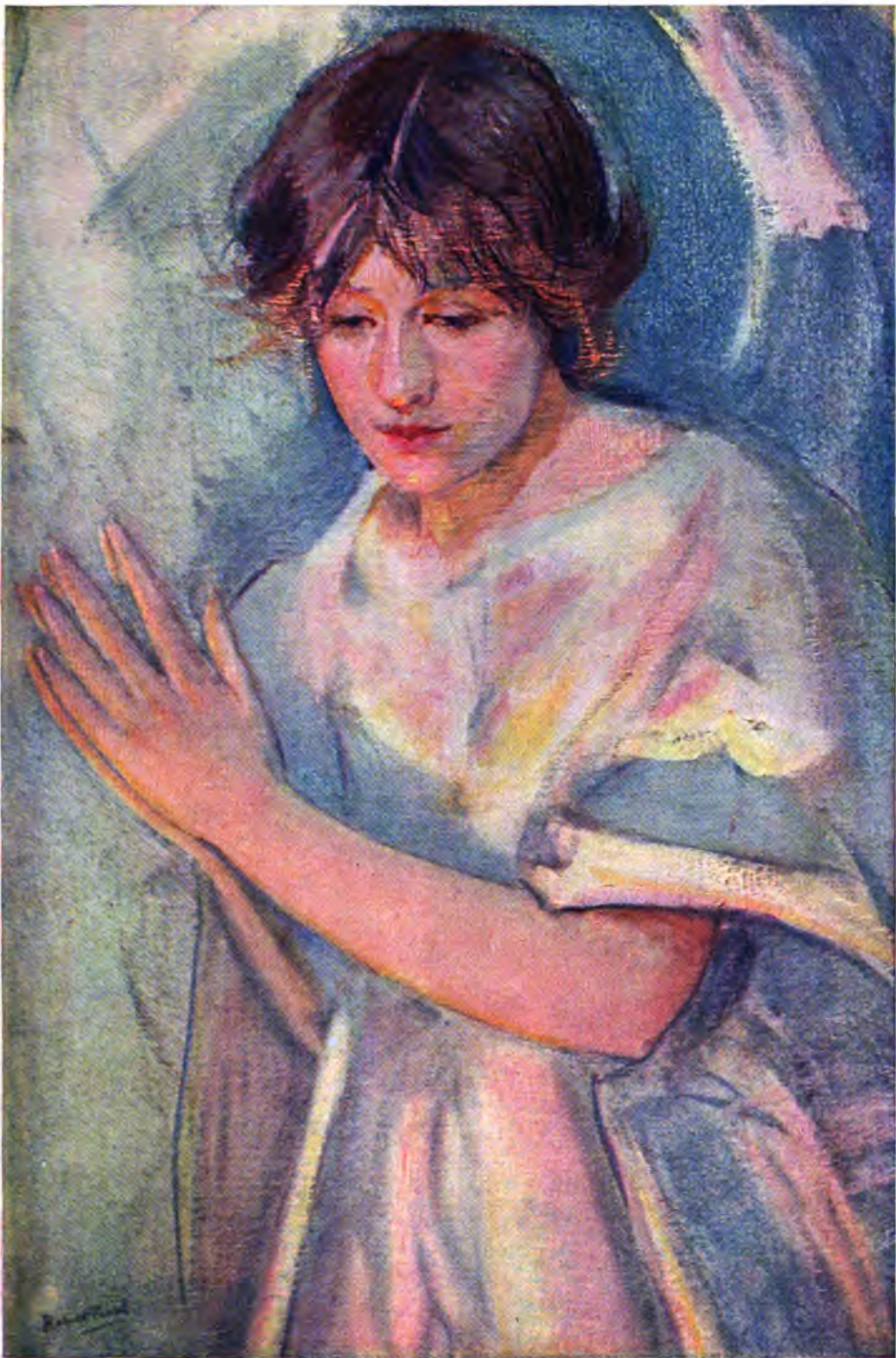




*ON THE THRESHOLD. BY ROBERT REID.*







*ANNUNCIATION. BY ROBERT REID.*



# ALGIERS IN TRANSITION

By Dr. Maurice Baumfeld



THE BAY OF ALGIERS



HE three-towned city of Algiers seems to be the product of repeatedly violent mixtures of Orient and Occident, the unrest of civilization, and the power of persistence of that truly not enviable bliss which feels itself happiest in filth and dirt. Mustapha Supérieure, city of villas and hotels, rises above the new and old city, the European and the Arabian quarters, voluptuous, decked with flowers, like an unchaste beauty molded into the hilly country, which, as outermost spur of the snow-covered heights of the Atlas and the Djurjura, descends to the very boundary of the city. Constructed of white marble, adorned with far-projecting, horseshoe-shaped arcades, and crowned with fantastic cupolas and towers, the residences of the European and the Arabian nobility lie amid their glimmering, glistening gar-

dens. A fragrance arises from these gardens which accompanies the wanderer for miles and miles, completely bewitching his senses. The open country about him is another larger garden, God's garden, full of wild flowers of the wildest beauty, unknown forms and colors, which we have never seen before, which we can never, never forget—a color madness in which Nature here finds joy and pleasure. Or, possibly, our Western sober senses are too tame to withstand this storm of beauty.

The road ascends in broad serpentine, constantly leading into more tempting, more fascinating beauty. The land glitters in its robe of green, a haze of blue covers the sea, and one marble structure next to the other gleams in pure white. But this triad of colors is buried under the cascades of wildest variegated colors which seem to cover every foot of earth, seem to pour down on us from every crevice, in the rocks,

from every branch of every tree. The very air seems to be dyed with these same rich hues and, plying the glorious colors of the setting sun, draws a mantle of harmonic splendor about the city below—this city of curious contradictions. The broad, sober *quais*, straight as an arrow; the boulevards built in the spirit of Hausmann; the new quarters in which a startlingly distorted *art nouveau* predominates; the Arabian quarters, for the human eye an impenetrably massive conglomeration; the fortifications of Kasbah crowned with walls; the widest places and the narrowest, slums into which the sun never shines—everything that otherwise appears white and gray and monotonous is now arrayed in splendor, as if it were really possible that spring could make even dead walls, decayed stones, bloom. Purple-tinted and gold-rimmed sails are flying past. Smokestacks and masts in the harbor below seem as if worked of the finest metals; each single rope seems of colored silk. Red, yellow, violet, the heavens are burning in flames which a light breeze is driving toward the city, be-

hind which a wall of purple clouds is rising. With one miraculous throb all the glittering treasures have risen to the surface of the waters, which for thousands of years have been buried in their deepest depths. It seems as if they were trying to darken the sun with their quivering luster, the sun now dipping into the same waters, its lowest rim like melted gold. But nothing whatsoever can decrease the splendor, the color charm of the flowers still sparkling even in the quickly approaching dusk with that power all their own, needing neither aerial images, nor borrowed, reflected lights and shadows, to be fabulously, fascinatingly beautiful.

Excluding Mustapha Supérieure, which in its style may be called complete, Algiers seems like a veritable triumph in "a little of everything." The European quarter, which shows the painfully orderly soberness of a well-governed seaport next to a provincial imitation of all that is Parisian, swarms with Arabs, Moors, Turks, Spaniards, Jews, who seem to have stepped from the Old Testament, in all the variety of



THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF ALGIERS





THE OASIS OF BISKRA

their Oriental garbs. These, too, to a certain extent, have lost their nationality. Particularly among the Arabs something akin to "swells" has sprung into existence. Among the wealthy we frequently find costly and sumptuous fabrics, coquettishly draped, in very conspicuous colors. In the evenings when we see these sitting about in cafés, in the finest hotels, flirting, or parading on the Corso, their breasts adorned with decorations, their garb appears more

like a costume which has lost its right of existence and can be considered merely from an ornamental point of view. Internally, just these better classes have become a critical cross between East and West upon whom there can be little reliance in any direction. The throng of people in the streets of Algiers, especially on holidays, leaves little room for dissatisfaction on the part of observers. In vain we seek the originality and primitiveness which in Tangier we

meet at every step. Like well-drilled figurants to whom the task has been assigned to act their own part, these masses throng through the streets in which to a great extent not even one single stone has been left as a landmark of this past. Even in this very "half-

the richly laden, well-decorated show windows with the same expert thoroughness as the African-Algerian-Parisian.

It is assuredly interesting that the best examples of Arabian art in architecture are standing close together in the heart of the European quarter. We

are almost astonished to find that at least some of these, above all the two principal mosques, have remained absolutely untouched. Two towers have been added to a third mosque which in its construction is by far the finest, thus transforming it into a cathedral, though each single nook and corner loudly remonstrates against its



ness" it is still a very fascinating picture in which the motion is amply provided for through the dramatic agility of hands and finger tips. Every now and then soldiers appear, from the native zouaves to the cavalry, whose marvelous boot-trousers figure in so many operettas and vaudevilles. At last the civilians become visible, men and women, with a decidedly imitated French elegance. The women reveal a tinge of that easy placidity which they have learned from their Oriental sisters. These are still veiled—just sufficient veil to retain the piquancy of the forbidden. Moreover, with their large, tired eyes they examine



MILLET FIELD AND MARKET PLACE

present designation. The interior is marvelously decorative, and its almost chaste marble arabesques, its ornamented and scrolled texts belonging to a totally different faith, stand in decided contrast to the magnificent pomp of a high mass which the archbishop is cele-



A TRIBAL BELLE

brating with grand ostentation to roaring, almost operatic, music. We see halberdiers in gold, glittering uniforms carrying their majestic weapons, canons in costly embroidered vestures, the long rows of choir boys in their red and white surplices.

The archbishop, with the fine mild head of a patriarch, a white flowing beard soft as silk, with the characteristic dignity and enlightenment of his movements, truly appears as a sort of higher being amid surroundings where there is too great a display of external

faith to leave much room for the internal and true. The service being ended, the entire mass of people move down the steps of the cathedral across the small square leading to the residence of the archbishop, formerly the palace of an Arabian dignitary. A dense crowd hems the way in the hope of winning the blessings the prelate is bestowing, of kissing the hand he is holding out to everyone.

Later when we stand in the large mosque, one of the oldest as well as one of the most artistic Mohammedan struc-



The old city seems to crawl and climb to the ancient fortress which crowns the hill. Streets chaotic and bewildering, without light and air, are wrapped in shadows fitting to the dirt which covers them, to the putrid smells which stream together from all these intertwined narrow kennels. So-called streets are lined with walls which long ago would have fallen in, if strong posts did not maintain the small space separating them. Next to decaying rocks stand artistic old gates and isolated pillars which here truly speak

tures, its principal ornament being the long, seemingly endless rows of column pairs joined by horseshoe arches—we realize that this is a totally different religious picture. Here and there between these dazzlingly white pairs of columns Mohammed's faithful stand in deep prayer. In the extraordinary perspective, disappearing into mysterious space, each suppliant seems the center of a worship full of the deepest humility and endless subjugation to the will of a higher being.



STREETS IN ALGIERS

of bygone glory. Obscure by-streets run into a magnificent court where we cannot even detect the slightest trace of the palace to which it formerly belonged. Then again, we come upon long rows of walls and nothing but walls into which hollows and recesses

read, no one can understand, and certainly no one obeys. Rather gliding than walking, veiled women appear from side paths or quickly opened gates, only to disappear again with a shy glance. Even they, with very few exceptions, lack all charm, all fascination of color.

The difference between the new city and the better portions of the Arabian quarters quickly becomes obliterated. We can almost count the days until this, too, will become monotonously leveled. We realize this almost without regret. For if Orientalism is robbed of its colors, its magnificent light and splendor which occasionally idealized even its very



have been cut, just large enough to accommodate a small stock of goods and a human being, the latter in such crooked, distorted positions as only an Oriental can assume. Everywhere are crouching, smoking, playing, or musing figures, clothed in dirty white or dusty gray, sitting in front of or in the center of their goods, sometimes

as if grown together with the very decay and crumbling of their surroundings.

As if out of sheer irony almost at every step we find long-winded instructions by the French authorities regarding cleanliness, removal of rubbish, sanitary matters, all of which no one can



STREETS IN ALGIERS

dirt, in short, if a race degenerates because it has intentionally been forced to relax its inherited customs, without having been given even the slightest understanding for Western civilization—it is immaterial what course this process takes.





*"At any rate, that's the American way of lookin' at it."*

# TWO AMERICANS

BY KATE JORDAN



MISS LETITIA BELLENDEN sat with her knees against the heater, a small embroidered shawl around her shoulders, and watched the feet of the passers-by on the wet pavement level with her basement windows. Within her dainty, elderly body her heart burned perpetual incense before the name of Bellenden, and on this gloomy day the thought of the fallen fortunes of the house overwhelmed her with a feeling of impotence and resentment. She was poor now. She owned this house in Tenth Street in which she was born—this, and nothing else. Rather than sell it she had been driven to rent its spacious rooms to quiet people who prized immaculateness and refinement. The front basement she had reserved for herself because of its remoteness. She never sat at table with her boarders, but was always to be seen at five o'clock in the afternoon in the front drawing-room to listen to complaints and requests. These meetings would leave her in an unamiable mood, and as she sipped her Oolong afterwards she often murmured her disdain to her grandmother's portrait:

"Such people. Oh, it is really trying for me!"

She was just in the mood to-day to answer the letter Joan had written her from Paris six weeks ago. Her anger against the girl had been too great to permit her to do this before. It was time that young woman should know just

how emphatically she disapproved of her life, her views, her "modernity"—as she provokingly called her outrageous standpoint, whatever that might mean—but most of all of her last piece of eccentricity—her engagement to a man of whom she, Miss Bellenden, had never heard.

Her glasses were adjusted, and her pen had written in pale, hair-line script the words, "My dear Niece," when the most deferential of knocks fell on her door, and Ellen, a servant who had grown gray, mouselike, and immaculate in her employ, stepped in, a damp letter on a salver.

Miss Bellenden lifted it gingerly. Her expression hardened as she saw it bore Joan's big black writing and the French stamp. She cut the envelope with a tortoise-shell knife and drew out some thin, darkly written sheets:

"PARIS, SEPT.—

"MY DEAR AUNT LETTY: As I've not heard from you, I suppose the news in my last letter is either indifferent to you or has made you angry. I hope not the latter, as I've a most important piece to add to what I told you then. This morning, in the dearest little English church, Ralph and I were married."

Miss Bellenden's hands dropped and she stared into space.

"Married," she gasped, and the ticking of the clock seemed to be the clucking of a tongue echoing her own consternation. She set her lips and resumed the reading;

"I want to tell you all about him, and I want you to learn to love him because I do. At first, I know, dear aunt, that this will be hard because you have such a fiercely good opinion of our family above all other people, and all that sort of thing. But I hope to win you in time, and I want to have your love always. My mother left me to you, you are my nearest kinswoman, so I'm going to open my heart and tell you all.

"First, you will be glad to hear that Ralph, though an artist like myself, is a rich man's son. His father has given us a beautiful little hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes. Poverty, the most unlovely of worries, will be spared me.

"Now, to speak of Ralph the man—the man I love. O aunt, he's such a splendid fellow, so big-hearted and with a manner and voice to attract anywhere! Then he is a genius. Paris is talking of him, lionizing him. All this time I know, dear, you are thinking: 'But who is the man—what family?' O dear, I'm so sorry it isn't always possible to be happy without wounding some one you love! I'm afraid I'll horrify you—but remember my Ralph is the best and truest of gentlemen.

"Dear aunt, near 'Penworth' there was a farmer named Perkins. Perhaps you'll remember his farm—the big yellow house on the hill. Uncle Benjamin seemed to like to talk to him, I remember, and 'Farmer' Perkins, as he was called, used to sell him cows and things. Well, we lost sight of him after Uncle Ben had to sell 'Penworth,' but as it turns out Mr. Perkins was left an enormous fortune by a relative who ages ago settled in South America. This was about twelve years ago. He sent his son to Harvard, later to Paris—and—well, Ralph is his son, Aunt Letty. Ralph Perkins is his name—and it's mine, too."

There was more in the letter, but Miss Bellenden did not read it. Her face grew drab, and she sat without moving. She did not recall the man at all, but she had often heard Benjamin speak of him in a detached way as he might speak of a groom in the stables. She tore the letter into fragments and quivered her fingers as she flung them into the waste-paper basket. Her face was composed as she went up to the five-

o'clock interview with her boarders. To Miss Bellenden the girl who had been Joan Townsend had passed definitely from her life. Mrs. Ralph Perkins had not, even for a second, existed.

The life at the boarding house ran without a ripple until the second week in December. Miss Bellenden was recovering from influenza which had made a prisoner of her in the front basement for ten days. She was going over the accounts with Ellen.

"This is the new boarder?" Miss Bellenden asked, laying her filbert-shaped nail on a name at the foot of the list. "Amos Prentice? You say he came on Tuesday. Will he be permanent?" Her voice trailed away in a bored sigh.

"He says he's come for the rest of the season. He's sooch a pleasant man, Miss Letitia. I think he's from the country. He's asked to see you to-day."

"Not a rough person—is he?"

"He has a loud voice and he do laugh a good dale at the table, but the rest seem to loike it."

"I'm sure I'll think him very unpleasant——"

"Oh, excuse me, Miss Letitia!" said Ellen almost tenderly; "but he do seem very noice and gentle. He asks after you most polite. He wanted to sind you flowers every day."

"Flowers?" she exclaimed. "Why should he? I never heard of such a thing—a man I've never seen—a boarder. I'll see him to-day and judge him for myself."

"Oh, ma'am—wan thing more! He asked if he might have poy for breakfast, an' I said yes——"

"I am surprised at you. Such a thing would be barbarous."

"He said he'd lived for the last few years in France, an' even there they gev it to him——"

"Then let him go back to France."

Miss Bellenden rose and moved a



book on the table, that expressed finality, and twitched an eyebrow toward the door.

When at five o'clock she prepared to go up to the drawing-room she felt a distinct antagonism for this new boarder who had achieved an irritating conspicuousness before he had been a week in the house. She found him waiting for her in the long, chilly parlor with its high, gilt mirrors, and stiffly arranged repcovered furniture.

Her cold, nearsighted eyes traveled over him as he stopped humming and sprang up. He was a man in the neighborhood of sixty with a bright, lean face marked heavily around the lips and eyes with deep laughter lines. Even in repose his creased eyes seemed smiling. His hair, worn long to his ears, was as straight as an Indian's and iron gray. He was very tall, round-shouldered, angular. His clothes, of excellent quality and fashionable cut, were worn awkwardly. His hands, though scrubbed to an appetizing cleanliness, were the hands of a toiler; they were hairy, twisted, and on two fingers the nails were gone.

At sight of Miss Bellenden, whose poise was the perfection of cold repose, a streak of russet red leaped into his cheek. He shot his hand out and drew it back. But his smile was more impressive than anything else about him; it displayed two rows of the most perfect teeth in a wide semicircle to his ears. His mouth seemed capable of illimitable expansion, and above it his eyes danced in the delight one sees on the face of a crowing babe.

"Mr. Prentice, I believe," said Miss Bellenden, seating herself about eight feet from him.

"Yes, mum. I'm glad to see you round again, mum, though you don't look what I'd call right peart yet," and his eyes, serious for a second, dwelt on her sadly.

She froze him with a stare.

"I always meet the people here, at

least once. Is there anything you wish to see me about?"

Mr. Prentice twirled his soft-leaved black hat in a way very annoying to Miss Bellenden.

"It's always best to get reel cozy at headquarters," he smiled, "and I take it, mum, you're that, as you run the place."

"This house is mine, if that is what you mean."

"No one is questionin' that, mum, I hope," he said, leaning forward seriously. "It *is* yourn, and you kin tell anybody thet *I* say so."

For a horrible second it occurred to Miss Bellenden that the man had been drinking. But one glance at his keen, fresh face sent the fear scuttling. There was only one explanation—he was a mild lunatic. He must be sent away, but it must be done diplomatically.

She stood up and shook out her black silk skirt.

"Your business with me does not seem pressing, Mr. Prentice. It can wait."

He opened his lips as if to speak impulsively, closed them again, looked a volume of amiable things, and at last broke into speech:

"I want you and me should be *reel* friends. That's why I come here. Now, can't we? Here we are, two Americans, you alone, runnin' a boardin' house which can't nohow feel like hum to you—me alone, all my folks dead or far away. I ben travelin' all over this globe, mum, an' ef you'll believe me I'm jest about sick o' seein' sights. It got so, as I'm a-livin', that the sight of one of those thar cathedrals useter give me a sinkin' feelin' right in the pit of my stummick. You may well look surprised. Most folks won't allow thet furrin churches affect them that way. But a broken-down church on a pipin'-hot Eyetalian street with a lot of beggars around the door ain't what a true-born American calls pleasin'."

He rose up and down on his toes and moistened his lips for a new period.

But Miss Bellenden, in a disgust beyond words, stalked from the room.

In the front basement she faced Ellen, more perturbed in face and manner than that person had ever seen her.

"Get that man out of this house at once. He's a lunatic. He never would have been admitted had I seen him when he applied. Say what you please. Say I want his room for friends who are coming to-morrow, early. He must leave here to-night."

When Ellen told her at bedtime that Mr. Prentice had been most good-natured and that his room was empty, she slept in peace. The peace was shattered early. Before breakfast the next morning she heard some one singing. A sonorous barytone penetrated even to the front basement. The song was "Home, Sweet Home." The voice was tender, beautiful, and the singer seemed exulting in its unrestrained power.

Ellen, pale and disturbed, answered her bell.

"Who is singing?" asked Miss Bellenden, and the amazing answer, which she had somehow anticipated, was given:

"Mr. Prentice. He didn't go, Miss Letitia. He just went up wan flight. He said you wanted *that* room, so he just took another that he knew was empty. He don't understand that you want him to lave the house at all, at all."

Miss Bellenden did not reply. She sat down and faced a problem. This uncouth Yankee seemed to pervade the house. He seemed to bask in a personal sunlight which made him proof against snubs.

At eleven o'clock she summoned Ellen. She was dressed for the street, and a cab stood at the door.

"I'm going to Mr. Chatsworth's funeral service, Ellen," she said, drawing on her black gloves grimly. "Mr. Prentice must have left this house by the time I return. That's all. I leave it to you."

She lunched with an old friend, and it was nearly three when she returned

home. She felt nervous when Ellen opened the front door for her. In answer to the stern inquiry of her eyes Ellen shook her head helplessly.

"I haven't been able to get a word with him, Miss Letitia. He's been in and out, in and out, but so quick I couldn't catch hilt nor hair of him, he seemed that busy. But it's likely he'll be in soon, an' I'll tell him then."

Miss Bellenden sighed in an exasperated way and went down to the front basement. She had put away her cape, folded her gloves, and was just removing her bonnet when terror seized her and she sank, speechless, into a chair. The silence had been broken by a thin metallic voice which seemed in the room and yet miles away. Though chilled by fear she heard every word distinctly. It seemed as if a negro from some vague isolation were addressing her—out of the ceiling, down the fireplace, here, there, everywhere. She could not locate the voice.

*"Ladies an' gen'lemen, I will now sing fer yuh dat mos' popular ob coon ditties, calc'lated to make ebery heart glad an' to rejice. Strike up, Mr. Orchestra, an' let's bab dis yere ragtime in yo' bes' shape."*

This was followed by a burst of unearthly music:

*"I'll be true to my baby,  
For he is my own turtledove.  
I'll be true to my honey boy,  
He's the only one I love."*

There was another verse on the same topic, and a few seconds' silence followed. Miss Bellenden's lips moved vainly. She tried to stand up, but her feet seemed made of air, her fingers dripped weakness. Before strength could come to her another voice was heard:

*"Little Winkie Wildwave, the boy soprano, will now oblige with his affecting ballad, 'Just a Little Attic, but It's Home.'"*

There was the clatter of a piano and then a voice without more caliber than a

thread and as sharp as the rasping of a file tinkled from some place:

"Just a little lady in a rocking-chair,  
Just a little baby, fondly waiting for me  
there.  
We've not much to boast of, still it's all our  
own—  
Just a little attic, but it's home, sweet  
home."

Ellen's voice was heard in the hall, and Miss Bellenden found strength for one ringing cry. The maid burst into the room in a way she had never done before, stared at Miss Bellenden, and listened to the singing.

"Angels!" she exclaimed, furtively crossing herself.

Comprehension suddenly displaced the fear in her face and she pushed aside a screen in a corner.

"I thought so," she cried.

"Wh—wh—at?" came from the arm-chair.

"It's a funnygraf. I reckernized it, for I heard wan wanst at a picnic of the 'Rough and Ready Coterie.' Luk at it, Miss Letitia dear, and don't be frightened any more. How it kem there is the question. Here's a letter hangin' to it, an' it's fer you."

Another song, which had been announced as "I'll Marry No Man if He Drinks," was issuing from the black funnel, but they paid no attention to it. Miss Bellenden's fingers, fluttering like dry leaves, were opening the envelope. Too weak for speech, she read it in silence:

"MISS LETITIA BELLENDEN.

"*Esteemed Miss:* Thinking that it must be very lonesome for you in the cellar and hearing from Ellen that you had no companion, I thought it would be no more than *friendly* at this holiday season for me to present you with a small token to cheer you up. At first I had my mind on a parot, knowing that these birds are verry consolling to maiden ladies like yourself, but I could not find one that was as refined in speech as I would like *your* poll parot to be. So next I thought

of that wonderful American invention, the phonograph, and managing with the aid of Annie, the cook, to sneak it into your room, I told her to set it going when she heard you approaching—trusting you will pardon said liberty. It will greet you on your return from the house of death, for which please accept sympathy. The record which I have put in holds a medley of the most popular songs of the day, so I was told. My favorite on the list is called, 'Tell Her You'll Forgive Her.' Hoping you'll heed the touching words of this song, and profit by same in regard to a dear one of *your own family*, is the earnest wish of your

"Most respectful boarder,

"AMOS PRENTICE."

Miss Bellenden was reading the last astonishing words for a second time when Ellen, with an exclamation, craned her neck forward:

"There goes Mr. Prentice now—oop the steps—as light as if he were a bye."

The phonograph was busy with a reproachful ballad: "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank." Miss Bellenden pointed to it and said in a quiet voice which boded much:

"Take that thing out and put it where I'll never see or hear it again until it is returned to the person to whom it belongs. Then tell Mr. Prentice to be in the drawing-room in ten minutes. Say nothing else no matter what questions he may ask you. First fetch my tea."

No crusader fired with religious valor could have presented a more invincible front than Miss Bellenden as, fortified by her tea, she glided upstairs evenly and stiffly in the fashion she had been taught at dancing school thirty-five years before. Not a trace of any emotion was on her rigid face. She was a most chilling negation when she faced the donor of the phonograph.

He was standing on the hearth rug, his hands behind his back. His expression was complex. He looked at her with a touch of affection, a little fear, the self-consciousness of a child who wonders if he has dared too much, and his lips moved vaguely as a smile tip-

tilted on them only waiting for a kind word to expand into radiance.

The letter he had written hung gingerly from Miss Bellenden's fingers. She seemed to look *through* him.

"The last words in this require an explanation. Who are you?"

Mr. Prentice looked at her pleadingly.

"I am Amos Perkins. Air you mad at me fer not givin' my right name? But mebbe you won't feel so tearin' angry when I explain. You see it was this way. I often seen you when you was at 'Penworth,' but I knew you'd never been face to face with me, so when my son married your niece and I became one of the fam'ly, so to speak, I made up my mind to straighten out matters. Joan told me you wuz angry, thinkin' Ralph not *precisely* fine enough mebbe to be your nevvvy. So I allowed I could patch the hull business up this way. After they got back from their honeymoon—I thought I'd hed a long enough visit in Paris—(can't stand the lingo—like Spanish, but the parley-voow bows me over)—well, sez I to myself, people *like* me, they *take* to me, an' I'll go to Miss Bellenden's boarding house. By thunder, I won't be a week in the place before her an' me'll be *reel* friends. Why shouldn't we?—both alone—both Americans—both well on in years? Now I speculated kinder this way: first let me get chummy 'thout her knowin' who I am, then I'll——"

Miss Bellenden lifted her hand as a queen might to command silence.

"If you please. I merely wished to know if my suspicion were correct. It is. You are the father of the man Joan Townsend has married. I merely wished to be sure. The fact it not important. I say to you as Mr. Perkins what I would have said to Mr. Prentice—that you have been a nuisance in my house, have taken outrageous liberties here. I dismissed you once, but you had not breeding enough to know when you were insulted. You stayed. Your last impertinence in bribing a servant and

having that phonograph placed in my room I can't find words to denounce."

There was a look of sad surprise on Mr. Perkins's face.

"Believe me, mum, I never meant to take a liberty. It was all in the way of kindness. I know I ain't hed much chance. My money came late. But I wuz brought up honest and God-fearin', an' wouldn't I hev ben the same man way down underneath ef I hed my chance, as I am, *not* havin' hed it? *How* hev I ben a nuisance?" he asked mournfully; "I don't understand. I only tried to make things cheerful. I didn't know—" He paused, and then went on hastily: "Wal, never mind *me*. You don't cotton to me. I'm sorry, but thet ain't what reelly counts. My boy is your nevvvy now, and though you don't think much of me, you'd be proud of him, I swan——"

"Your son, my nephew?—*mine*? You say you don't understand. You don't indeed." Miss Bellenden's eyes were hard and sparkled. "Try to grasp this fact. I consider Joan Townsend as apart from me as if I had never been aware of her existence, and yourself and your son as persons I could never know, save, perhaps, as my servants. Now leave my house. You understand this time—do you?—that I am commanding you to go *out* of my house and to *stay* out of it?"

Mr. Perkins's fingers moved tremblingly around his chin; he had grown paler; there was a glint of fire in his gentle eye.

"I got it straight then, mum—clear and straight. But you ain't to hev it all your own way just the same. I didn't think I wuz the lumberin' jackass makin' a nuisance of myself you say I am, but mebbe you're right. But when you say my son an' me are fit only to be your servants, I say no, mum, not by a long shot. An' jest remember this—havin' said it you may thank your God you're a woman."

He walked hurriedly out of the room,

and in an incredibly short time Miss Bellenden had the satisfaction of seeing his small trunk, valise, and the phonograph follow him into a cab.

Peace descended on the boarding house, but the young business men, widows, and students at Miss Bellenden's table spoke regretfully of his departure, and Ellen felt her heart sadden as she remembered the hurt look on the old face when he closed her fingers over a five-dollar bill at parting.

"Well, we'll never see him again," Ellen thought as she brushed Miss Bellenden's hair that night, "and it's sorry I am—not for the money—but he was the kindest creature that ever was."

She was wrong. It was Christmas night a week later when she answered the front door bell, and Mr. Perkins stood in the falling snow. His face was thinner and his smile but an apologetic ghost of that which had formerly delighted her. There was no hesitation in his manner as he stepped in.

"Good evenin', Ellen. You'll oblige me if you'll ask Miss Bellenden to see me fer jest five minutes."

"I don't think—" Ellen began.

"Ef she's well and ain't yet retired, I think she'll see me ef you give her this."

Ellen opened the drawing-room door for him and went doubtfully down. Miss Bellenden was reading beside the drop light. At Ellen's words her face grew set as a steel trap and she gingerly opened the note:

"MISS BELLENDEN.

"*Dear Miss:* If you will remember our last interview in the parlor, you will realize that I would not cross your doorstep again to save my neck from the hangman if I had not something to communicate to you which is most important. I will only take a few moments of your valuable time. Should this not meet with your approval kindly name another time in the next few days as I wish to leave for Mexico as soon as possible.

"Yours truly, AMOS PERKINS."

"Am I never to escape that man?" she demanded with asperity. "Tell him

I cannot—no, wait—he'll only annoy me and haunt the house. I might as well have done with him now. But I want you to station yourself in the front hall, Ellen, in case I require you."

She sailed up with the unseeing look she cultivated for those she considered her inferiors. Mr. Perkins stood on the hearth rug as he had at the last interview. But his bearing was different. He bowed formally in response to her curt nod. His eyes were grave. There was no aggressiveness in his poise, but there was a personal solidity and self-respect which seemed to reach out and lay an imperative finger on her.

"I hope you'll be seated, mum, as you listen to what I hev to say. It'll take about five minutes."

She hesitated with a touch of petulance, and then sat stiffly on the edge of a chair near the door.

"I can't git through too quick," he said quietly. "When I left this house the other day I wuz boilin' mad. I never thought to stand here agin, but I thought it over, and somethin' which I had been goin' to do quietly, without your knowin', I made up my mind to tell you about."

Miss Bellenden sighed and leaned sideways uncomfortably.

"Ef you set farther back it'll be easier on the knee jints," he suggested. "Yer jest teeterin' on the edge." Miss Bellenden did not budge. "Wal, we might's well git down to hard pan, so this is what I come here to say. In the old days at 'Penworth' I see a great deal of Mr. Benjamin Bellenden, your brother. He useter buy my cows and wasn't above settin' in my dairy many a time while I spun yarns fer him, not *precisely* what a female would approve of, but that he liked tremenjous. When he left 'Penworth'—thet's eighteen years ago—I saw no more of him tell three years ago. He run acrost me in the Fifth Avenue Hotel whar I wuz tryin' to spend some of the pile of money thet seemed to hev tumbled on me outer the sky. It was

curious to think on—but thar I wuz as rich as rich could be and Mr. Benjamin could hardly afford a cigar. Sech is life! I was consumin' sorry fer him, and I made him borrow different small sums frum me. At last one day he come to see me and he looked very peaked and white. He said he wuz jest sick at heart to think he couldn't take advantage of a chance to make a pile which hed come his way. He said he hed an inside tip, and thet if he hed forty thousand dollars to put into Wall Street, he'd pull out—pull out were his very words, ma'am—a hundred thousand dollars in a week. The upshot of it wuz, he asked *me* to lend it to him on good security, and I did. And the upshot of *him* wuz thet in a week's time he hadn't a cent."

He paused and nodded heavily. Miss Bellenden's eyes had grown anxious.

"So my brother, when he died, owed you forty thousand dollars?"

"He did, mum."

"You have proof, I suppose?"

"*The* best."

"Is this a demand on me as his heir?"

"No, mum. I don't need to make any demand on you fer anything. I told you he gave me security. Here it is in these here papers." He took a legal-looking document from his pocket and balanced it in his hand. "These are the deeds for this house, mum."

Miss Bellenden was not conscious of speaking, but she echoed the words.

"Yes, mum. This house is mine."

"Benjamin willed it to me," she said in a small, hurried voice.

"Benjamin didn't hev it to will."

Chaos came down on Miss Bellenden. She leaned weakly and covered her eyes with her veined, trembling hand.

"Now I'll finish up as quick as possible," said Mr. Perkins; "I never meant to press this claim. As the hull transaction with Mr. Benjamin had a sort of 'auld lang syne' touch to it, the deed was not recorded, an' you'd never have known a switch about it from any one. I was mad when I found out all

the facts after Mr. Benjamin had gone to glory—that the house I reelly owned was all thet you, a pore old maiden lady, hed. I jest considered the money as given away to Mr. Benjamin. I felt this way even before my son and your niece met in Paris an' fell in love. I come over here to try and win you to fergive Joan—not 'cause there was anything to gain frum you. I come here jest to get your good will, 'cause Joan loves you an' 'cause it seemed awful sad to me thet you should be workin' hard here, pore an' lonely, jest 'cause you hev some sot notions. You know how I wuz treated—but we'll say no more of that. When I got over bein' boilin' mad I made up my mind to one thing. You called me some pretty hard names, mum, an' you looked at me's ef I wuz dirt under your feet, so I made up my mind it only seemed fair you should know the truth, an' allow thet though I wuz born pore an' hed no chance, I got in me jest as much of God's eternal honor as you hev. That ain't owned by any few, mum, who happen to come into the world with things made easy fer them—at any rate thet's the American way of lookin' at it."

He waved the papers gently.

"Now, I know, Miss Bellenden, that though you'd be without a cent you'd want me to take this house, but I don't consider this security was fair to you, mum, an' I couldn't do it—and *what's more I never meant to.*"

"The house is yours," came faintly from Miss Bellenden's shielded lips.

She saw him lay the papers on the coals and they swirled into flame.

"I defy you to prove it. I wish you a Merry Christmas. Good evenin'."

The sound of the outer door closing aroused her. She swayed as she gained the hall. Her face moved like a whimpering child's.

"Run after him, Ellen."

"Is it after Mr. Prentice?"

"Call him back," she said feebly, a frosty tear glittering on her cheek.

# TAORMINA THE BEAUTIFUL

BY CAROLINE BAKER KUEHN



**T**HAT great traveler, Lord Holland, in his reminiscent period, was wont to affirm that Taormina in Sicily, the peak of Teneriffe in the Canaries, and the first sight of the city of Damascus, were the finest views in the world. If Lord Holland's opinion has passed hitherto without controversy it must be because the horde of tourists which charges over Europe does not extend its ravages to the little known and the unfrequented. Travelers there are to-day, however, who would challenge Lord Holland as to the worthiness of the view of Damascus from any point to be classed with the other two. As to Taormina, some there be, enthusiasts, aplenty, who hold that for *beauty* of form and color, art and nature, there is not her like to be found in all the world.

To such as knew Taormina and loved her, back, let us say, in the eighties—days when steam heat, electric lights, and even *grands bains* were unknown, when hotels were degraded palaces, with the grandeur, the atmosphere, and the inconveniences of old palaces—she seems in no small danger of being spoiled now that she is discovered. In the days I speak of there were drawbacks, to be sure. In order to send a telegram it was first necessary to look up the operator who might be getting his breakfast in *casa sua*, or practicing the mandolin in a neighboring café. Nothing too bad could be said of the postal system—if one ever got one's letters it

must have been because no one else wanted them.

There was, however, a simplicity in the life that appealed to the jaded globe trotter, and a kindliness toward strangers on the part of the Taorminese, as yet unspoiled by greed of gain; and if one was detached, the temptation to take root was so strong that instinctively one began to look about for the site for a stucco villa and a terraced garden. In those days, too, the charm of discovery was always with one, unaided but unrestricted by dictatorial stars in red guide books. Taormina was of little importance to Herr Baedeker back in the eighties; and what a place for old clothes! You might wear your oldest and shabbiest, it was all one to the Taorminese.

The views from the Greek Theater were no more beautiful then than now, surely, but one's ears were less frequently assailed by *ausgezeichnet*, *prachtvoll*, and *kolossal*, and spinach-colored suits, topped by perky little hats with a silly chicken feather at the side, were so rare as to cause the women washing at the fountains to pause in their chatter long enough to wonder what kind of a *forestiere* was that. They have had ample opportunity since to make his intimate acquaintance. Those were the days—not to grow too prolix—when a little money carried one far, when servants were courteous, obliging, and grateful for small tips. Now, alas! Taormina is known to all the world, from the "Cookies" to the Kaiser, and what Mr. Douglas Sladen has not accomplished





GATEWAY OF THE PALAZZO CORVAJA



by his two excellent books on Sicily, has been completed by the royal family of Germany.

Taormina has become fashionable. Huge hotels with every modern convenience make the place entirely safe for the most coddled millionaire. The dignity of the Greek Theater is as impressive now as then, however; the exquisite and pathetic beauty of the Badia Vecchia, or Convent, called by Mr. Sladen one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world, the Palazzo Corvaja, the Palazzo San Stefano, are still there to delight artist and architect, as are also many Moorish and Gothic arches and gateways, framing perspectives of gray-green hillsides of olive and almond orchards, beneath the shade of whose branches herds of goats and sheep are forever grazing; and the steep, alley-like streets and narrow goat paths (greatly tempting to the short-skirted, broad-soled woman, who loves to climb, or to scramble even) allure to coigns of vantage for the ever-changing views.

The absolute out-of-door-ness of everything here is a relief from the churches and galleries of Florence and Rome. As for the view, what sea is so blue as the Mediterranean, what coast line bolder or more captivantly irregular and unexpected than the Eastern coast of Sicily. High at the back of Taormina rise the mountains, towering one above the other, shutting off the *tramontana*, or north wind; overhanging the town, the grim ruins of the Castello, or ancient fortress, with the near-by hermitage of Saint Mary of the Rocks, a most picturesque little group of buildings; higher still, much higher, lies the mediæval and almost deserted town of Mola, clinging desperately to a shoulder of the mountain, as if fearful of being pushed off into the sea, and, closing in the distant perspective, at the right rises the long, graceful slope of Etna with its thin, white curl of smoke trailing off into the blue.

Beautiful are the fine old city gates;

beautiful, too, and interesting, the gray stucco group of buildings, formerly the Monastery of Dominican friars, now the Hotel San Dominico, of which a fine view is had from the Catania gate. Should interest or curiosity lead you thither, the head porter, in his capacity of cicerone, will tell you the following tale:

More than three hundred years ago the ground upon which the monastery stands was given by the Cerami—*una famiglia antichissima e nobile*—to the Dominican brotherhood (those clever friars who ever established themselves in an earthly paradise while seeking the heavenly one), with the stipulation in writing upon parchment, signed with a seal like a dinner plate, that if for any reason whatever the order should cease to exist, the ground should return to the descendants of the donors. Upon the suppression of this with other religious orders sometime in the seventies, Prince Cerami, the present head of the family, sought long and diligently among the archives of the monastery, until the document was found. Its validity being recognized by the Italian Government, the ground was returned to the family, who, for a nominal sum, acquired the buildings, with the exception of the fine sixteenth-century church, which now belongs to the municipality.

For twenty years the place was a melancholy but picturesque feature of the landscape, falling gracefully into decay, until new hotels were needed and the transformation began. The low mass of dull-gray stucco is built four-square about three courts—one pure Gothic, the others later Renaissance, the beautifully graceful arches and slender columns, overgrown with blossoming vines trained pergola-like to the iron supports of the fine well head in the center of the court. The charm of the place is irresistible, especially of the gardens and terraces, the pergolas and arbors from every point of which is the view of Etna and the sea, the town and



TAORMINESE NORMAN TYPE

hill sides. Never does the sense of vision become more valuable than in places like this; with a good pair of eyes, life might not be unendurable even to a paralytic.

As for things to do there is no lack. Excursions on donkeys to Mola, to the

near-by town of Letojanni, where an interesting fair is held late in January, which brings the peasants from far and near for the purpose of bartering everything from horned cattle and feathered fowls to brass lamps and candlesticks and red cotton umbrellas, big and flam-



TAORMINESE ARAB TYPE

boyant enough to serve as tents upon a lawn. A charming touch is given to the excursion to the Castello, as, in addition to the exploration of the Castello and hermitage, the sweet notes of a shepherd pipe delight the ear, played upon a veritable Pipe o' Pan. The

ragged but lovely child who thus discourses sweet music whilst watching his straggling flock, returns to every question but one reply, *non so*, I don't know, burying his toes in the wet grass and looking as if all he asks it to be let alone. After pouring our libation of



CORNER OF COURTYARD, PALAZZO CORVAJA

pennies to the little Pan, we left him looking hopefully toward the group of Tedeschi who had stopped to refresh themselves at the *trattoria*, halfway up.

In making these excursions it is well to trust to a connoisseur in donkeys, or your choice may fall upon one that is *spaventoso*, but if you grow donkey-wise you can usually get one that is *ragionevole*—reasonable; but they are all safe and can climb like cats. There is a charming excursion by boat to the Grotto of St. Andrea where, when the sun is bright, the water is as blue as it is in the famous Grotto of Capri, and where, in addition, the water's edge is bordered by a growth of bright-red coral. Should you be in Taormina when the almond trees are in blossom you will have fortified yourself forever against the traveler who flouts anything as opposed to the cherry-tree blossoms of Japan.

Not the least interesting feature of a visit to Taormina is the study of the people: Saracens, Moors, Normans, Greeks, Romans, have all fought for and possessed Sicily at one time or another. Hare says the map of Sicily shows the history of the Island, one side presented to Greece, another to Africa, and a third to Spain, a tempting bait for each. Traces of the different occupations remain in both inhabitants and architecture. In one family with the same parentage may not infrequently be seen the blond coloring of the Norman and the dark, almost swarthy Arab type. This brings me to the true and interesting story of Salvatore Palladino. The name sounds grown up, but its owner was a little fellow, perhaps ten years old. We had noticed for several days that whene'er we took our walks abroad, a ragged, forlorn little object had followed us, and the idea came of putting him to some use, in carrying our books, wraps, and accumulations from antiquity shops. The fascination of Italian *antichi* I have never been able to resist; moreover, whenever we dallied

in a weak-minded way over the decision as to which of two paths led to a given point, it was the hand of Salvatore extended flat and square like a hand in an Egyptian hieroglyph that always guided us aright.

One day, as we were returning to the hotel, laden as usual with spoil from the *antichi*, an Englishwoman living in Taormina startled us with the information that our little knight was particularly interesting, being a veritable faun, with furry ears and a tail. The ears we disproved at once, as, in anticipation of a new cap purchased the day before, his elder brother had cut his hair for him with a very dull instrument, evidently, for it was all in patches, black and white like a checkerboard; but beneath the cap the ears stood out in the proud triumph of fact over fiction. Consequently, we lifted the nostril of scorn and incredulity at the idea of a tail. Once planted there, however, the thought worked like a maggot in the brain, and learning furthermore from an artist resident on the island that the child had a tail, that he was not sensitive, indeed that he had turned the abnormality into a source of revenue by exhibiting it to the curious at a penny a head, why then hesitate we, who had paid nobly in many pennies for the very cigars and cigarettes with which the elder brother was at that very time regaling himself? Taking our courage in two hands one lovely afternoon, we herded our one faun into a quiet lane and demanded proof of the *coda* if such existed. Salvatore obligingly untied the rope about his waist that held his rags together, politely turned his back, and at the tip of the spine, in the place, in fact, where the tail ought to grow, there was the tail, short and stubby, but a tail undeniably, and as important for proof as though it had dragged on the ground. It was surrounded by long, silky hair, precisely like that on a variety of long-haired apes. Salvatore told us that when he was little, *piccolo*, his tail had hurt him

when he lay down, and so his mother had cut it off. Spartan woman! She deserved to become the mother of Centaurs. Further inquiry brought forth the facts that Salvatore's father was in prison in Sardinia for killing a man, that his mother had been dead for several years, and the child was skilled in all cunning ways of bringing himself up. Had we been told that a she wolf had suckled him, a belated brother of Romulus and Remus, we could well have believed it. His bed was an old sack into which he crawled at night, after seeking a sheltered spot. The dog-like habit was his of burying his food when he found himself with more than he could dispose of at one sitting. We knew then where the jar of jam went, that no child of ten could have eaten all at once and lived.

Lady Hill, an English resident of Taormina, who has established schools for the poor children of the place, has tried in vain to tame Salvatore, but he always runs away, sometimes going off into the hills where he lives for days like a wild creature. Apparently he is unable to stand any restraint. He is by no means lacking in intelligence, and is very sharp and shrewd, with the alertness of an intelligent animal. Salvatore is of the pure Arab type, whilst his brother is of the blond Norman.

Such is the story of Salvatore Palladino, and when I had related it to a physician and he asked me if the tail were vertebrate I was able to respond promptly that it was. But when he exclaimed excitedly, "Well, could he wag it?" Ah! there he had me, I shall have to go back to Taormina to find out.



## WINTER DREAMS

By JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

WHERE poppies pout their scarlet lips  
 Among the whispering wheat,  
 And brigand bees go sweethearting,  
 With pollen-powdered feet;

'Mid clovered crofts where fireflies meet  
 To dance at drop of dusk,  
 And every hedgerow faints beneath  
 Its winy weight of musk;

Where moonlight gleams on dim, warm pools  
 With lily-pads a-sway,—  
 'Tis there, 'tis there I fain would be  
 This drear December day!

# "AS AN ARMY WITH BANNERS"

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON



GENERAL CHATTAN listened gravely, yet with the faintest touch of tolerant amusement. His jacket was of gray, shaded by the dust of the road to a deeper hue; dust-covered boots rose high upon his thighs; his broad, soft hat drooped far down over his forehead. Slender bands on either shoulder were his sole insignia of rank, and he sat his horse in easy carelessness, slouching forward just a trifle in his saddle.

The mayor, with his white waistcoat billowing from a stress of emotions, and his voice quavering a little, for the sense of his importance in the public eye could not wholly vanquish fear, gave to the general a reluctant welcome on behalf of the town. He did not notice the twinkle of amusement, for with much apparent respectfulness did the distinguished officer listen to him; neither did he heed the restlessness of the staff, their shifting in their saddles, their covert smiles. The great horse of the general stood motionless, but the soft stamping of the others punctuated the mayor's talk.

"I venture to express the hope"—thus the voice trailed frightened on—"that there will be full protection of property, and in return, as mayor" (his almost discomfited importance swelling the waistcoat anew), "I offer you the hospitality of this town. If you are in need of supplies we are prepared to furnish them" (his voice ran more hurriedly, and his eyes wandered to the

principal store of the little town, and he twitched his feet up, one after the other, as if engaged in the dodging of cannon balls); "of course, at the regular market prices." His voice quite vanished in a final frightened flutter as he felt the gaze of the general fixed, now with severity, upon him.

But the voice of General Chattan was free from reprehensive note. The audacity of the mayor in reading him a lesson upon the ethics of warfare, when the town was so completely in his power, appealed to his sense of humor.

"Well, sir"—his manner was so bland, and his voice, with its soft slurring of the r's, so gentle, that the mayor took new heart, and glanced proudly around as if to demand of his neighbors commendation for the politic way in which he had met this redoubtable enemy—"well, sir, you may rest quite easy, sir. The Huns and the Vandals, sir, are no longer with us. We have left them back in Virginia, gloating over their spoil. And everything, sir, shall be paid for at the full market rates."

The mayor beamed, and his waistcoat swelled and billowed anew.

"In our currency, of course, made at Richmond," went on the purring voice, "and I don't doubt, sir, that we'll find about all we want in that big store, yonder;" his eyes, in which the twinkle was now unmistakable, resting upon the building which, as he had easily discerned from the mayor's anxious glance, must belong to that worthy official himself.



Whereupon the mayor spluttered unintelligible words in his excitement, and shuffled his feet as if cannon balls were now coming in a storming rush.

Then the general's voice changed. "Where are the military?"

The mayor boggled his words. "The command of the military, sir——"

But the mayor was a brave little man at bottom. He glanced again at his precious store, into which the early afternoon sunbeams were drowsily creeping. He sighed, but it was a sigh of resignation should Fate really prove adverse.

"In regard to the soldiers, sir, and their numbers and their movements, I



*"I offer you the hospitality of this town."*

"There were soldiers here two hours ago. Where are they? How many are there? And will they oppose us?"

The voice had suddenly become peremptory and harsh. This was a voice that the staff well knew, and there was a straightening in the saddles and a stilling of restless horses. Upon all soldiers and townsfolk alike, there fell silence.

will say nothing, as I have nothing to do with their command and would certainly not give information to our enemies."

He panted, after this display of bravery, and among some of those about him there was a momentary shuffling as if from an impulse to escape from the general's wrath; but that officer smiled tolerantly, saluted, and at the head of his



staff passed up the main street. By nature he was averse to plundering, and in addition there were strict orders from headquarters governing the conduct of troops operating outside of Confederate territory.

The astonished town had gathered along the way to witness the passage of the armed apparition. It had never thought of it as among the possibilities that the Confederates should appear. The postmaster, informal chairman of the local board of strategy, had incontrovertibly shown that Lee, should he aim for Washington, would go far from this town of Bramley. And as the postmaster had been wounded in the Seven Days, and had once been on duty for a couple of hours before the tent of General McClellan, his right to dogmatize in regard to strategy had never been disputed.

Yet here, in Bramley, the Confederates were! Faces were at every window, the sidewalks were thronged, men and women and children gazed big-eyed at the dusty troopers and listened spell-bound to the beat of hoofs and the jingling of accouterments.

The mayor wistfully thought that he would have liked the Widow Morton and her daughter to have seen and heard him. Far up the street, on the balcony of their great house, he could just make out two figures, which he thought must be theirs. And he was right. It was Mrs. Morton and her daughter who were standing within the pillared balcony, the older woman stately, proud, moved by happiness which she barely cared to conceal, and Charlotte, white of face, her head and shoulders tilted slightly forward in tense eagerness.

"See how splendidly they carry themselves!" exclaimed Mrs. Morton. "These are men who—" But she checked herself, for soon these soldiers would be face to face with the Federals and with Colonel Marshall, the man whom Charlotte loved.

Mrs. Morton was ardently for the

South, because she was of Carolina birth; her husband, too, although a Northerner, had believed in the doctrine of State rights; and naturally, Charlotte herself tended in sympathy toward the South. It was before the beginning of the war, however, that the love between herself and James Marshall had begun. Her father had liked the young man; her mother still liked him; Bramley was, after all, a Northern town; and so his being a soldier of the North had caused no breach. He had been at home for a few weeks on sick-leave furlough, and, with the few Northern soldiers who were in the town when the news of Chattanooga's approach came, and a number of the more earnest-hearted townsmen, he had marched away, to serve as a volunteer with the little body, which was in command of his closest friend.

Mrs. Morton's exultation would have vanished, had she noticed the horror and distress in the eyes of her daughter. For to Charlotte the clattering of hoofs was fearsome, the flutter of the guidons had terror in it, the glint of the sun upon steel was deadly.

The town was very different of aspect from those through which General Chattanooga had been marching and fighting—the Southern towns, burned and looted and ragged and poor, wrecked by the storms of war. For Bramley was as peaceful, as prosperous, as if no war were in progress. There were fine white houses, and long stretches of green lawn, and of flowering shrubs a great plenty, and giant elms, proudly sweeping their branches above the street and checker-ing with light and shadow the horsemen, who, in spite of their weariness, rode gaily through, looking with eager curiosity on either side.

As if to view a holiday parade, the citizens had come out to look at the troops, and Chattanooga smiled grimly as he noticed it. There was a parting of one of the groups that irregularly lined the road, and a little boy, known to all the

townsfolk as the special servant of "Miss Charlotte," pushed his way through and, frightened, but gaining shy confidence under the general's kindly glance, stiffly held up to him a bunch of flowers.

And all who saw it, felt that it was a graceful and proper thing to do, supplementing the address of the mayor by this tribute from femininity. It was appropriate, too, coming from the Mortons. This flowery homage caused a smiling uplift in hearts and countenances, and all looked at the general as if in expectation that something should follow, from him, in return. For, with all, there was the fear of what the quartermaster or the rear-guard might do.

The general bowed his thanks, the boy was again swallowed up by the crowd, and with the medleyed din of the march, the clangor and clank and beat, the intermittent call of the bugle, the force went steadily on. As he passed the Mortons' house, the general saw the two ladies, standing handsome and stately in the soft shade of the pillared porch, with roses and honeysuckles clinging about and over them. The exultant poise of Mrs. Morton told him, alert to all impressions, that she was on his side. He raised the flowers and bowed, but not significantly, for he had seen in the first glance that a note lay hidden among them sinisterly curled. And over the white gown of Charlotte a crimson rose showered petals like drops of blood.

The general passed on. The soldiers, following him, disappeared from sight of the town, and the town breathed more freely. The multitudinous clattering chirr came faintly and more faint. A cloud of golden dust hovered in the sun-shot air, and the townsfolk looked with awe into one another's faces, almost wondering if it had been but an apparition.

But Charlotte was suffering an agony of remorse and dread. The parting, that day, with Marshall had been bitter; for jealousy had come to her, and she had

taunted him, and there had been sudden words that scorched and quivered. And he had gone—and in the wildness of the moment she had yielded to the primal savagery that had flamed into momentary control of her spirit.

And now—now she would do anything, give anything, dare anything, to undo what she had done—anything, that is, which could be given or dared or done without visible violation of conventions! Even now she could have her horse saddled and could gallop off in an effort to save James Marshall—she never thought of the others. But what would the town say! It was not impossible for her to do a dreadful thing; but it was quite impossible for her to do anything unusual or marked in the public eye, to neutralize it!

General Chattan opened the note and read. It was brief, and there was no name signed, but there was no disguise of hand. He knew that a woman had written it, a proud woman, who disdained the usual forms of secrecy; a gentlewoman who frankly took it for granted that, as a gentleman, he would make no such use of the letter as would disclose her identity; an angered woman, who wrote in a heat of passion.

The note told, with swift succinctness, that the Federals were posted four miles in advance, at a point where the road wound through a defile and where it would be useless for him to attack. It told that the Federals were but two hundred in number, altogether too few for the position, and that they could be flanked should he turn to the right, at a crossroads where stood a schoolhouse and a little church, and, following the road about a hundred yards, thence send his men through a ravine.

He felt a profound sadness, subtly comprehending that some woman was betraying, in anger, knowledge which had been given her by a soldier in the trust of intimacy. As he rode on, the paper sifted from his hands in tiny fragments and one of his aides curiously



*“See how splendidly they carry themselves!”*

noticed that it was over a long distance that the little white bits were scattered.

He reached the corner where stood the schoolhouse and the little crossroads church. Not even a farmer was in sight. There was naught but brooding silence. He halted; and scouts came back with the intelligence that there was a force posted in a strong position directly in his front.

As he gave the command that turned a large part of his force toward the ravine, the people of Bramley, passing from vague questioning to awed realization, were waiting, tense and nervous, for sounds or news. There was an air of expectation, of dread, of solemnity, and yet, withal, of curiosity. Men spoke in hushed voices. Faces were turned in the direction in which the cavalry had disappeared. Along the road, outside of the town, groups irregularly drifted.

And in her room, with its windows looking out into the garden which bloomed so sweetly, a girl, dry-eyed but in a frenzy of grief and reproach, chilled and shivered in expectancy.

A horseman dashed into the town at headlong gallop, and only drew rein long enough to demand the road by which the cavalry had left. He galloped on, and Charlotte, who had rushed to the window to see, threw herself down, groveling, and prayed that it was a courier with an order to retreat.

Suddenly she heard a gentle shivering of the air; a sound as if in the far distance glass were broken. She gave a sobbing cry; then came more sounds, and heavier; muffled thuds, softly echoing, and then a broken medley, with crash and shatter, and sighing sighs from iron throats, and now and then a sound as of the sad tolling of some distant bell.



*"To think that anyone here could have betrayed us!"*

Soon came silence; but the girl still lay, sobbing, forgetful of everything in life, now, but the realization of what it was she had done. Darkness came, and wrapped the houses; lights twinkled here and there, and the girl heard the murmurous hum of talk from the street.

There was an excited cry, "The soldiers!"—then the soft crooning of distant bugles and the thudding of hoofs. Once more the brigade of General Chattan entered the Bramley main street. That they had been victorious was clear, for they were exultant, and prisoners were with them, but it was equally evident that victory had been paid for. The men took instant possession of the streets, and great bivouac fires blazed up, weirdly lighting the soldiery, and a great glow flared against the pillared front of the Morton home, and struck, crimson and quivering, into the room where Charlotte crouched in dread.

There was a swinging stroke at the great old eagle brass knocker, and Charlotte started to her feet, scarcely able to repress a shriek. But it was only an aide, who presented the compliments of General Chattan, who begged to know if it would be any intrusion if he should take up his quarters there for the night.

Mrs. Morton, fluttering and proud, received the general in the broad, hospitable hall. She asked him what had been the result of the fight.

"We won, madam, and are now on our way to rejoin the main body."

"And can you tell us"—her voice faltered—"can you tell us the fate of Colonel Marshall, who was with the Federals?" She knew nothing, suspected nothing, of the quarrel of that day or of what had come from it, and thought only of the misery of poor Charlotte, who, waiting for news, had begged brokenly to be left alone.

"He is a prisoner, madam."

"And"—her voice faltered again—"can you tell me—he and my daughter are friends——"

The general's face grew very kind. "He is a prisoner, I am sorry to say, but practically unwounded—a mere scratch. Shall I have him here to show your daughter that he isn't hurt?"

When Charlotte, white and shaken, crept down to see him, she could hardly believe that this was the man she had known; this man, so stern and so sorrowful, so possessed by some terrible emotion.

"It is because he hates me," she thought miserably, and she shrank away—but his eye brightened at the sight of her, and he stepped to her side.

"My love, my love," he murmured.

And she saw that the quarrel had been quite forgotten!—the quarrel which with her had such awful consequence. Forgotten! With him, just back to her side from frantic scenes of struggle and death, the pettiness of the quarrel had sunk into nothingness.

But the brightened look with which he had greeted her faded in an instant into profoundest grief.

"Father is killed—and my youngest brother—" His voice broke in a tangled sound of agony inconceivable. "They went out with the men of Bramley, to help the soldiers—and they are dead—and my dearest friend is dead—oh, Charlotte, Charlotte!" He turned his face from her, and his form shook with fierce emotion.

She tried to touch him, tried to speak to him, but her hand fell at her side and her words were a formless and shriveling whisper.

"Someone betrayed us!" he went on, in a moment. "They came upon us through Brown's ravine and Drew's orchard. Someone told them!—and my father and my brother—" He broke down utterly, and she knew that his agony was stronger than his love, and that he could never forgive her if he knew.

"You must go to my mother, Charlotte—she needs you——"

"Yes," she said dully.

"And—and—oh, Charlotte, to think that anyone here could have betrayed us!" At this he quite broke down again.

Through it all, both then and afterward, there was a stern hope on the part of Marshall that he could discover who it was that had done the betrayal, but

shivering, seeing again the troopers filing by, hearing again the crooning of bugles and the thudding hoofs.

At the close of the war they married. She sought to avoid it for a while, shocked and frightened at the very thought. She knew that ghosts would forever haunt them; but she saw that an



*"And steadily on her husband read."*

the mystery eluded him, for he could never learn of more than a speech of welcome by the mayor and of a bunch of flowers sent by the girl he loved.

As time wore on, and the war drew toward its close, the savage spirit that had once taken possession of Charlotte came to be looked back upon by her as a deadly nightmare. She never forgot; often, in the night, she would awake

unexplained refusal would really give pain, and so to his gentle insistence she at length yielded.

Sadness, somberness, ever marked her. It was not that the memory was always existent; wounds of the mind and the heart heal, with scars; but the effect of the dreadful day could never be effaced. And he, too, never could forget.

Year followed year, decade followed decade into eternity, and children came

and grandchildren. And ever with Charlotte was the gentle sadness which neither the love of husband nor of children could quite put away. Her mother had died, and she and her husband now lived in the great house which had been her home before her marriage. And late one afternoon she sat on the pillared balcony, looking out upon the gentle street, the dignified homes, the sweeping elms. A group had gathered far down there by the store where the Confederate general had paused on that far-away day. Her husband came up the walk, between the flowering shrubs, and his face brightened affectionately as he saw her.

"I have something to interest you!" he cried, holding up a magazine. "An article by General Chattan, describing his foray into this very region! I haven't read a word of it yet, so that we may have it together."

She turned pale, but he did not notice. He placed a chair for her and, seating himself beside her, opened the pages and eagerly began to read. And as in a dreadful dream all the happenings of that distant day came back to her.

As he went on, paragraph after paragraph—crossing the Potomac, cutting loose from Lee, passing town after town, coming ever nearer to Bramley—something tightened and tightened about her heart. The inevitable came at last!

A shower of petals fell over her like splotches of blood. Somewhere a bell was tolling, and it came to her as the boom of distant firing. Her face grew terribly white and drawn. And steadily on her husband read. She wanted to shriek out a warning; she wanted to save him from the knowledge which was about to strike at him, to dizzy him, to blind him. But her dry tongue could not utter a sound; her hands fell nerveless.

As he read the words, "*I entered the town of Bramley—*" a faintness came over her, and she fell back in her chair. The present vanished, all consciousness vanished, and from the distance still came the heavy, heavy toll of the bell.

He read on. Intent upon the narrative, he did not heed that she had fainted. She came slowly back to herself, clutching at consciousness with a shivering dread of what consciousness might bring. She sighed, with an infinite weariness. He did not heed, for there had come to him a full recurrent sense of the long-past tragedy and he only deemed that she, too, was once more full of the terror of it.

She looked at him. She listened, again, to his voice. Chattan's story had passed the entry into the village, had passed the fight; he was now leaving the Morton home on his way to rejoin Lee.

Then, after all, the general had not written down anything! He had not sunk the gentleman in the historian. He had not, as he might so easily have done, forgotten that the occurrences of that distant day might still be alive with potential shame!

He closed the pages. They looked curiously at each other. Each was searching out the other's heart. He, as well as she, knew now that in these recent moments there had been something of solemn import.

"I wonder who it was—" he murmured.

Should she tell him? Should she break the silence that had for twoscore years bound her? The words were on her lips. She saw, in swift imagination, his incredulity, his amaze, his terrible anger. And from that picture she cowered.

"I wonder who it was," she whispered.



# JAPAN:

## OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

BY HAROLD BOLCE

### II. OUR INEVITABLE COMPETITION WITH YELLOW LABOR\*



IN the conversion of the Far East into a hive of factories swarming with cheap Mongolian labor, Japan, in my judgment, has inaugurated a new economic movement, no less important to the world than was the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and even more revolutionary than that iconoclastic innovation because no nation can compete with these yellow wage-earners.

But before dealing with this startling transformation which now threatens much of the foreign commerce of both America and Europe, I wish to call attention to our present unsucccess abroad, and to the indication that we would not secure the trade of the far Pacific, even if Japan were not ready with a new element of competition.

With sturdy optimism we ignore our commercial failures in the Far East and look upon an occasional emergency cargo as the beginning of a permanent trade. Japan, for example, was compelled to march to war in American shoes, but we forget that when it returns to the paths of

peace it will go barefoot. It is equally idle to dwell upon the colossal commerce of the China of to-morrow; Japan will take care of that, as the official Japanese proclamation, reproduced below, attests. When our trade commissioners complete the humiliating chapter of our South American defeat, it will doubtless be in order to tell the story of our exclusion from the opportunity of the Orient. The foreign trade of the southern half of our own hemisphere now amounts to \$1,000,000,000 a year. It has passed to the Old World, whose antiquated methods we deride! The foreign commerce of Oceanica and the Pacific countries of Asia amounts to \$3,000,000,000 per annum, and is passing to Japan, whose invasions we applaud!

There is a popular tendency in America to get into the sanguine class with John Barrett and Colonel Sellers. We are a nation of big figures. If we fail to-day, we fill the future with statistics. In the name of the Government, O. P. Austin has preëmpted the commercial prize of the Orient. All that we have to do is to complete the Panama Canal, revive and subsidize a

\* This is the second of a most important series of articles (the first of which appeared in the November number) on the future of our commerce with the Orient in the light of the new era which begins for Japan with the conclusion of her war with Russia. The series has been specially prepared by Mr. Harold Bolce, of the Treasury Department, Washington, from information gathered by him during a recent trip to China and Japan, taken specially for this magazine.—The Editor.



merchant marine, reform our consular service, establish credit agencies, banks, sample exchanges, and go-downs in Asia, master the tariff complexities abroad, stand pat on our own, and undersell Japan. But that nation is likewise looking into the future.

The Department of Finance at Tokio has officially made the following announcement:

*Our trade doubled decennially during the twenty years from 1868 to 1888, and septennially after the latter year; and if the same rate is maintained hereafter, the volume of trade will reach yen 1,060,000,000 (£108,521,184) in 1909. Moreover, the completion of the Panama Canal will stimulate our trade with North America, open a new era for our trade with South America, especially with Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and not improbably enable us to find for our merchandise new markets on the West Coast of Africa. Again, as many railways are now under construction in the interior of China with a view to tapping her inexhaustible wealth, our commercial relations with her in our position as her close neighbor will, with the exploitation of her natural resources, become more intimate than ever.*

To back up this programme Japan starts in with 9,000 factories employing half a million Mongolian operatives thriving on wages that would drive American labor to pauperism and crime. These Oriental factories will turn out a "Hoe" press, a "Baldwin" locomotive, a "Cramp" battle ship, or an "Edison" phonograph with such fidelity to the niceties of construction that the American makers cannot detect the counterfeit from the original. With what will pass for our own goods, Japan will be able to undersell us in any foreign market. The Sunrise Kingdom has patented all our best inventions and appropriated our most popular trade-marks, and brings legal action against American firms attempting to "infringe" upon the stolen right of Japanese manufac-

turers to multiply and sell "Yankee" wares.

Reprehensible as we may consider Japan's appropriation of the good name of our merchandise, it may be the beginning of a great movement in world traffic. For the first time in economic history Japan has employed in mechanical industries a labor that is both cheap and efficient. The cheap-labor scares of the past have been merely political arguments. Many economists are convinced that American labor, when its product is measured, is the cheapest among Western nations. The workingmen of the United States turn out in our big factories as great a volume of goods as do all the employees of Germany, France, and the United Kingdom combined. In Japan and China, however, there is a labor with which neither America or Europe could or would compete. Official figures from Tokio show that shipbuilders in the 230 private shipyards of that empire receive fifty-nine sen a day; the highest rate of wages paid in all Japan to artisans. In textile industries, the maximum rate is twenty-nine sen.

Of this labor, cheap, skillful, diligent, and thrifty, the Orient possesses a monopoly. With this army of Oriental wage-earners who cannot only rival the best operatives of America and Europe, but who can save money out of their beggarly pay, the Mongolian manufacturer embarks upon the search for foreign markets with goods which he can mark down beyond the reach of any possible competition. The introduction of labor-saving machinery was revolutionary, turning thousands of men out of employment and causing the abandonment of hundreds of hand-made industries. Yet the problem in all countries was the same. All could install engines and dynamos and belts. With the readjustment to the new order, tens of thousands of new people were employed and products were amazingly multiplied. The original thousands of

men made idle were frequently forced under prolonged protest into other callings, and individual capital was often irreparably lost. This is one of the tragedies of all economic progress. People as a whole benefited by the revolution. The prosperity of the world was vastly increased.

With the transformation of the Orient into a modern factory center employing yellow millions of men at wages which estop competition, America and other Western nations are confronted by a new element in manufacturing industry. The only way to compete successfully would be to force the wages in Europe and the United States down to the level of those in Japan, and that would plunge the whole Occident into anarchy. It is obvious that the Japanese menace to the cotton mills of the Southern States of America now dependent upon the Chinese trade is but the preliminary phase of an industrial catastrophe which may overtake every manufacturing plant in this country which now or in the future bases its prosperity on foreign trade.

Japan is after the same markets which our statisticians have staked out for us, and it will fix a price that will give its cargoes the right of way. Is it possible that the Orient will cause us to abandon foreign fields entirely, so far as the sale of competitive goods is concerned? We can go on exporting raw materials to Japan and other countries, but that will not in the long run satisfy the ingenious American people. It is not improbable that the Orient will become the world's manufacturer of many commodities the making of which we thought indispensable to our prosperity, and that we will devote ourselves to other and far more profitable lines of industry. This would not compensate the cotton mills of the South, any more than the universal prosperity resulting from labor-saving machinery satisfied the workingmen and capitalists who were made to suffer by the innovation.

The fact that we cannot compete with

Japan is the sensational thing in the new industrial movement starting in the Far East. If I owned stock in any mill whose products depended upon trans-Pacific demand, I would sell it. But while there is every economic indication that Japan is to become possibly the greatest manufacturing and exporting country, and while its dominance commercially in the Pacific may mean ruin to many of our industries, I cannot share the pessimism that this will bridge our prosperity as a nation. Theoretically, we should have declined from the moment our merchant marine began to decay. But, on the contrary, we progressed and our commerce abroad increased as fast as our ships vanished from the oceans. We simply found foreign nations that could build vessels cheaper than we could, and we let them build them. Undoubtedly, much capital invested in American shipyards was lost forever, just as the fortunes involved in industries that Japan will crush will be wiped out.

The Hanseatic League, like our high tariff, was long a protector of trade. It died hard, even after it had outlived its purpose, for it was able to offer convincing argument that traffic would depart from the Baltic if its power were destroyed. But the League passed into history, and Hamburg to-day does more business than did all the Hanseatic towns combined. In Washington the guide will show you Georgetown's Water Street where George Washington bought wharf lots, paying more for them than they are worth to-day, for sailing vessels ceased to beat up the Potomac when engines came to haul freight to the seaport towns. It was predicted of Alexandria, Virginia, that it would become one of America's greatest export cities. To-day its chief claim to distinction is that you pass it on the way to Washington's tomb! Similarly, the emergence of the Orient as a great, if not ultimately the greatest, manufacturing center will arrest many industries and readjust many commercial activities in

the United States, creating numberless local panics and disaster perhaps, but not at all diminishing the prosperity of the American people as a whole.

#### SOME YELLOW PERIL FALLACIES

One of the delusions now taking shape is that Japan will ultimately flood this country with cheap goods. We can never be submerged under wares from any nation, because we would get only what we could afford to buy. Japan will not bestow its wares upon us. Some day we may find it profitable to let the Orient make for us many goods which it costs us a great deal more to produce. That would be no more disastrous than our surrender of ship-building to the cheaper yards of Europe. There is a feeble political economy, particularly noticeable in high places, that the only thing worth having in foreign commerce is an export trade. One statesman wished that the two oceans were seas of fire to consume every cargo seeking the shores of the United States. We shall underestimate Japan until we forego this fallacy. Every shipment of goods to Japan enriches that empire, no less than it does the United States, or any other exporting country.

Since 1896 the imports into Japan have been greater every year than the exports from that country. According to our congressional notions of trade the Sunrise Kingdom should, therefore, be now in a desperate financial condition. We forget that those goods, consisting of electric motors, engines, lathes, iron and steel; lead, tin, telegraph wires, raw cotton, pulp, leather, wool, locomotives, dyes and spindles, etc., have entered into the industrial development of the empire. Not long ago an American banker called upon me and asked me to prepare for him a comparison of the "favorable balance of trade" of the United States, Germany, the United Kingdom, France, and Japan. I told him that all the foreign countries

mentioned had no favorable balance, so called; that they all imported more than they exported. He was greatly surprised. I said to him: "If an American ships ten thousand dollars' worth of cotton to Japan and with it buys silk which, when it reaches the United States, is worth twenty thousand dollars, his imports are greater than his exports, but he has added ten thousand dollars to his capital."

It amazed this banker to learn that for more than half a century the United Kingdom has been steadily importing more than it has exported. In the past decade its excess of imports over exports amounted to more than eight billion dollars. Its annual "unfavorable balance" is now one billion. If the political economy which bases a country's solvency necessarily upon its excess of exports were sound, England to-day would be bankrupt. The Lion would long ago have ceased to be rampant! On the contrary, England is the world's banker, and it fixes the price of most of America's staple articles. Let every American who regards our traffic with Japan valuable only when we can sell that country more than we buy from it, give heed to the commercial record of Great Britain. In the past decade, France also has had an "unfavorable balance" of over 790 million dollars, and Germany has imported in that period nearly three billion dollars more than it has exported.

The real strength of Japan would be an economic sensation if it were fully appraised by our statesmen. All nations for a number of years have been pouring their goods into Japan, in response to orders from that country. Many of these commodities have been structural things and machinery that went into the beginnings of Japan's new industrial life. Now the tide has turned. Japan has become a manufacturing power and it seeks export trade in new and awakening countries in Asia and South America and Africa. When it gets that trade, as

it inevitably will, it will become a great exporting nation like the United States with a "favorable" balance. Like England and Germany, it plans to build piers, steel bridges, and railways in foreign lands, and generally to equip emerging empires and republics with the conveniences and later with the luxuries of modern life. Then the tide will turn again and these countries will begin to send more and more goods in return to the creditor nation of the Orient. Japan will then be a great importing nation, like Great Britain. All lands pay tribute to England. That is why the wealth that goes into the country is greater than its exports. It is reaping the broad harvest of centuries of pioneer investments in distant countries. Japan has been wisely administered. It has not been afraid of an "unfavorable balance of trade," knowing that this, at the outset of its career, was the most auspicious of its national assets. It was borrowing from the wealth and strength of the world to prepare it for international traffic worthy of an ambitious and resourceful people. I have discussed this important subject with N. I. Stone, the tariff expert of the United States Government. He called my attention to the fact that the Roman Empire in its richest days imported more than it exported, and that the reverse was true of the Roman colonies. It is the debtor nation that must pay tribute. The confusion in the American mind on this question of trade balances is so great and the importance of the matter so vital to intelligent legislation in tariff matters, that I suggest that experts in the Department of Commerce be asked to prepare a special monograph on the problem.

#### THE REAL JAPANESE DANGER

While Japan's triumph as an exporting nation will undoubtedly wipe out of existence in the United States cotton mills and other plants that persist in at-

tempting to hold an Asiatic trade which the Sunrise Kingdom can easily control, such loss, great and deplorable though it may be, will only be local in this country. Capital may vanish in these unequal contests with Japan, but the energy behind it will, when it finds the struggle unprofitable, devote itself to something else. I do not minimize the industrial danger that now confronts us in Japan's metamorphosis. I simply wish to emphasize that commercially as a *nation* we have nothing to fear. The richer and more progressive the Orient, the better it will be for us and for the world. Theoretically, the rise to power of the American nation with its incredible resources should have annihilated the commercial and industrial activities of Europe. On the contrary, our progress has contributed to the enrichment of the Old World. And just as England is our greatest commercial rival and likewise our biggest customer, so Japan, when it becomes the Great Britain of the Far East, will buy greater and greater quantities of goods from us. But in the meantime it will inflict ruin upon various American industries that come into direct competition in foreign fields with Mongolian manufacturers. The important thing to keep in mind is that the rise of Japan as a manufacturing nation means, not the downfall, but the transformation, of our foreign commerce. This readjustment may not be confined to the Pacific trade, for we shall find Japan as a rival in many lands. Throughout all our consideration of the new Japan we should keep in mind that it is bringing, as I have pointed out, the element of Mongolian labor into the world's political economy, and that, unlike the introduction of labor-saving machinery, we cannot duplicate it.

I am inclined to believe that this may be one of the most significant movements in history. Of course, with the industrial expansion of Japan the rates of pay for labor will gradually rise, but long before they reach anything like living

wages for competing workmen in America, the Oriental manufacturers will have driven us completely out of Pacific markets. In the past five years the pay of carpenters in Japan rose five sen a day; that of plasterers rose six sen; cabinetmakers three sen; tailors (for European dress) one and one-half sen, the average wages of all the above operatives now being about twenty-seven cents in American money a day. Farm laborers who in 1900 got thirty-two yen a year, now get thirty-seven yen for the same period. In other words, where they received \$1.33 a month, they now command in agricultural pursuits no less than \$1.50 every thirty days! These are official figures, published at Tokio.

If the cheap labor of Japan were incompetent, there would be little if any significance in the above figures. But the labor of the Sunrise Kingdom is incomparably skillful. The farmers of that empire, for example, have developed a husbandry that is the admiration of practical men and scientific horticulturists the world over. The experts of the United States Department of Agriculture go to Japan to study Oriental triumphs of cultivation.

It is frequently said that the Japanese are merely imitators. I will consider this a little later on. Even if they were only followers, the fact that they can duplicate the manufactures of America and are doing it is in itself a menace to our present foreign trade. The commerce of the world to-day consists largely of standard articles, raw or finished, for which there is an established market. Granted that Japan's chief genius is in imitation, it can keep its factories busy and prosperous supplying the world's demand for well-known commodities. It is not beyond the probabilities that Japan is ordained to do this very thing—to take up the white man's burden of making goods in the construction of which the necessity of marked inventive genius has passed. *It*

*may be that the Mongolian and not the Anglo-Saxon is to be the world's manufacturing servant, turning out the boots and shoes, the beds and bath tubs, the stoves and cotton duck and barrels and all the numberless necessities of commerce.*

If this be true, we are witnessing the beginning of one of the most phenomenal changes in economic progress. It will mean that each nation will more and more confine itself, or rather be free to branch out in the things of which it has a natural monopoly. That this will take place, so far as our foreign trade in the Pacific is concerned, is almost inevitable. In making the same line of goods, what element could we introduce to offset the cheap labor of Japan? If we installed new machinery to cut down expense, Japan would duplicate it. It is obvious that sooner or later we must abandon all efforts to maintain a trade in goods that Japan can supply at a lower price. It may be that the unapproachable inventive genius of America is destined constantly to be devoted to the creation of new things. Unquestionably, one of the monopolies in America is an artistic vigor of invention. I have in mind an association of workers who produce unique furniture. It is sold throughout the United States and in some parts of Europe. A charm of originality goes with these pieces, and the industry could not be appropriated by any cheap-labor duplication in Japan. The Sunrise imitators could copy the pieces already produced, but vitalizing the American undertaking is a consecration of artistic genius constantly devising new creations.

That is but one line of work. The field is free in every industry. We have in the United States two or more magazines devoted to the inauguration of an American standard of household furnishing and decoration. If Japan takes from us the work of making the ordinary things of commerce, it may be that we shall turn our attention to the manufacture of more original and more beautiful articles. Perhaps it means the

inauguration of a Greek age in America. Contractors inform me that, in New York, marble office buildings and hotels are erected now at twice the cost of ordinary steel structures in order to carry out the owners' idea of architectural beauty.

Let us assume that Japan is to crowd us out of the Pacific markets in the sale of goods that now make up the bulk of commerce. That would spread disaster in many parts of America, for our manufacturers will be slow to concede that they cannot compete, and, clinging to a losing industry, will finally go down with a crash. But that success on the part of Japan will make it a wealthy nation. It would not need to get all of the commerce of the Far East to have a foreign trade greater than America's. It will then come to the United States for anything of which we have a monopoly. Supposing, for example, that Japan could afford now to put up modern office buildings in Tokio and Yokohama, and called upon American architects to design them, there would be a lifetime work for an army of artists. I did not see a single steel building in Japan, and was informed at one of the departments at Tokio that there was but one such structure in the empire. From the American standpoint, Japan is a land of unpainted rookeries and shanties. And if in America we undertook generally to put up beautiful buildings, instead of unsightly ones, there would be new openings for thousands of inventive men.

I mention these things as mere incidental opportunities. For a time we will make tardy effort to get into the South American field, but Japan will not only be there ahead of us, assuming that we could supplant Europe, but through our inflexible tariff determination to make no concessions to our customers, we shall find ourselves virtually excluded from most foreign fields. If some jealous commercial power had the opportunity to frame a foreign trade policy for the United States, little change would be made in our

present method of treating foreign states. It all comes from the American idea that export commerce is a great thing to secure, but that import trade is a curse.

#### JAPAN'S NEW POLITICAL RÔLE

We have been compelled many times to revise our estimate of Japan. Once we thought that country to be a mere twister of bamboos, a dwarfer of pines, and cryptomerias, a patient maker of cloisonné and lacquer ware. Even after we knew that electric lights and tramways went into the country, we dreamed of it as a land of lanterns and temples and pilgrims. And when we realized that Japan was actually building derricks and dynamos and steel bridges and battle ships, we said it was only an imitator. Two years ago it went to war and it has amazed the whole military world by its genius in initiative. It has shown the nations that Orientals have the power of leadership and mastery.

It may sober the American people toward Japan to realize that if that empire to-day should exasperate us by setting some trap at the Open Door, which is not an unlikely event for the future to disclose, we would not find it expedient to repeat the performance of Commodore Perry. It is not that we would fear to follow in the wake of Rojestvensky. We have admirals and Old Glory enough to go round for that. But we would not reach the straits that swallowed the Russians. Declaration of war against Japan would raise the colors of the Mikado to the masthead of every British battle ship and clear them all for action. It is safe to say that during the coming ten years' term of this dual alliance—the greatest perhaps in history—both Europe and America will substitute the olive branch for the big stick in dealing with the Far East.

It is far from a pleasing fact that the American navy, which since the days of Decatur has never been successfully

opposed, save in the Congress of the United States, has to-day been out-manuevered by Japanese diplomacy. Yet serious as this is in revealing the dynamic rise of Japan to the first rank of nations, it is not the greatest element of power in the new Orient. We could, if compelled to, prepare for war with these two island empires which have temporarily cowed the continents. Ultimate triumph in a prolonged war would be determined, after all, by money, and we have the wealth. The piled-up billions in the United States could pay off the public debts of all nations, and still leave us a credit balance that would make us the richest country in the world. We could, therefore, build the big fleet necessary to combat Great Britain and Japan combined, but it would not be a profitable business. We shall probably make a specialty of Hague conferences.

What is of more serious import in the Far Eastern transformation is the industrial factor of cheap and efficient labor which, as I have pointed out, is an Oriental monopoly. With that we cannot cope. It is non-competitive. We cannot produce it any more than Japan can supply the raw cotton for the world. Nor can we import it.

America as one industrial army is opposed to the immigration hither of Mongolian laborers. Our working millions know that they cannot compete with these yellow men. But if the larger prosperity of the United States is to depend upon foreign markets, and these Orientals, with whom we cannot compete and whom we therefore exclude, man the factories of Asia and sell so-called American goods throughout the world, Chinese or Japanese exclusion will benefit only those American workmen engaged on manufactures designed exclusively for the home market. There are many indications that America is to be confined within its own geographical limits. But if that be the case, what shall we do with our surplus manufactures if no country will pay us a high

price for wares that Japan can supply at a much lower rate?

The latter will probably be done, but not, perhaps, in a wholesale way until ruin overtakes some of our industries, such as the cotton mills to which I have referred. It is not impossible that American capital will migrate to the Orient, when the manufacturing movement there is fully understood, and help to construct the great works which, operated by skillful cheap labor, will supply a large part of the civilized world with its wares. This migration of capital to-day is one of the most important and significant movements in world economics. High tariffs have caused it. To escape prohibitive duties American electric companies, for example, have built branch factories in France, Germany, Spain, and England. If Japan shuts American goods out of foreign markets, the natural thing for American capital to do would be to go to the Orient and employ Mongolian workmen. What is to prevent the mill owners of South Carolina from going to Shanghai or Singapore? That, and only some such move, would rob Japan of her immeasurable advantage in the contest for foreign trade.

It is right here that Japan's political power will become dangerous. It has already made it difficult if not impossible for a foreigner to conduct much business in Japan. Its dominion over Korea is secure, the leases it acquired from Russia to points on the Asiatic mainland run for ninety-nine years, and its influence in Peking is powerful and growing daily. Japan has made a world success, and China feels the need of a political manager. It is more than likely that boycotts, Boxer movements, or strikes would take counsel from Japan if American manufacturers, competing with the Sunrise Kingdom, became entrenched in the Far East.

It is plain that the American nation is not advised as to what is taking place behind the Japanese screen.

# CURRENT REFLECTIONS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



HOW is it with Christmas in these days when the schoolmaster is abroad in such force, and such a store of new knowledge waits to be reconciled to old impressions? Is Christendom keeping Christmas from force of ancient habit, or is the true Christmas spirit still strong, and the faith it is born of still the hope of the world? Spain is a very pious country. Russia is another. A large proportion of the population of both these countries is very slightly, or not at all, concerned with new knowledge, and will go about its Christmas keeping with quite as much zeal, so far as the faith is concerned, as if the world were a century younger. Famine in Spain, bereavement, poverty, and political unrest in Russia, may make this Christmas a somber festival in those countries, but it will not suffer from the new knowledge.

AS FOR THE BETTER EDUCATED and more fortunate peoples, they are all represented in America, and much of what one may find to say of the Americans applies more or less to all Christendom. We Americans will have a very active Christmas this year, so far as material things go, because we have had a year of great material prosperity. In that particular we are better off than the rest of the world, and the stream of Christmas dollars that flows eastward across the seas will doubtless be greater and more helpful than it has ever been before.

OUR SPIRITUAL STATE may not be so clearly a matter for congratulation as our material condition, but about that, too, there is a great deal that makes for encouragement and good hope. Our standards seem to be tending upward. We may not seem to be as fervent Christians as some men have been in times past, but at least we are modest. We are modest not only about other folks' exposition of Christian deportment, but even about our own. We take notice of behavior backed by responsible authority that does not square with the pretensions of Christian civilization. When the allies marched to Peking and we read accounts of some of them as being unduly zealous to kill, loot, harry, chastise, and levy tribute, we commented dolorously on their behavior as representatives of Christian nations, and wondered what impression the Chinese received of Christian morals as exhibited in practice. When Europeans commit intolerable outrages in Africa, when American mobs burn negroes, when in the race for money or power men seem to us to outrun all scruple and all sense of human brotherhood, we complain of contemporary Christianity as being insincere. When we find ourselves solicitous for our own ease and our own prosperity, and restricted in our efforts to help our neighbor, we think derisively of our own performance as Christians, and if we see the Japanese behaving better than we do, we think of them as doing more credit to their religion than we do to ours.



IT IS CERTAINLY WELL for us to think critically and with due introspection of our walk and conversation as Christian people, but still there are times when it is good for us to take heart of grace even about that, and certainly it cannot but do us good at any time to take courage about the faith itself and its merits and its destiny. For ages past the Christian spirit has taken hold of individuals, and shaped their characters and their conduct according to the Christian pattern, but there are signs that that spirit has never been so widely comprehended as now. It not only controls many lives, and influences a vast number of others, but in striking ways it is coming to be a recognized influence in governing the conduct of nations. In international dealings the Golden Rule is recognized as a standard which, however much this or that individual nation may violate it, remains the standard which governments must measure up to in their dealings with one another if they would hope to retain the sympathy of Christendom. It begins to be expected that nations shall treat their neighbors as though they loved them.

AS FOR INDIVIDUALS, William Allen White, discussing the Golden Rule, says that the conflict in our land and day is going to be between spiritual force and material avarice. He thinks our people have grown in recent years in mental and moral vision, and in spiritual force; that their politics are on a higher plane than they were, and that they are ceasing to envy riches and are beginning to ask rich men embarrassing questions.

Riches are not going out of fashion. They are too useful, up to a certain point, not to be desired. But was there ever a year in which so much happened to moderate the enthusiasm of the observing average man in the pursuit of great riches as in the year just closing? In so far as the desire to get rich and the desire to be good conflict, the desire to be good has had the better of it this year.

Men who were trying to get rich, men who were succeeding and men who had succeeded, have all been under inspection, and I mistake the case if the net result of the examination has not been an unusual disgust with greediness, and an unusually deep and prevalent realization that riches can be overvalued, and that pecuniary enlargement is too dearly bought when the winning of it violates not merely the law, but the rule that a man shall be his brother's keeper.

CONCEDING THEN that the new knowledge has not so impaired the faith of Christendom as seriously to affect our Christmas keeping in its spiritual side, and that we are not yet so sunk (nor going to be) in self-seeking and materialism but that we may still expect the Christmas spirit to revive in us when the holiday season comes round, what shall we do with our Christmas to make it profitable to our hearts? How shall we keep it so that it will be different from other seasons, more joyous, sweeter, better for us and for those with whom we have relations?

The whole problem is simplified as a problem in families where there are children. Children of all ages make Christmas easy in one phase of it by the definiteness of their expectations. Certain things they expect to have done, and thereby they save half the work, for with a definite expectation to be met one has only to meet it, whereas when it is first necessary to cast about for an expectation to be met or a desire to be gratified, it makes double work. And children have no sort of difficulty in making Christmas different from other times. They have imaginations and can get excited. If they are small and there is still for them a proper novelty about Christmas keeping, the whole holiday season has a glamour of magic about it. Stockings hanging by the fireplace, Christmas trees with their gifts and lights, new toys, new books, the gathering of relatives and friends

—all these seasonable incidents are thoroughly out of the common, and jolt their small minds into pleasurable quivers. And the older children are different but just as helpful. They bring the holiday season home to their elders by getting out of school. Ten solid consecutive holidays, at the very least, they have, and that amounts to something. In this great town of Gotham it is a period not without some drawbacks, so many children there are in this crowded settlement for whom release from school means little more than the privilege of running in the streets. But it is a great boon for children who are able to profit by it, and especially to the older ones who have the luck to be at boarding school or college and can come home, and be indulged and entertained, and play with their pals, and confer the blessing of their society on appreciative relatives. No more effective means has been devised of making Christmas different from the rest of the winter than this coming home of boys and girls from school and college. They are at the time of life when development is rapid, and changes, sometimes marked ones, come between one vacation and another. They bring new stories, new interests, new friends, new words and terms of speech, new jokes, new points of view, opinions, and judgments. Hugely interesting to intelligent parents is the holiday inspection of schoolboy or school-girl, and a notable source of complacency when the resulting estimate is favorable. It is worth sending children to good schools merely to have them come home and give satisfaction; and no family with school children to come back to it ought to have any difficulty in finding Christmas profitable.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE NO CHILDREN in stock to coerce them into proper Christmas exercises must use such other expedients as they may. The sound general rule is that our happiness at Christmas

time is very favorably affected by attention to the welfare and the pleasure of other people. The precept that in the exuberance of our giving we should not too greatly exceed the bounds of fiscal prudence will doubtless be neglected this year not less than usual, notwithstanding that general business prosperity has for many persons extended the bounds of prudence somewhat beyond the usual limit. If we do distress our pockets by our prodigality, it will be well for us this year to be profuse in our disbursements in behalf of those who have little rather than to those who have much. The natural propensity in Christmas giving is to give most to those from whom we expect gifts, and to give our costliest presents to persons whose general line of possessions are best matched by costly things. The basis of this propensity is an honorable enough disposition to keep square with the world, and the propensity itself helps to fulfill the forecast of Scripture that to him that hath shall be given that he may have more abundantly. None the less it is a propensity that should be resolutely kept under at Christmas time. It is one of our Christmas duties to harden our hearts, if necessary, to our obligations, and give, not so much to pay the material debts that our friends put us under, but largely to stimulate and justify our faith in the brotherhood of mankind.

IF THERE IS A PARTICULAR GRACE that we may, perhaps, find especially suitable to cultivate this Christmas, it is that of thinking as well as we possibly can of our fellow men, of seeing the best that is in them instead of the worst, and of taking the most hopeful view of their characters and behavior that our knowledge of them warrants. The habit of doing that makes very much for our happiness, and it is an especially good habit to cultivate this year because of the unusual number of developments that have come to our notice which have tended to persuade us that many of our

neighbors are none too good, nor their standard of conduct too high. It is not our duty to make light of misconduct, for reprobation of evil doing is necessary to preserve the standards of morality and honesty. But even when the sinner's sin is brought home to him we need not hate the sinner, but are entitled to treat him with at least as much consideration as we would like to receive if our sin were brought home to us.

AND WHEN there is no question of a particular sin, but merely the matter of

our attitude toward a fellow man or woman, to think the best possible is surely to be desired. Speaking to the new Harvard freshmen the other day, and telling them of some of the things that become honorable men, President Eliot said: "The honorable man must be generous; generous in his judgments of his friends, of men and women and history. Generosity is a beautiful attribute of a man of honor."

So it is, and a very fit attribute for Christmas cultivation.

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## THE WORLD FOR A MONTH

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT returned to Washington on September 30th, after his strenuous summer in Oyster Bay. He received perhaps the greatest ovation ever given to a returning President in the capital. Washington, the city of pomp and pageants, is not given to enthusiasm as a rule. But even Washington has come to realize that the President now in the White House is a great man.

THE FIRST TROUBLE on the Panama Canal occurred on October 1st, when 650 laborers imported from Martinique to the canal zone declined to disembark. They said they did not realize how intolerable were the health conditions in the zone. The report was that the Panama and the canal zone police clubbed them into obedience. Theodore P. Shonts, Chairman of the Canal Commission, has a theory that the Chinese coolie of the rice fields is the best possible laborer for the canal. Americans naturally have a disinclination to import Chinese labor, but from the above episode it would seem that the disinclination would have to be overcome.

IT IS "COUNT" WITTE now. In July, 1903, the grand ducal cabal suc-

ceeded in throwing Witte, then Minister of Finance, out of office and out of favor. The selection of Witte as peace envoy was a stroke of the same group, which had hopes of completing his ruin. But Witte's success was so great and unexpected that the Czar has created him a count and leans on him as on a pillar of strength. Witte is now the greatest man in the Russian Empire, much to the discomfiture of his enemies.

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA has invited the Powers to a second peace conference at The Hague. To do this he had to consult President Roosevelt first, because last spring the President himself had called a second conference and it was postponed only because Japan did not deem it proper to join such a conference while she was waging war. The Czar, who is just now eager for consideration, asked the President's consent to call the conference now that the war is over. Baron Rosen, the Czar's Ambassador, looked very uncomfortable when he came with his imperial master's request to Oyster Bay. But President Roosevelt consented gladly. He is too great to care who calls a peace conference, so long as the result is bound to be the same.

Russia, moreover, will probably find it easier to float a loan on the strength of the Czar's move.

CHINA has determined to lag behind no longer, but to emulate Japan. The Chinese Government has inaugurated a policy of building railroads by Chinese enterprise wherever possible, and to get back all concessions now in foreign hands. Recently, moreover, an imperial commission was appointed to travel in Europe and America and study educational methods with a view to revolutionizing popular education and establishing a public school system like that of Japan. The Chinese Minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, says that a great wave of enlightenment is spreading over China and that Western civilization will soon be as much at home there as in Japan.

MINISTER TAKAHIRA, for Japan, and the Commercial Pacific Cable Company recently signed an agreement assuring an all-American Pacific cable. The late John W. Mackay saw the advantages of such a venture, and without any subsidy from our Government agreed to lay the cable which will pierce the Orient at Guam and in China and Japan, to our incalculable advantage.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MOODY's promise that the beef packers charged with conspiracy to accept railroad rebates would be brought to speedy justice has come true. On September 21st, United States District Judge J. Otis Humphrey at Chicago fined four officials of one beef-packing concern \$25,000 and costs for violating the Elkins law and accepting rebates. The result will probably be that the railroad rebate, which has tainted so many fortunes and sullied so many characters, will disappear.

SURPRISING DISCLOSURES with regard to the administration of insurance companies continue to be made before the Armstrong Committee. George W. Per-

kins, vice-president of the New York Life, admitted that \$48,000 was subscribed by that company for the campaign fund of President Roosevelt, to say nothing of previous subscriptions to other campaign funds. And John A. McCall, the president of the company, declared he thanked God the money had been given. Upon the advice of Secretary Root, Senator Lodge, and Mr. Choate, the President decided to keep silent, but he resolved more strongly than ever to work for Federal control of insurance. Mr. Cortelyou's acceptance of the insurance money for campaign purposes, it is generally believed, will hurt his chances of becoming Secretary of the Treasury next February. But those who know the President are certain that if he means Mr. Cortelyou to be Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of the Treasury Mr. Cortelyou will be.

It has come out further in the course of the inquiry that there were mysterious funds set aside by the companies for undefined purposes. "Judge" Andrew Hamilton, President McCall of the New York Life admitted, spent in five years about \$500,000 that had never been accounted for. Mr. Hamilton represented the company before every legislature in the United States.

Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, testified in substance that directors don't direct; that the companies are ruled wholly by the executive officers. Nepotism of the most flagrant kind was found to exist in the Mutual Life. Robert H. McCurdy, son of President Richard A. McCurdy, was so situated that his salary and commissions aggregate nearly \$2,000,000. Louis A. Thebaud, the son-in-law, has received commissions of nearly \$1,000,000.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is resolved that the Esch-Townsend bill, providing for the regulation of railroad rates, shall become a law this winter. The Interstate Commerce Commission will be given power to decide upon the justice of railway rates.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER on October 2d gave \$10,000,000 to the General Education Board for the purpose of promoting higher education in the United States.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN empire seems to be facing a real crisis. After an unsatisfactory interview with Emperor Francis Joseph, the leaders of the Hungarian coalition returned to

Budapest in high dudgeon and declined to form a government. Without the coalition's coöperation no government can constitutionally obtain in Hungary.

THE WAR CLOUD that threatened Norway and Sweden has blown away. Delegates from both countries, who met at Karlstadt to discuss amicable separation, were able to announce the successful conclusion of the conference.

## THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

THE TRIDENT AND THE NET, by the anonymous author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress" (Harpers), is a big book rather than a great one. Brittany, with all its mysticism and glamour abundantly and gracefully depicted, is the chief background for young Loic de Kergoat, a Breton noble, who loves unwisely and suffers much. His creator deems him a mediæval hero unhappily fallen upon our own prosaic days.

THE GAMBLER, by Katherine Cecil Thurston (Harpers), tells of Clodagh Asshlin, a high-strung young Irish beauty who has a passion for gambling, inherited from a long line of sporting ancestors. She has a high sense of honor, too, and that causes complications. She is a very human, lovable character, and love saves her.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY, by David Graham Phillips (Bobbs-Merrill), is a story of a poor but well-born girl who undertakes to direct Senator and Mrs. Tom Burke, from out West, through the devious paths of Washington social life. And not only does she succeed in making "Pa" and "Ma" Burke social successes, but she even manages to marry the heir to the Burke millions.

OUR BEST SOCIETY (Putnam) is one of the most delightful of social satires. The book is anonymous for obvious

reasons—in most of the characters everybody will recognize well-known social figures of to-day. Fashionable life as it is is charmingly described and the thread of a love story runs through the narrative. The book has been attributed to Mr. Elliott Gregory, but no one need be ashamed to own it. It strongly recalls George William Curtis's "Potiphar Papers."

SONNETS AND SONGS, by Helen Hay Whitney (Harpers), is minor poetry of a high order. The twenty-six love sonnets and most of the songs are true poetry.

JUSTICE, by Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life" (McClure, Phillips), consists in a series of talks on practical ethics as they are and should be. M. Wagner's earnestness lends a dignity even to the commonplace remarks in the book. It is well worth reading.

EDITORIAL WILD OATS, by Mark Twain (Harpers), consists in a bundle of delightfully funny and whimsical sketches of Mark's early journalistic experiences.

THE DIVINE FIRE, by May Sinclair (Holt), is the embodiment of a woman's idea of a young poet and the life he leads. Keith Rickman is the son of a London bookseller and at times drops his aitches, but through the harassing experiences of London journalism and a true love by no means smooth, he keeps the

divine fire within him alight and conquers in the end. An interesting novel.

**IN THE HEIGHTS**, by Richard Watson Gilder (Century Co.), is the eighth volume of poems published by Mr. Gilder, and contains most of his recent verse, including many occasional pieces.

**PIPETOWN SANDY**, by John Philip Sousa (Bobbs-Merrill), is a book about boys, full of charm and humor. It recalls William Dean Howells's "A Boy's Town," and has the same appeal to grown-ups.

**SHELburnE ESSAYS**, by Paul Elmer More (Putnam), is the third volume in the series of Mr. More's critical writings and contains some of his best work. William Cowper, Sainte-Beuve, Swinburne, Christina Rossetti, Laurence Sterne—Mr. More can write of all with a critical insight and charm such as is given to only a few critics in a generation.

**WAGNER AND HIS ISOLDE**, by Gustav Kobbé (Dodd, Mead), is more fascinating than most novels. It deals with the love of Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonk, who inspired the great opera "Tristan and Isolde." Mr. Kobbé's book is an abridgment of the original German work and contains only the most interesting part of the correspondence between the genius and his love, published by the family of Madame Wesendonk to prove the purity of the passion that brought to her and to Wagner so much happiness and pain.

**KIPPS: THE STORY OF A SIMPLE SOUL**, by H. G. Wells (Scribner), is a fascinating and vivid story. A poor English boy suddenly inherits untold wealth—\$6,000 a year. The attempts of Kipps to become a gentleman and the pathetically restraining influences of his bringing up are told by Mr. Wells in a wonderfully sympathetic way.

**OLD PROVENCE**, by Theodore Andrea Cook (Scribner), is a scholarly and read-

able description of the land of troubadours. The history, landmarks, and legends of Provence and the valley of the Rhone are set forth entertainingly in the light of the most recent scientific research. The work is in two volumes and should appeal to tourists.

**BEN BLAIR: THE STORY OF A PLAINSMAN**, by Will Lillibridge (McClurg), is an exceptionally well told story of ranch life in South Dakota. Ben, the cowboy hero, will call to mind the Virginian, only Ben's father and mother had been notoriously so far from decent that his struggle to win the woman he loves is all the more difficult and more brave.

**UNDER ROCKING SKIES**, by L. Frank Tooker (Century Co.), is a sea tale of a mildly interesting sort with some good character drawing. The hero is the first mate, the heroine the captain's daughter.

**RHYMES OF LITTLE BOYS**, by Burges Johnson (Crowell), is surely destined to be popular. It recalls the boy poems of Eugene Field and Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses," and it is wholly original. A charming little volume.

**THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL**, by Baroness Orczy (Putnam), is a very cleverly constructed tale of the adventures of a secret league of aristocratic Englishmen during the French Revolution. The hero is the leader of the league whose self-imposed task it is to rescue French nobles destined for the guillotine.

**THE ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT**, by Justus Miles Forman (Harpers), is a short story luxuriously printed on thick paper in a book by itself. Zuan Gradenigo, nephew of a Doge of Venice, A.D. 1355, goes at the head of three galleys to rescue the isle of Arbe from the clutches of the ban of Bosnia, and there, in the train of Yaga, the ban's mistress, he finds his love, Natalia, who had been stolen from him. It is a pretty little tale, but Howard Pyle's illustrations in color are the book's mainstay.

# Just a Word About January

The month of Janus has ever been the proper time for men and magazines, "looking before and after," to change their habits. Those who read or run through the pages of our January *Appleton's* will notice that with the beginning of this new volume the *Magazine* assumes a new "dress." Aside from the question of appearance which this very handsome face of type will lend to the somewhat larger page, a distinct advantage will accrue to our readers from the fact that we are now enabled to give them nearly three hundred words more to the page without taxing their eyes any more than, if as much as, formerly. Each page of the *Magazine* will carry just a little short of a thousand words, and the benefit to the reader in this will be apparent in the contents of the January number, which will show twenty-two titles, including a long serial, a short serial, five short stories, eight special articles, and three departments. Thirty-two pages of the number will be illustrated in color.



As previously announced, the series of articles by Rex E. Beach, on "The Looting of Alaska," will begin in the January *Appleton's*. The facts which Mr. Beach discloses form what has been called "the blackest page in the history of the American judiciary," and form an unparalleled chronicle of political connivance and debauchery, tracing a great conspiracy from its inception in high official places to its conclusion in the northland. It is a history that involves prominent politicians, East and West, and promises to exert a powerful and unexpected influence upon the politics of the Northwest. Much has been said about graft. Magazines have exposed corruption in the government of our great municipalities and our fiduciary and commercial institutions, but Mr. Beach brings home to us the startling fact that the "system" could obtain an instant hold in a virgin soil. It is the story of the most sensational robbery in American politics, told by a man who knows of what he writes, who was there, and who saw. The picture is dramatic, showing upon a background of corruption the perpetration of a great wrong done in the glamour of the gold fields by means of writs, riots and bloodshed. Altogether, without being sensational in any sense it proves to be the most startling exposure of recent years.



It is better to postpone the fulfillment of a promise than to half fulfill it, and we think it, therefore, unnecessary to apologize for postponing until the January number the story by Elinor Macartney Lane (author of "Nancy Stair") which we expected to print in the December issue. Our readers will here, again, reap advantage in the fact that Mrs. Lane's story has grown under her fascinating pen to such proportions that it will now be published in two parts, in the January and February *Appleton's*, and will be illustrated with six drawings by Arthur Becher.



We are fortunate in being able to announce that we have secured, through the courtesy of General James Grant Wilson, a posthumous paper by General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," giving his own account of his conduct and the movements of his division of the Army of the Tennessee on the first day of the battle of Shiloh. General Wallace sent this account to General Wilson in a personal letter, stipulating that it be not published until after his

death. There have been many conflicting chronicles of the events of that day, so disastrous to the Union army, so important to General Wallace's command. Now, for the first time, the opportunity is given to the public to judge of General Wallace's conduct in the light of his own statement.

No one can make us feel that he knows the sea so well as Joseph Conrad. There may be those who know the sea as well as he, but none has his rare literary charm in writing about it. In a beautiful reverie entitled "The Character of the Sea" he will describe, in the January *Appleton's*, an incident out of his own experience which will make any landsman feel the inscrutable mystery of the sea. A charming drawing by W. J. Aylward will add to the readers' pleasure.

Brander Matthews has a fascinating way of making so-called dry subjects interesting. Our readers will remember when he lighted up the mooted question of the peculiarities of our national speech by pointing out that Shakespeare was full of "Americanisms." He has written, in somewhat similar vein, of "Comedy," showing, among other things, that Weber and Fields are not wholly without antitypes in classic Greek drama. Mr. Matthews draws other illuminating comparisons, and, as always, instructs us while he entertains with the fruits of his ripe scholarship.

The serial by Frederic Jesup Stimson ("J. S. of Dale") will be continued with a liberal installment of over eighteen pages in the January *Appleton's*. The promise of the chapters in this present number will be more than fulfilled in the January installment.

The third of the series of articles by Harold Bolce on "Japan: Our New Rival in the East" will treat of Japan and the Philippines.

Those who read the story entitled "A Pair of Mules," in the November number, will agree with us that anything written by Karl Edwin Harriman is worth going out of one's way to read. We have secured a series of stories by Mr. Harriman, the scenes of which are all laid in that portion of our country known as the Western Desert. In the story entitled "Sadie," which will appear in the January number, Mr. Harriman has drawn a very human and delightful picture of a woman in this environment.

Miss Eleanor Gates is one of the few writers who know animals "right down to the ground." In her story entitled "Little Watcher" in the January number she lays bare the soul of a coyote, from his birth, through his very remarkable career as a sheep dog, up to his tragic death. The story will be illustrated with some fine drawings by Charles Livingstone Bull.

*D. Appleton & Co.*



With  
Packer's  
Tar Soap



"YOU CANNOT  
BEGIN TOO EARLY."

## Systematic Shampooing

"Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."

—*New York Medical Record.*

With Packer's Tar Soap means healthy hair and scalp—and you cannot begin too early. To get the best results, specify

**P A C K E R ' S**

Our Leaflet:—"The Value of Systematic Shampooing," sent free. Address  
THE PACKER MANUFACTURING CO. (Suite 87X), 81 Fulton Street, New York.

# THE ST. JAMES

*Corner Walnut and Thirteenth Streets  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.*

**EUROPEAN PLAN**

**ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF**

*One Hundred and Sixty Rooms.*

*A New Hotel*



## **CUISINE UNEXCELLED**

Location especially desirable. Immediate vicinity fashionable shopping and theatre district. Within easy access to Pennsylvania and Reading Railroads.

**Rates: Rooms \$2.00 per day and upwards** **EUGENE G. MILLER, Mgr.**



## **Which is the best advertisement?**

# **\$1,000.00**

To the readers who select the best advertisement in this magazine for the month of December (page, half-page, or quarter-page), and who give the best reason for their selection (in not more than fifteen words), the publishers will award prizes to the value of one thousand dollars as described in the pages following.

## **Very Simple Rules**

1. The competitor giving the best reason for his choice of any full-page, half-page, or quarter-page advertisement (in not more than fifteen words) will receive the first prize. The second, third, and other prizes will be awarded accordingly.
2. A prize committee consisting of five well-known advertising managers (see names in pages following) will decide on the reasons submitted.
3. The reason for the selection should be sent in on a separate slip of paper, with the name of the advertisement and the accompanying reason for its selection written on the slip. The full name and address of the competitor should follow. It is not necessary to send in the advertisement selected; the slip alone is sufficient. Send one slip only for each reason submitted. For our readers' convenience we have indicated on the following page the form to be followed in making out the slip.
4. No competitor will be allowed to secure more than one prize. That is to say, while a competitor may qualify on a full-page advertisement and afterward send in additional reasons for half and quarter page advertisements, he cannot secure prizes on all three, but will qualify on the answer that secures the most valuable prize.
5. All replies must be in hand on the fifteenth day of December. No letters will be opened until that date, so that no communications can be answered.
6. The prizes will be awarded fifteen days after the close of the competition and the results made known in the February number.

**Send by mail and address your envelope as follows**

**Advertising Prize Competition**

**APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE**

**436 Fifth Avenue, New York**

(See following pages)

# The Prize List

The prize list for December will consist principally of the finest sets of library books published by D. Appleton & Co., with one special prize of a Chase & Baker Piano Player for the best answer submitted on a full-page advertisement. The aggregate value of the prizes for December will be over \$1,000. If a competitor should happen to win a set of books which he already has, the amount will be placed to his credit to apply on some other set or sets of books from D. Appleton & Co.'s catalogue. If a prize-winner is already a subscriber to the magazine he may have his prize subscription sent to a friend.

---

## For the Best Reason Given on a Full-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—One Chase & Baker Piano Player, valued at \$275.00, and \$50 worth of piano player music. Total value . . . . . **\$325.00**
- Second Prize**—One set Appletons' Universal Encyclopedia and Atlas. Twelve volumes bound in three-quarters morocco. Value **144.00**
- Third Prize**—A Century of French Romances. New translations of the Masterpieces of French Literature; being a history of French fiction for a hundred years. Portraits and caricature of each author. Twenty volumes, gilt top and deckle edges. Value . . **60.00**
- Additional Prizes**—Five additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **15.00**

---

## For the Best Reason Given on a Half-Page Advertisement

- First Prize**—The Music of the Modern World. Expert historical and critical accounts of famous singers, composers, schools, etc.; piano and vocal lessons. One hundred pieces of music, edition de luxe, limited to 100 sets, 10 portfolios. Value . . . . . **\$150.00**
- Second Prize**—The Great Commander Series. America is a child of war. Her independence is the result of battle. The battles were won by the men whose biographies form this series. Limited edition de luxe, 14 volumes, half morocco. Value . . . . . **77.00**
- Third Prize**—Great Masters in the Louvre Gallery. A complete review of the development of the art of painting from its inception to the nineteenth century. Each wonderful picture has been treated separately. Popular edition. Value . . . . . **60.00**

(OVER)

## For the Best Reason Given on a Quarter-Page Advertisement

- First Prize—The Historical Romances of Louisa Mühlbach.** A history of the great crises in Germany, Austria, Russia, England, Switzerland, Egypt, France, Holland, and Prussia during two hundred years till Waterloo. Hapsburg edition. Limited to 250 sets. Twenty volumes, three-quarters morocco. Value . . . . . **\$100.00**
- Second Prize—The Novels of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope.** Authorized edition from new Scotch face type. Illustrations by Gibson, Christy, Clinedinst and others. Twenty-eight volumes. Value . . . . . **70.00**
- Third Prize—The Historical Romances of George Ebers.** Romances of Ancient Egypt. Translated from the German. Fifteen volumes, half morocco. Value . . . . . **34.00**
- Additional Prizes—**Five additional prizes of one annual subscription to APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE, at \$3.00 per year **15.00**

## The Judges

The prize committee of five members which will decide on the best answers submitted will consist of the following well-known advertising managers:

- IRVING COX, "Peter's Milk Chocolate," New York.  
 TRUMAN A. DE WEESE, Shredded Wheat Biscuit Co., Niagara Falls.  
 F. B. MIDDLETON, JR., Victor Talking Machine Co., Philadelphia.  
 JOHN E. ROOT, the New York Central Railroad, New York.  
 F. D. WATERMAN, L. E. Waterman Co., New York.

It is not necessary to use this blank in sending in your answer.  
 A form similar to it is suggested.

### Advertising Prize Competition

*Name of advertisement selected* \_\_\_\_\_

*Reason for selection in 15 words or less* \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

*Name of competitor* \_\_\_\_\_

*Full address* \_\_\_\_\_

# The "October" PRIZE COMPETITION

## Winning Advertisements and Competitors

### THE WINNING ADVERTISEMENTS

**Full Page:** CREAM OF WHEAT.

**Half Page:** PYLE'S PEARLINE.

**Quarter Page:** JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

### THE THREE BEST ANSWERS

**Full Page:** *Attractive, simple, striking, expressive, and engaging. Everyone sees, reads, comprehends, is pleased and remembers.*

**Half Page:** *A mother would use nothing harmful on her child's skin.*

**Quarter Page:** *The unusual always attracts attention. 8-26 is distinctive. "Bookkeepers" classifies and reaches the individual.*

### THE WINNING COMPETITORS

<b>Full Page:</b>	<b>1st Prize.</b>	D. W. Morgan, Birmingham, Ala.,	<b>Value, \$96</b>
"	" 2d "	Roscoe Gilmore Stott, 847 E. Jefferson St., Franklin, Ind.,	" 60
"	" 3d "	Mary Blumer, Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.,	" 36

### ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

Marie L. Tricou,	Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Odella Saulsbury,	Ridgely, Md.
Julius Cohen,	344 Poplar St., Memphis, Tenn.
Florence L. Sahler,	312 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Kate Douglass Wiggin,	165 West 58th St., New York, N. Y.
Mrs. Lizzie P. McIntire,	Treasury Department, Register's Office, Washington, D. C.
Ellwood D. Graham,	3322 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Miss Nellie A. McCallum,	8 Haddon Hall, Station I, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Helena Stacy,	Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada.
John P. Frey,	S. E. Cor. 16th and Tasker Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

<b>Half Page:</b>	<b>1st Prize.</b>	Miss C. McCutcheon, Edgewater Park, N. J.,	<b>Value, \$70</b>
"	" 2d "	Mrs. E. S. Lee, 1035 Shrader St., San Francisco, Cal.,	" 36
"	" 3d "	Howard Bromley, Farmville, Va.,	" 25

### ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

Arthur W. Logan,	430 Francis St., Madison, Wis.
F. J. J. Coakley,	Rugby, Tenn.
M. T. Frisbie,	136 W. Kennedy St., Syracuse, N. Y.
H. K. Ebert,	29 E. Mt. Airy Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Edward McCulloch,	210 Bradford St., Brooklyn.
Kathleen Stairs,	Kent St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.
Samuel F. Hubbard,	73 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.
H. P. McGee,	Mahaffey, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Mrs. D. H. Steele,	2657 W. 9th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
C. S. Winchell,	73 Warren St., New York, N. Y.

<b>Quarter Page:</b>	<b>1st Prize.</b>	Geo. W. Hardman, 61 Washington St., Quincy, Mass.,	<b>Value, \$48</b>
"	" 2d "	Eva Mary Stolz, 4128 Old York Rd., Philadelphia, Pa.,	" 34
"	" 3d "	Augusta N. Clark, 2007 Haste St., Berkeley, Cal.,	" 12

### ADDITIONAL PRIZES OF AN ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE

William F. Forster,	Box 34, Elmhurst, Pa.
C. G. Hinsdale,	703 Shephard Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

# THOMAS HARDY'S Complete Works

IN TWENTY VOLUMES

**M**ESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce the publication of the new **WESSEX EDITION** OF **THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS** IN **TWENTY VOLUMES**—the only complete edition of the famous novelist's works.

*In twenty volumes, handsomely bound in green rep silk-finished cloth, with gilt tops and uncut edges. With frontispieces in sepia on India-tint paper, and full-page illustrations in half-tone by prominent illustrators.*

## TITLES OF THE VOLUMES:

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES  
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE  
THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA  
A LAODICEAN (Vol. 1)  
A LAODICEAN (Vol. 2)

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES  
THE WELL-BELOVED  
WESSEX TALES

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD  
THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (Vol. 1)  
THE WOODLANDERS THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (Vol. 2)

TWO ON A TOWER THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE  
JUDE THE OBSCURE (Vol. 1) A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES  
JUDE THE OBSCURE (Vol. 2) DESPERATE REMEDIES

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES  
THE TRUMPET MAJOR



MRS. FISKE AS TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES

**OUR OFFER** We will send you the entire set of twenty volumes, all charges prepaid, on receipt of \$1.00. If you do not like the books when they reach you, send them back at our expense, and we will return the \$1.00. If you do like them, send us \$2.00 every month for 15 months, until the full price, \$31.00, is paid. On receipt of your request for these books we will enter you as a subscriber, without any additional cost to you, to either **Harper's Magazine**, **Harper's Weekly**, **Harper's Bazar**, or **The North American Review** for one year. In writing, state which periodical you want.

*A half-leather edition is also published. Booklet of this sent on request*

**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK**

## HARPER'S HOLIDAY BOOKS



### The Island of Enchantment

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

The story of a great passion in the days when romance made its home among men. The love scenes are fascinating, and the book itself is exquisite in its holiday dress.

Illustrated in Color from Paintings by Howard Pyle. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$1.75.

### The Line of Love

By JAMES BRANCH CABELL

Of this beautiful holiday book Mark Twain says: "It is the charmingest book I have read in a long time. Archaic speech in this case allures and bewitches, the art of it is so perfect."

Illustrated in Color by Howard Pyle. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00.



### Caroline of Court- landt Street

By WEYMER JAY MILLS

Merrily, mirthfully, but with an undercurrent of tender sentiment, this romance presents an enchanting story of old New York. It is comedy of a delightful order, full of surprises and the glamour of golden days.

Illustrated in Color by Anna Whelan Betts. Marginal Decorations in Tint. Gilt Top, Uncut Edges. Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00 net.



### Her Memory Book

By HELEN HAYES

A delightful improvement over the home-made memory book that every girl loves to keep. The pages are embellished with drawings appropriate to the events to be recorded, which include all sorts of social diversions, college events, the sports of the four seasons, etc.

Specially Boxed. Price, \$2.00.

### The Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood

Drawings by F. Y. Cory. Verses by Burges Johnson

This series of drawings in black and tint represent typical mirthful phases in the lives of little tots, and each is accompanied by merry little rhymes. It is a captivating volume for the holiday season, and its humor in verse and picture is sure to be enjoyed by every one.

Thirty Full-Page Pictures in Black and Tint. Marginal Drawings in Pen and Ink. Ornamented Gilt Cover Stamped in Gold. Specially Boxed. Price, \$1.50.



**HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK**



## LAST MONTH

We told you of the origin, this month we want to tell you of the actual construction of

# The Historians' History of the World

The conception of this new world history was, as one reviewer puts it, "a stroke of genius." In brief, the plan was to secure specialists, not to write new history, but to select from, and where necessary, add to, the original text of the two thousand historians, whose works form the foundation of all our knowledge of the past. Modern writers can do little more than paraphrase these authorities. Why not then quote the historian's own words, weaving together (by means of editorial matter) the best portions of each great writer's work? Add to such a narrative, special essays by the foremost living scholars, and the result is a masterly, complete review of human progress.

A world history which was only a chronicle of wars, battles, and the political expansion of countries, would very imperfectly fulfil its purpose. The Historians' History traces as well, the social development, the art, literature, music, religions, commerce and economics of the various nations. It gives in dramatic narrative the large movements of history. It paints breathing portraits of the great men and women of every age. Nor is that all. The aim of the editors has been to produce a work of sustained interest. This has been accomplished, by resorting, whenever possible, to accounts written by eye-witnesses of famous events, and by contemporaries of historic characters.

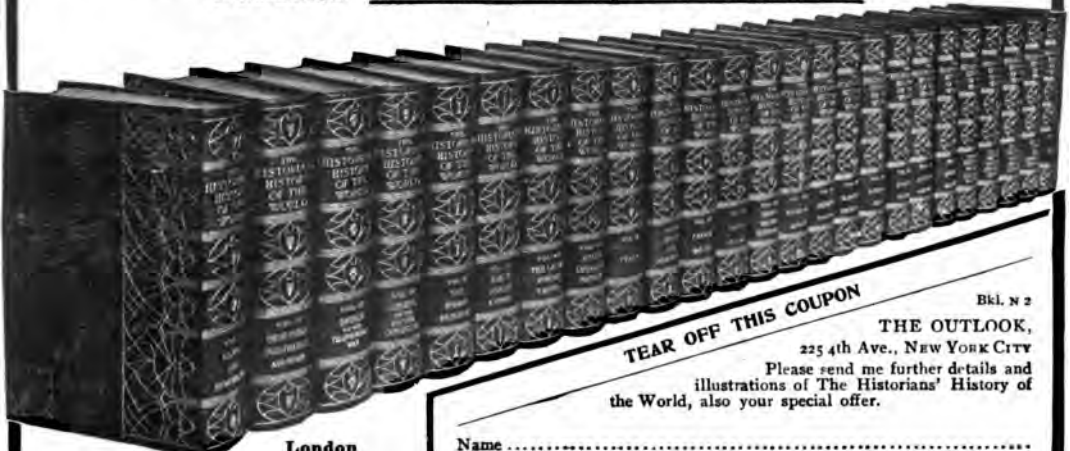
Every great historian is represented. Fifteen hundred translations (filling 5,000 pages) have been made from Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Latin, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian. The accuracy of the work is not the result of haphazard methods. Every paragraph, every sentence, every line has been examined critically by experts. Ancient chronicles have been checked by the results of recent explorations: doubtful statements have been readjusted on the basis of modern research.

No one country could have produced the Historians' History. Just as the text itself is the product of the best of the world's historians, so the board of editorial revisers and contributors includes the greatest living authorities of Europe and America. France is represented by Rambaud and Halévy; Germany by Erman and Nöldeke; England by Cheyne and Powell; the United States by Hart, McLaughlin and Botsford, and these are only a few of the thirty scholars who have directed and contributed to this new work.

### PRICES

THE FULL MOROCCO EDITION IS NOW BEING SOLD AT ITS LIST PRICE. ON THE OTHER FOUR BINDINGS, HOWEVER, THE OUTLOOK IS ABLE TO OFFER A SPECIAL CONCESSION TO THOSE WHO INQUIRE IMMEDIATELY

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225 4th Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Please send me further details and illustrations of The Historians' History of the World, also your special offer.

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Address .....

# The CHRISTMAS SCRIBNER



*Of Surpassing Interest*

## THE SPY By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Davis has written one of his most notable stories, the title of which is significant of its exceptionally strong dramatic interest. The hero is a young New York lawyer, and the scene is laid on an ocean steamer and in a South American town.

## The Swarming <sup>of the</sup> White Bees

By HENRY VAN DYKE

For sustained imaginative power, beauty of figure, rhythm, and brilliant lyrical qualities this fine poem, turning to a charming fancy the old legend of Apollo and Aristaëus, will take its place among the author's highest achievements. The accompanying decorations are by J. C. Leyendecker, and will be printed in tint.



Photograph by Fach Bros.  
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

## Captain Arendt's Choice

By RALPH  
D. PAINE

The story of an old German sea captain who, after many years of service, was put to a most trying test between personal interests and a sense of duty. The chief incident is the wreck of a steamer in a dense fog. Illustrated by W. J. Aylward.



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn  
(Copyright, 1905, Charles Scribner's Sons)

## THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

This beautiful story belongs, in its humanity and broad lines, to the succession of Christmas stories headed by Dickens's "Christmas Carol." A man, world-weary and hopeless to the point of desperation, passes what he had expected to be his last day in a succession of experiences that change his views of life and its possibilities as thoroughly as those of Scrooge were changed. The scene of the story is in London. It is illustrated in color by Yohn.

There are eight short stories in all, and interesting articles by Kenyon Cox and Brander Matthews

**THE NUMBER IS SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED**

**SOME OF THE STORIES AND ARTICLES SOON TO APPEAR  
IN SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**

**F. Hopkinson Smith's Serial  
"The Tides of Barnegat"**

begins in the November Scribner and will run through some ten months. The scene, as implied in its title, is laid on the New Jersey coast. It is a dramatic and vigorous story, with all the vivid narrative, humor, and sympathy with both the heroic and pathetic sides of life that have been the distinguishing marks of Mr. Smith's most successful tales, and is a new advance on what has attracted the many readers of "Oliver Horn" and "Caleb West." *Illustrated by George Wright.*

**RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT ACTOR**

**Joseph Jefferson**

By his long-time friend and fellow actor, FRANCIS WILSON

**By Ernest Thompson Seton  
A Series of Six Articles**

on the Great Horned Game Species of North America

The ELK, the Moose, etc. Filled with the author's remarkable store of anecdote and observation. These articles are of the strongest interest to the whole body of animal lovers as well as to hunters. While authoritative contributions to Natural History, they at the same time tell very vividly the picturesque and interesting life stories of these once abundant animals. Illustrated both by remarkable photographs and the author's drawings.

**The Railways of the Future**

A series of articles on the great railway enterprises which are in contemplation and in progress, and on the problems associated with them. Like the well-known series on "The American Railway," published in Scribner's Magazine some years ago, this will have as its contributors in every case writers of the highest authority; and the articles will be abundantly illustrated from material supplied by leading engineers, as well as from the work of the Magazine's own artists and photographers. Among the earlier articles in the series will be the following:

**THE PAN-AMERICAN RAILWAY**

By CHARLES H. PEPPER, U. S. Commissioner to Central and South American Countries

**THE PROPOSED EXTENSIONS OF THE  
TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILROAD**

**THE RAILROADS OF AFRICA**

The "Cape to Cairo" Railway

By LIEUT.-COL. SIR PERCY GIROUARD, of the Royal Engineers. The foremost authority upon African railway matters

**THE FUTURE OF ELECTRIC POWER AS  
APPLIED TO GREAT RAILROADS**

By FRANK J. SPRAGUE, inventor of the Sprague motor and builder of the earlier trolleys

**Edith Wharton**

**James B. Connolly**

**Kate Douglas Wiggin**

**Thomas Nelson Page**

will be represented by short stories

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER. IT SELLS FOR \$3.00  
A YEAR, NO LESS. IT IS EASY TO GET SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR IT

The Publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE offer a liberal cash commission for earnest and efficient work in securing new subscribers. Write for terms  
**25C. PER NUMBER** **\$3 PER YEAR**

**CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, NEW YORK**

"No Gift Book ever came out of a box that was prettier than

## BRET HARTE'S HER LETTER



Illustrated with forty-four full-page pictures, in color and tint, and many decorations in gold,  
by ARTHUR I. KELLER

A really exquisite volume that, for once, no publisher's promise or critic's praise can exaggerate." — *New York Globe*.

"The book is a beautiful example of typography, and Mr. Keller's skillfully executed pictures are full of true Bret Harte humor." — *New York Times*. (Large 8vo, boxed, \$2.00.)

## KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S ROSE O' THE RIVER

"A sweet and natural love story with a rugged background. Logging and jam-breaking on the Saco give an outdoor freshness and action to the narrative, while Rose's grandsire, Old Kennebec, affords spontaneous fun." — *The Outlook, New York*. By the author of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Illustrated in color by George Wright. (12mo, \$1.25.)

Howard Pyle's illustrated Christmas Edition of Holmes's

## ONE-HOSS SHAY



No more deliciously humorous poems have ever appeared than the famous classics, "The One-Hoss Shay," "How the Old Horse won the Bet," and "The Broomstick Train," which are included in this little holiday volume so beautifully illustrated by HOWARD PYLE, in colors, as to appear hand-painted.

(12mo, \$1.50.)

The Humorous Book of the Year

## E. BOYD SMITH'S STORY OF NOAH'S ARK FOR GROWN-UPS

The log of the Ark's cruise, in pictorial form, in which 26 beautifully colored pictures piquantly describe :—

Noah and his Floating Zoo; The Ark Builders on a Strike; The Procession of the Animals; Why the Mammoth became extinct; The Giraffe with his "sea-legs on;" Monkey Shines and Bear Hugs; The Difficulties of Housekeeping; etc. The brief descriptions which accompany the pictures add to their charm and whimsicality. (Large oblong, \$2.00, net. Postpaid, \$2.19.)

Illustrated Holiday Bulletin sent, free, on request.



HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY, Boston and New York

**N**O field offers such an infinite variety of holiday gifts as the realm of literature. From the following list may be selected books to please the tastes of all ages and temperaments, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." A book is the easiest solution of the "Christmas problem."

**JOHN BURROUGHS**

A rational view of nature's methods, in which Mr. Burroughs answers the attacks made upon him during the past year. \$1.10, *net*. Postpaid, \$1.21.

**WAYS OF NATURE**

**HENRY JAMES**

Mr. James's impressions of English life, illustrated with about seventy charcoal sketches by Joseph Pennell. Postpaid, \$3.00.

**ENGLISH HOURS**

**THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON**

"It gives an extremely comprehensive view of American progress during the last three-quarters of a century."—*Boston Transcript*. Illustrated. \$2.50, *net*. Postpaid, \$2.68.

**PART OF A MAN'S LIFE**

**FERRIS GREENSLET**

"To readers of a third generation that know Lowell chiefly and imperfectly by 'favorite selections' from his writings, this book is distinctly welcome and useful."—*Boston Herald*. Illustrated. \$1.50, *net*. Postpaid, \$1.62.

**JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL**

**EDWIN MIMS**

The first complete and adequate life of one of the finest and truest of American poets. With portraits. \$1.50, *net*. Postpaid, \$1.65.

**SIDNEY LANIER**

**SAMUEL M. CROTHERS**

The quiet delicacy and humor of these delightful essays by the author of "The Gentle Reader," recalls "The Autocrat." \$1.25, *net*. Postpaid, \$1.38.

**THE PARDONER'S WALLET**

**AGNES REPLIER**

The childish adventures of an eager American girl in a convent school are here told in the author's inimitable way. \$1.10, *net*. Postpaid, \$1.21.

**IN OUR CONVENT DAYS**

**ALICE BROWN**

A powerful New England novel with a direct human appeal. \$1.50.

**PARADISE**

**ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER**

"Few, if any, novels of the season show more thoughtful and solid work in character-study."—*The Outlook, New York*. \$1.50.

**THE ANCIENT GRUDGE**

**MARGARET SHERWOOD**

"With an excellent style and a true sense of the poetry of things, she writes delicately and with refined and cultivated appreciation."—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*. \$1.50.

**THE COMING OF THE TIDE**

**ALICE M. BACON**

"Very pretty are these stories built upon Japanese superstitions."—*New York Sun*. \$1.50.

**IN THE LAND OF THE GODS**

**ARTHUR STRINGER**

"Older readers will enjoy it, for it contains much genuine humor and will serve as a pleasant reminder of the days of their youth."—*Boston Transcript*. Illustrated. \$1.50.

**LONELY O'MALLEY**

**EVERETT T. TOMLINSON**

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### **ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE**

(Author of "NANCY STAIR")

has written a novelette, entitled ANNE DONELLAN, a charming love story, which will appear early in the year and run through three numbers.

### **HALL CAINE**

since the publication of "The Prodigal Son," has been engaged in writing a new novel, which it is hoped will be completed in time to appear in the pages of this magazine during the latter half of the year.

## Shorter Fiction

The high standard which the editors have set from the first in the field of the short story will be maintained throughout the year by the work of such authors as the following beside many others :

BOOTH TARKINGTON  
EDITH WHARTON  
MARGARET DELAND  
JOSEPH CONRAD  
ANNE O'HAGAN  
MARY H. VORSE  
REX E. BEACH  
ELEANOR GATES  
HARRISON RHOADES

F. PETER DUNNE ("Mr. Dooley")  
ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE  
HENRY LEON WILSON  
W. A. FRASER  
LLOYD OSBOURNE  
HENRY C. ROWLAND  
ARTHUR E. MACFARLANE  
KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN  
H. K. VIELÉ

### **THE MISSES ROSS AND SOMERVILLE**

authors of "Recollections of an Irish R. M." and "All Along the Irish Shore," are writing a series of six short stories, which we expect to run toward the end of 1906.

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## JAPAN: OUR NEW RIVAL IN THE EAST

By **HAROLD BOLCE**

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## AMERICAN ART AND ARCHITECTURE

*The Collection of Mr. William T. Evans*

*American Etchers*

By **Louis A. Holman and Delia Austrian**

*The Relation of the Federal Government to Art*

By **Glenn Brown, Secretary of the American Architectural League**

The article in the November number on "RECENT COLLEGE ARCHITECTURE AT PRINCETON AND PENNSYLVANIA," by *Christian Brinton*, illustrated with *Vernon Howe Bailey's* beautiful drawings, will be supplemented in the January number by an article on Yale and Harvard from the same sources.

Along this general line will be

"Recent Decorations of State Capitols"

a series of articles by **WILLIAM A. COFFIN**;

"The Projected Elevation of the Metropolis"

By **Thomas Hastings**

## ILLUSTRATIONS

The usual artistic quality evident in the illustrations which adorn the pages of APPLETON'S BOOKLOVERS MAGAZINE will be maintained throughout the coming year. Mr. Stimson's serial will be illustrated by **A. B. WENZELL**; whilst well-known artists, such as

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*Jay Hambidge*  
*Lester Ralph*

*W. L. Glackens*  
*E. W. Kemball*  
*George Wright*  
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## SPECIAL ARTICLES

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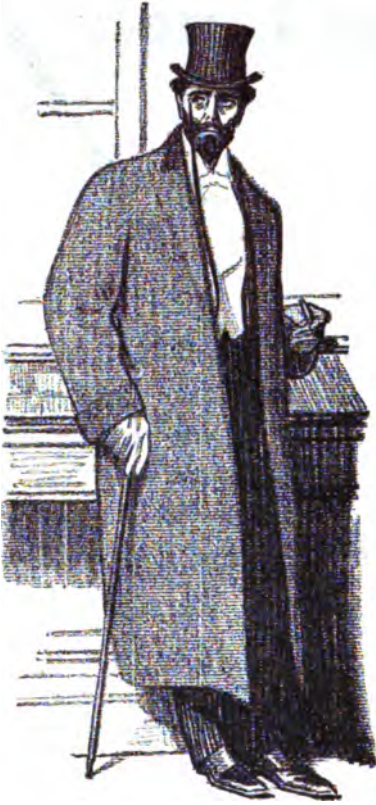
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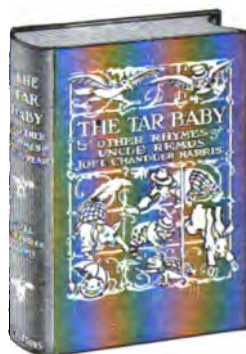
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## CONTENTS

<b>Two Drawings.</b> To Accompany The Princess of the Tower Reproduced in full color.	<b>Ch. Weber Ditzler</b> ....Frontispiece
<b>The Princess of the Tower.</b> A Christmas Poem.....	<b>Bliss Carman</b> .....667
<b>Montmartre</b> .....	<b>Alvan F. Sanborn</b> .....670
Etchings by V. Trowbridge, reproduced in color.	
<b>W'en Batiste He Plays.</b> A Poem.....	<b>Charles S. Chapman</b> .....683
Drawings by the author.	
<b>Mr. Brooke.</b> A Story.....	<b>Booth Tarkington</b> .....687
Drawings by Lawrence Mazzanovich, one reproduced in full color.	
<b>Nature's Solace.</b> A Quatrain.....	<b>Arthur Stringer</b> .....698
<b>The Sage Hen's Samson.</b> A Story.....	<b>Harry Leon Wilson</b> .....699
Drawings by O'Neill.	
<b>Beveridge.</b> A Study of the Self-made Man.....	<b>George Horace Lorimer</b> .....709
Illustrated with portrait.	
<b>The Cloisonné Vase.</b> A Christmas Sketch.....	<b>Mabel Herbert Urner</b> .....717
Drawing by Harrison Fisher.	
<b>In Cure of Her Soul.</b> A Serial Story. Book I, Chapters X-XVI Drawing by A. B. Wenzell, reproduced in full color.	<b>F. J. Stimson ("J. S. of Dale")</b> 721
<b>The Work of Robert Reid</b> .....	<b>Royal Cortissoz</b> .....738
<b>Four Paintings</b> .....	<b>Robert Reid</b> .....743
Reproduced in full color.	
<b>Algiers in Transition</b> .....	<b>Dr. Maurice Baumfeld</b> .....751
Illustrated.	
<b>Two Americans.</b> A Christmas Story.....	<b>Kate Jordan</b> .....758
Drawing by Arthur Becher.	
<b>Taormina the Beautiful</b> .....	<b>Caroline Baker Kuehn</b> .....767
Illustrated.	
<b>Winter Dreams.</b> A Poem.....	<b>Jessie Storrs Ferris</b> .....774
<b>"As an Army with Banners."</b> A Story.....	<b>Robert Shackleton</b> .....775
Drawings by de Thulstrup.	
<b>Japan: Our New Rival in the East.</b> II. Our Inevitable Competition with Yellow Labor.....	<b>Harold Bolce</b> .....784
<b>Current Reflections</b> .....	<b>Edward S. Martin</b> .....792
<b>The World for a Month</b> .....	.....795
<b>The Books of the Month</b> .....	.....797

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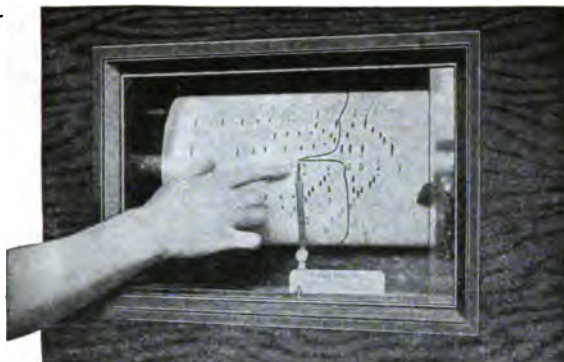
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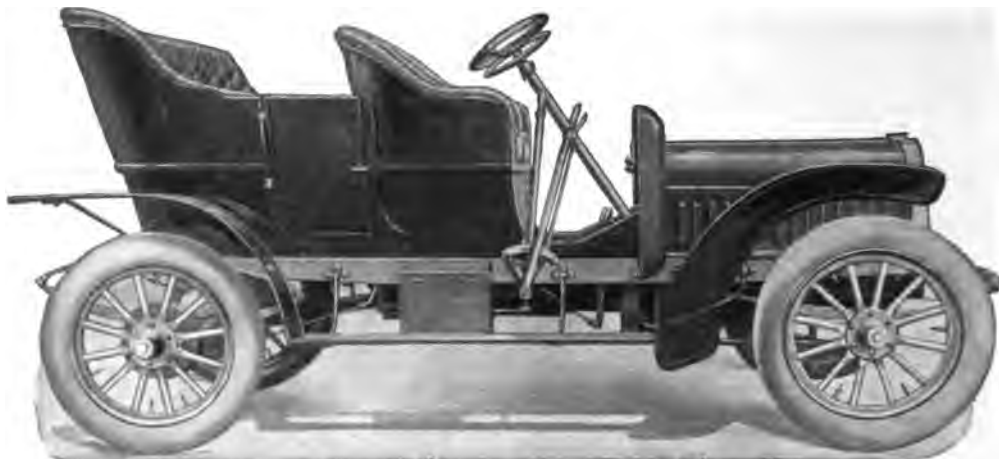
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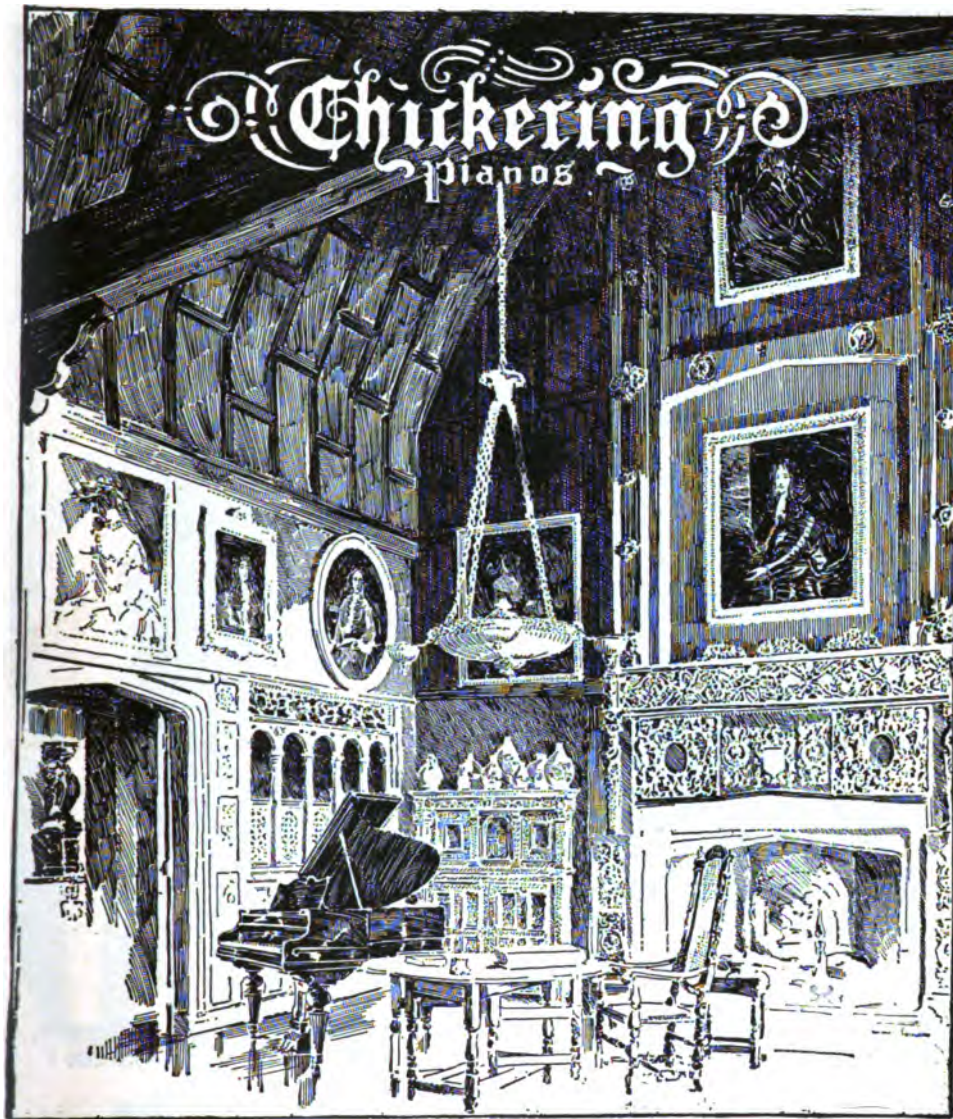
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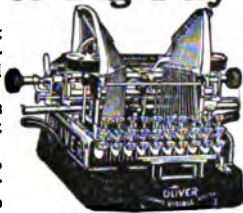
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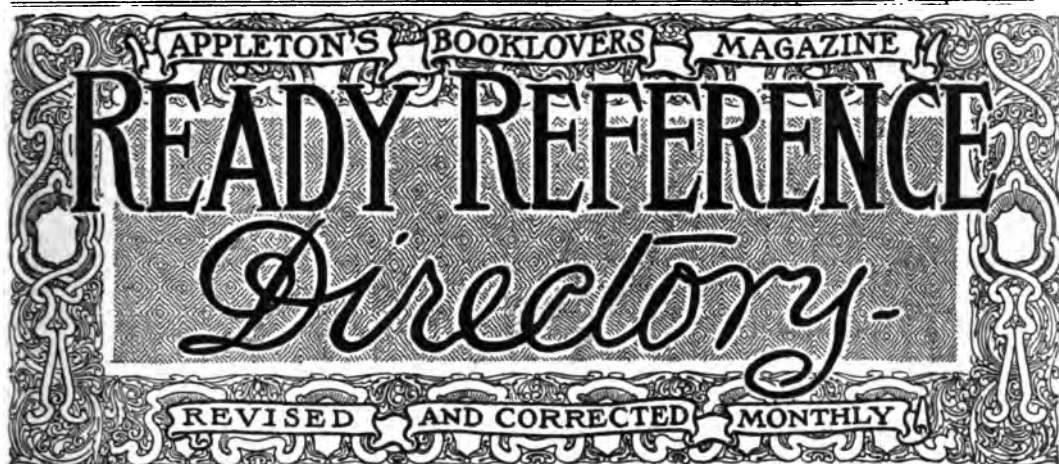
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FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.....5-7 E. 16th Street, New York.  
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY: "The Historians' History of the World".....225 4th Avenue, New York.  
THE SYSTEM COMPANY: "Business Encyclopedia Free".....Chicago, Ill.

## Railroads and Steamship Lines

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE: "Cruises to the Orient".... Free booklet, 37 Broadway, New York.  
ILLINOIS CENTRAL RY.: "Mississippi Valley Route".....A. H. Hanson, P. T. M., Chicago.  
LAKE SHORE-NEW YORK CENTRAL: "Twentieth Century Limited." Chicago-New York 18 hours.  
NEW YORK & PORTO RICO S. S. CO.: Write for free book, "Impressions of Porto Rico."  
OCEANIC S. S. COMPANY: "Circular Pacific Tours".....653 Market Street, San Francisco.  
QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE: "Florida, New Orleans, Cuba." W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cinn., O.  
ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM TO CALIFORNIA.....John Sebastian, P. T. M., Chicago.  
SANTA FE RAILWAY: Write for illustrated booklet.....Passenger Dept., Chicago, Ill.  
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### **Soaps**

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### **Stationery Specialties**

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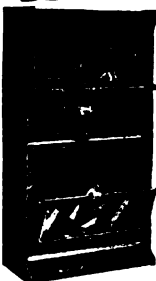
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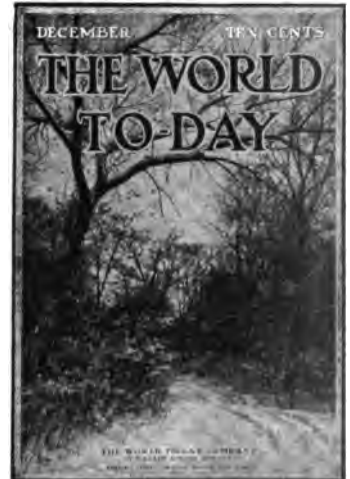
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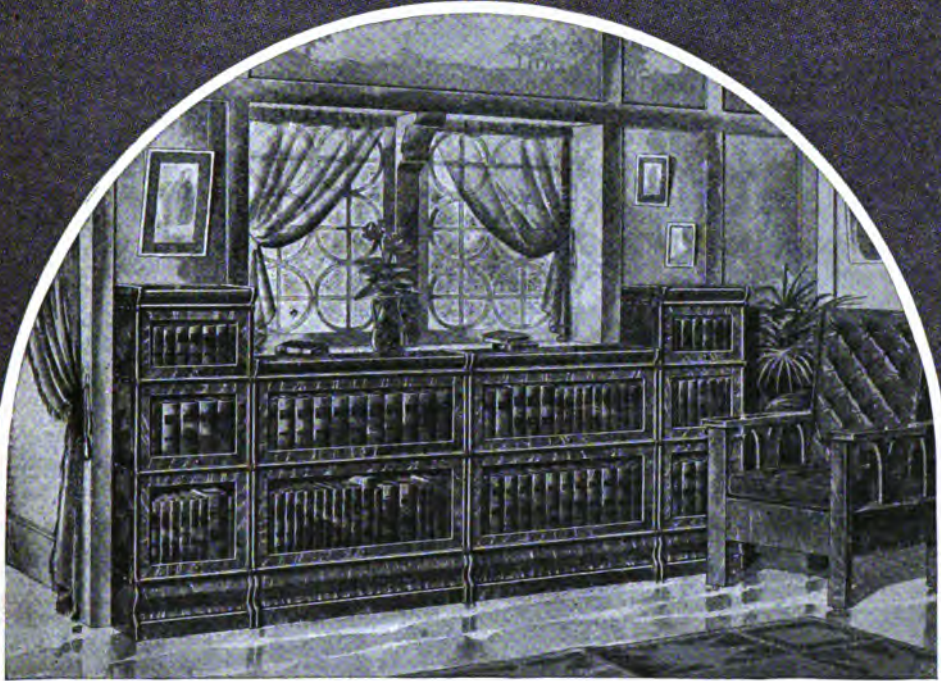
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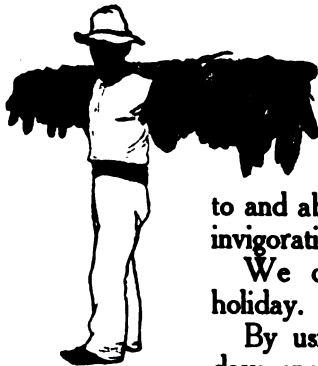
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A graceful Christmas gift and one which will be a constant and pleasing reminder of the giver is a

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First, because the pen is useful and never disappointing. Second, because it is beautiful.

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Filigree Design  
Style of engraving, Old English

Silver  
No. 12. \$5.00  
No. 14. 7.00  
No. 16. 9.50  
18K Gold-filled  
No. 0512. \$10.00  
Only Size  
No. 0514. 12.50



Barleycorn Design  
Style of engraving, Block

Silver  
No. 222. \$4.00  
Diameter 5/16 in.  
No. 224. \$7.50  
14K Solid Gold  
Only Size  
No. 324. \$20.00



Chased Design  
Style of engraving, Cipher

Silver  
No. 222. \$6.00  
No. 224. 8.00  
18K Gold-filled  
No. 0314. \$10.00  
Same design in  
Rolled Gold  
Plate, \$1.00



Filigree Design  
Style of engraving, Block

18K Gold-filled  
No. 0314. \$8.00  
We attach on  
order, solid 14K  
Clip-Cap, \$2.00;  
Rolled Gold  
Plate, \$1.00



Bone Design

Silver  
No. 214. \$5.00  
The Ideal Clip  
Cap is made of  
German Silver  
25 cents extra

All the above pens are 7/8 actual size and have name-plates; engraved on order, any style shown, at a cost of six cents per letter. Specify pen by design-name. Unit figures 2 and 4 represent the different size gold pen-nibs. No. 2, small; No. 4, target. Write direct for further information and address of nearest dealer carrying best assortment. Uniform prices.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, New York  
138 Montgomery St., San Francisco 8 School St., Boston 136 St. James St., Montreal

160 State St., Chicago







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